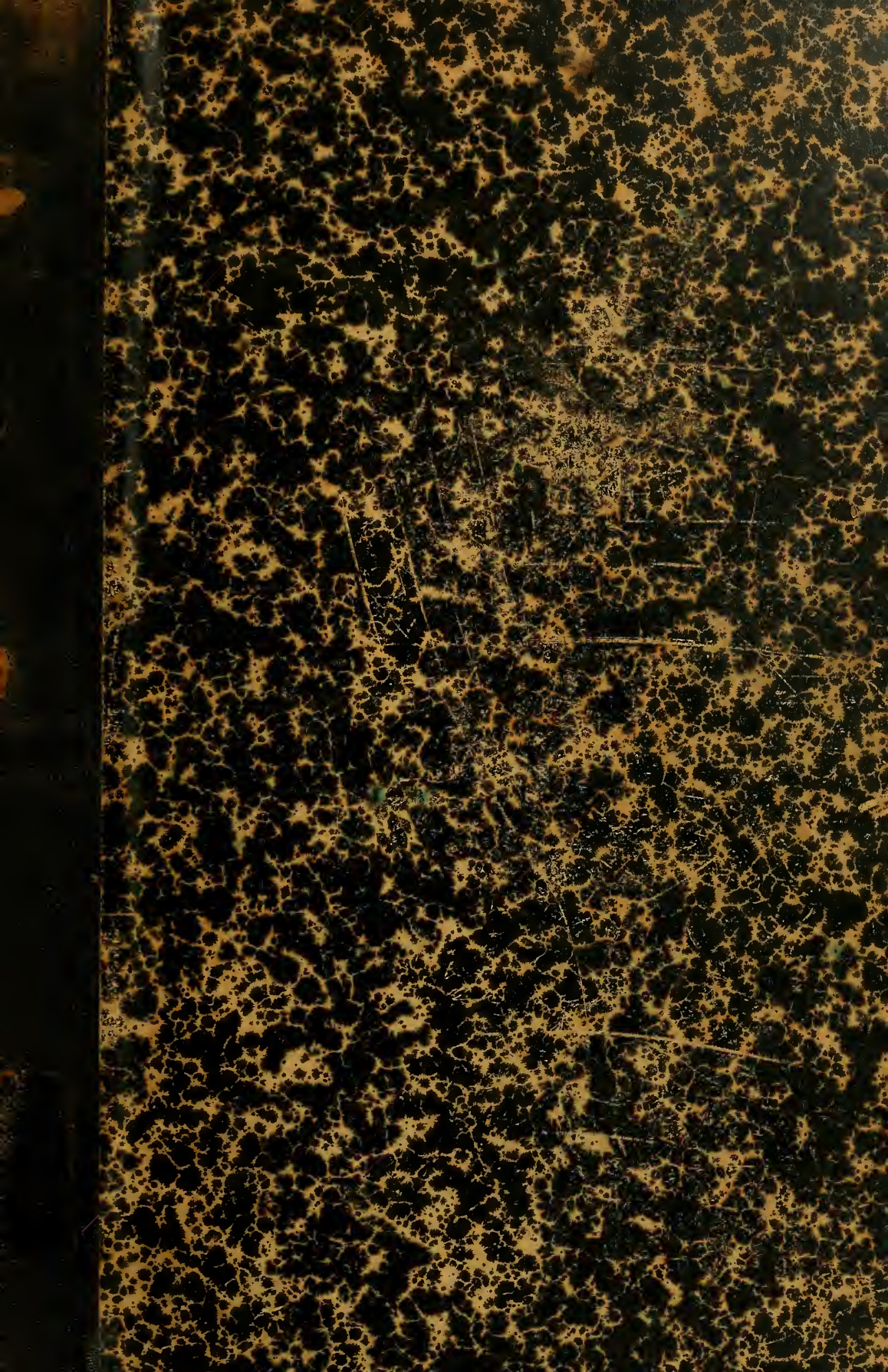




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OUTING



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORT, TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

VOL. XIX.

OCTOBER, 1891—MARCH, 1892.

JAMES H. WORMAN, *Editor in Chief.*

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ENGRAVED BY HOSKIN.

"DIS YER COLT AM ONE UV 'DE OLE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS,' SHO!"—P. 5.

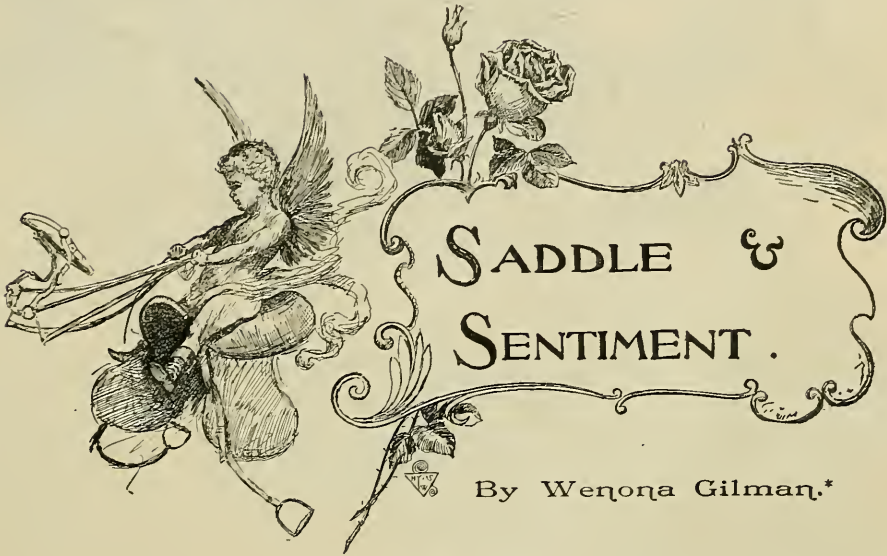
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No. 1.



CHAPTER ONE.

THE FIRSTLING OF THE YEAR.

Midst cringing serfs and trembling hinds forlorn
Dwindles the offspring of the "desert born;"
But here it thrives unrivaled, far more fleet
Our steeds than those which Yemen's barley eat.
—*Sir Francis Hastings Boyle.*

"**E**F you please, suh, dat ole Defeat mar' done had a hoss colt las' night, an' Mistah Bates he done sent me to ax you t' come down t' de eas' medder t' see him."

The black, woolly head of Thomas Watson Jefferson, shortened from childhood to simple "Watt," was thrust in at the door at the rear of the great reception hall of Shamble Oak, where John Ormsby, famous the world over scarcely less for the beauty of his Southern farm than for his stable of thoroughbreds, sat after breakfast with his niece and a guest. They were dilating upon the pedigrees of several youngsters that were soon to

be in the market, because Mr. Ormsby had already a larger number than he cared to handle.

There was no part of the negro's body visible but the head and face, from which the eyes, "yellow" as to their "whites," protruded roundly. Neither the presence of the stranger nor the beauties of the surroundings had the slightest effect upon Watt's conscious dignity.

Shamble Oak was a true Southern home, as luxurious in effect as in detail. Four rooms of the mansion had stood for more than a century, sheltering the former generations from the attacks of the savage in days when our civilization was but a dream, and architectural beauty of less importance than the gowns that adorned our Plymouth mothers. They were middle rooms in the rambling old homestead, to east and west, while the house faced south. Balconies stretched

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"DAT OLE DEFEAT MAR' DONE HAD A HOSS COLT LAS' NIGHT."—P. 3.

to the right and left of the lofty entrance, overgrown with vines, as if nature, following the bent of her own will, had curtained the interior from a too glaring contact with the almost tropical sun.

In the great entrance hall the most tasteful effect was observable, all co-responsive to country ideality where ground is measurable by atmosphere alone. The reception hall was reached by five steps that ran across the thirty-foot width, broken by corrugated iron columns, between which tapestries of ancient design hung. In the centre of the rear wall stood a massive brick fireplace of old-fashioned design, the fender, fire set, and andirons of malleable iron. The rug, half concealing the inlaid floor, was of smoke-blue axminster, with white bear skins thrown about, the fierce eyes a-wink in the softly-colored light emitted through the stained glass in the lofty dome.

Inner balconies encircled the halls of the two upper stories into which the rooms opened, portraits of dead and half-forgotten ancestors gazing spectrally from the walls that took the place of a more pretentious picture gallery. The walls of the reception hall also were hung with portraits, but of a different kind, representing as they did the equine prides of the Ormsby stables, as well as others of celebrity. There was one by the great Eng-

lish artist, Herring, of Clear the Way, grandsire of Lord of the Winds, and several by Troye of Black Maria, Trifle, Boston, Lexington and the great Virginia champion, Planet. There were also three of Mr. Ormsby's brood mares, with their colts by their sides, and one of his favorite Erebus, a three year old in racing trim, which occupied the place of honor over the mantel. Last, but not least in the estimation of the family, there was their old dun-colored horse, Old George, who had done yeoman service in almost every capacity for years, and was now an honorable pensioner in his old age, having a roomy paddock all to himself and as much care and attention as his more aristocratic companions.

The homestead was distinctly satisfying and grateful to Rudolph Lützow, old John Ormsby's guest, after his long residence in limited New York, and he caught up his hat with alacrity at his host's invitation to visit the "eas' medder."

The gentlemen were joined upon leaving the hall by Virginia Ormsby, the niece of the wealthy farmer. She was a little, black-robed figure with pale face and great dark eyes, an unformed girl of fifteen. Her gown barely reached the tops of her boots and was of that sable-hued fabric that speaks with silent pathos of death; a thin, shy child whose face,

to the thoughtful, would have suggested two things—promise of unusual beauty and a strength of will, a self reliance upon established convictions, a firm drawing of the line between the wrong and the right that nothing could cause to waver. Her countenance was too strong for youth and robbed it of something of the beauty of girlhood, there being no blending of the artistic in the matronly strength of a rarely firm physiognomy and the thin, fragile shoulders of childhood.

"A horse colt, you say, Watt?"

"Yas, suh."

"What does he look like?"

The negro gave that amusing chuckle peculiar to his race.

"He don' purtty much, Mars John, but he's got de quarters an' de legs uv a flyer an' a stayer. Dar's good stuff in dat hoss, Mars John. He's got two crosses uv ole Revenue in him, an' what's bred in debone, you know, is bleeched t' kum out in de flesh some time. Lord o' de Winds an' Mamie Anderson by Defeat am de very bes' breedin' in de whole stud book, an' dis yer colt am one uv 'de ole blue hen's chickens,' sho'!"

Watt rolled his big eyes from Mr. Ormsby to Lützw in a manner clearly intended to impress the last named gentleman with a sense of his great importance and superior knowledge of horse-flesh and pedigrees. He then stalked on through the long, succulent blue grass that had stolen across the border line of the sister State and which, like a boy who revels in a forbidden happiness, ran riot in its rich, waving beauty, covering acre after acre with the lush growth that has no rival, but stands alone and unequaled, fa-

mous unto the remote parts of the civilized globe.

Through the park of giant and scrub oaks they passed, the trunks of the trees wound with garlands of yellow honeysuckle and climbing rose vines, down the long white drive that circled to the concealed carriage house, then struck across the meadow in the direction of the paddocks.

Mamie Anderson, quiet and sedate, as



THE MASTER OF SHAMBLE OAK.

was befitting a matron of her royal blood, was standing gazing proudly, it seemed, at the little offspring by her side, but the feeling did not extend to her master as his eyes fell upon "de Defeat mar's hoss colt."

It fully merited Watt's description so far as not being "purtty much" goes, for an uglier head, perhaps, never rested upon the shoulders of a thoroughbred. His color was a dark chestnut, with the off hind leg white almost to the hock, the right fore leg white nearly to the knee and his face distinguished by an irregular blaze running down over the left nostril.

He had a beautifully sloped shoulder, short back and powerful quarters, with gaskins muscled clear down to his hocks, which were clean and free from the slightest tendency to curbyness. His legs were broad and flat, the tendons showing sharp and clear beneath the thin, smooth hide, with long, springy pasterns running down into hard looking, well-shaped feet. Even in so young a thing his conformation was especially taking to a horseman's eye. But the head was so singularly ugly in contour that, as he stood beside his handsome dam, it seemed impossible for him to be her descendant by a sire so renowned as Lord of the Winds.

"Dar he is, suh!" exclaimed Watt, with a comprehensive wave of the hand. "He ain't no beauty fo' sho'. 'specially dat head, but den he don' ru wid his head. Look at dem quarters! See how well he is ribbed back! See dem hocks! no place fur a curb dar. See how flat an' hard dem legs looks, an' sich a shoulder! Umph-umpy! I tell you, Mars John, dar's speed in him, an' he's sho' t' be game frum his breedin'!"

"Why, Watt," exclaimed Mr. Ormsby, "his body is not big enough to balance his head."

Watt's fingers went deeply into his kinky wool and his lips opened with a peculiar triangular movement over one corner of his teeth.

"Dat *seem* so, Mars John, but taint, fo' sho'!" he replied, shaking his head slowly.

"I tell you how 'tis, Mars John. His body'll have t' grow an' his head don' need to. You mark my words, suh, fur what Watt don' know 'bout hosses ain't hardly wuth while a tryin' t' find out!"

Mr. Ormsby smiled at the negro's harmless egotism and turned to Bates, the overseer, who had joined them.

But Watt was not to be cheated of a listener and directed his conversation to Lützow.

"You kum down heah fur t' buy some race horses, didn't you, suh?" he asked that gentleman.

"Yes," answered Lützow. "I heard Mr. Ormsby had some well-bred youngsters and a couple of two year olds for sale and therefore I came to have a look at them."

"Yas, suh! Dey ain't no finer bred lot in dis heah country dan Mars John's got. Dis yar foal is bred on sheers wid ole Mistah Halstead down on de nex' farm

what jines dis hear'n on de souf. Mistah Halstead he owns de mar' an' Mars John he owns de stud. Dat mar' is Mamie Anderson by Defeat out o' Miss Muffet, an' Lord o' the Winds has sired mo' good hosses fur his chance dan any udder stud in Ameriky. Der ain't no better breed 'n' dat agoin', you heah Watt! Mars John thinks he knows a heap 'bout hosses, an' he do, suh, he do fo' sho', but Watt ain't been brung up among thoroughbreds sense he wus knee high to a duck fur nuthin'."

"And you think this is a likely colt?" Lützow asked.

"Sho', suh, sho'! Mars John he thinks Mistah Johnson, dats his trainer, knows a heap 'bout hosses, but I don' keer what nobody says 'bout dat hoss colt, he'll git dar. I wisht Mars John 'ud let me have the han'lin' uv him, but he's disappointed in him. Lawd! I kin read him jis' as easy as I kin a primmer. Mistah Halstead, he'll be all broke up, but dat colt ain't no slouch, you listen to Watt. Look at Miss Virginy. Poo' little gal! She knows putty nigh as much about hosses as Mars John do now."

"What do you think of him, Lützow?" asked Mr. Ormsby, leaving Bates and re-joining his guest.

"It is so difficult to tell anything about a little fellow like that," answered Lützow. "His legs are good and he is a fine-bodied little chap. I am inclined to agree with Watt. The chances are that he will never be a favorite with the public on the turf, but he has the look of a stayer."

Virginia Ormsby, who had been standing with her head half averted, turned suddenly and faced him. Her hat had fallen back, the gentle breeze was lifting the dark hair in little rifts, the golden sun falling across her almost caressingly.

"I am so glad to hear you say that, sir!" she exclaimed, her fine eyes kindling. "My father loved Lord of the Winds, the little one's sire, you know, and I could not bear to have the colt a failure. My father always said that one could count so little on beauty, and nothing could have been uglier than Erebus was as a yearling. Yet see his record!"

She put out her hand to the long-legged little brute, who eyed her for a moment curiously, not allowing her to touch him.

John Ormsby shook his head.

"Séntiment, Ginsie!" he exclaimed, dryly but affectionately. "And sentiment



"LÜTZOW HAD RISEN, AND, PLACING HIMSELF BETWEEN MISS ORMSEY AND THE OTHERS, HE TOOK THE MUTILATED FLOWER FROM HER HANDS."—P. 11.

and race horses are like oil and vinegar—they won't assimilate."

11.

FOUR YEARS LATER.

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affronts her kind
A thousand make amends in age and youth
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.

—Charles Mackay.

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.—*Voltaire*.

Society changes in the metropolis are in inverse ratio with thermometric ones. Year after year one sees the same faces rarely ever—especially at night—showing an added line of age as the cycles creep on. The perennial fountain of youth seems to have divulged its golden secret, but, like Ayesha, it deserts them suddenly and in an unexpected moment delivers them to the ashes of age.

Perhaps this is the very reason why a young and lovely addition is so enthusiastically welcomed by men, and apparently by women as well, and Virginia Ormsby, at nineteen, certainly was that. She was not of a type described as "classic" or "statuesque" or "picturesque," or any of those polysyllabic brevities that seem to represent the indispensable characteristic of the modern heroine of realism. In fact a purist might have doubted that she was any one of these, and the more exact he became in his choice of expression the more his perplexities in description increased.

People are so different in their ideas of what constitutes beauty in its unique details. A form line that may represent a Greek curve to me may appear like a grotesque Egyptian hieroglyphic to you. To me beauty lies not so much in the feature as in the expression.

That is one reason why I should have pronounced Miss Ormsby more than beautiful.

There was never but one opinion regarding her eyes. They were long and large, shading almost to the purplish black of the plum until excitement lent them a thousand scintillant lights as indescribable as the combinations and multi-hued changes of a sunbeam viewed through a prism. A picture may be easily so overframed or underframed that its apparent value is greatly decreased, but nature's artistic completion was beyond criticism,

for the long, sweeping lashes that framed the eyes imparted to them a look of moisture, giving them something of the appearance of dampened anthracite.

Her hair was of that peculiar blackness that holds a tint of purple, while her complexion was a clear olive, dainty and fine of texture, with that surge of warm blood beneath the skin that makes women of the Orient so much admired. She was voluptuous without sensuousness, seductive without boldness. She was refined. She was artistic. She was *chic*.

She was, upon the occasion of the reception in question, gowned in black crêpe de chine that fell away from the décolleté corsage in straight, graceful folds, girdled at the waist by a heavy gold serpent whose emerald-studded head reached the orchid that caressed her throat. Those clustered about her in that New York drawing room watched the transplanted Southern flower with interest and admiration. But her slow, almost indolent gaze had traveled beyond them and was resting upon a man who leaned against the door leading into another room.

He was tall, a trifle slight, his dark hair curling as it was brushed from his temples, in spite of being closely cropped. His coloring was brilliant as that of a Mexican, his face strangely beautiful in its ensemble.

"Who is he?" she asked of one of the ladies beside her, concealing her desire under a drawling indifference. "Who is the foreign-looking man beside Mrs. Merivale?"

"That? Oh, that is Rudolph Lützow, an Austrian I should imagine from his name. Is it possible you don't know him? He is a banker, I think, but from all reports more interested in horses than in Wall Street."

"A plunger?"

"To an extent; but he owns a stable of race horses, they say."

"I think I met him in Virginia once, several years ago. He came at the time he was buying his horses to see some youngsters my uncle had for sale. I remember the name, and, now that the circumstance is recalled by the name, his face as well. He is handsome."

"Very. Do you care to know him? He is coming this way."

Lützow was too near for her to reply. She flashed a dazzling smile into his face when he had been named to her, then by a

tidal impulse, uncontrollable, overwhelming, she put out her hand to him. The quick, firm pressure was in direct contrast to her usual lack of haste, but was characteristic of the sudden alterations in her nature, which was one charm.

"An acquaintance of four years generally makes friends instead of strangers, does it not, Mr. Lützow?" she said, her Southern origin evident in the pretty accent that Eastern association could never efface. "I wonder if you can recall me as distinctly as I remember you?"

"Indeed, yes!" answered Lützow, flushing slowly; "but I scarcely dared to hope that you had not forgotten. You were a child then, and four years work sometimes wonderful changes. There is an ineffaceable picture in my memory of a little girl with almost supernaturally large eyes and wistful pleading in her pathetic face standing in a paddock with her hand extended to an ugly little colt. It was a picture to remember, Miss Ormsby, and I have thought of it often, as it appeared under the golden sun of that delicious April day. I understood that you were in New York and hoped that I should meet you. Shamble Oak was so charming that I wonder you could ever have been persuaded to leave it."

The exquisite face clouded, but the eyes were not lowered.

"The most superb place on earth will lose its charm when shadowed with a bitter memory," she answered, sadly.

He leaned toward her a trifle, his fine eyes holding hers for the moment. It was like the stretching forth of the hand that holds sweet, warm sympathy in its palm, and she recognized it.

"Forgive me!" he said, gently. "It sounds so weak, so impotent of expression to say that I am sorry. One would never think that grief could touch you any more than that ice could exist within the warm bosom of the sun. At least you will believe that I did not know?"

She smiled at him sweetly, tremulously, but had not an opportunity to reply. A hand was extended to her.

"I have been watching you for half an hour, waiting for an opportunity when I should not be *de trop* to say how do you do, Miss Ormsby. Good evening, Lützow."

The speaker was a young man of perhaps eight and twenty, tall and broad shouldered, lithe and graceful of limb. His hair was short and nondescript, but

what women call pretty. His eyes of merry, honest, Saxon blue bespoke the blood of the British progenitors that flowed in purest line through his aristocratic veins. He was not strictly handsome in its classic sense, but there was a frankness and manliness about him that was its own irresistible appeal.

"It is Dick Halstead!" exclaimed Virginia with uncurbed gladness. "Why have you not been to see me, sir? Are you a heretic from friendship? When did you return from England?"

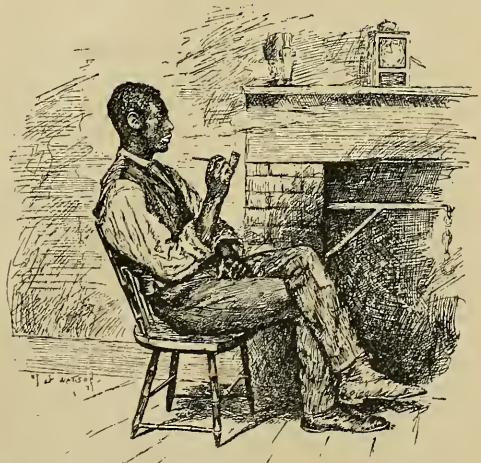
"So long ago that I had forgotten. Shamble Oak is not the same without you. It seems that all Virginia is desolate because of the absence of her charming namesake. You have not changed and yet you have in some intangible way."

"One is always so doubtful whether that is a compliment or the reverse. Don't analyze it, however, for I am always willing to make the best of an uncertainty in that line. You are looking well."

"Yes, and yet it is tremendously trying to live."

"Ungrateful boy! When did you come to New York?"

"Three days ago. I was going to call upon you this morning, but I met Mrs. Murray-Leinster, who persisted in taking me slumming. I saw so many starving faces that I grew, by Jove, to fancy myself one of them, and when she went into another place I dodged her, left a little penciled lie upon a card with the coachman, and fled. I went up to Delmonico's and cured myself of a mania."



WATT AT HOME.

Lützow laughed, but Virginia saw no jest in the subject.

"Do tell me about them," she exclaimed, "those poor wretches whom you saw."

Halstead looked bored.

"How can I? They are all so exactly alike, and poverty is so deucedly uninteresting," he drawled. "The only pathetic thing about it to me was the manner in which Mrs. Murray-Leinster turned her eyes upon me in a silent entreaty for me to shell out. She must have mistaken me for a millionaire. I had to get my dinner at Delmonico's on the honesty of my face, being surprised when I felt in my pockets to find even a lining there."

"Dear Mrs. Murray-Leinster!" exclaimed Virginia, smiling at his expression. "She forgets that all lives are not so filled with holiness as hers. Her countenance is a poem to me when she is reading from her little Bible to the miserable and suffering."

"Yes," cried Halstead, almost with animation, "it is the most extraordinary thing about that little book that ever I saw. She had it nearly ten years ago when I first knew her, yet it seems in exactly the same state of newness as upon the day it was purchased. Now, my Hoyle wore out in a month. The cover was off and——"

"Dick!"

"It's a fact, I assure you! I was just learning to play and——"

"That sounds like sacrilege," interrupted Virginia, with a little shiver that was surely not affectation. "Mrs. Murray-Leinster is almost like a religion to me. She is one of the purest women I have ever known."

"I don't think anyone will disagree with you on that point," said Halstead, dryly. "The only wonder to me is how she tolerates society. She is like a breath of fresh air in a charnel house. It is another evidence in the line of Bariboola Gha. She takes her Bible and preaches the beauty of right, the forgiveness of sin in the byways and hedges, when there is more sin just beneath her eye in the drawing rooms of her friends."

"What do you mean?" asked Virginia.

The others had left them at the beginning of the conversation to seek the supper (or punch) room, so that she, Lützow and Halstead were quite alone in an isolated corner. Contrary to his usual custom, Halstead was showing a degree

of interest in his own words and Lützow seated himself beside Virginia to listen.

"Mean!" exclaimed Dick. "Surely it is plain enough. It is exactly the same in the upper as in the lower classes, only their powers of concealment are more limited. A respectable booze with us is smiled at and indulged, while theirs are registered in the police courts. We don't steal because our stomachs are full and consequently the temptation is not there. For the protection of society the eleventh commandment should have been the first."

"The eleventh?" said Lützow, interrogatively.

"Yes. Thou shalt not be found out. In other words, a concealed fault is no fault at all."

"You cynic!" exclaimed Virginia, hiding a shiver of repulsion under a short laugh. "How good it is that there are so few who share your opinion."

"Few; do you think that is quite true? It is not often permitted that one may speak an impolite truth, and I don't frequently risk proving myself a bore by touching the subject at all. Everybody knows it, but it is a knowledge that exists almost entirely in cabalistic signs. If I could ever exert myself sufficiently to become warmed up over any subject it would be that, for it is the curse of the world. May I venture to ask if you ever read Zola or Tolstoi or Gautier, Virginia?"

"Oh, yes. Who does not?"

"Everyone, eagerly in private, yet speak of them in public as if he or she were shamefacedly confessing a fault. Each has his style: Zola, a nauseating realism; Tolstoi, a brutal repulsion that deals only with the abnormal, and would extirpate because he cannot regulate or govern; Gautier, a seductive luxuriance that acts for the time like an opiate; yet each in his way is a moral reformer. Sin we all admit to be alluring; therefore the morality of a book does not exist in the attractiveness of the guise of sin, but in its punishment. Were I a ruler in households I should throw these books broadcast, that women might see by reflection their own grinning skeletons behind the exquisite mold of the form they admire. And do you think that daily there are not new victims infected with this grewsome hedonism? As long as sin can be concealed, as long as the world closes its eyes to folly, it will continue to grow. While in one sense we are progressing, in

another—the better, the holier sense—we are retrograding, until in a few years we shall be no higher in morality than when we were first started in the stages of evolution. And it lies in two causes, governed by a third: Man's worship of the physical, woman's vanity, and the supreme belief in the eleventh commandment."

"It is not true!" cried Virginia, passionately. "You see only the bad and nothing of the good of life. Even if it were true what you say of our morality, it is neither wise nor right to speak of it. How would a child know the horrors of thunder and lightning that had never witnessed a storm? How does the man or woman who has never touched opium know the seductive hideousness of the awful temptation? You argue that a knowledge of pitfalls insures care on the part of the traveler, but pitfalls and precipices do not occur at every turn, as you would have one believe. An ordinary amount of intelligence, crowned with innate purity, is guardian sufficient for any woman. In her childhood the sign boards are erected by her mother's hand, directing her upon the line of chastity, and if these will not save her from becoming lost upon the way, the knowledge that another road leads to perdition will not help her. Do you think it makes a lost woman pure to know that she is no worse than the rest of womankind? Ah, no! it only gives her courage in evil. If faith in our mother's God, if belief in the Purifier of the Magdalene cannot save us, then no outcry of sickening realism can help us. Ah, leave us our faith! Let us see purity, we who are the pure in heart, and if our lenses are faulty, if we believe ourselves to be straying in a garden of roses, if our ears are deafened to the revelry of the bacchantes, at least leave us the sweet illusion. It is only the innocence of childhood that remains. If the proclamation of the guilt of the world would benefit our contemporaries or save posterity it would be well, but oblivion is the surest way to smother a folly to extinction. - So long as a woman thinks that she alone is guilty of wrong her shame may save her, but wherein exists the shame when the degradation of her whole sex is announced? She but shrugs her shapely shoulders and thanks God, after the manner of the Pharisee, that she is better than her neighbor after all. Ah, Dick, preserve your indolence if your ani-

mation is to be expended upon the odious dilation of realism."

She arose and looked toward Lützow, mutely beseeching him to put an end to a conversation that was distasteful to her, but his expression startled her. It was filled with a passionate admiration that was easily translatable, but above and beyond it was something more, something loftier, something holier, the meaning of which she could not quite catch, but which was struggling into her being, sounding the amen of coquetry in her nature forever. It was the minor chord of sympathy that had been struck and the responsive notes had echoed through the other soul.

A swift flush altered the whitened earnestness of her face, her eyes drooped and the fingers that broke an orchid from her bouquet trembled.

Halstead murmured some word of excuse and joined his hostess.

Lützow had risen, and, placing himself between Miss Ormsby and the others, he took the mutilated flower from her hand.

"May I keep it?" he asked, gently, "as a talisman against cynicism, against pessimism? It is that which is the curse of the world, Miss Ormsby, not the depravity of women, but it, too, is infectious. Will you give me the talisman?"

"If you wish," she answered softly.

Lützow did not speak, but lifted the orchid tenderly to his lips as John Ormsby entered the room, evidently upon the best of terms with himself.

Virginia went forward to meet him.

"Well," she exclaimed with unusual haste, assumed in order to cover her confusion, "what is it? Good news from the horses, I know. Nothing else ever brings that absolutely beaming expression to your countenance. Is Gertrude fit to start to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, she'll start," he answered, smilingly.

"Then that she will win goes without saying."

"She ought to unless Johnson underestimates the rest of them. She showed him a quarter in close to twenty-four this morning. So you see her speed has come back to her. If he has done enough with her to make her stay the route it will be a case of 'Gertrude first, the rest nowhere.' If nothing happens in the meantime I think we can show you a race worth seeing to-morrow besides the much-talked-of Garden City Handicap."

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XI.



A FEW weeks after the grand rush at Hamilton Park the two chums were sitting in their room one evening hard at work. Stamp was lying with his head half out of his kennel and one eye open, blinking at his masters, who were grinding away over their Euclid and their Homer's Iliad; the clock had struck 10, then 10:30, then 11. "By Jove! I'm awful sleepy!" yawned Jack. "I can't work any more. I tell you what I'll do, Harry; I'll run down to Brood's or Gus Lager's with you and have something and then go to bed, or I'll go to bed now, or I'll go and get into the chapel and cut the bellows of the organ with you, or I'll——"

Harry did not finish, for Stamp uttered a low growl and began to sniff at a window.

"Hi, Stamp! lie down!" cried Jack. Stamp began to sniff again in the direction of one of the windows. He ran out of his box the length of his chain. At the same moment the sash was thrust up violently and, one after another, half a dozen masked men leaped into the room,

holding ropes in their hands. A ladder had evidently been placed against the building, and Mrs. Gimly's faithful surveillance had been thus avoided. Harry jumped for the door quick as a flash, but one of the masked men was ahead of him and stood with his back against it.

"Freshmen! if you resist you will be instantly killed!" said the leader of the gang in a hollow voice, displaying a silver-mounted revolver. Jack answered, laughing: "Then let's die while fighting for liberty!" and he made a rush at the pistol holder and tore his mask off. Beneath his mask he had blackened his face—it was Caswell!

It was a hard tussle with the two wiry, strong young freshmen, but at last they were bound and gagged. They yelled and howled, but the sophs were too many for them. The other freshmen in the house thought it was only an ordinary rumpus with the gloves which Jack and Harry and their friends were very frequently engaged in. Stamp's barking caused Thornton to wonder a little at the affair as he turned over in bed in the room above; so he got up and looked out of the window. Two hacks were standing in front of the boarding house. A ladder was placed against the house and the light was streaming from Rives and Chestleton's open window. He could not understand this; he had no light, so he quietly opened his window, partly dressed, and leaned out.

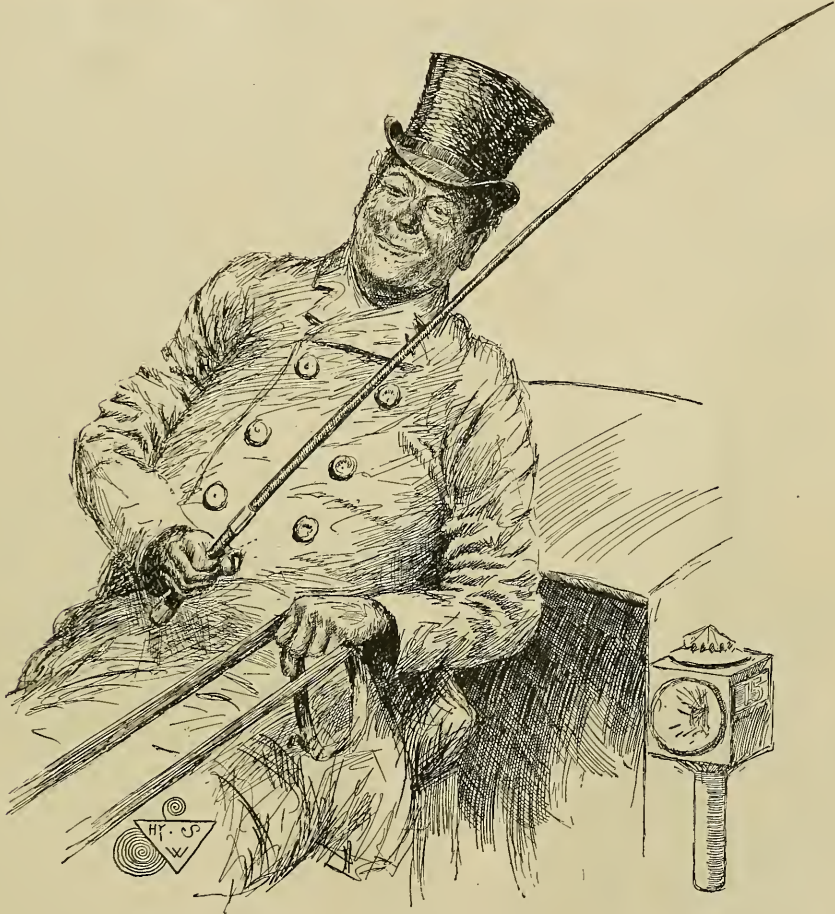
Presently he observed three masked men come to the window bearing a figure muffled in a dark cloak. Two more came up from the hack, and between them they slowly let down the muffled figure and deposited it in one of the hacks. Then followed another struggle at the window, and a second body was in like manner carried down and the whole party drove off. Thornton could hardly believe his eyes. He raised the cry "Lambda Chi! Lambda Chi! Umpty-four!" and other freshmen came running into the room. Thornton hustled on his clothes, and, shouting for the others to hurry after him, started out in the rain to follow the two

hacks. They had, he saw, galloped away down York and up Elm. Thornton was after them on a dead run. He passed a boarding house in which were a dozen freshmen, most of them strong, stout young fellows, some of them up studying. He shouted up to the windows, never letting up, however, on his steady, swift stride.

"Lambda Chi ! Lambda Chi ! They've

saloon and some of the men got out. Thornton came up a few minutes later in good shape, but he felt hardly able to cope with six or seven sophs and waited for the reinforcements.

It was now raining in earnest. In a few moments several freshmen came running up. Thornton told two of them in a whisper to get up on the rear of the hack. He detailed another, Coles, a stout fellow,



"BARNEY."

got Rives and Chestnuts [Harry's nickname] in a hack ! Hurry up ! Hurry up ! For God's sake, hurry !"

Several freshmen rushed out into the street pell-mell until there were some thirty strung along following the sturdy pace of Thornton, who kept the two hacks in sight.

They had now reached Westville, a small hamlet at the foot of West Rock, where they stopped before a lager beer

to slip around in the darkness and mount the hack in front as soon as it started off. Thornton's plan was to climb up over the back of the hack, knock the driver off his seat and take the reins.

Presently off they started. Coles ran and succeeded in climbing on the rear axletree of the forward hack, which "Barney," a hackman who had often taken part in these student performances before, was driving. He was a stout,

jolly Irishman, with a fat, good-natured face. Old Yale men remember "Barney" very well, when he had the best "rig" and pair in New Haven and used to stand out in front of the New Haven House and laugh and joke with his soph friends. He scorned freshmen always and regarded juniors as too high toned. But he was always hand and glove with the soph campaign committees of D. K., and he had in his day stolen many a young "sub" and before he had done with him seen that he was pledged "the right way"—to jolly Delta Kap.

Inside the hacks the sophs, who had provided themselves with bottles of liquor, began to get very noisy. Each party began to sing and shout for Umpty-three and the glorious "Omega Lambda Chi." The hacks rapidly drew out of Westville, followed the main turnpike eastward for a mile or two, and then turned off to the right. It looked very much as if the plan was to have the initiation ceremonies of Lambda Chi on the top of West Rock.

When they reached a sandy hill Thornton, telling his two comrades to make as little noise as possible when he gave the signal to "knock out" the driver, went ahead to assist Coles with the stronger and more difficult Barney. Coles was ready for him, and as the horses panted up the hill ran to their heads. Thornton gave the signal, and leaping on the forward wheel grabbed the astonished Barney by the collar and had him sprawling on the ground before he knew where he was. Coles meanwhile had quietly turned the horses around, and he and Thornton, grasping the reins, drove off down the hill at a top gallop. The rear hack was turned in the same way and came flying down the hill after them.

Inside the sophs, with their prisoners, kept up their drinking and singing, and as it was now raining much harder they had the windows up and were entirely ignorant of their capture. Thornton headed toward New Haven and soon met a large crowd of freshmen, who had been roused from their beds and had come out to the rescue. They stopped the hacks and held a consultation. What should they do with their prisoners? They formed a guard around the hacks and opened the doors. "Now, fellers tak 'em (hic) out and let's do 'em. Barnay, Bar-nay! Where's Barney, fellers?" came in uncertain tones from the inmates, who

thought they were on the top of West Rock.

"Stay inside!" growled Thornton to the sophs, as he and his freshmen friends helped Jack out and untied the cord that bound his hands and feet. Others had taken out Harry, who was almost suffocated with the handkerchief gag that was tied in his mouth. The sophs saw the game was up.

"What shall we do with them?" shouted Thornton. "Let's take a vote. All those in favor of Lambda Chi-ing the sophs say aye!"

"Aye!" came with one voice.

There were nine sophomores in all and the task seemed on the whole too difficult. They then decided to drive in on the campus, and procure sufficient rope to tie the sophs to trees and leave them there all night. While they were in the midst of this discussion one of the sophomores—Briggs—got away, and made a break for South Middle, where they were well aware he would rouse a rescue party as soon as possible. Most of the captured sophs were by this time half maudlin with bad liquor, and would be capable of no great resistance. The question was what to do with them during the night. Harry and Jack were each fierce to "put them through" in retaliation for the indignity of being dragged out of their rooms and bound and gagged. It was a fair capture, and the sophs were their lawful prey.

"Hoo-ray for Omega Lambda Chi!" shouted one of the sophs. "Come on (hic), fellers, les' put 'em through, les' have everythin'. Hi! Bar-nay!"

It was the ex-Lambda Chi man of Umpty-three, Briggs, who escaped them, and they knew Briggs well enough to expect he would rouse the entire sophomore class and be back again in a hurry if they didn't get away. It was therefore hurriedly decided to carry the sophs off to some out-of-the-way barn in the suburbs and stand guard over them till morning and initiate them at their leisure on the following night.

CHAPTER XII.

Of course next day there was a tremendous stir in college over the absence of the eight sophs. The freshmen knew nothing about them, naturally, and the sophs had kept the "Lambda Chi-ing" of Harry and Jack such a secret that only those whom Briggs had roused from bed

knew anything about it. But as the day wore on the most wild and exaggerated accounts of the whole affair spread like wildfire. The inflammable Lambda Chi Briggs got out a poster which he plastered over all the elms in the campus. Naturally they attracted considerable attention. But as everyone knew crazy old Briggs pretty well they believed generally he had been "stuffed" by wicked juniors.

One thing was certain, that was that Caswell, Holland, Storrs, Stranahan and four more sophs were not to be found in their rooms, nor had they been seen since the preceding night, when they were observed bargaining with "Barney," the hackman, in front of the New Haven House. Then the facts gradually leaked out. The upper-class men laughed and applauded the freshmen. "Served 'em right!" they



"AIR YOU THERE."

said. Barney turned up late in the afternoon, very sore and angry, saying that "he'd get even with somebody some day."

Where were the sophomores?

The freshmen, not to be outdone, got out a counter poster in the afternoon, disclaiming all knowledge of their disappearance. It was delicately hinted that the sophs, disgusted at their defeat in the great rush, had driven themselves off the end of Long Wharf or perhaps had debased themselves to such a degree as to apply for entrance to Harvard.

By nightfall every student outside the freshman class and many in it—to whom the secret of their hiding place was not known—were prowling about the outskirts of New Haven, peering into outhouses and barns, asking all manner of questions. Mrs. Gimly put on her bonnet and shawl and went across York street to see Mrs. McGuiness.

"Did ye hear the news?" she asked, with a gleeful smile.

"Good day, Mrs. Gimly; do yez mane about thim bastes bein' suitable come up with?"

"I do. Them limbs o' Satan, Mr. Caswell, Mr. Holland an' their pals."

"Have they been found yet? Bad luck to them for stalin' away two of yer best lodgers, Mrs. Gimly. Oh, Oi'm not fer sayin' it's not fer the best, shure. Axe thim lodgers o' yourn; they knows. Axe thim; they can tell a thing or two. Ar-ah, byes 'll be byes; they've the softmoors hid away."

"Where?"

"Did yez look in yer cellar, Mrs. Gimly?"

"My cellar?"

"Why fer no? P'r'aps they're there!"

Mrs. Gimly gave a cry of astonishment.

"Mrs. Gimly, Oi tell no lies; 'twas me see arly this mornin'. Oi woke up and me bid is forninst the windy in the garrit, an' Oi see two hacks druv up, an' Oi see in the strate lamplight, which they soon turned out—bad look to 'em!—Oi see there was scufflin' and shovin' an' a fracas. At 3 o'clock this mornin'—shure—I thought Oi see them lift the cellar door—but it's in confidence Oi tell yez."

Mrs. Gimly then went, excitedly, flying back to her house as fast as her rheumatic old legs would carry her. She had a horror of sophomores, and the bare thought of their being locked up over night in her cellar, and being hid away there all day, naturally gave her the

"shakes and shivers," as she said. She first frightened poor, pale, weak-eyed Samantha out of her five wits by seizing her arm, and whispering in her ear in a low hiss: "There's softmoors in the haouse!"

Samanthy nearly tottered against the door in a faint. The college chapel bell had just finished ringing for 5 o'clock recitations, and the house was as still as a church.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" cried Samantha, agonized.

"If it is so it's a time for Professor Gracher, an' him alone," said her mother. "Oh, them limbs—tu git into my cellar!"

She lit a candle and timorously made her way down the cellar stairs, and peered around in the darkness.

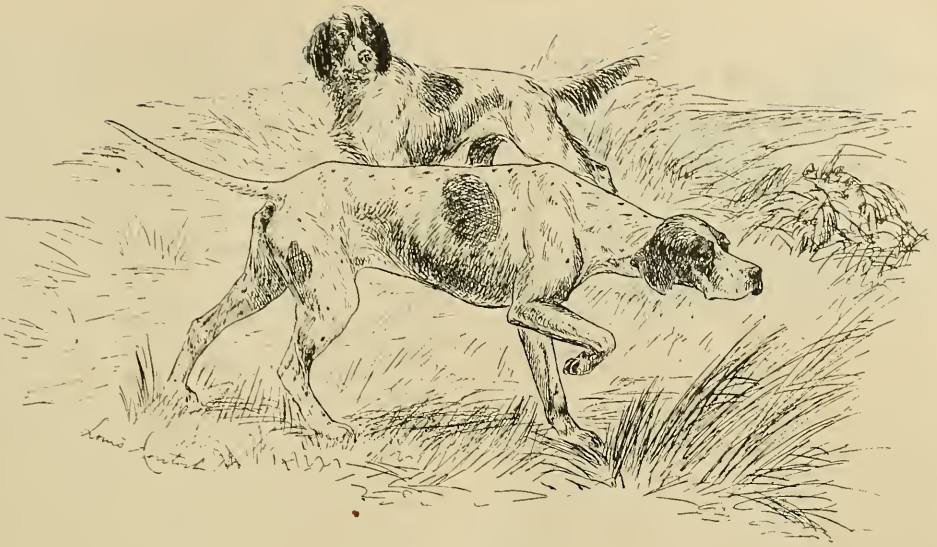
"Say—air you—there?" she asked.

Oh, unutterable horror! They heard from the further corner a stifled groan. Samantha flew upstairs and locked herself in her room. In the dark corner of the cellar a dog growled r-r-r-r!! It sounded like the ugly but efficient Stamp.



LAMEDA CHI!

To be continued.



MAID OF KENT AND SAM R.

FIELD TRIAL WINNERS IN 1890.

BY EDWIN H. MORRIS.

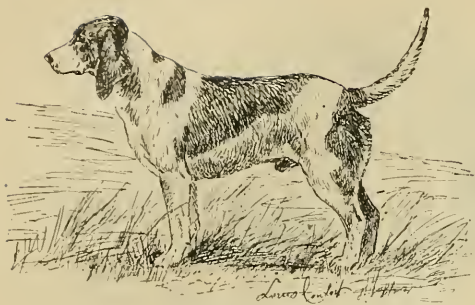
BENCH shows have one useful function: they are admirable opportunities for comparisons in breed and the promulgation of a general interest in the dog, using the word in its broadest sense, but they fall short in importance in the eye of the sportsman to the "field trials."

At the bench show the general public, each according as taste or nationality may sway the judgment in favor of the English, the Irish or the Gordon setter, or the Dachshund, may admire the choicest examples of their fancy, but the field trials alone afford the sportsman the opportunity of judging of the real merits of a sporting dog—its bird sense, its style, range, and its general hunting instincts. Hence it is at this season desirable to throw a glance backward and forward over the champions of last year and the probabilities of the future.

No contrast could be greater than the surroundings of the two exhibitions, the bench show and the field trials—one is by choice in the centre of some busy city, the other by necessity is away where all is calm, where nature and not man is supreme. Ontario, Virginia, Carolina are the principal grounds selected. When the day fixed comes round there is indeed a gathering of brother sportsmen, brother handlers and trainers. The different en-

tries are then drawn for, and it becomes known which dog will compete with his neighbor's. Sometimes, in years gone by, the good dogs would meet duffers and good ones their superiors at the start, the rule being to keep only the winner in for the next heat or series, hence the best dogs were not always the prize winners; but now this plan is varied, and what is called the spotting system has been introduced, so that the competitors are rejected or selected for further trial according to the excellence of the work actually done, whether drawn against a "duffer," "bolter" or a "clinker," to use dog parlance.

The handlers are directed to "work" certain ground, the judges following to see each "point," "flush" or "find," and thus make their decisions. The spectators and reporters are allowed fair opportunities, the former generally being wealthy or enthusiastic sportsmen who can afford to travel and devote the time to their hobby; the latter are generally competent to keep those who do not possess such advantages posted as to the work done by the different competitors, and thus the thousands of sportsmen throughout the continent and, as in last season's trials, throughout the world, know just what strain of dogs is most likely to be



FRANK FORREST.

the right one from which to produce his companions for future shooting trips and to hand down to the coming generations.

The last American season opened with the Indiana Kennel Club's Trials, held at Bicknell, Ind., with Dr. J. B. Alexander, of Louisville, Ky.; Mr. Wm. N. Kerr, of Indianapolis, Ind., and Mr. G. D. Jay, of Kokomo, Ind., as judges.

Several of the youngsters in the puppy stakes showed evidence of careful training. Some were ambitious and fast rangers, others very diligent and cautious, while many worked merrily and obediently. Marie Bur, a liver-and-white English setter belonging to Mr. W. F. Burdell, was declared the winner of this stake, and proved to be as good a field dog as could be expected at her age, about ten months. She located her birds with much skill, pointed and held staunchly until her handler, Mr. McLin, came up, and then proved herself steady to wing, working with capital spirit and much care.

The annual Derby, which brought into competition the gems of the kennels from far and near, resulted in the winning of the much-coveted honor by a nice black-and-white English setter, Reveler. He exhibited fine range and speed, combined with staying power and bird sense, being also well under command despite his ambition and dash. Trap, Jr., the winner of the second prize, is a stylish lemon-and-white English setter. He did some excellent work, yet had a hard fight for his place against the capital English setter Coyote, placed third.

In the all-age pointer stakes, which followed, Lass of Bloomo secured the first prize. For speed, range and work on birds she proved herself a worthy representative of the renowned Graphic blood, and of her noted sire, Lad of Bow,

and the equally well-bred Bloomo. It was a case where blood told, and although Dolly C., her best rival, owned the world-renowned Graphic as her sire, her work was not of as high an order. The third dog, Croxlill, was also good. The all-age setters presented quite a superior entry, and there was very close competition. Lilly Burges, the winner, belongs to Mr. Frank Richards, and she is a stylish orange-and-white bitch. In her general work she struck an even gait and kept it up throughout, never tiring, and making but few mistakes.

Second in order of date came the International Field Trial Club at Chatham, Ontario. At this meeting English dogs were first brought into competition with those trained in America. The judges were Mr. John Davidson, Mr. L. H. Smith and Dr. I. L. Nicholls. Quail were abundant, the location well chosen and everything calculated to insure success. The English visitors carried off the first prize or Derby with the pointer Tyke. Mr. Sheriff Mercer took the second with his black-and-white English setter Mingo II. The way Mr. Mercer, the president of the club—a gentleman of seventy-five years—and Mr. Wm. Brailsford, of nearly as many summers, trudged along in true sportsmanlike manner and with all the enthusiasm of youth was the charm of the meeting.

Tyke is a liver-and-white pointer dog, a model for thoroughness of training, possessing a determination and energy which make his absolute obedience the more marked. With other good qualities he has fine style in going, an excellent nose, and showed much judgment and thoroughness in all his work. He was the winner of the second prize at the National Pointer Trials in England, and his fine work and form were the admiration of the Canadian sportsmen.

In the all-age stake the visitors won the American Field Cup and the rest of the awards, a result due more to the training of their dogs than to the brilliancy of their work.

Next in order of date came the National Beagle Trials, held at Hyannis, Mass., which brought together a number of very enthusiastic fur hunters and some very workmanlike hounds. It was the first public trial of this sort, and was carried out with a business-like manner, backed with a great amount of determination, which deserved good results.

Mr. O. W. Brooking, of Lynn, was president and Mr. F. W. Chapman secretary, backed by a strong, although not very representative, committee. Mr. Joe Lewis and Mr. H. W. Lacy were chosen as judges. The latter had but little experience in beagle hunting, as was evident from his torn and tattered condition at the conclusion of the sport, but "Joe" had been there before.

The utmost good nature prevailed, and there were prizes for the best trailer, the winner of the greatest number of heats, the hound with the best voice, and another for the best dog in all classes, besides the usual stakes. The dogs were very good workers all round. Frank Forrest, the winner of the chief honors, is a very nice workmanlike specimen of the little merry beagle.

Minor events, such as the Robins Isl- and Club's trial, are lost to view when the important meeting of the Eastern Field Trial Club approaches. Last season's event at High Point was the twelfth annual, and with each succeeding year the value of a win at these trials increases.

The judges were Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, Man.; Mr. C. S. Bradley, of Greenfield Hill, Conn., and Mr. W. W. Titus, West Point, Miss., for the members' stake, and the former, with Mr. Duryea and Mr. Merriman, for the rest of the events.

At High Point the birds were plentiful, and unusual interest was added to the meeting by the presence of Mr. William Brailsford and his assistant, Mr. Cameron, with the dogs Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale had sent from England.

The English dogs worked with the utmost precision to the gun, and exhibited a thoroughness of training which did not in any way affect their natural instincts; but the American dogs were more at home, exhibited great natural hunting qualities, and seemed to have been taught to "hurry up." The systems are essentially different, and the noisy scrambling was understood by their dogs, whereas it was quite foreign to the visitors. The judges should demand that dogs submitted for their judgment be properly and sufficiently trained to leave their trainers' hands and become the companions of sportsmen, who expect them to hunt their ground carefully, systematically and in such a manner that it is a pleasure to follow them.

America has certainly a capable and

ambitious corps of trainers, but under the existing conditions it is not to their interests to carry the training of their dogs further.

With reference to the winning dogs it may be said that Tory Lieutenant, the Derby winner, was well ahead of his compeers, that though ambitious and rangy he was careful and displayed judgment which was surprising for so young a dog. He is a black-and-white English setter, scarcely up to the average in size and limb and was bred out of Princess Helen by Jean Val Jean. His fortunate owner is Mr. F. R. Hitchcock and his handler was Mr. John White.

The second place was won by a liver-and-white pointer named Tapster, owned by the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel. This dog showed excellent hunting qualities; he was fast, staunch and stylish, but was not as reliable in his backs and scarcely as rangy as the winner. Still, in these respects he was fair, and he was remarkably quick in locating his birds. Captain McMurdo, who handled this dog, had the advantage of possessing his confidence, and he worked with a vim and enthusiasm not always secured.

Maid of Kent and Sam R. divided the third award, the former, a very nice pointer bitch, possessing excellent working qualities, but was equaled by the setter's fine range and style, and they were much on an equality in other respects, the division only being made after a thorough and lengthy test, at the close of which Maid made a capital point on a bevy, and was promptly backed by Sam R. It was a picture to see the brace thus, with their nerves at the highest tension, yet standing like statues, waiting the command of their handlers.



TORY LIEUTENANT.

To be continued.



CANOEIANA.

DIP your paddles, and sing us a song
 That will ring o'er the water, and echo free
 Through the woods, where the shadows are lying long,
 And the squirrels exult in their liberty !
 Sing us a song, as your shining blade
 Flashes bright in the red of the dying sun,
 As we paddle in tune, while the Afternoon
 Is consumed in the heat that the Noon has made ;
 And the gathering dark of the water's shade
 Proclaims that the Eve's begun.

Sing us a song, as our craft glides free
 Where the undulant grasses their tendrils rear ;
 Carol a chorus, and let it be
 Endowed with the strength of a chanticleer.
 Sing us a song, while we round the pines
 At the bend and the steeple comes in view,
 And the rosy flush, like a maiden's blush,
 In the west all the melting clouds outlines,
 And the tinting of rose and of gold refines
 The expanse of hazy blue.

Sing us a song, as we run ashore
 Where the crickets a clamorous welcome make,
 And the dusk of the gloaming is settling o'er
 The sylvan repose our song will break.
 Troll us a song as our axes ring,
 And our tent is pitched, and the fire laid,
 And the lanterns swung on the centre rung
 Of the tent, and the kettle begins to sing ;
 And the moonlight breaks through the clouds, to fling
 Its gleams on the joys we've made.

C. G. ROGERS.



DEER STALKING IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY FRANCIS J. HAGAN.



thence to Winfield, where you can pick me up. Boland will cross the lake and be in Chicago on the 25th. You can be there the next morning. Perry I don't know about, but he's sure to turn up if you do, and then you can follow my trail :

To the West, to the West,
To the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri
Rolls down to the sea,

as poor Russell used to sing.

"By the bye, by way of a parting shot let me say that the only and original Charles Smith, the half-breed Choctaw, is waiting the word to fall in."

That last passage settled me. I could no more resist the camp-fire stories of that half-breed Choctaw than could many of his victims of the chase the lures by which he enticed them to their doom.

All our arrangements fitted into each other substantially as Wilson had foreshadowed. The orbits of the three fragments of humanity previously wandering in space converged at Chicago and the gravitating power of sport and good fellowship drew us thence, with almost impatient haste, to Winfield and Wilson.

The passenger on the Santa Fé route shortly after leaving Arkansas City passes a post labeled "State Line." It fills a useless mission, for the line between Kansas and the Indian Territory is more plainly marked. There civilization ends and the savage assumes supremacy.

The Old World does not present a similar spectacle : on the one side fences and houses and well-tilled fields ; on the other the boundless waste stretches away to the far horizon, an immense loneliness, an awful silence and desolation. The sun does not shine upon a fairer land than this Cherokee strip ; its agricultural possibilities are absolutely limitless ; but level, unbroken, the prairie lies like a sea whose waves are stilled forever, over which broods the spirit of death.

In the might and majesty of ocean there is, with all its loneliness, boundless motion and ever-changing color ; even in the Sahara the shifting sands, the play of light and shade, and the mirage break the monotony ; but in this Western desert the sere sky of autumn shuts down on the

THE many readers of *OUTING* who, like myself, may have been mewed up in a big Eastern city through the dog days will enter into my feelings on the morning which brought me from an old sporting friend a letter, the material point of which ran : "Why not spend your Indian summer with us in the Indian Territory ? Boland is going, he knows the country well, and Perry writes me that if you will go he will turn vagabond for a month. Won't that tempt you ? Just the country, just the time of the year, just the game you want, and just enough of us to stand four square to the winds of heaven.

"Say the word and I will make all the arrangements, but say it quick, for the harvest is plenty and the laborer will be single handed. Joking aside, it will be sharp work to get the commissariat and foraging departments in going order unless I can bring all your replies to focus in a week. Then I'll be off ahead of you down the Santa Fé to Kansas City, and

far horizon, and neither in the sky nor on the plain is there a single object upon which the eye can rest—you simply stand subdued, in the presence of a scene so vast the emotion is one of profound and utter loneliness. Heard in such fields the howl of the coyote possesses peculiar relevancy. Sound has not power to express a more profound feeling of desolation. From out the viewless vacancy it floats and wavers along the listening stillness of the interminable plain, like the despairing plaint of some companionless and incomplete existence exiled from happiness and conscious only of blank and utter want.

Leaving the strip, passing through the Ponca agency and beginning with Oklahoma, the contour of the country grows more rolling, corpses of black jack and post oak alternating with prairies varying in size from a few acres to many miles. Purcell, in the heart of the Territory, is a typical frontier town with some two thousand population. There are no women or children, but the streets are alive with men of every color and condition in life. Yankee traders bartering with some negroes just in from the country of the Creeks with a long wagon train of cotton; groups of Indians here and there; picturesque patches of color. A cowboy outfit starting on the trail amuse themselves by rapidly firing their triggerless six shooters in the manner technically termed "fanning the hammer," as they gallop down the street, and a drunken Choctaw, who a moment ago issued a challenge to the universe by hooting like an owl, is having an interesting time with another who accepted it. But the cynosure of all eyes are the deputy marshal, Heck Thomas, who is just in from a round up with a dozen robbers, and a miscellaneous mob of murderers and horse thieves who are chained up with trace chains and padlocks.

Our hunting party escapes altogether unnoticed, and fording the Canadian River—a hundred yards of water flowing through a mile of sand—we are soon steering across the open prairie with a vague sense of having put to sea on horseback. There are four of us "tenderfoots." Our guide, Charlie Smith, a half-breed Choctaw, formerly scout for the Texas Rangers, who was born in the saddle, has led a life of adventure wilder than any hero of the dime novel, and knows the country as the seamen know the sea. Deputy United States

Marshal Ansley, Dick Hodgens, camp boss, late of the Emerald Isle, and Corty, our colored chef, make up the party. Two teams, a spring wagon and four saddle horses comprise the outfit and by noon it is strung out for ten miles, and, despite the assurance of the guide that we "can't lose the trail" we accomplish the impossible and spend the best part of the night hunting for each other, finally pitching camp beside a beautiful little stream, the Spring branch of Salt Creek. During the next three weeks we made many camps, pausing at each only long enough to hunt the adjacent country and then moving on to fresh fields in the wildest part of the Territory, the home of the Blanket Indians and the Comanches.

Late in the evening, as the red sun was sinking over the vast, treeless plain, which looked vaster and drearier than ever, two horsemen suddenly galloped up over a swell and swooped down upon us like vultures on the wing. Their long black hair streaming in the wind, a savage fullness of untamed life quivering in every fibre of their frame, the sullen, ferocious and relentless expression produced by the broad, strong, superorbital bones which overhang the eye, and the whole countenance stamped with the ineffaceable brand of the born marauder, proclaimed them to be of that tameless, untiring tribe which in the early days of settlement swept the frontier as with a whirlwind of destruction—the red fox of the prairie—the Comanche. Their first demand in the sign language was for a horse trade, their next for tobacco. I handed one of them a plug to cut a piece. Indicating about an inch, he gave me a questioning glance, but when I assented he indicated twice as much, and again assenting he asked for it all, to which I also assented, and they rode away rejoicing.

That night I slept a large and lordly sleep, with North America for my bed and for my blanket the great blue heavens. Better than a cycle of Cathay, better than a century of sleep in beds, is it to lie down alone in a mighty land and look up at the celestial spheres as in a leash of sidereal fire they lead their dance across the zenith to roam through the measureless void—to fling off one's airy counterpane, and, sitting up at dewy morn, look face to face with the sun as he peers over the edge of the plain. I will not, however, weary anyone with our itinerary,

but briefly relate some incidents of the chase.

The mild climate, the abundance of food and the freedom from molestation are productive of vast quantities of small game. Prairie chickens, which could fairly be reckoned by the thousand, are continually flying from the prairies to the timber, where they eat the acorns. Covies of quail flush at every step or scurry away before you, while the pecan groves are actually alive with squirrels. Turkeys are abundant, but their enemies are legion, their safety lies in continual watchfulness and they are the wildest and wariest of all game, and deer are plentiful.

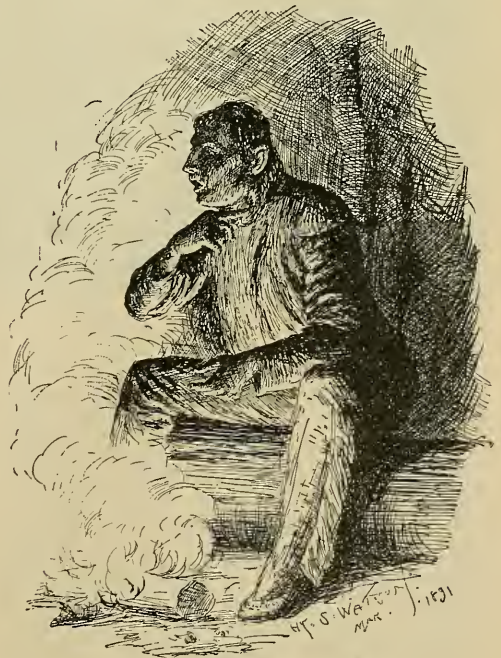
Physically there is not a nobler, prouder, more graceful or agile creature than the antlered monarch of the forest; morally he is delinquent. During the spring and summer, when the does are occupied with the cares of maternity, and he has lost his antlers, he is imbued with but two thoughts: one is to keep his belly full and the other to preserve his precious skin. But about the first of November, metamorphosed by love from a miserable misanthrope shunning the society of his fellows and scaring at his own meagre shadow, he changes to a gallant and amorous swain. Then in hunter's parlance he "begins running," then is he all fire; then is he seen in twilight of morning and evening bounding along in all his antlered pride in quest of some coy doe, who, probably remembering his recreancy in the past, is loath to accept his vows of constancy; then does the hunter hear by night his shrill whistle where he walks to the woods and in the morning finds where in his vehemence he has pawed the ground and with his antlers scraped the saplings; then too is heard in some sequestered glade the clash of arms where the right to some fair one is being settled by "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they may take who have the power, and they may keep who can."

These battles between the bucks are of frequent occurrence and are sometimes exceedingly fierce and bloody. Near the Peevine River, in the Chickasaw Nation, I saw one of the most singular spectacles recorded in the annals of venerie. In a little glade two big bucks lay with locked antlers, dead. The ground was torn up and the bark knocked off the trees for a radius of forty yards. They were well padded, each bearing on his wide-spreading antlers ten points and weighing within

a pound of each other. We could easily trace the course of the battle, how fiercely it had been waged until they came together with that final crash which bound them inextricably together, head to head, breathing the hot breath of hatred into each other's nostrils. One had succumbed a day or two before the other. It was terrible to contemplate the lingering torture of the one who survived and his frantic struggle with his dead foe. It reminded me of Hugo's description of the duel between the gun that got loose from its moorings on the ship in the storm and the sailors who tried to recapture it. It lunges, tilts, evades and charges like a thing of life, and all the while the full horror of the thing depends upon the fact that it is a senseless mass of metal.

Keen of sight and keen of scent, alert at the slightest sound, a synonyme for wildness, still-hunting the deer is of all sports the most sportsmanlike, the most arduous and the most exciting. To match their vigilance with your caution, their wariness with your adroitness, to bear ill luck with equanimity, and pluck from disappointment the fruit of experience, to persevere with the pertinacity of the sleuthhound and the patience of the Indian, are a few of the many requisites of success in deer stalking.

Let us begin at the beginning and note



CHARLES SMITH, THE HALF BREED.

the incidents of a day during the most favored season, the month of November.

The Dipper has turned its circle in the northern sky, the great log heap that was burning fiercely when we went to sleep is reduced to a pile of smouldering embers, and low down in the west hangs the morning star, like a flame point suspended in mid air. The chunks are kicked together and the coffee is soon boiling.

After breaking fast each pockets his dinner—a hunk of bread and a rib of venison—and strides off in opposite directions. For a few seconds after the darkness has swallowed up their forms an occasional stick snapped or a bush shaken betrays their progress, but soon, when you stop to listen, a silence engulfs you that can almost be felt. Let your foot fall with feline softness, frequently pausing to listen, for by the sense of hearing is to be had the first intimation of the presence of the game. A sound reaches you as you stop and strain your ears and, peering into the gloom, descry the shadowy outlines of a deer, which closer scrutiny metamorphoses into a bush. You seem to see and hear all sorts of things, until your confidence in your ability to distinguish the real from the imaginary is almost destroyed.

But at last, as the stars begin to slowly drown in the morning light, you hear something which stops you suddenly. Amid the thousand imaginary noises which have so long assailed you comes a sound unmistakable—the rasp of antlers against a bush. Listening intently, you distinguish the animal's tread among the leaves, but you try in vain to pierce the gloom. Deliberately, with frequent pauses, it approaches. "Twixt hope and fear, with bated breath, you stand as you stopped, dreading to move a muscle. The moments slowly link themselves into minutes and still the sound seems to be no nearer and when it ceases you are in a state of nervous apprehension until it begins again. Your foot feels cramped and you are possessed by a strong desire to shift your weight to the other, which you now notice rests among some twigs that would crack with the report of a pistol. At last, when endurance seems no longer possible, you see something moving in the brush, and the next instant through an opening the deer looms up dim, shadowy, monstrous.

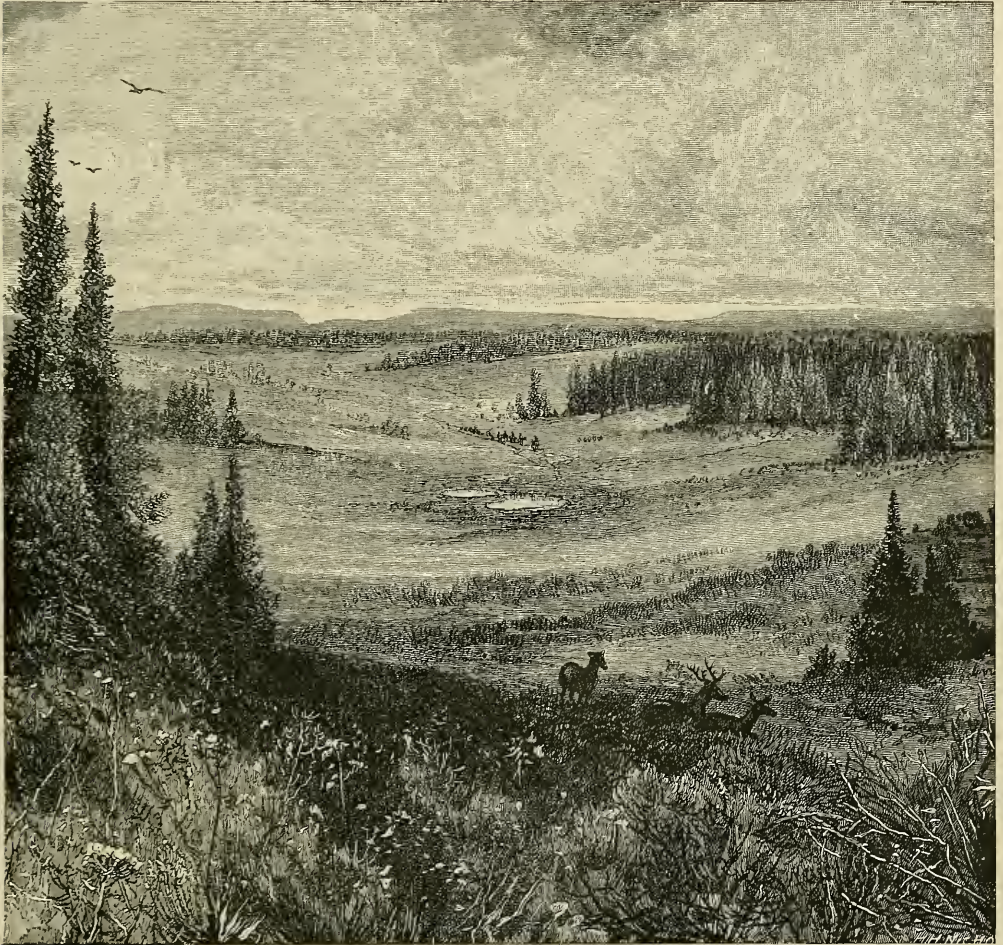
If he stands facing you draw a bead on the root of his neck, but if broadside

shoot at the centre of his fore shoulder, and shoot as if you had but one shot. The moment you have pressed the trigger work the lever, and if he isn't down give it to him again. If the ball goes through his fore shoulder or the root of his neck he will wilt in his tracks, but should he go tearing through the woods like a train off the track you need not on that account dismiss all hope. Upon one occasion Boland shot at a buck which Perry, who was hunting with him, maintained was not touched, but taking up the trail he was found a hundred yards away, shot through the heart. At all events remain where you are until it is broad daylight, for if you attempt to pursue him he will travel until he drops; but if you remain quiet he will have no idea what hurt him, and, attributing it to a purely natural phenomenon, he may stop before going far, never to start again.

I cannot forbear giving here an instance of remarkable vitality. One evening Wilson returned to camp in exceedingly bad spirits, having made an unaccountable miss on a big buck at exceedingly short range. The next morning while hunting I happened to look up, and in and out of a white argosy of clouds, which lay like some convoy of ships becalmed on a summer sea, the vultures, great and lazy winged, swept and swung, their orbits crossing each other ceaselessly. To the hunter everything is portentous, and I began to wonder what those jackals of the sky could scent or see, when 200 yards away a flock of quail arose on whirring wings, and looking to see what had startled them I managed to make out a big gray wolf slinking off through the long grass. The moment my eye fell upon him he saw he was discovered and went away in a sort of leopard canter, running as if he had not a bone in his back. Instituting a search in the direction from which he had come I found Wilson's buck. One bullet had passed through his neck a little too low to cut the aorta, and another had entered at the hind quarter and ranged forward to the fore shoulder without, however, breaking any bones. Thus wounded he had traveled nearly four miles until overtaken by the very pangs of death. From this digression you may learn to find your game when unable to trail it. Mark the spot and return to it a few hours later. If he is anywhere in the vicinity those harbingers of death and decay, the vultures, will guide you to him.

One memorable morning I had reached a favorite stand on a post-oak ridge, where the abundance of sign gave assurance of success. In the east a paleness was slowly spreading and above me the silent wonders of the starlit night were gently fading away before the glories of

a moment I stood with my Winchester in my hand, utterly without volition. I think that buck scented before ever he saw me, for he was within twenty yards when he stopped and, throwing up his head with a loud snort, stood for an instant like a statue, the incarnation of life, pride and



"BOUNCE ALONG IN ALL THEIR ANTLERED PRIDE."—P. 23.

the dawning day. Suddenly I caught the sound of hoof strokes and a moment later saw a doe bound along the ridge and disappear. Wondering what could have started her off at that gait, for I was the only human being in that part of the Territory, I had almost reached the point she passed when scarce a hundred yards away a big buck burst through the bushes. Banging the saplings with his spreading antlers and ducking his head to miss the post oaks, he headed straight for me, trailing her as a dog would a rabbit. For

activity. Had he started off with the speed of a sprinter I would have felt flushed with the victory, but as it was I felt like an assassin, for he seemed to appreciate the irony of fate.

There is a sort of superstition current among the Indians that the deer move during the day when the moon shines. We failed to verify it. According to our experience they quit shortly after sun up, moon or no moon, and in some secluded sunny spot in the black jack lie down to doze away the day, unless their pre-emi-

nent regard for their own personal safety induces them to get up and move. Should you come upon one enjoying his siesta—and to do so is the constant burden of the hunter's prayers—you will see his long ears pointing first one way and then another as he hearkens to the slightest sound, while his supersensitive nose is inquiring of every breath of air if it bear taint of enemy.

The dead leaves cling to the scrub oak and black jack until pushed off by the buds of the ensuing spring, and as the deer are to be found during the day in the thickest cover, the progress of the hunter is necessarily so slow and noisy, and the range of his vision so limited, that the most consummate skill and caution are required to approach within range. Should he hear or scent you at a distance he will slip off through the thickest cover with a stealth little short of miraculous, not the rustle of a leaf betraying his movements, and the hunter will have no intimation of his flight unless he happens upon the warm bed and the departing trail, when in language appropriate to the occasion he may bewail having brushed against that bush or hunted down the wind.

But should you get within range before he discovers your approach he will spring up and for an instant stand and gaze. But it is only for an instant that he thus tempts fate, and you will have to be mighty light on the trigger to get in a shot before he is bounding off through the bush—especially when he rises up before you with the disconcerting suddenness of an apparition. I believe it was Hugo who said "the unexpected always happens." You will hunt for hours on the *qui vive*, with every nerve at a tension, starting at every sound, disregarding fatigue and shrinking from no personal effort or discomfort, and then, when unlooked for, the chance has come and gone. Sometimes, however, the bucks, if not directly in your path, will escape detection by lying close in the long grass. Wilson passed within twenty feet of one, who waited until he had gone by and then sprang up and made off.

While in the Comanche country an Indian—whose unpronounceable name has escaped me, but the ghastly width of whose mouth, together with its ability to stow away tobacco, dwells vividly in my recollection—volunteered to show me game. Upon such occasions you have only to follow in your guide's footsteps, and

shoot at what he shows you ; to take the lead would be an irreparable insult. For an hour he followed through all its devious ways the trail of a big buck, until the large heart-shaped impressions assumed a rigorous distinctness of outline, proclaiming that our chase could not be far off. At last the Indian paused, and gazing where he indicated on a distant slope in the edge of the scrub oak I discovered a suspicious-looking patch of grayish brown. Under cover of a sand hill we got into a gully and crawled upon him. Slowly and cautiously the stalker lifted his dark head above the level of the gully and for an instant remained at gaze, then turned and in low, guttural tones said : "Deer no sleep ; him know, him hide."

As he spoke I peered out and his meaning was apparent. I could just discern the tip of the nose and the antlers for a moment elevated and then laid back against the neck out of sight. He had seen us from the first, and had been hugging equally tight the ground and the delusion that he was undiscovered, and was now investigating our disappearance. Failing to locate us and growing alarmed, he sprang up with a snort and stood with lifted head, and ears, eyes and nose—striving for sight, sound or scent of us. A glance through the buckhorn notch showing the sight on the shoulder, I fired. He reared up, pawing the air for a moment, and then lunging forward with a long slide upon the earth, died.

As the day grows old you must seek the ridges where, beneath the post oak, you can obtain a larger view, for the deer then begin to move about, and if you take a good stand they are as likely to come to you as you are to go to them ; for they are less apt to see than to hear or scent you. As the shadows lengthen the antlered monarch, who has dozed away the day in solitude, rises and, stretching himself, starts out with the intention of practicing the precepts of that immoral song, "We won't go home till morning." One evening I lay in wait by a little pool in a branch elsewhere dry, around which the sign was fresh and abundant. In approaching such a place do so at right angles and avoid tracking around it, for a ten-foot fence would not more surely bar the progress of a deer than the fresh trail of a man. The gloom gradually deepened about me until in the dusky twilight the big full moon stole up through the branches of the tree tops.

Suddenly a swish and whirl cleaved the still air as a pair of mallards settled down upon the pool. For a long time I amused myself watching their motions. It was remarkably still and clear. Upon such a night a deer can be heard for half a mile, and suddenly from a point hardly twenty yards away came a slow scraping, scratching sound as if a buck were rubbing his antlers against the rough bark of a post oak. How he approached so noiselessly was incomprehensible to me. I leaned forward to obtain a better view, the ducks took fright and with harsh, insistent quacking labored upward. With all my powers concentrated in the sense of hearing, I listened to catch the first motion of the animal, but no sound indicated that it had taken alarm. After waiting an indefinite period I concluded it had departed as silently as it had come, and prepared to leave, when another sound arrested me. Leisurely some animal approached with long, low strides, moving through the bushes. It headed straight for the pool until thirty yards away, when the next step would take it into a little moonlit glade and witness the fruition of my hopes. It stopped, sniffed the air, then turned and fled precipitately through the brush.

Thoroughly disgusted and too tired to even conjecture what had startled it—for it could have had no intimation of my presence—I started for camp. After I had eaten a hearty supper and rolled myself up in my blanket I got to thinking of the strange conduct of the deer, and remembered that it had scared at the point from whence had come the scraping sound. Determined to investigate if I happened around the pool again, I dismissed the matter and having nothing else to do closed my eyes, an operation which every hunter knows is synonymous with going to sleep. But I was shortly disturbed. A hound which we had along to trail wounded deer began baying furiously, while the horses were seized with a panic. Ansley went out to investigate, but was back in a moment after his rifle, having caught a glimpse of two lambent points of flame in the darkness, some animal's eyes reflecting the firelight. But a happy thought occurred to him. We had lost a mule the day before, and, concluding it was the prodigal returned, we went out and for half an hour beat around in the dark, but found no mule.

The next day the trail of a large pan-

ther was found around camp. I found the other end of the story. Being in the vicinity of the pool I went over to read the record of the preceding night's occurrences. The soil was soft and sandy, in places plainly retaining the impress of footprints. Within a few feet of where the deer had scared stood a post oak, whose deeply-scored bark revealed the cause of the scratching sound. The panther has a habit of standing at the foot of such a tree as this and reaching up to a height of eight or ten feet, scratching and tearing the bark to sharpen its claws, the outer surface of which is composed of a thin scale of hard enamel, while the inner body is of softer material, which wears away with use, leaving a thin, slightly projecting, cutting edge on the enamel, the combination resulting in an anomalous tool which sharpens itself by use.

The buck had attracted the panther's attention to me and it had taken refuge in the tree. Though it had arrested the progress of the deer at a moment so inopportune for my hopes, I found some solace in the reflection that my presence prevented it from dropping down upon its prey. But when I found that the big cat had skulked along behind me all the way to camp I realized the force of the proverb, "Ignorance is bliss;" for though I apprehend there was no danger from attack, still it superinduces a sort of crawly feeling to find one of them dogging your steps. The elongated, compressed body, the muscular limbs armed with retractile claws, the powerful muscles of the jaws, neck, arms and shoulder, and the formidable fangs proclaim the panther to be a creature well fitted to wage war upon all others. According to that law in obedience to which each animal blends in color with the prevailing tone of nature, its ground color is of a rufous or tawny yellow, shaded on the ventral surface with white. Strickland was the only one of the party who succeeded in killing one. It was a particularly large one, measuring eight feet nine inches in length.

His dog treed something in a thicket, and, supposing it to be a 'coon or other "varmint," he left his Winchester in the boot on the saddle and cut his way through the network of vines and green briers. When he had reached the dog he found him barking at the foot of the tree, and, looking up, beheld the panther crouched along a limb just above his head. It made no attempt to spring,

evinced what an arrant coward it was, until Strickland, taking deliberate aim with his six shooter, fired. It then sprang, but missed him and made off through the thicket, with the dog in pursuit. Cutting his way out, Strickland followed, to find the panther lying on the dog in a pool of water in a deep gully. The moment he appeared on the bank above, with a peculiar grunting bark or growl, with its ears laid back, its eyes glaring, the formidable fangs displayed and its hair erect, it charged, but the first shot fortunately effectually stopped it.

Perhaps the most enjoyable period of

the day was the hour after supper, when "we talked the battle over and shared the battle's spoil." We would hobnob by the frolicsome flames until the very echoes became jocose and laughed aloud. Unable to reproduce the raciness of our camp palaver, I will recall to the memory of old campaigners that hour around which cling the romance and poetry, the wit and wisdom of the camp fire. Many a night the moon peered over the edge of the plain and slowly paled from the yellow of her rising to a silvery lustre before we wrapped up in our blankets like Egyptian mummies and slept the sleep of the weary.



"IN THE DUSKY TWILIGHT THE BIG FULL MOON STOLE UP."—P. 26.

A STUDY IN BLACK.

BY CLARENCE B. MOORE.



A CHERUB.

I HAVE for a number of years been suffering from the photographic fever which is now so widespread as to be almost epidemic. I have used gallons of drugs with no abatement of the symptoms, pounds of the sodas and of the product of gallic acid with the haloid salts of silver—chemicals necessary for the production of the photographic plate and its subsequent development—the passion, like Cleopatra's, has grown. All last fall under its influence I worked in a photographic gallery and spent hours daily in posing models for portraits and genre pictures; models with blond hair, models with dark hair, models with dyed hair, and, in the case of one or two babies, models with no hair at all, until at last I wearied at the very sight of a white face and longed for an absolute change. "I will go to Florida," I said to myself, "and I register a solemn vow to expose no plate on aught living save darkies; for me the art of Daguerre shall be the black art, my pictures shall be a study in black."

The amateur sojourning South for purposes of portraiture leads far from a life of ease. His reputation as a taker of pictures for nothing, or rather as one who pays for the privilege, spreads abroad and the simple-minded folk, not realizing that the quaint or the picturesque alone is sought, hasten to embrace so favorable an opportunity. Black, and white too for that matter, of all ages and

sexes, arrayed in their Sunday best, arrive at your place of abode at all hours of the day and ask for the gentleman who takes pictures. Some frankly announce the purpose of their visit; others inquire as to the cost of a sitting, with not the remotest idea of paying, but simply to enter upon a subject as to which they have a certain hesitation.

To be rid of these would-be sitters without giving offense is a somewhat delicate task. It is useless to explain that certain pictures alone are to your taste, since this implies a reflection upon their personal appearance. To state that time is wanting would be obviously untrue, while a curt refusal to such untutored people would appear unkind. The amateur must needs, on a journey South, have as many excuses as plates, and tact and judgment are needed as much outside as inside the dark room.

Now, in photography as applied to the colored race there are advantages and disadvantages. So stolid are the sons of Ham and so impressed with the importance and solemnity of the occasion, that the danger of movement, except with very young children, is almost eliminated, while in genre pictures an appropriate expression can usually be secured. Even in a subject which to ordinary comprehension would be ludicrous the sitting is not regarded in a comic light; the idea to be portrayed is considered as an actual fact.

The enthusiastic votary of the camera must here however, as elsewhere, *make* his pictures. It is useless to wait until some choice pose presents itself when the camera is along; pictures thus secured are as few as the visits of angels. In this way "The Old, Old Story" was made. I looked up a hen house in the outskirts of a Florida town, bought a pair of chickens and secured the services of a small African to pose as though sneaking away with his spoils, and I am afraid I disturbed the peace of mind of another son of Africa in the operation, for, while getting everything in order, I noticed a very respectable colored man looking on, apparently laboring under considerable excitement. He first addressed himself to the model, who, however, having already reaped a silver

harvest in various previous poses, lent but a languid attention. Next he turned to me respectfully, but very earnestly, saying, "You's a goin' to show dat pictur all ober de Norf—a nigger stealin' chickens. Now dat's my color an' I doan' like to see hit done." I tried to smooth matters, but unsuccessfully; and during the whole of the taking of the picture he stood by deeply offended.

In the dark room the development of the colored face is most difficult; one could judge with almost equal facility as to likeness and detail in the representation of a football. Professionals and amateurs alike lack confidence when the portrait of a negro is to be evolved from the sensitive film.

There is one point on which they are sure at first not to give satisfaction, for colored people are never satisfied with a likeness unless many shades lighter than themselves. This can be attained by overtiming the exposure, which enables a yellow look to be given to the face in the printing. For obvious reasons the pro-

fessional pays stricter regard to this point than the amateur.

I had a very amusing experience in this connection. At Lake Harney lives a youth so black that any shade more dusky is inconceivable; to satisfy Grant—for my colored friend was a namesake of our great general—I took a portrait of him, a speaking likeness. When the picture was printed I really looked forward to enjoying his tribute to my skill. Alas! he almost turned his back upon the photograph.

"Why, Grant," I asked, "what is the matter?" At first he made no reply, for colored people are considerate of the feelings of others and dislike to give offense.

"Do you not think it good?" I continued. Thus pressed, my colored sitter replied: "No, sah, hit are de pictur ob a black nigger."

The native idea of relative size, too, is most amusing. A colored man taken with his mule is bitterly disappointed when he finds that personally he does not occupy almost the entire plate. I recall one occasion at Lake Harney, when about to make an exposure upon a large Indian shell heap upon the summit of which was a cabin that would appear in the picture as less than an inch in size, the owner, a "cracker" woman, asked to have the family ranged upon the piazza, and, this request being granted, a further delay was demanded in order to part the baby's hair.

Among the older colored people, whose memories go back to the slavery days "befo' de wah," the camera is looked upon with suspicion. What they fear it would be hard to say; perhaps there remains some lingering apprehension of a "hoodoo" or a general distrust of the unknown.

"Wen I were young," said a white-haired old dorky to me recently, "I neber knowed about dose tings, an' I doan' know about 'em now, nor I doan' like to see 'em a pintin' at me."

A young and intelligent colored man present explained that having sat many times he could assure the old gentleman that no evil effects could possibly ensue.

"I know, I know," was the reply, "but all de same I doan' want dat ting a pintin' at me."

There is another characteristic of the colored people throughout the South to which I was a frequent victim, and that is



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

that in their desire not to give offense by refusal they often promise what they never intend to perform. How often have I vainly waited for some colored woman to bring her children, or a darky his mule, to an appointed place where I considered the surroundings would contribute to an effective

grinnin'," remarked a sable lady to me once on seeing "An Open Countenance." "I think it's real shameful. I wouldn't let my children sit for no such pictur."

This pride in their personal appearance is manifested even by the poorest colored people and militates against se-



FREE SUGAR.

picture. These broken engagements can, however, sometimes be accounted for by the objection they have to appearing in a picture in everyday clothes and in some pose not in their opinion sufficiently dignified.

"Dere's a pictur of a colored boy

curing appropriate costumes in genre pictures representing scenes in their everyday life. I shall never forget the scoring I once received from a yellow woman in Daytona whose children I had caught at play in their everyday clothes.

"And I want you not to forgit," she



AN OPEN COUNTEenance.*

concluded, "that I won't have you white folks a comin' roun' here to fotygraf my children like young apes."

Emerson tells us that difficulties are made to be surmounted—a most useful maxim to bear in mind through life in moments of uncertainty and discouragement. But it is in my opinion very doubtful whether Mr. Emerson ever attempted to photograph such a group of five children ranging from one to six years of age as I found in Palatka's colored quarter—five of the cutest little darkies in the South.

At first the parents of the five little darkies were inclined to put an emphatic veto upon all attempts to portray the scions of their house through the medium of the art of Daguerre, but at length, by a little adroit flattery and the offer of a pecuniary inducement, their scruples were overcome.

But here another difficulty arose. The children were coy and would have none of it. Time, candy and coaxing—powerful adjuncts with young people of any color—at length brought them around, and Annie appeared from the kitchen while

Tommy crawled from beneath the house, which, built upon four posts, afforded a ready refuge for juveniles in time of emergency. The group was carefully posed and exposure after exposure was made, but there was always a movement somewhere. For seven mornings were the sittings continued, the parents' pockets waxing fat from gratuities, the children's cheeks from sweetmeats.

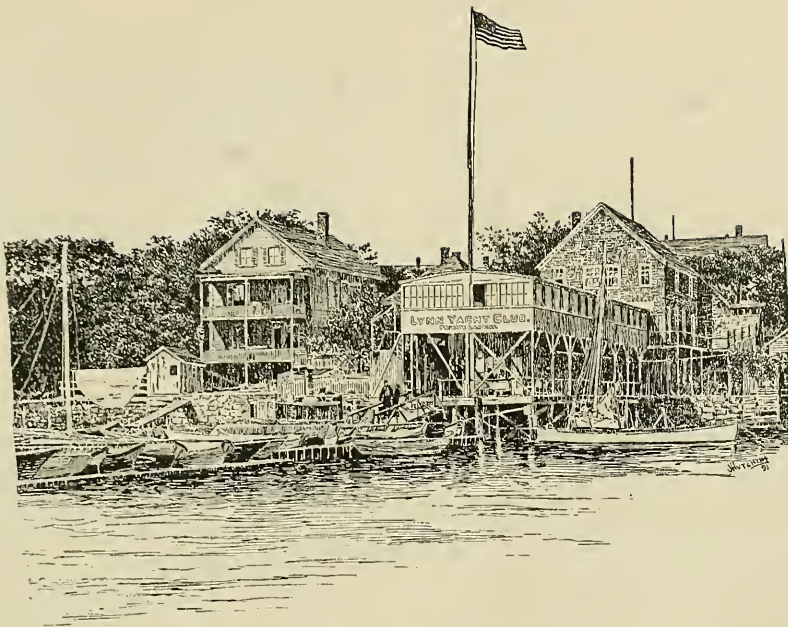
When the children are too young to understand the necessity for absolute quiet, and are incessantly turning in every direction, and where movement in one during the time of exposure means utter ruin for the whole group, why not take an instantaneous picture, it may be asked. Because, I reply, all shutter portraits are undertimed unless over water or white sand; they lack detail in the shaded portions, and if taken in the glaring sunlight, to gain additional illumination, very heavy shadows are cast which give a most unpleasant effect, especially to the portraits of colored people.

And now just a few words of advice to those intending to visit the land of flowers, where, by the way, in the winter at least, flowers are seldom seen. Take your camera. Develop after each day's exposures. The necessary articles can be packed into really a very small space, and the results of the day's work should be known at once, so that errors in timing and developing may be rectified, possible leakage of light in the camera or holders noticed and overcome and movement on the part of the sitters discovered before it is too late to secure a repetition of the pose.

Dry your negatives on a rack the feet of which rest in saucers of water, for Florida teems with roaches and ants, to which the damp film is a dainty banquet. Never use a tray for the hypo; particles of dirt settle in the film, which at the South is especially soft. Use a grooved box in which a number of plates can be fixed at once and all foreign matter sinks to the bottom. And, lastly, do not confine yourself to landscapes, as do nine out of ten among amateurs. Go around in the colored quarters; mingle with the people there; they are kind and simple hearted and, believe me, you will never regret the pains you have taken and will ever remember with pleasure your winter's "Study in Black."

* Copyright by the author.





LYNN YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

YACHT CLUBS OF THE EAST.*

BY CAPT. A. J. KENEALY.

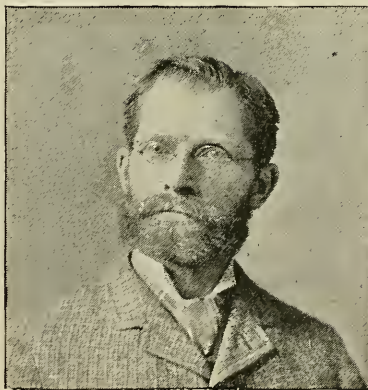
PART III.

IN continuing our peregrination round the bay we come to Chelsea Bridge, where we find the club house of the Bunker Hill Yacht Club. This club came into existence in 1869 with a membership of only twenty-six. It was, however, not destined that the number should long remain so small, and in a year's time the club boasted an increase of forty-five members, making in all seventy-one, with a fleet of nineteen boats. The anchorage is very good, being a little above the Navy Yard. Since 1870 the club has not increased very much in point of numbers, but four yachts have been added. The officers are: Commodore, Edward Essam; vice-commodore, C. F. Broman; secretary and treasurer, B. F. Underhill, Jr. The entrance fee is \$5, and the annual dues are \$6.

In 1879 the Jeffries Yacht Club was incorporated. At first it devoted itself more to athletics and rowing, but after some nine or ten years was reorganized as a yacht club. The house stands at the southern end of "Island Ward," as we

cross the ferry to East Boston. There are now about ninety members and half that number of boats. The officers are: Commodore, Chas. L. Davenport; vice-commodore, Wm. B. Pigeon; treasurer, W. L. McLaughlin; secretary, Charles A. Braynard.

Not far away from the anchorage of the boats of the last-named club lie the boats of the Chelsea Yacht Club. The



WM. A. CARY, SECRETARY HULL YACHT CLUB.

* For valuable notes and illustrations we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. N. S. Stebbins, of Boston.

greater portion of its 125 members is composed of residents of the city of Chelsea. Not satisfied with their elegant club room in the city, they intend as soon as possible to construct a house nearer the water. This club was an offshoot of the Phoenix Boat and Yacht Club, and started in 1885 with fifty members. At present fifteen yachts are owned. The officers are : Commodore, W. H. Wedger ; vice-commodore, Geo. S. Dyer ; recording secretary, Geo. Barrie ; treasurer, C. P. Long. The entrance fee is \$5 and the annual dues the same.

Close to the shore of Crystal Bay stands the club house, which was built in 1884 by the Great Head Yacht Club shortly after its organization. Last winter the name of this club was changed, and it is now known as the Winthrop Yacht Club. Many are the entertainments, which are all characterized by their brilliancy, held in the fine hall of the house. But it must not be thought that the members

spend all their time in the society of their fair admirers and neglect the sterner duties of yachting ; on the contrary, they are most enthusiastic in that pursuit, and many races are held annually. The membership amounts this season to 225, mostly residents of the town of Winthrop, and the club owns seventy-five yachts. The entrance fee is \$10 and the annual dues are \$5. The officers are : Commodore, J. S. Cushing ; vice - commodore, Edgar A. Cook ; secretary, Chas. G. Bird ; treasurer, F. W. Downer.

Every Labor Day the waters are made brilliant by the fast boats belonging to the Lynn Yacht Club, which holds an open regatta on that day. This club likewise holds several races and makes a good number of cruises during the season. Organized in 1870 with only sixteen members, and incorporated in 1887, this club is foremost among the three sustained by the city of Lynn. There are now 170 members and thirty yachts. The club



WINTHROP YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

house is elegantly fitted up. There is a fine wharf with a landing stage. The only drawback is insufficiency of water at low tide, but the club is devoting all its energies to remedy this defect. A channel is about to be dredged, which will afford plenty of water at all times. The officers are: Commodore, F. E. Baker; vice-commodore, S. L. Saunders; secretary, F. E. Newhall; treasurer, J. W. Atwill.

Another of the Lynn clubs is the Volunteer Yacht Club. The membership is

Olim; secretary, G. S. Hitchcock. We are very sorry not to be able to give particulars concerning any more clubs round about Boston, but our list is exhausted.

Certainly there are few sports from whence members are recruited that are likely to turn out more enthusiastic and able yachtsmen. The hearty mariners are always eager to greet visitors from other ports, and the contest for the supremacy of their boats is quite as warm as their welcome, which is saying a good deal. The yachts are some of the best



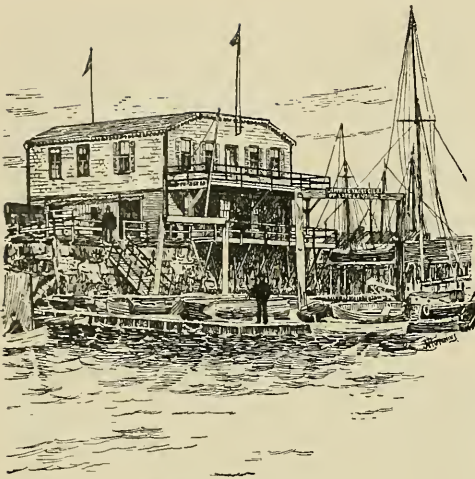
HAULED UP FOR THE WINTER AT LAWLEY'S.

sixty-four and eleven yachts are at present the property of the recently organized institution. The officers are: Commodore, W. Howard Dennis; vice-commodore, F. W. Martin; treasurer, N. T. Davidson; secretary, W. B. Newhall.

Lastly we have the West Lynn Yacht Club, with its membership of seventy-seven, and a fleet of about twenty yachts. As the name implies, it is located in the western part of the city. The officers are: Commodore, Wm. J. Johnson; vice-commodore, E. F. Davis; treasurer, F. G.

productions of the first designers and builders in the country, which is just as it ought to be, as the boats should be worthy of the able and hearty men who sail in them.

No sketch of the yacht clubs of the East, however slight, would be complete without some record of the man to whom yachting in and around Boston particularly owes so much—Edward Burgess, whose premature death in the vigorous prime of manhood every yachtsman deplores. He was the first American yacht



JEFFRIES YACHT CLUB.

designer to combine extraordinary beauty of model with remarkable speed.

The yacht clubs of the East, which these papers have attempted to describe, previous to his advent were not graced by the handsome craft now included in their fleets. Our English critics, with some little justice it is true, used to describe our boats as built by the mile and sawed off in lengths to suit. This may sound harsh, but the fair-minded Ameri-

can will concede that it had sufficient foundation in fact.

The "Burgess stern" has been added to many an "old-timer," with the result of giving a saucy "yachty" appearance to vessels that had no more pretensions to beauty than a scow. The career of Mr. Burgess as a naval architect was unique.

He was a born yachtsman, and from his earliest years his chief delight was found in a boat. His favorite haunt was a shipyard. His father was a wealthy merchant of Boston, and he and his brother Sidney enjoyed all the advantages of his position. By one of those sudden cataclysms characteristic of modern commerce Mr. Burgess, senior, was reduced from opulence to comparative poverty. The two brothers in October, 1883, started out as yacht designers, their place of business being a humble back room at No. 7 Exchange place, Boston.

Their first order was for a boat to beat Sir Richard Sutton's *Genesta*, designed by Mr. J. Beavor-Webb, that had just challenged for the *America's* cup. Mr. Burgess put heart and soul into the work, the result being *Puritan* and success. His fortune was made. From the day when *Puritan* defeated *Genesta* up to the hour of his untimely death he was given as much business as he could attend to.



HULL YACHT CLUB. COMMODORE J. J. SOUTHER.

THE MISSISSIPPI NATIONAL GUARD.

BY LIEUT. R. K. EVANS, U. S. A.



BRIG. GEN. J. S. BILLUPS.

FROM the time of the organization of Mississippi as a Territory to the present her sons have shown themselves second to none in all the manly and noble qualities necessary to the production of the true soldier. The same spirit of courage and devotion which animated Hind's Dragoons at the battle of New Orleans,* the Mississippi Rifles at Buena Vista and Pickett's division at Gettysburg, still glows with undiminished fer-

* On December 30, 1814, the report having reached headquarters that a strong party of British were hidden in a deep ditch traversing an adjacent field, Colonel Hinds obtained permission to make an immediate reconnoissance. He formed the battalion and said, "Boys, you see that big ditch! It's full of red coats. I'm going over it. Whoever wishes may follow me. Whoever chooses to stay here may stay." Off he went at full speed, with every man close behind him. They leaped the ditch, which was crowded with soldiers, made a circuit in front of the British lines and charged over the ditch a second time, each dragoon firing his pistol at the astounded soldiers as he bounded over. General Jackson, in general orders, referring to Hinds' command in this affair, said: "They were the pride of one army and the admiration of the other."—*Claiborne's Mississippi*, Vol. I., p. 344.

vor. Yet in looking at the Mississippi National Guard as it is to-day it is a matter of surprise that it exists at all. Generally a public institution is produced, first, by the enactment of a statute, its legal warrant for existence, and then by the appropriation of the money necessary to continue that existence. But the Mississippi Guard is indeed an anomalous inversion of the general rule; for it spontaneously created itself and then asked the State to recognize it by appropriate legislation and for the money necessary to pay the cost of its frugal, modest subsistence, but it has as yet received no appropriation.

The Legislature did, in 1888, by a very faulty and incomplete piece of legislation, recognize the existence of such a body and authorized it to consist of one division of two brigades and to comprise two battalions of artillery and four regiments of infantry, with the necessary staff. The major general commanding to be appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate, the brigadier generals to be elected by the commissioned officers of the brigades, each battalion of artillery to consist of six batteries and each regiment of infantry of ten companies. When ordered out in the State service the members of the Guard receive \$1 pay and 33 1-3 cents subsistence per day. The division organization authorized in the act of the Legislature establishing the State Guard has not as yet been practically completed.

The actual State Guard, according to the report of Gen. Wm. Henry, adjutant general, dated December 31, 1889, is as follows:

Gov. Robert Lowry, commander in chief.

Gen. William Henry, adjutant general.

DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Joseph R. Davis, commanding.

Lieut. Col. E. W. Morrill, assistant adjutant general.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brig. Gen. J. S. Billups, commanding.

Maj. H. M. Waddell, assistant adjutant general.

The First Brigade is composed of the First Regiment of Infantry, Col.



COL. G. S. GREEN.

When organized it will comprise the Third Infantry, Col. G. S. Green, headquarters at Jackson, and the artillery battalion, Lieut. Col. E. W. Morrill, headquarters at Biloxi.

The entire State Guard consists of forty companies, six of which are artillery and one cavalry. The companies are armed with the regulation Springfield rifle issued by the United States Ordnance Department. The United States has also furnished the State with a supply of tentage, more than sufficient to pitch a camp for a regiment.

The State of Mississippi has never appropriated any money for the support of its Guard. For some years past the adjutant general received \$50 a year for postage and stationery, but the last Legislature in a fit of misguided economy cut off even this petty pittance.

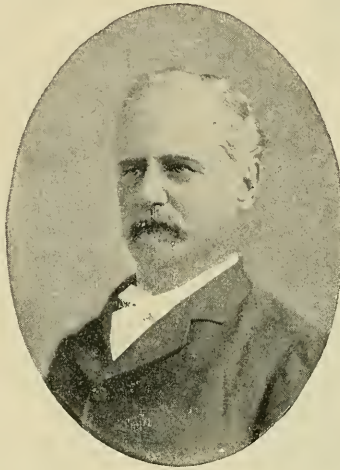
If the State never used the Guard there might be some excuse for its parsimony, but the State is very prompt to recognize it and call it out in the hour of danger and need, and only knows it not on pay day. Since its organization the Governor has repeatedly ordered out its companies, and they have invariably responded with the utmost promptness, and have restored peace and order wherever the majesty of the law has been defied. The presence of these companies upon scenes where riot was imminent has undoubtedly saved much valuable property and loss of life.

R. M. Levy, headquarters at West Point; the Second Regiment of Infantry, Col. C. L. Lincoln, headquarters at Columbus, and the cadet battalion, five companies, of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College.

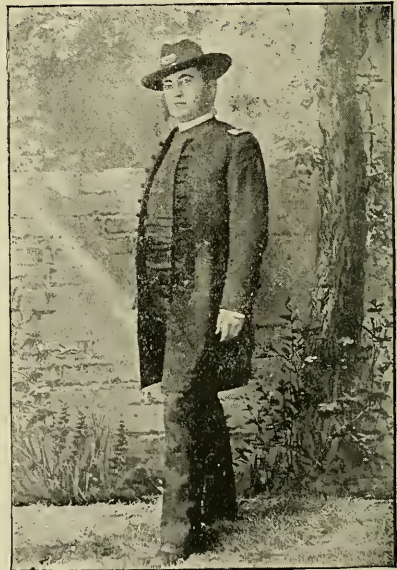
The Second Brigade is incomplete.

But when the companies are ordered out there is not a cent in the treasury available to defray their expenses. In such cases the officers have advanced the necessary funds, and have been compelled to wait, in some cases as long as eighteen or twenty months, to be reimbursed by the Legislature. It is unbecoming in a great and prosperous State to lay itself under such obligations even to its own children. The young men who fill the ranks of the Mississippi National Guard are as fine a body of patriotic, public-spirited citizens as can be found among any people. The State owes them everything, and yet it has been left to the general Government to extend the only substantial aid they have received.

The Federal Government have provided what would be, if backed by State appropriation, a very useful aid to efficiency, State camp grounds at Fort Henry, near Camp Christian. Fort Henry was donated to the State in order to encourage and facilitate artillery drill and practice. It is an earthwork, armed with two ten-inch Rodmans and four ten-



MAJ. GEN. JOSEPH R. DAVIS.



REV. EBEN THOMPSON, CHAPLAIN.

inch mortars. The State holds it on condition of having an annual encampment there of at least six days' duration. It is beautifully situated on the shores of the Mississippi Sound. The Mississippi coast is one of the most delightful winter resorts to be found in the limits of the United States.

The last encampment, held at Natchez from June 24 to June 28, 1889, was the largest assemblage of the State Guard since the organization of that body. At the request of the Governor I was detailed by the Adjutant General, United States Army, to inspect the camp. The camp was commanded by Maj. Gen. J. R. Davis, with Lieut. Col. E. W. Morrill as his adjutant general. The tents were pitched and the camp arranged by the adjutant general before the companies arrived. Seventeen companies took part in the encampment. These companies came from all parts of the State. This was the first occasion of their ever having been brought together in anything like battalion or regimental formations.

These companies can only be brought to practically understand their positions in higher organizations by being assembled in camps of instruction. For this reason, if no other, the camp was a success, and produced a very beneficial result on all the organizations which attended it. Regarded in a strictly military light, it was open to the grave objection that the attendance was entirely voluntary and military discipline and individual free will are incompatible. Only those companies attended the camp the majority of whose members were able and willing to incur the expense of transportation and subsistence, and many of the young men in business were compelled to employ substitutes to do their work while absent. The State assumed none of the expenses of the camp.

The men messed by companies, purchasing their food and generally having servants to prepare and serve it. A captain told me that his men were living at the rate of 50 cents a day—\$15 a month, about four times the value of a ration in the regular army.

The camp was not properly policed. There seemed to be no wheelbarrows, shovels or brooms with which to do the police work.

Officers and men were uninstructed in guard duty, and very little progress was made during the short time in camp.



GEN. WILLIAM HENRY, ADJUTANT GENERAL.

Drill in the manual and school of the soldier and company was generally very good. Only one company had ever been drilled in skirmish drill, and none in battalion drill. There were no battalion drills during the camp.

If ordered into the field the Mississippi National Guard would be very effective troops used as companies, but until they have had more experience in camp of instruction they could not be handled in battalions or regiments.

The following are the recommendations I felt it my duty to make as the officer detailed by the Adjutant General, United States Army, to inspect Camp Lowry:

1. Mississippi can never have a thoroughly efficient and reliable Guard until the State makes some regular annual appropriation to defray the cost of camps of instruction. After this appropriation is made companies and individuals should be compelled to attend the camps of instruction.

2. The State should either build or rent armories for the companies.

3. The act establishing the Guard requires only two sergeants to a company. This is not enough to perform the important functions of guides and file closers on battalion drill. A regiment composed of companies thus organized could not be drilled according to tactics. I suggest that each company be required to have one first sergeant and four ser-

geants, the organization of the United States Army.

4. It would be better if the next camp was situated not in the vicinity of a large town. The fewer local distractions the men have from their camp duties the better. The next camp should have an abundance of clear, pure running water. This camp was very objectionable in that respect. The men had no bathing facilities at all and the cistern water hauled around in barrels for cooking and drinking was said to be impure by an expert who had analyzed it.

5. The next camp should have a target range, and each man should fire a specified number of shots during the encampment, of which a record should be kept in the company. Each company should also be provided with "Blunt's Manual of Rifle and Carbine Firing."

6. Each company should be provided with means of policing its own camp ground and should be required to keep it perfectly clean. I recommend that each company have one wheelbarrow, two shovels and four brooms, preferably stable brooms.

7. The Guard should be required to wear in camp a summer helmet or campaign hat, instead of the forage cap.

8. A practical knowledge of guard duty is much needed.

9. It is earnestly recommended that division and brigade camps of instruction be discontinued, for the present at least, and that in the future only battalion or regimental camps of instruction be ordered. The State has some very excellent companies. The next step should be to organize them into regiments. This can only be done in camps. After the regimental organizations are perfected and the men know their duties and their officers, then only will it be practicable to bring them together in brigades and divisions. The plan generally followed in the States having a large Guard is to establish one or two well equipped and appointed camps and then have the regiments go into camp successively for a period of seven days each. For men most of whom are engaged in business seven days is as long a time as is practicable for them to give to military instruction. A great deal can be accomplished in seven days if the entire programme of instruction is thoroughly worked out and promulgated in orders before the companies start for the encampment.

10. A complete programme of drill and instruction should be prepared by some competent officer, explaining in detail what it is proposed to do on each day of the encampment. This programme should be promulgated as an order to the entire Guard. Thus, when the companies come into camp every officer and man will know exactly what is expected of him, and the drill and instruction will proceed with the least possible friction and delay.

There is a large amount of excellent military material in Mississippi neglected and allowed to go to waste. As far as the State of Mississippi is concerned this is her business solely, which she may attend to or neglect as she pleases. But there is a broader and deeper question involved: Can the general Government afford to have a large portion of its military material so neglected and wasted? In the event of war we would have to trust almost entirely to the national militia. On the efficiency of this force would depend not only the honor and glory of the flag but probably the very existence of our institutions and nationality. The question of the general Government neglecting to organize and train its militia is a matter of the most imperative national necessity. It is a duty which the general Government is not justified in delegating to other powers to neglect it or discharge at will.



LIEUT. COL. E. W. MORRILL.

GOOSE SHOOTING IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

BY "PARSON."



COMMENCING life in my youth in a game country and having an indulgent father, who early placed in my hands a good gun, I soon learned to despise all other boy-

ish pursuits and pastimes in comparison with roaming the prairies of Illinois and the wooded hills of Wisconsin with gun and dog. The passion for shooting has therefore never deserted me, and to-day, in middle life, the tule marshes or stubble field, the mountain stream or brushy point, where lurk the trout or deer, the tangled gulch or canyon resounding with the call of the jaunty California quail, or the boggy ground lining the banks of some slow-moving stream, where squat and hide the English snipe, have many times more charm and fascination for me than the crowded routes of some fashionable seaside resort or the roar and bustle of a city's street.

After years spent in the most favored localities of those States which form on their edges the basin for the Father of Waters; having shot successfully over large portions of Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas; having killed deer and bear in the pine woods of the Northern Peninsula of Michigan and the cane brakes of Eastern Arkansas; having seen the prairie grouse disappear from Illinois and grow scarce on the great uplands of Minnesota and the Dakotas; having whiled away many an autumnal day on the lagoons of the lower Mississippi and the marshes of Central Wisconsin, luring with decoy and seductive caller to their fate mallard and teal, I find myself at last in the Golden State, with different surroundings it is true, but with the same old passion for gun and dog.

I well remember the impressions created upon my sporting instincts when, on a

day some three years since, I made my first entrance into the beautiful Sacramento Valley.

The horizon all around, save just ahead, was set with snowy peaks—to the right the Sierras, to the left the more rugged Coast range, while at intervals as the train swung round a curve, hanging low down like a fleecy summer cloud more than a hundred miles away, great Shasta lifted his hoary head. But what set every nerve in my body tingling with excitement was the geese. The majority of the passengers paid no attention whatever to this, to them, common spectacle, but during that whole day's ride geese in countless numbers were never out of sight of our train.

I thought that I had seen geese and brant in Dakota, but, like Uncle Toby's reminiscences, they were "nothing to this." Snow geese, in white and glistening ranks on the edges of the green grain; gray geese, wavering up and down in slowly-moving flocks against the horizon; deliberate geese, only getting up as the train was just upon them; frightened geese, rising on nervous pinions from some sedgy pool by the roadbed. Geese, geese, geese! while here and there over the green fields moved men and boys mounted and armed with Winchesters actually herding the geese off of the sprouting grain, as a rancher informed me while complacently spitting out through the window.

"Good many geese 'long here," I remarked to him as we whirled along.

"Yes, *tolerable*," he replied, "but *scarcer* than they were!"

"Plenty enough for me, however," I remarked to myself. But it was not until the following fall that I made my first acquaintance with the goose of the Sacramento Valley over the rib of my Parker.

The absorbing nature of my calling, among a new people and amidst new surroundings, prevented an early interview, and that spring I witnessed their countless flocks streaming northward overhead during the day, and listened to their unceasing clangor at night, with the mental determination that on their return southward I would know 'em better.

In the meantime, however, I was not idle. In June following I was initiated into dove shooting, which, while furnishing poor sport as compared with nobler game, still served as a pastime not to be despised — jumping doves in the grain fields and flight shooting on the passes requiring considerable dexterity in the handling of a shotgun.

The latter part of September found me waiting for the geese, with a goodly store of cartridges loaded with numbers 4 and 5 shot. I know that this will seem like the rankest heresy to the advocates of large shot, but I long ago discarded both big guns and big shot in decoy shooting at geese, being entirely satisfied with the performance of a light ten gauge and the smaller pellets.

I had discovered on inquiry that little real scientific goose shooting was indulged in along the Sacramento Valley, partly because of the abundance of the birds and partly because plenty could be obtained ordinarily by employing the simple principles of driving on the birds with a fast horse and light wagon; shooting them from hedges and ditches, when on a foggy morning they passed, flying low, from field to field; or else approaching the birds circuitously behind the shelter of a steer or cow trained for the purpose.

I had made my own preparations, however, to shoot this game in the way that I had been most successful in their pursuit years ago on the stubbles of Dakota. Having placed my order early with an Eastern firm for a mixed flock of profile decoys, I spent several mornings after the first flight began in locating the birds and in finding where the geese "used" in the neighboring grain fields. I located several feeding places, as a reward for my patience, where the geese came into the stubbles from the plains or sand bars of the river early in the morning and toward evening of each day.

It was, then, with no slight degree of satisfaction, that on the morning of the fourth day, while the stars were still shining, I put my horse into a light road wagon, into the rear of which were packed a lunch, a dozen and a half decoys and some hay. I had on the day before, with the aid of a light spade and a few barley sacks for the removal of earth, dug two shallow pits something like a mile apart, in which I proposed to take the morning and the evening flight. Very soon my little wagon was bowling

over the hard ground, and with a fresh easterly wind in my face I left the town behind.

Crossing several fields I drew near a low-lying swale, distant from the river a half mile, and on which the wheat that year had grown rank and tall. With the not unusual prodigality and carelessness of the California rancher the wheat here had not been well gleaned with the header, and not a little remained in patches here and there uncut or "lodged." And here had been the geese for a number of mornings, as was plain to the most casual observer of "sign."

Hastily hitching the horse in a grove of live oaks and gathering up my gun and a part of the decoys, I indulged in a sharp run for my blind — hastened thereto by a clangor heralding the approach of the first flock. They espied me as I breasted a slight rise and sheered off, leaving me to seek my hiding place, which was a shallow pit carefully dug in the centre of a patch of partially-cut stubble, and from which every particle of loose dirt had been removed. Putting an empty barley sack in the bottom of the hole and disposing of my profile decoys, the majority with heads lowered as though unconcernedly feeding, I squatted down in the pit with my eyes on a level with the top of the headed grain.

The disposition of decoys, as all old sportsmen know, has much to do with success, more especially when dealing with as wary a bird as the goose. Profiles are particularly difficult to set out alluringly, but I had tolerably well learned the art and had my little flock of nine gracefully disposed at different angles, all feeding, save two, who, posted on a little rise, served as sentinels.

Repressing a strong desire to smoke I scanned the horizon eagerly, the deepening flush in the east giving evidence that Old Sol would soon put in an appearance. I had not long to wait. From the hidden river a short distance away, where a long bar lay exposed, came the clamorous sounds of a flock of snow geese — the commonest variety, perhaps, in California. They are beautiful birds, being of pure white, shading in some specimens to a delicate *écru* upon the breast, the feathers of the last joint of the wing being raven black.

I had shot many of these birds in Dakota and had found them the most vociferous of the goose family, their

flight being characterized by a constant and (if close at hand) almost deafening gabble. Unlike the Canada goose, rare in California in my experience, they are rather poor as a table bird, their flesh, though gamy, being dry and very dark. They are tough birds, too, and although decoying more readily than other varieties they will at the same time carry off much shot. I have seen the blood follow the impact of the shot upon their white breasts frequently, only to pick up my game many yards away from the firing point. Following the noisy outburst of sounds from the bar a white cloud of birds rose above the line of the high river bank, outlining themselves clear and distinct against the gray surface of the distant Coast range. There must have been a hundred of them, and more, for it is a rare thing for these birds to move unless in large flocks. They were headed down stream, and the long line of birds—not as yet striking their flight—wavered up and down as though undecided as to their course.

Though a fair "honker," I cannot successfully imitate the constantly varying note of the snow goose, and I knew that if they were not determined on the field where I lay, or failed to catch sight of their downy brethren (I had three white decoys set out), they were gone geese for me.

But fate had destined that I should dip into that flock, and as the leader veered a little eastward toward the wind the balance of the flock swung well around him in the teeth of the breeze. That settled the business, for now they had seen the decoys, and with a renewed burst of cries, as though rejoicing over a prospective reunion, they came straight toward me, setting their wings as they came. By this time I was well down in my blind, watching through the close-growing stalks of grain the approaching game, with my right forefinger nervously toying with the trigger.

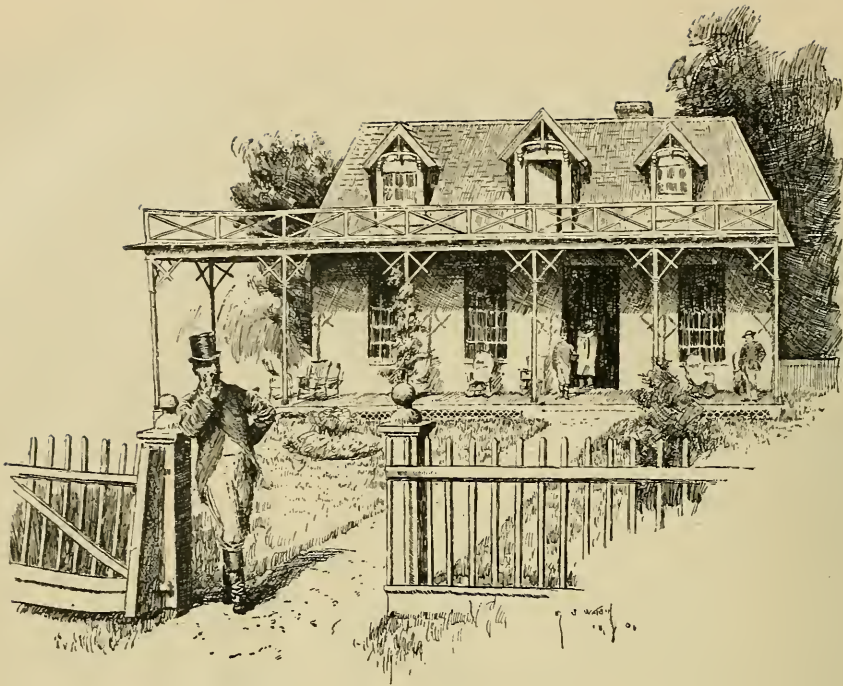
On they came, and I knew I must take my shot pretty soon, since it has been a rare thing in my experience to have birds actually come into and alight among profiles. The deception, on close approach, is too glaring for that and is generally detected in time to sheer off, but not until—if the decoys are well placed—the concealed gunner gets a fair shot. In this case the birds came near enough to drop their legs preparatory to alighting—whether they would have alighted or not

will never be known. This was a good enough opportunity for me, and raising just above the stubble I poured right and left into the struggling mass, and as the birds rose wildly in the air—strangely silent now—I quickly transferred a shell from my mouth to the gun, and knocked down another with a broken wing. Three dead birds lay among the decoys, while two, including the one last shot, waddled awkwardly off, dragging and tripping over their broken wings. Quickly securing and killing the wounded, and setting out those that showed the least blood by the aid of forked sticks, I re-entered my pit and yielded to the temptation to light my pipe.

While bending over hands which sheltered the glowing match, "whif, wif, wif," right over my head, and there go a flock of seven gray geese, the large and irregular spots upon their breasts plainly showing. To drop match and pipe and make a wild grab for the gun was the work of a second—but a second too late. However, those geese do not propose leaving the field, and though plainly unattracted by the decoys, over which they had passed, they turn and in a wide circle commence their inspection. These birds, very different from the last, are silent, save for a "peer wekes" now and then from the leader. The circle grows a little narrower, and now I see I must risk a shot, else they will alight a hundred yards from me. As the leader swings into the wind's eye to the westward of me, a full seventy-five yards away, I cover him, move well ahead and draw the trigger of the left barrel, which is heavily choked. Ah! see him climb and tower. That means a head shot, and even as you gaze he comes down tail first with a thump upon the ground.

Once more I crouched down in my burrow, and by the time my watch indicated 8 o'clock I added five more to my score; also a trumpeter swan which drifted by me, a lone bird.

The evening shooting was not as good, the location being not as well chosen and my luck was very indifferent. There were birds in plenty, and they came toward me, but from some inexplicable cause most of them located me and veered off. Nevertheless the rising moon that night found me trotting merrily homeward with nearly a score of birds jolting among the decoys in the wagon box, the result of some thirty odd empty shells.



THE CLUB HOUSE.

THE ROSE TREE HUNT CLUB.

BY ALFRED STODDART.

THE glad music of the hounds, the sound of horses' hoofs and the shouts of the hunters have long been familiar sounds among the hills and valleys of Delaware County, Pa. Long before the Rose Tree became a regularly organized hunt the gentlemen who formed it met in an informal way for the purpose of indulging in their favorite sport. That is, each man kept from three to half a dozen couple of hounds, which he brought to the meets, the total forming quite a respectable pack. In Virginia and the South fox hunting to this day is pursued on a very similar plan.

The Rose Tree Hunt is the oldest organization of its kind in the United States. It was formally organized as a hunt club after English models in the year 1850, principally by the interest and energy of Mr. J. Howard Lewis, whose name has always been prominent in the history of the club. Its first headquarters were at the Lamb Tavern, but, moving shortly, it established itself at the Rose Tree Inn, where it has since remained and from which it derives its name. The Rose

Tree Inn is a quaint, old-fashioned hostelry, kept in strict accord with the traditions of "ye olden tyme." Its keeper, Benny Rogers, is a familiar figure to the hunting men of Delaware County and Philadelphia. He has always taken charge of the hounds, besides looking to the comfort of man and horse, and his son, an efficient and capable horseman, is first whip to the club.

In 1873 a reorganization of the club was deemed expedient; Mr. George W. Hill was made master and he so remains to this day. Subsequently a legal charter was obtained; Mr. Henry E. Saulnier was then chosen president, and Mr. W. H. Corlies elected secretary, a position which he, too, has ever since held. To these men and a few other pioneers the Rose Tree is indebted for its present position in the world of sport.

Fox hunting in America has been scoffed at as a species of Anglomania, but the Rose Tree was prosperous and famous long before Anglomania was thought of; it is, as a club, far above the taint of such suspicious. Its members have never been

fair-weather sportsmen nor strangers to the saddle. Many men now ride in the Rose Tree whose fathers rode there before them, and the majority are straight and fearless riders, for whom the difficult country and the fast pace set have no terrors. To the writer's mind there is no discredit and there may be very good sport in a drag hunt. The Rose Tree, however, never stoops to such an expedient. Never, to my knowledge, in the history of the club has a drag been hunted except once, when an entertainment was given by Mr. Lewis, and a drag laid for the amusement of the club, entirely on that gentleman's estate.

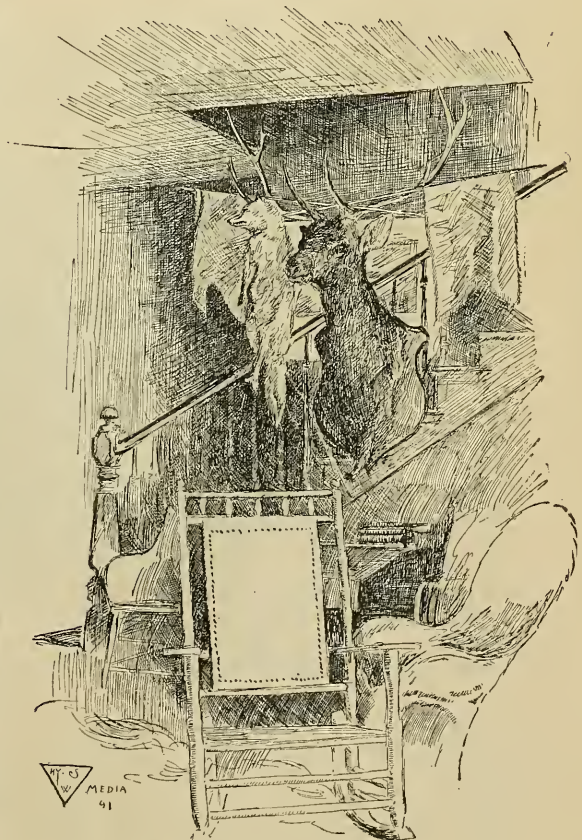
Fortunately the county abounds in foxes, which are carefully preserved even by the farmers, who are in perfect sympathy with the club. All claims for damages are promptly paid and races are given every year to propitiate the cultivators of the soil. Of late years, however, these race meetings have become so fashionable that the farmers have little to do with them with the exception of a race for farm horses, ridden by their owners. The steeplechasing at these meetings is probably excelled nowhere in the country. J. Howard Lewis, Jr., one of the club's younger members, is undoubtedly one of the best gentleman riders in America. He possesses the rarest and most valuable virtues which a horseman can possibly have—a cool head, the finest of hands, and, above all, that inborn faculty of controlling a horse and getting the best results possible from the animal.

Another straight-riding member of the club and a frequent winner of steeplechases is Dr. Rush S. Huidekoper, the distinguished veterinarian, who until recently held a post in the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania, but who has lately moved to New York. Among the members of the Rose Tree, and indeed for many miles into the surrounding country, the name of Pandora is held in respectful awe. For many years she was a faithful hunter to Dr. Huidekoper and many a steeplechase did the old flea-bitten gray mare bracket to the credit of her owner. Many are the stories told of her prowess by the admiring club men and almost every groom or colored hostler in the neighborhood can tell you of some deed of wonder wrought by the famous Pandora.

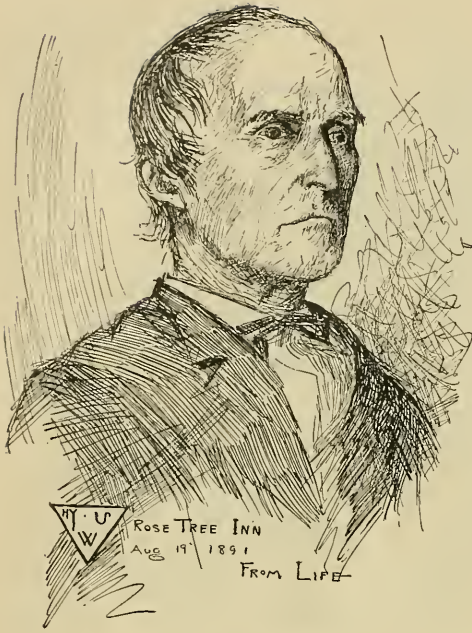
Some years ago, when the Pennsylvania National Guard was encamped at

Mount Gretna, Dr. Huidekoper, who is a member of the Philadelphia City Troop, jumped Pandora over a stack of bayoneted guns—stacked in a row, as is customary, and covered only by a flag. Again, when the Rose Tree Club was visiting at Baltimore, the doctor, on Pandora, was returning from a hunt one pitch-dark night with several other members of the club. Seeing a light on the road some distance ahead he challenged the others to a race. Moncure Robinson, Jr., who was one of the party, accepted, and off they went full tilt. The light proved to be that of a toll gate, and the gate keeper, not so quick nor so accommodating as those in "John Gilpin's Ride," made no attempt to open his gate. It was nearly six feet high, and having been entirely unseen by either horseman a disaster was imminent. Pandora, however, was equal to the occasion and flew the gate like a bird, but poor Robinson did not get off so well, the accident resulting for him in a dead horse and a broken leg.

The Rose Tree numbers about seventy



ELOQUENT TROPHIES OF THE PAST.



HOST BENNY ROGERS.

members, many of whom are active and may be seen in the field at any time. Henry E. Saulnier, although now a very old man, is still frequently a follower of the hounds. Mr. J. Howard Lewis, Sr., seldom, if ever, rides now. Among the regular devotees are the following members: W. H. Corlies, the club's secretary; Samuel D. Riddle, Jared Darlington, John Dohan, Carroll Smythe, Humphrey M. Ash, George Darlington and, of course, George W. Hill, the master, and a score of others.

To enumerate the best and most fearless riders of the Rose Tree would be invidious. The club is noted for its riding, and many of the members as individuals are famous in that respect. The country is stiff, and as none but wild foxes are hunted the pace is of course fast. Two Englishmen, both masters of hounds, who visited this country in 1876, absolutely refused to ride with the Rose Tree, frankly confessing their fear of riding over such a country at the pace set.

One old-time institution of the club and one of its pleasantest features is still faithfully maintained. On the Saturday of each month on or before full moon its members, with a few favored guests, meet at the Rose Tree Inn for an old-fashioned supper of roast sucking pig and saddle of mutton. For these suppers mine host

Benny Rogers of the Rose Tree seems to exercise a special and particular genius. No matter what occurs, no matter what the weather be, there is always a goodly showing of members to partake of the good things provided by the faithful Rogers. Some of the songs sung and the speeches made at these suppers will live for many years.

The hunt balls were considered great successes, but of late years for some reason no balls have been given. Socially the club has a standing somewhat different from other American fox-hunting clubs. Its membership has always been drawn from some of the best families in Pennsylvania, but the Rose Tree has never been considered an exclusive club. Its highest standard is manliness and good breeding, and the first and final purpose of its existence is sport and good fellowship. Too many of our hunt clubs are formed for purposes of social advancement and contain a certain element of snobishness fatal to the true ends of sport, but there has been nothing of this sort about the Rose Tree. It has always been composed of men whose social position was already well defined and who hunted, not because it was fashionable or because it was English, but because they really loved the sport.

As a matter of fact, only genuine sportsmen have a chance in this club. 'Tis the pace that kills, and the man with a spare neck in his pocket is the chap to live through a far thing and fast, with the merry men of the Rose Tree.

Formerly ladies frequently rode with the club, but of late a habit in the field is a rare sight. The club members are particularly loud in the praises of a certain Miss Morris, who rode to hounds regularly about ten years ago. Nothing daunted her, but unfortunately for the hunt she married and moved away from the neighborhood.

The Rose Tree meets three times a week — on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Any member so desiring can have the hounds out on by-days upon application, with due notice, to the master. Delaware County is probably the only vicinity in this country where a man may live and ride to hounds every day in the week if he is so inclined and his stable is sufficiently well stocked, for, in addition to the Rose Tree, the celebrated Radnor Hunt is located in the county, besides half a dozen smaller packs, both public

and private. Just across the border line, in Chester County, is the West Chester Club, another old-fashioned organization, which has frequently joined forces in times gone by for a grand combined hunt with the Rose Tree.

The Rose Tree club house is close by the old inn. It is a pleasant two-story frame building, the first floor all in one spacious room, cheery and well lighted and heated by a great old-fashioned fireplace. The walls are covered with hunting pictures, and stuffed foxes, masks, brushes and innumerable other trophies bear eloquent witness of glorious sport in the past. A full antlered elk's head and a deer's head also occupy positions of honor on the walls. On the stained floors rugs are distributed carelessly, and the whole has an aspect of cheer and comfort well in keeping with the character of the club. The second floor of the club house is devoted to bedrooms.

Across the road from the club house is

the half-mile track where the club holds its annual race meeting. The winter kennel for the hounds is in the centre of the in field, but in summer they are removed to more spacious quarters.

The Rose Tree has always found the native American hound the best for its purpose. Experiments have been made at various times with English hounds, but as a rule they did not thrive or else were too slow for the rest of the pack. With the exception of the occasional draughts necessary in breeding, the stock of the Rose Tree hounds has been materially the same from its foundation.

For nearly half a century the Rose Tree has flourished with a vigorous growth; its roots of fox hunting go back far into the history of the county. And thus firmly implanted in the manners and economy of the people it is in no danger of decay. It stands first and foremost as a thorough-going and thoroughly American fox-hunting club.



THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

RIPPLES AND PADDLE PLASHES: A CANOE STORY.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

"SHE'S come!" I exclaimed, the instant Puck's aunt opened the door to me.

"Who has come?" queried that lady, with rebuking dignity.

"The *Wildcat*," I ejaculated.

"And who is the *Wildcat*?" she asked, with increased stateliness.

"My canoe!" Then she gave a comprehensive "oh," smiled sympathetically, and called: "Puck, the *Wildcat* has come!" (I do wish Puck's aunt would not speak so ambiguously sometimes.)

Downstairs bounded my canoeing cronny, her Tam o' Shanter in one hand, her tan shoes in the other, and without even saying good morning to her long-suffering hostess we dashed off to the boat house that we had haunted every day for a week in hopes that each train would bring the little craft wherein we were destined to spend so many happy days.

Oh! but it was a beauty—not a court beauty, all varnished and polished and nickel plated, with brussels matting and velvet cushions, like some of those on the racks about us, but a sturdy little craft, painted gray inside and out, with the name on the bow in black and gold lettering. It was the regulation sixteen-foot basswood cruiser, built on the new model, with the high-sweeping, rough-water bows that suggest so strongly the birch bark. The decks were ash, slightly stained and varnished, and a brass keel ran the entire length. I had a great quarrel with the builder over that keel; he said it only increased the weight and was old fashioned, but I was obstinate, and many times afterward I had reason to be glad that I was so, for when we scraped stony shoals and sheered off boulders my craft was comparatively unharmed, while the rest of the party bemoaned the scratched and ragged condition of their boat bottoms. Well, that morning we ran the *Wildcat* out for a test paddle. She trimmed beautifully with Puck in the bow; light, swift and taut, nothing could have been more satisfactory.

We had talked all winter of this cruise, wherein we two girls were to "break the record" and paddle eighty miles without the aid of masculine muscle. Our party consisted of four canoe loads. The chap-

erons in one, the other two manned at the stern and girded at the bow. Then Puck and I, beauless and bold, in spite of the chaperon's long hesitation and tardy consent to our undertaking.

"You'll be sure to get drowned," she said.

"You'll be sure to get nothing of the kind," said her husband, who knew my river record, and snorted in derision at the idea of an upset. He swore many times that I had never upset a canoe in my life, which for a wonder was true, because generally when he swore anything it was but his way of emphasizing a falsehood. And as for Puck—well, she is a little English girl on her first visit to Canada, a girl with all the grit and daring of a true Briton. She had never been in a canoe in her life until a month before we started on that cruise, but she paddled like a native, steered like an arrow and had learned every trick of launching, beaching and portaging as well as the best of us.

After announcing to the cruising party that the *Wildcat* had come at last, we spent two days fixing up our last year's flannels, getting blankets, cushions and hampers, borrowing tents, mending sails and collecting together the hundred things that are included in that comprehensive term, "camping kit."

Then came a journey of sixty miles by rail to a village away up in Northern Ontario, where eight tired, hot and dust-begrimed people made for the ramshackle old hotel and clamored for tea, wash bowls and towels, after which we all turned in to enjoy the last civilized bed we were to dream upon for a week.

It was Puck who awakened me the next morning, though there was not much of her in the room, just a pair of heels and a bit of skirt. The rest of her was hanging out of the window, uttering adjectives of ecstatic delight and calling me to "come and look." I went. Ye gods! what a picture it was we saw from that scrimpy little hotel window.

Dawn—gray and daffodil in the east, pearl and ebony in the west, with a purple sky, in which a thousand stars were bleaching, dwindling, disappearing with

every second over a wide, rugged landscape that circled a patch of black water lying in deadly stillness a stone's throw distant.

We "ohd" about it for five minutes, then Norton banged at the door (Norton is fiendishly prosaic) and told us to "Get your ears back now, girls, and get a gait on you." We scrambled about in the half light and got dressed, joined the others at breakfast, and just as the sun looked over the cedar tops we all pushed off from shore.

The landlord, three teamsters, six lumbermen and eleven village sightseers "hurrahed" us off, and one voice raised slightly higher than its fellows announced that "them two little gals is mighty plucky." The four canoes shot out across the lake in Indian file. Mr. and Mrs. Norton, young and genial, with the honeymoon only two years behind them, led. Then came Puck's English cousin, Hampstead (whom I had taught to paddle and was awfully proud of), with a Canadian cousin, "Annie Laurie," who sang Scotch ballads so bonnily. Then came "Puck and Paul," as they called us; lastly (he always is last), "The boy Johnnie," with Puck's sweet little sister, Ariel.

That morning I put in the hardest work I ever did in my life. A wind got up with the sun and blew on land—blew and blew, and wiped us on shore every half hour. We had not yet got our muscles and joints "greased up" for business, and it went very hard with us. Puck worked like a galley slave; she knelt up in the bow and plowed against the wind with all the determination that has pulled John Bull through so many glorious battles. At 11 o'clock we had discarded our collars, caps and shoes and had got down to hard pan, for neither of us would give in. Puck did most of the paddling, I devoting all my attention and muscle to keeping the bow into the wind. I was not brilliantly successful, for despite my efforts we drifted; but everyone else drifted also, and Norton touched shore oftener than we did. Every half hour the boy Johnnie suggested a lay off. "On account of the girls, you know," he said. "It's too deuced hard on Puck and Paul." But we saw through him. Johnnie is the laziest drone about going up stream or against wind or portaging that I ever saw.

In the face of it all we never halted until 12 o'clock, and then, I admit, every

one was "played out." The joke of it was Norton gave in first, so Puck and I gave him the laugh and Hampstead roasted him a good deal. I like Hampstead. He learned to paddle in fewer lessons than anyone I ever taught, and yet he took it so much as a matter of course and never talked or "blew" about it, except on that single occasion, and then I encouraged him because it was so droll to see a greenhorn paddler "down" a man who thought himself the feather of our canoe club.

Well, we pitched canvas in a lovely spot and decided to remain there until the next day, and after making an enormous hole in the hamper Puck and I each took a blanket and went off by ourselves to "commune with nature," as we told the others. We communed rather practically, inasmuch as we slept through sheer exhaustion from 2:30 until 6:15 P. M., when Mrs. Norton came and awoke us and told us tea was ready, nice hot tea and fried bacon and strawberry jam and buttered bread; also that she wondered we were not afraid of snakes and bears and all sorts of things, the idea of us lying asleep there alone without telling some of them to keep watch! We did not care for snakes, we were too tired to care for elephants if they happened to come that way, but we did care for tea, and after it we made love to Johnnie and Hampstead, and got them to "wash up."

Before we went on that cruise I had always slept on a stretcher while under canvas, but when we first spoke of the trip and Puck was inquiring, among other things, about sleeping accommodation, I said: "Oh, don't worry about that! My forefathers surely knew the secret of the happiest and healthiest way of tenting. You can't take stretchers in a canoe, you know; so just roll yourself up in a blanket, tuck a cushion under your head and—snooze." After that I was ashamed to go back on my ancestors' method the first night in camp and in the very territory they invaded and fought through and won their greatest victories in years and years ago. I pretended not to hear poor little Puck groan now and again through the night when she rolled against any particularly rugged point in the rock whereon we had pitched. I even pretended not to hear myself groan.

But after that night the rocks seemed to grow tired of investigating Puck's

pretty pink, English flesh, and my native anatomy seemed to relax and accommodate its surface to the roughest conglomeration of sticks and stones. I suppose, really, we got used to it.

We struck camp at sunrise the following day and paddled across the remaining six miles of the lake, which was calm as a mill pond. Then through a little lagoon, beyond which opened out a larger lake than the one we had just covered. It was a very beautiful sheet of water, sprinkled with islands, wild, lone and as uninhabited as the North Pole. The near shore loomed up a solid wall of gray stone, cut from water line to summit, as clean and bare as if a giant knife had sliced through its massive centre, leaving one-half upright, burying the other beneath the black, still waters that rippled only to the cutting of our bows, to the dipping of our blades. We paddled up close to the pitiless shore—what a hopeless place it was wherein to meet a storm.

How fragile and insecure seemed that wee canoe of ours! How helpless and insignificant were we two girls paddling alone under the frown of that monster rock, over the bosom of that deceptively placid lake! We slipped noiselessly along, awed and silenced, but fearful never. What was there to fear with the sunshine glinting, the sky laughing blue above, the winds a-slumbering, and, moreover, with Norton's red and black blazer far to forward, and with Hampstead's heavenly baritone floating away among the distant islands as he sang:

And oh! the bird, my darling,
Was singing of you—of you,

and with Johnnie shouting "Hold on!" every ten minutes from half a mile astern of us?

It took us two days to cover that lake, at the end of which time Puck and I had an experience.

Having camped on the islands, and drunk irony lake water for forty-eight hours, we hailed a spring with delight. It was near the portage which we had to make into the river, and although we lunched beside it there was no suitable spot near on which we could stretch canvas, so we went on down stream about three miles to camp for our last night in the lake region. Before leaving it, however, Norton put some black bottles that had white labels on them, a pot of marmalade and a bowl of butter into the spring

to get "conditioned," and said we could easily paddle back for them before supper.

Norton is the greatest man you ever saw to make future arrangements and leave someone else to carry them out. At 5 o'clock Norton said: "Say, you boys, don't you think it's time to go back after the stuff in the spring? I'll build the fire for supper, and fix down these guy ropes. They don't seem steady, so that'll let you out of all the work, and you'll just have the fun of the paddle."

Johnnie said his back was "awful sore; he had strained it somehow." Hampstead had taken himself off for a swim, so, as it had clouded up a little and was cool, Puck and I said we would go if the girls would get tea and "wash up." Agreed. So we started off, got the stuff, and then I made Puck turn about and lounge facing me, as it was mere child's play for me to sit there and steer home with the current. We had run about a mile when Puck told me to look around at the odd, pretty cloud that was coming up. I looked, and nearly fell out of the canoe with fright; it was one of those straight ridges of squall cloud that come around the corner at 2:40 pace and that seem to haunt these northern latitudes.

"Is it not pretty?" said Puck; "the edge is so clearly defined and ragged, and oh! look, it seems to be all boiling over."

"Very pretty," I assented, as I steered in shore.

"Oh, are you going to land? Don't you think we ought to get back as soon as possible? It might rain on us," said my dear, innocent, little foreigner comrade.

"It might," I again assented in tones of desperate calm. "If you have a dry stitch on you, Puck, in three minutes you may thank the celerity with which you can crawl under a canoe." You never have to explain things to Puck, she understands by intuition, and is never surprised by what she sees. It took us but a moment to beach, scramble out, empty and haul up the canoe and turn it upside down, bottom to windward. Then came a dull roar of wind through the forest behind us, followed by a whirl of leaves and a dash of freshening air, and down splashed the drops—great, generous drops that never struck the same spot twice, because they didn't have to. Exit Puck under the canoe, pulling her heels in after

her, followed by Paul, the cushions, "white labels," marmalade and butter, and there we lay tangled up in the thwarts for an hour, while Puck recited Browning and I fanned the audience with my "cow's breakfast," and the heavens turned on their water taps and apparently pointed the hose straight at the bottom of our boat. The hottest place I know of is under a canoe in a summer shower, and it is the crookedest place, too; your back gets a kink in it and your neck gets warped with the heat, and the first thing you do when the rain is over is to get out on all fours and stretch and smooth out your ankles and elbows.

We never knew until afterward how Hampstead had organized himself into a search party and paddled up the river in his bathing suit to rescue us, or how wild the poor boy was when he found neither bottles nor girls and could not see through the pelting rain our little gray boat tucked away among the trees. He wandered about the river all through the storm, and we ran across him just at dark when we were nearing the camp. I never saw a man so delighted (and so wet) in my life; he had given us up as dead. Ariel was wringing her hands when we landed, and "Annie Laurie" was wringing the rain water out of the whole camping outfit. Mrs. Norton was parading the shore, crazy with anxiety, while Norton and Johnnie were reconstructing the tents which had blown down, and Norton was saying: "Oh, shut up, girls; you can just bet Puck and Paul and the *Wildcat* are safe enough. I only hope those white labels are." Norton is inhumanly hard hearted.

The next day we sailed for seven miles before a light, brisk breeze. Then the course of the river turned, and it almost blew a head wind; we would have had to do so much tacking that we hauled down the canvas and took to paddles once more. I am not an expert sailor, and Puck knows nothing at all about it. Of course Mrs. Norton did not wish us to hoist a scrap of canvas, and wanted to tow us, but dear old Norton backed me up as usual, and as I promised to keep very close to the boys, I got my own way. The wind was too strong for me to sail my usual fashion, with the sheet in my teeth, while I steered with a paddle, so we loaded our kit in the bow, and Puck lay amidships, with her feet braced against the bow thwart, and held the

sheet, while half of her weight hung over the windward gunwale.

We ran our first rapids, too, that day. They were glorious. Oh! those indescribably splendid rapids that throng the far inland rivers of Canada, that swirl, scurry and scamper among their stones, whose voices whisper along velvet shores, then break into rollicking laughter as they dash on their immovable boulders and split into a million bubbles that fall and float away like countless unset pearls.

It was just such a rapid that lay before us that afternoon, not a very perilous one, but one that required vigilance, nerve and pluck to face; a rapid whose dash of danger flew to one's head like wine and fascinated you into a daring recklessness. Norton led, Hampstead next—it was the first really good rapid he had ever steered through. Then came we girls bounding along, with Johnnie fifty yards astern, to pick us out in case we spilt. We swerved around boulders like a boomerang, shipping occasionally and being deluged with spray. Puck sat steady as a rock. What a picture she was dressed in her navy blue serge, with its white flannel Byron collar, a white "Tam" tilted over her pretty, curly head, her lovely, clever little face reflecting all the moods of that wild, harum-scarum river!

It was to be our last night under canvas; so we camped just below the rapids, where afar down stream we could see the lumber yards and saw mills of the backwoods station where we were to start for home by rail the following day.

"Well, girls," said Norton, as we sat around the camp fire after tea, "you haven't done badly; eighty miles in a canoe—without a man—and nary a mishap is not an everyday occurrence—here's to you, lassies, here's to the Paddle Princesses," and he pulled the cork of the last white label; then the boys and girls sang "For they are jolly good fellows," while we smiled blushing through our sunburn and patted each other on the shoulder. And we all quieted down then with a certain homesickness that it would soon be over; we watched the sun set off behind ragged birch trees that twinkled their nervous leaves all over the west aflame to blood color; the camp fire weakened and paled beneath that bit of glorious sky which blazed in a beauty that overflowed the clouds and dashed its fullness in the river's depths, where the rapids deluged the gray old boulders with

wine-colored spray and purpled in the shadows of nightfall. Nightfall crept closer and closer from out the black cedars and laid its tender fingers on our tired eyes, bringing dreams of snarling

rapids that swung our canoe like a cradle; of cool, fresh spray dashing over our sunburnt faces; and of soft and distant music made by waters whispering, swirling, murmuring beneath the northern stars.



HOW WE RIDE OUR WHEELS

gentle pedaling, a light hand on the bar, all come with a very little practice, and after the first four or five lessons the delight of cycling makes the rider forget all the weariness, the strained muscles and the sense of anxiety and impotency which overcame her on her first uncertain and unfortunate attempts.

The objections to cycling — that it is too much of an exertion, that it is liable to injure a woman internally and that it is (save the mark!) unfeminine and immodest—will always be upheld by a certain class of people; and there are doubtless women who cannot ride and who should not try, but there are many hundreds who just as certainly should for the betterment of their health and the restoration of their nervous energy. I know several invalids who bless the day when first they seated themselves on the small leathern saddle, who smile happily and step lightly out to their evening spin upon the asphalt or macadam roadways, and by steady pulse and sparkling eyes give ample assurance that their wheels and they agree with each other.

CYCLING for women has much to recommend it, for a wheel saves three things—money, time and strength. The busy woman who has fretted and fumed at the waste of tissue consumed in the progress of the slow-going, dusty street car now mounts lightly her silent steed and spins away in a quarter of the time of the horse car, enjoying every yard of the road, and the careful mother of six is not afraid to take a wee girlie in the hammock seat before her, where she sits a delighted passenger, as safe and as much better contented than in her perambulator. The motion, once the timid rider has mastered the feat of balancing herself gracefully, is rather restful than tiring, and the muscles it develops are mines of strength and comfort. An erect seat,

In the city of my adoption lady cyclists were at first looked upon with strong disfavor, and the hue and cry of reckless tampering with our lives and limbs, the bugbear of immodesty, the disapproval of high and low would have discouraged us had we not grown to love our wheels. We lived down, or rather rode down, our enemies, until, instead of remarks calculated to disturb the equilibrium of a woman on her own two trusty feet (not to mention the more unreliable balance of a bicycle), we meet with encouraging smiles and admiring comments, which are much more agreeable as well as, in my humble judgment, much more just and true. For a woman on a wheel, properly dressed, modestly pedaling, with a straight spine and a gentle hold on the handle bars is, to my mind, as pretty as the same woman on horseback, and that is very high praise. Never was steed so quick to respond to

its rider, and I challenge any tobogganer to show me greater enjoyment than the cycle's swift flight down the hillside, when it is each woman for herself and no one willing to be last. The modest triumph one feels when one has crept cannily and safely over a "bad bit," such as we sometimes come across, and the added enjoyment that wings our feet over a "good bit," are they not written in the heart of the cyclist and in hers alone? It is a matter of wonder to us how the mistaken belief has gone abroad that a woman sits "astride a wheel." Nine out of ten critics firmly believe that and are only awakened to their mistake by a careful examination of a lady's wheel.

Various changes have been proposed, but after having tried them and found them wanting, I have gone back gladly to the little uncomfortable-looking arrangement which, for all its looks, is the only shape that seems at once safe and comfortable. The merits of the two varieties of handles—the spade handle, which is stirrup shaped and held by the cross-bar, and the straight bar, which one can hold in various ways (and which for that reason I prefer)—are merely a matter of taste and usage.

The best wheels of English or American make cost in the neighborhood of \$140. This includes the latest improvements in pedals, steering gear, bearings and tires. They are guaranteed generally for a year, and any trifling repairs are cheerfully attended to by the venders free of charge. The oil can and a wrench are the only articles necessary to carry in the small leather case which hangs behind the saddle, and the neat luggage carrier which straps on before the handle bars carries comfortably quite a large outfit. A tiny silver-toned alarm bell is screwed on the handle close to the left hand, the brake occupying the place of honor on the right. It is rather a significant fact that the last three patents of improvements in bicycles have been taken out by women riders.

A woman cannot learn to ride alone, and should be content in the first lesson to simply learn to sit straight, to keep her pedals in motion, and to suppress the inclination to fall which will put her in lively sympathy with our much-maligned ancestress, Mother Eve, for, "since the days of Eve," plaintively writes one of my fellow cyclists, "no woman has ever fallen so unintermittently as I."

The lady cyclist passes through three stages: the daring, the desponding and the doing; this latter arrives when in tears and mistrust she suddenly realizes that she is sitting firm, pedaling smoothly, steering soberly and going alone. Ah! the triumph of that moment. Who shall paint it? It is generally fleeting, and ends in a wild cry for help and a collision with whatever may be within one hundred yards of the independent and newly-fledged rider. Straight at it she charges, with an energy which makes her instructor weep or rage, and certainly perspire, as he follows her in her career; up over the curb into an unyielding telegraph pole, round a corner, against an amazed and slightly indignant policeman, who resents her sudden advent and her clashing arms as if she did it all on purpose. And then, a bicycle can fall, when it does conclude to stop lurching and wobbling, in the most uncomfortable and inconsiderate manner; every handle bar (and there seem to be a dozen) whacks you on the arm or face or shoulder; every contrary whirling pedal barks your ankles and dents your shins. Let us draw a veil over such a tragedy and remember that, like lightning, it rarely strikes the same victim twice. You rise with an unquenchable desire for vengeance on that fiendish wheel, and remount. You do not speak, you ache in silence, and nine times in ten ride home alone.

By the next day, though you are stiff and will go round the block to avoid the bare chance of meeting that insulted Bobby, you have forgiven the wheel and mourned over a wee dent in the mud guard as you never will over your own bruises. That blissful fact of having ridden home alone makes you amiable to the whole world, and from that day your career is onward and upward. You begin to inquire for streets which are not asphalted; to climb little hills with fearful and fainting soul; to put your feet on the rests and coast with the brake very firm on. You are happy and healthy and make your amusement while it is called to-day, knowing that the winter days are coming when no woman, or man either, can wheel.

One important and difficult thing which the lady cyclist requires to learn is to mount surely, gracefully and discreetly, that her skirts may not catch her feet nor sag, but fall evenly on either side of the saddle. Some of our cyclists practiced

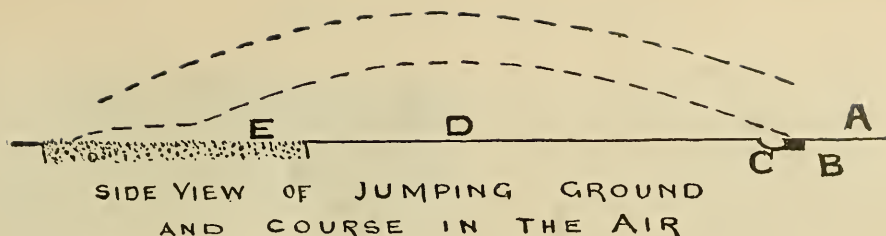
mounting from the curb and afterward learned to mount from the pedal. In this I found that two bites were made of a cherry, and when my turn came I set out in the middle of a smooth road with a slight incline, stood as nearly as possible straight in front of the saddle, with the left foot on the left pedal, which was raised nearly as high as it would go. I took great care to clear that left foot of any skirt hem and to divide the fullness of my dress as evenly as I could, then with a push forward, as the left pedal sank I raised myself on it, landed in the saddle, caught the right pedal after a few bad shots, and lo! was coursing down the hill a comfortably seated and thoroughly conceited woman. Not every time since have I been so fortunate.

In dismounting, which I do also on the right side, it is only necessary to wait until the right pedal is at its lowest in the revolution, then put the brake on firm, which instantly arrests and holds the wheel, and spring lightly off on the right side. Dismounting was the first accomplishment I devoted my energies to acquiring, as I saw a good many helpless flops and dangerous sprawls when a suddenly startled or over-tired rider wished to part company with her wheel.

The beginner should have a wrap or jacket to slip on after each trial, for it is surprising what a fever one gets into; partly from nervousness and partly from the entirely unnecessary exertions one puts forth, clutching the handles with a vise-like grasp, pressing the pedals with an energy entirely misspent, and struggling for a balance harder than any bank teller who ever lived. And last, not least, every lady rider should be taught at least four times by a practiced man cyclist. She should study to correct the faults he condemns, the tendency to let the instep instead of the ball of the foot rest upon the pedal, the involuntary leaning forward or sideways, the unconsidered sharp turn, the eyes glued to the wheel, those same weak points of every beginner. But when my lady has forgotten all these troublesome tricks, when she can mount quickly and expertly and do her ten miles unweariedly, where shall she ride? Ah, where? The smiling countryside holds out arms of welcome to her, the shaded grassy road, the smooth steep incline, the bumping corduroy by-ways, the canal tow-paths, the lakeside drives and the stubborn stiff hill to be climbed.

She can make holiday with a chosen chum, as do I and another, starting early when the roads are fragrant with the scent of new-mown hay, the shy wild violet, the vagrant brier or the dainty honeysuckle, or when behind their delicate leaves the ruddy raspberry or the gleaming blackcap peep temptingly, or as the year fades the wheels may come back at night aglow with ruddy trophies of maple and sumac and Virginia creeper, and the baskets, that went out sandwich laden, bearing rich-cheeked late peaches and bloom-covered plums. The farmwives are glad to see us as we glide up to the house place, and they scuttle down the steps of the spring house and come back with full bowls of ice-cold milk and warm words of cheery welcome on their honest lips. And, oh, the beatitude of that hour's rest under the cool recesses of the wide clematis-covered porch or prone on the green grass of the apple orchard, where "early harvests" are to be had for the picking up and "lady apples" turn to us their painted cheeks. It is hard to sum up all the enjoyment which waits upon the cyclist, but perhaps in the fair summer weather the short excursions into the country and trips from town to town, with the halts by the way at the cool spring beside the farm house, the discoveries of beauty spots in one's own country, as fair and as lovely as any in the far places of the earth which our means sometimes cannot reach, are the happiest results of mastering the wheel. The very pleasantest holiday possible to the impecunious but enthusiastic rider is one such tour from town to town, from farm to farm, now and then halting at some larger city whither trunks and store clothes have "gone before."

Cycling for women has come to stay. It is no use for doctor, lawyer, parson or chief to say "Thou shalt not" to the woman of to-day, while her conscience approves and her experience proves that her own way is right. In days gone by one-half the opposition already conquered would have been fatal to the exercise and the silent steed would have stood unused, unhonored and unsung. But without defying or disputing, or anything but determinately doing, the woman of to-day sweeps aside the cobwebs of prejudice, with highest self respect and gentle dignity cleanses the would-be smirch of unfemininity, and goes on her narrow way rejoicing. GRACE E. DENISON.



THE RUNNING BROAD JUMP

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

PART I.

WHEN it is taken into consideration how many competitions at the running broad jump are held throughout the season it is surprising how little it is understood. Compared with what is known of the fine points in the running high jump, it may be said that only a small portion of those who practice it know what are the essential features for a good performance at it. This is mostly on account of it being necessary to practice this jump out of doors, for the only proper alighting place in making a leap is soft dirt, and this material is seldom found in gymnasiums. Consequently the season, or that time when it is warm enough to jump, is only of six months' duration, and it can readily be seen that this event would not be so well known as those which are practiced all the year round.

The running broad jump consists of a spring being taken after considerable momentum has been accumulated by a fast run. The distance which the athlete clears is computed by measuring from a point where he left the ground to the first break in the soft ground made by any part of his person. The illustration, "View of Jumping Path," gives an excellent idea of the ground on which a proper jump can be made. This path is in the neighborhood of 100 feet long down to the take-off mark, which is a piece of wood. If the reader can imagine an athlete starting at the end of this path, running along and leaping from the white mark which crosses the path, and eventually landing in the neighborhood of the piece of white paper which can be seen in the bottom part of the picture, he will get an excellent idea of what a running broad jump is. The ground that the athlete runs on is hard, but

that in which he lands is soft, so that no injury to the muscles will ensue from his landing.

A side view of a jumping ground is shown in the diagram. A is the running path; B is the take-off line or that mark where the jumper springs; C is the ditch in front of the take-off; D is hard ground and E is soft ground in which the jumper lands. The take-off line consists of a joist 5 or 6 inches wide and 3 or 4 inches thick, sunk flush with the ground. Its length is immaterial and may range anywhere from 3 to 6 feet long, according to the width of the jumping path. The ditch in front or on the side toward the direction the jump is made must, according to the rules, be 6 inches wide and 3 inches deep. Its purpose is to prevent the athlete from toeing over the line to any considerable extent while jumping. The place where the athlete lands is dug up to the depth of about a foot. Its nearest edge to the take-off is generally about 14 feet, and its farthest edge, if competition is being held on it, should not be under 26 feet, although in practice it may not be dug up over 23 or 24 feet. Its length should depend upon the class of athletes that use it. If an athlete jumps over 23 feet the dirt should be dug up to the distance of 27 feet, so that there is no possibility of his sliding as he lands in the soft dirt and being stopped suddenly against the hard ground and hurting himself.

To explain the take-off a little further, it may be mentioned that the reason it is so constructed is that fouls can be easily judged. The old custom was to have simply a whitewash line on the level path. If an athlete toed over a quarter of an inch or so it was apt to cause a dispute. The suggestion of a ditch marking the

scratch line was impracticable unless a square edge could be maintained. Therefore the joist was sunk in front of it, and this settles all disputes about fouls. If an athlete toes over this too far, so that his foot slips down into the ditch, he cannot jump; therefore it is his object to err on the safe side and not put too much of his toe over the line. On the other hand, should he toe some inches back of the edge of the joist he will lose as much in measuring as the distance he toed back, for all jumps are measured from its perpendicular edge. The illustration, "Best Possible Take-Off," reveals the foot of an athlete on the take-off with the toe about one inch over the edge. Should his foot be put over farther there would be a liability of his slipping over and thereby making either a poor jump or a foul, both of which count as a try.

In trying the running broad jump for the first time with spiked shoes, some athletes show timidity in running up to the take-off and placing their foot on the joist, on account of the feeling that the spikes will stick in the wood and throw them. This might happen if the spikes were few in number and far apart in the sole of the shoe, but there generally being six and their points not being sharp renders the pressure on the wood when leaping insufficient to leave any other marks than small dents, and a few trials generally remove all fear of novices in this regard. The worst feeling experienced by novices is their fear of slipping into the ditch when taking off, which might result in a wrenched muscle or tendon of the foot, ankle or leg. Accidents of this kind are frequent, and only after considerable practice can an athlete run up to the take-off with full force and feel sure of not going over too far. It is to the interest of every jumper to get as far forward of the line as possible, but if more than an inch be gained in this way it will result in the front part of the jumper's foot having no support, even should he not slip into the ditch, and he will not be able to give a good leap.

The interesting points to one who wishes to jump far are how to gather speed for the run and at the same time strike the take-off properly. There are several ways. Some athletes start a certain distance back of the take-off and set themselves the same as when sprinting. The start is a point that, running from which in regular strides, will bring the jumping foot to the take-off. Another way, and the one which most good jumpers use, is to have an indicated point back of the take-off short of the full length of the run. An athlete using this style will go back of this point 20 or 30 feet and run up to it, getting his jumping foot at the point, and then run with increasing speed to the take-off. There are some good performers who use no indicated distance at all in bringing them correctly to the take-off in their running strides, but these are rare.

J. S. Voorhees, who brought the running broad jump prominently before the American public, and who held the best American amateur record, 22 feet $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches, from 1881 till 1886, would start 86 feet away from the take-off, up to which he ran with regular strides, measuring but 3 or 4 feet at first, but near the take-off reaching in the neighborhood of 7 feet. He was considered very good at taking off and would lose no more distance by toeing back of the line than is expected of any good jumper. When Voorhees made his record jump he cleared in actual distance on one of his trials an even 23 feet, but he toed back 9 inches from the take-off, and the jump measured but 22 feet 3 inches. The actual measurement of his record jump was 22 feet 9 inches, which showed that he toed back $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. When making my best public record of 23 feet 3 inches, in 1886, I toed back three-quarters of an inch; but on another occasion, when jumping 22 feet $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches, I toed back 5 inches from the edge. Still, on another occasion, when I jumped 23 feet 1 inch, I toed over between 2 and 3 inches, and if I had toed over an inch farther I probably would not

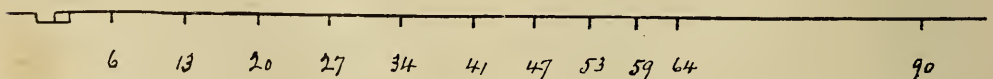
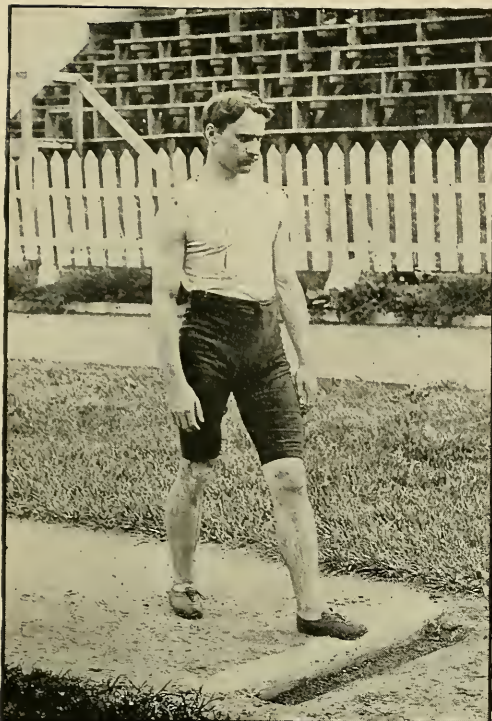


Diagram of strides for the run.



BEST POSSIBLE TAKE-OFF.

have cleared 20 feet, on account of either slipping into the ditch or losing the spring from the ball of the foot.

As my system of running to the take-off is used by nearly all the best jumpers it should serve as a good example to the novice. The indicated point from which I begin striding regularly is from 63 to 65 feet back of the take-off and my total run is about 90 feet. If the conditions of the day, path, etc., are fair, about 64 feet will be the mark, although on one occasion, when there was a strong breeze blowing in the direction of jumping, which lengthened each of my strides involuntarily, I had to go back to 66 feet to prevent getting up too near to the take-off. The diagram of the strides for the run shows, within several inches at each point, how I gather momentum for the spring. Starting about 25 feet above my indicated point or mark, I run with increasing speed toward it, getting the left foot at that point, for this is the foot I spring with, and I am more used to putting it at a mark than I am my right foot. When passing this 64-foot mark the speed of the run is not great and my right foot will go to about 59 feet, which, as can be seen, shows that the stride is only 5 feet long.

My left then goes to 53 feet, right 47, left 41, right 34, left 27, right 20, left 13, right 6, and then the left at the scratch line. These strides may vary 2 or 3 inches, but no more, and although the first few are not over 5 or 6 feet long it will be noticed that as speed is acquired the strides are 7 feet, with the exception of the last one, which is only 6. All jumpers take a comparatively short stride just in front of the take-off, because of the inability to lift well if the foot is put too far in front.

Returning to the diagram "A Side View of the Jumping Ground," attention is called to the curved dotted lines extending from the take-off to the soft ground. These lines describe the course of the head and feet of any jumper who has a good style. It will be seen that the bottom line, the one describing the feet, is higher in mid air proportionately than the one describing the head. This is caused by the jumper gathering his feet well underneath him when in mid air; it can be readily seen that although the course of his head cannot be kept from being affected by the laws of gravitation, the feet can be manipulated quite easily. The upper line shows that the head has risen somewhat after the jumper has left the ground, but that after a descending direction is taken nothing can stop its downward course. It is not so with the feet, for although the line describing them approaches the



JUST AFTER TAKING OFF.



IN MID AIR.

ground sooner than those of the head, a fresh start seems to be taken just at a time when it looks as though the feet would touch earth, and they are raised and put forward, only eventually touching the earth when the head or body of the athlete is so near it that further delay is impossible.

This raising and shooting the legs forward, as it is called, is done by nearly all good jumpers. Spectators have often been impressed that the athlete actually took an extra raise while in the air, but this is impossible; the even curve of the head tells the story regarding this point. Athletes raise their legs while approaching ground very often unconsciously, and the majority go through the movement simply to recover their balance when landing. There are some good jumpers who do not get much elevation; they reach the distance almost entirely by an unusually forcible run. After leaving the take-off they do little more than skim the ground, their momentum being all there is to carry them. Jumping in this style is very severe on the muscles, and men who have to resort to it are, as a rule, uncertain performers. The higher a man

can get in the air with a certain speed the further he will go, but it is impossible for some jumpers to reach an elevation with speed, and they must obtain distance in the only way that nature seems to have allowed them.

The illustration "Just After Taking Off" shows an athlete as he is rising after taking the spring. He has jumped with his left leg, and already his right foot is raised. His next position will be as in the illustration "In Mid Air," where it will be seen that both his legs are gathered underneath him. "About to Land" shows that his feet have been put forward, and although it looks as though he would fall back after alighting, the momentum which his body undoubtedly has will force his head and shoulders forward and

the jump will be fair. If the athlete did fall back the measurement of the jump would be made from the take-off to the first break in the ground made by his hands, shoulders or back. The illustration "Recovering Balance in Mid Air" depicts one of those peculiar attitudes associated with instantaneous photography. The athlete in this picture is making strenuous efforts to get



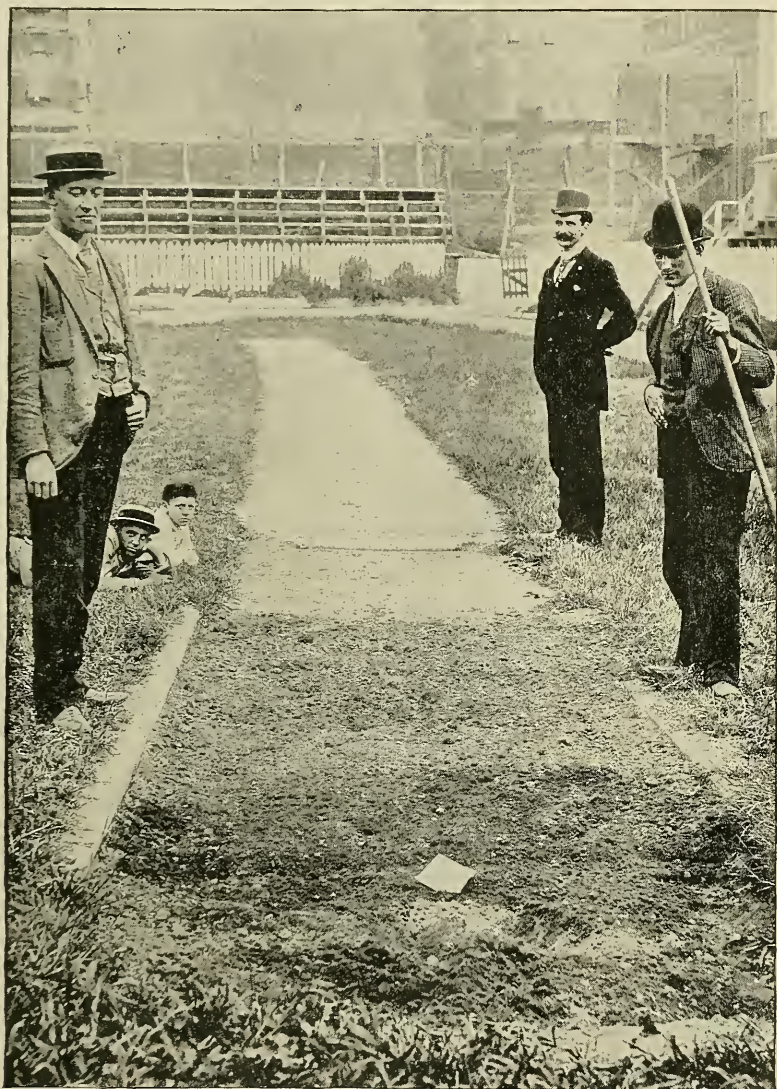
RECOVERING BALANCE IN MID AIR.



ABOUT TO LAND.

his balance, and the extreme reaching out of his arms shows that he is endeavoring to get his body tipped more forward than it is. There would be a great probability when this athlete lands of his falling back and spoiling his jump.

a broad jump. This is so, even though the obstacle may not be over 3 or 4 feet high and placed 8 or 10 feet from the take-off. The fact of its being there makes the athlete cautious about running fast, and he loses the impetus nec-

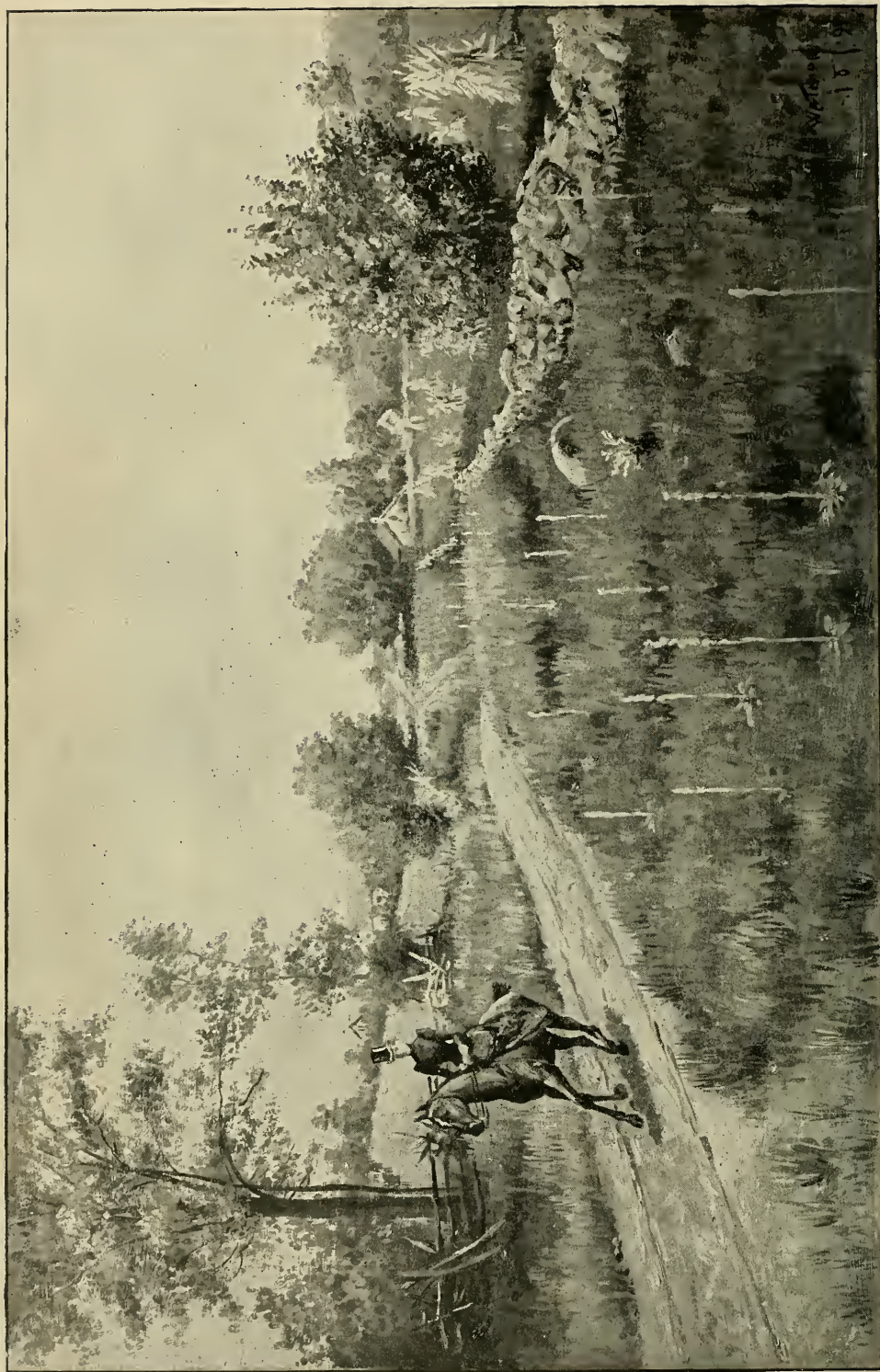


VIEW OF JUMPING PATH.

In teaching running broad jumping instructors sometimes put obstacles which the pupil must clear to get him in the habit of rising well in making the leap. The tendency in this case is for the athlete to slack up in speed just as though he were to make a high jump instead of

essary to carry him the distance. The plan generally adopted by the best broad jumpers in practicing the event is to experiment in taking off properly and jump naturally, not paying too much attention to the rise, but making a special point to run up to the take-off with confidence.

To be continued.



"HORSE AND RIDER ALIKE ENJOY THOSE BRISK GALLOPS."—p. 63.



N THE SADDLE.

FRESH is the autumn breeze,
Gray is the autumn morn,
Little white cloudlets float
Over the misty sky ;
Rustling leaves from the trees
Fall, on the crisp airs borne,
Sweet sounds the bird's shrill note,
As through the fields we fly.

Out of the slumbering town,
Passing the golden wheat
Studded with poppies red,
Passing the haystacks high ;
Fair float the sunbeams down,
The glistening grass to greet,
Swallows skim overhead,
As through the fields we fly.

Oh, the thrill of the heart .
Oh, the breath of the breeze !
Pleasure without alloy,
Gladness that will not die !
Quickly the pulses start,
Care from the spirit flees,
Life is itself a joy,
As through the fields we fly.

MAY LENNOX.

HORSEBACK SKETCHES.*

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens, or shrink from
its strife,
When its fruits, turned to ashes, are mocking
my taste,
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate
waste ;
Then come ye not near me, my sad soul to
cheer,
With friendship's soft accents or sympathy's
tear ;
No counsel I ask, and no pity I need,
But bring me, oh, bring me, my gallant young
steed !—*Sara J. Clarke Lippincott.*

FANCY, after years of fruitless long-
ing for a saddle horse, having three
Texas ponies tumble, figuratively
speaking, into one's lap at once !
They came just before the last Presiden-
tial election, when the campaign cry of
1840 was revived. A gentle little cream-
colored creature was christened "Tippe-
canoe," when "Tyler Too" followed in
natural sequence. He was a larger and
darker horse, not vicious, but high spirit-
ed and obstinate. "Tip" and Polly affil-

iated, "Tyler" and I were inseparable,
and "Texas," a beauty, light sorrel, with
long wavy tail and wicked, flashing eyes,
became Hal's property.

Daisy often rode with us on her pet
pony, Fred, and sometimes seven-year-old
Charlie on his black Nero. How that
placid pony ever acquired the name of a
bloodthirsty tyrant no one knows. Char-
lie can do anything with him, and har-
nesses him to every conceivable vehicle,
from a wheelbarrow to a stone boat ; but
his appearance is not prepossessing. Nero
is a broncho, rusty and awkward, with
legs like stove pipes, ending in big, clum-
sy feet, and eyes set like dark islands in
a sea of white. He is the idol of the
child neighborhood, but the effect pro-
duced by his turning his solemn eyes in-
side out in an attempt to learn what
Charlie and comrades are doing on his
back is indescribably ghastly.

What rides we have had together
through the most beautiful and pictu-
resque portion of Northern New York !

* Copyright, 1891, by Jessie F. O'Donnell.

huge sweet apples of clear pale yellow that are like honey to the taste; Baldwins and Spitzenbergs and Swaars, ruby and bronze and amber. They tempt our ponies as well as ourselves, and we make long pauses with some friendly farmer and feast on the concentrated sunshine of the year.

There is scarcely anything more exhilarating than an October ride. Horse and rider alike enjoy those brisk gallops through the golden light, with the soft flutter of the bright leaves in the air and their crisp rustle under foot; past fields stretching away brown and rusty; by the river yellow with fallen leaves; through the denuded woods, once dense and dim, now pierced through and through with sunlight.

A few pale flowers linger by the roadsides, but the frosts have silvered the golden rod, the mullein stalks hang their shriveled heads, and the tall weeds and briars look ghostly and forlorn. There is an old gray fence, with a small birch tree close by, where we go for bitter-sweet berries, both fence and tree over-run with the clinging vine, loaded with brilliant clusters of scarlet and orange. Hal cuts down long branches for me while I repeat to him Mrs. Sangster's lines:

Whence that fragrant name of thine,
Spicy as the beaded wine?
In what cup of fairy mold
First were poured thy berries cold,
And what dainty revelers meet
Round thy clusters, bitter-sweet?

October is the month of months for racing, and Hal and I used often to challenge each other to contests of speed. We were dashing around Forest Park one morning; it had rained the preceding night, and though the track was comparatively dry and hard it was bordered by thick mud on each side. Dandy had distanced Tyler, who was straining every nerve to reach him, by a few steps, when I felt my saddle give an ominous lurch. I called to Hal to stop, for I could not check my own horse, while Dandy was flying on ahead, but it was too late; I saw I was doomed to go with the saddle, so slipped my foot from the stirrup and jumped,

alighting on my feet fortunately, in mud so deep Hal was obliged to pull me out.

We had a new groom then who had not learned that the saddle should be strapped on the horse ten or fifteen minutes before starting, and then tightened, or it will soon become loose. Poor Abner, he learned better after a little, but he did put my saddle on Tyler facing his tail at first, and was never careful that everything was secure. I always intend to examine straps and bridle myself before starting.

I was having a gallop on a stretch of dry level road a few days after this mishap, when my stirrup strap suddenly broke and the slipper flew off into the road. I looked around for help, but no one was in sight, so I was obliged to dismount and tie it on again as best I could, and then climb to the top of a fence before I could get back to my saddle.

Rides in late October have a touch of pathos which lies not alone in the fading leaves and the frosted flowers, but in a subtle memory and premonition hard to grasp and define. This soft, sweet sadness, which "is not akin to pain," touches all things we hear and see; the plaintive call of some belated bird, the lonely cricket still singing in the hedge, the tremor which runs through the tree tops, the dahlias and chrysanthemums which glow in the gardens, the yellow hill tops and the distant mountain peaks, glimmering now and then through the mists, filmy, ethereal, like the shadow of a dream.

"There is nothing so refined as the outline of a distant mountain," says Winthrop; "even a roseleaf is stiff edged and harsh in comparison. Nothing else has that definite indefiniteness, that melting permanence, that evanescent changelessness."

I cannot tell just what this feeling is, but it thrills me as I ride through the brownish-yellow land, where everything has the appearance of being scorched from a too near approach to the sun; as the leaves flutter against my face with a tender farewell, the ripe nuts fall with a patter and rustle on the crisp leaves below, or some spray of brilliant scarlet berries brings a sudden rush of tears.



MACKEREL AND MACKEREL SEINES.

BY JOHN Z. ROGERS.



LAX legislation, the non-enforcement of the few laws there are and the shortsightedness of vessel owners and skippers are steadily and rapidly exterminating the mackerel along our coasts. Let me emphasize this. In 1881 the vessels sailing out of the port of Gloucester alone caught 116,793 barrels of these fish, whilst by 1887 the whole New England fleet caught only 56,919 barrels; in 1888 they caught 29,239 barrels; in 1889 the catch was 10,342 barrels, and in the season of 1890 even less.

Up to a few years ago it was no uncommon thing for vessels to catch in their seines hundreds of barrels at one or two hauls and sail to market with holds full and decks covered, only to find other vessels in ahead of them with similar experience. Now, instead of having ample and to spare for home consumption, we are importing mackerel from Nova Scotia, Ireland and

even Norway. But I started to describe how mackerel are caught and not to write a statistical article, though the wanton destruction of this source of good supply and industry may well excuse the digression.

There are several methods of catching mackerel—by hand lines, nets, drag nets and seines. The hand line everyone is, of course, familiar with, yet the mackerel hand line, or jig, as it is called, differs somewhat from others. The hook is small, and the upper end is molded into a piece of lead which serves as a sinker, and is attached to twenty or thirty feet of line considerably smaller than cod line. Pork rind is a good bait, and when a few mackerel have been caught their bellies are often cut up and used instead. The fisherman always has plenty of "toll" or "chum," which usually consists of chopped clams or porgies, and this is thrown out when near or in a school, and attracts the fish close about the boat, for mackerel, like herring, menhaden and a few other fish, swim in companies. They are not taken off the hook by hand, but "slatted" into a tub as fast as caught. An expert fisherman will handle two lines at once and sometimes more, and when he is having good luck in a large school it is interesting to watch him. Mackerel nets are similar to other nets, but are made with small meshes, or "mashes," as the fishermen term them, their length being from ten to twenty times their width. They are stretched across the mouths of coves and creeks at high water, and the mackerel being blocked when attempting to swim out with the receding tide are easily scooped up in dip nets.

A drag net is from one to two hundred feet long, from twenty to thirty feet wide and made of three-inch meshes. The top is kept near the surface by numerous buoys of wood or cork, or hollow glass balls, and lead weights fastened to the bottom keep it in a perpendicular position. A long warp or rope is attached to the net and the other end made fast to the vessel's bow. When a vessel is dragging little or no canvas is spread, the tide usually furnishing sufficient momentum, for if the net moves through the water very rapidly

the meshes are drawn too close together to admit of a mackerel being entangled in it. The fish caught in a drag net are usually "scattering" ones, or belonging to a small school, and dragging is done in the night when it is too dark for the fish to see the net. A sharp lookout has to be kept for passing vessels, for should the rough shoe of a schooner's keel foul the net it would either be carried away bodily or else seriously damaged. The nets are also often badly torn by large dogfish and sharks being tangled in them. Small schooners of from five to twenty tons are those usually employed in dragging, and a great many vessels have been built especially for the business.

To-day the draggers are few compared with those of ten years ago, and most of them are fishing schooners that put in an occasional trip at it during an "off spell."

It is now a rare event when mackerel enter the creeks and coves, and the nets are rotting in disuse. The hand line, too, is growing obsolete, and is practically used only by natives of the fishing towns and villages along our coast, who occasionally go out in a dory to try their luck, usually with poor success. The solons and oldest inhabitants gather at the country stores and cuss and discuss the mackerel question and wonder why "they bean't so plenty ez they used ter be."

The few remaining mackerel are being rapidly destroyed by the "seiners," as the schooners that catch them in seines are called. Probably I can describe seining, which involves considerable detail, in no better way than by giving a condensed account of a recent trip on one of the New England fleet.

The *John B. White* was a staunch, sharp schooner of eighty tons. Her fore-castle, where the cooking and eating were done and where some of the men slept, was roomy and contained eight bunks, three of them double, and in the cabin were three double bunks and two state-rooms, each having two berths. She carried, beside the captain and cook, fifteen active men, most of them American and born "down East." The *John B. White* was a flyer, and her captain a great "killer," as successful captains of seiners are called.

In tow behind were two seine boats, built of cedar, quite narrow, of average depth and sharp at both ends. There were five thwarts well forward for the

ten men who manned the oars and a stern seat, although this was seldom used, as the captain always stood up and steered with a long oar. In the open space aft of the rowers' thwarts the seines were kept. They were of different sizes, the one in the larger boat (which was thirty feet long) being used in deep water and the other in shoal. The larger seine was 500 yards long and 1,000 meshes deep. As the meshes were one inch in width, it was eighty-three feet in depth, or about fourteen fathoms, while the smaller one was about the same length and half as deep. The seines were knitted by machine, of cotton twine, and the larger one had cost the year before \$600, the smaller one considerably less.

For six days we cruised about without seeing a mackerel, yet the captain and crew seemed perfectly reconciled, and whiled the time away in smoking and spinning yarns. If there is any occupation more calculated to promote and produce laziness than seining mackerel I would like to know what it is. Sometimes weeks will elapse before a school is struck, and when not engaged in hauling the seine and cleaning and packing the fish the men have hardly work enough to do to keep them in condition. The schooner cruises about on no definite course, and the men do not even receive the slight mental stimulant that an objective port in view would impart.

All hands were "characters," but Henry Church, or "Hen" as he was called, stood head and shoulders above them all in this respect. Hen was a Cape Codder, age about forty, medium height, smooth face, weight 260. He was a good singer and story teller, a great practical joker and a jolly fellow. One would hardly imagine that a man carrying about 260 pounds of flesh, fully one hundred of which was superfluous, would be a proper model for a mackerel catcher, but not so in Hen's case. He could pull as good an oar or climb up to the lookout at the foremast head as quickly as any man aboard, and he could also pick off a broad-rimmed hat from his head with either foot, while as a wing and heel and toe dancer he had no equal in the fleet. If the statements regarding his running were to be believed he was indeed great, for few men could do three miles 'cross country in the remarkable time of fourteen minutes, even if a jealous rival to the

hand of a young lady was in pursuit with a loaded revolver.

Hen's voice was remarkably high and shrill for so large a man, and one of his favorite diversions was to hail a passing vessel and rattle the captain. As soon as his hail had been answered by the captain he would mumble off a jargon unintelligible to one within two feet of him, although he was to all appearances straining every nerve to make himself understood. The captain would cry out "What's that?" and Hen, unlike Shakespeare, would repeat. Still the captain could not understand, and running aft as the vessels were drawing away from each other he would place his hands to his ear, hoping to catch it next time.

Then Hen would fairly writhe and squirm in his efforts to be understood and the captain would pass out of earshot with a troubled expression on his face. Once when the *White* was cruising slowly along under jib and mainsail Hen hailed the skipper of a passing coaster under full sail. The skipper was so anxious to know what Hen was saying that he put his schooner about and came alongside, only to have Hen say to him in an ordinary tone "Where are you bound?"

On the morning of the seventh day we were on Cashe's Banks, about seventy-five miles off Gloucester, sailing with a light sou'west breeze. We were all on deck enjoying an after-breakfast pipe, when the lookout exclaimed, "Fish on the weather bow!" Instantly the scene on deck was transformed, pipes were dropped, oilskins hastily donned and all hands gathered in the bow, from which point the school could be seen about half a mile distant, looking like what a landsman would describe as a ripple upon the surface caused by a light puff of wind. In a few moments the lookout inquired, "Do you see 'em, cap'n?" and the captain answered "Or'right!" and almost in the same breath ordered "Haul up the boat and get ready," and the men hauled the larger seine boat alongside and stood ready for further orders. By this time we were within a quarter of a mile of the school, which was swimming slowly along toward the schooner.

The captain gave the schooner into the charge of the cook, who took the wheel, and singing out, "Man the boat!" jumped into the stern, followed by thirteen of the men, ten of whom took their places on the thwarts, oars in hand, the other three

amidships to be ready to cast the seine. At the same time two men launched the dory, and getting in rowed along astern of the seine boat. At a point about twenty yards in front of the school they began to cast the seine, attached to the top of which at distances of about a yard were large cork buoys, while on the bottom were metal "purse rings" about the size of a tea cup. Through these rings the purse line ran, one end being made fast to the boat and the other to the dory. The seine was folded carefully in the bottom of the boat like a roll of cloth, the buoys being all on one side of it.

Two men threw the seine or line, as the meshes were called, and the third attended to the buoys. In casting a seine great care is taken not to scare away the fish, or they might sink to a depth below the seine and effect their escape. The work also has to be done very quickly. In about fifteen minutes the school had been encircled by the seine and the boat and dory were close together. The two ends of the buoys were tied together, forming an oval, the end of the purse line in the dory was passed aboard the boat, both were passed through blocks and the men commenced to haul in on them. When the lines were hauled taut the lower edges of the seine were brought close together, forming a bottom and preventing the escape of the mackerel. Then about half the buoys were hauled aboard the boat and dory, reducing the size of the opening at the top of the seine correspondingly, and the mackerel were caught.

The schooner, which had been lying off and on, was signaled, and soon sailed up alongside the seine was made fast to her, and in a moment more attached to a tackle and hauled up so the edges were a few feet above the surface. A huge dip net attached to a long handle and operated by two sets of tackle was then brought into use and the fish were bailed out on to the deck. Two men worked at each tackle, two more emptied the dip net on deck and another "steered" the handle, while the rest of the men were busy in the boat hauling in the seine as fast as it became slack. The schooner meanwhile was lying to with the jib down and main and fore sheets eased off. When the fish had been hoisted aboard all hands turned to, but the captain and cook, to dispose of them.

Most of the men cleaned, which is done

by removing the inwards, washing and throwing into water, while the others were busy chopping ice and stowing the fish away in the hold in bins well packed in fine ice. The catch, estimated at thirty barrels, had just been put below, the deck scrubbed down and put to rights, when the cook's bell was heard, and the men hurriedly washed up and gathered about the table. Fresh fried mackerel proved a welcome addition to the staple dishes of fresh and salt beef.

After dinner the seine was taken aboard the vessel, overhauled, plentifully sprinkled with coarse salt to preserve it from rotting and replaced in the seine boat.

On the day following but one large school was struck and all were in hopes of getting a full fare from it, but when the purse line had been hauled it was found that the fish had taken fright and sunk to bottom, the dip net only bailing out about two barrels.

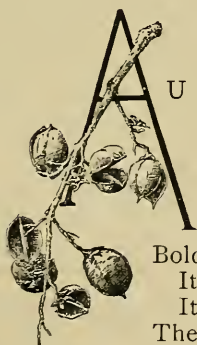
Seines were first introduced in 1855, and for many years no especial care had to be taken not to frighten the fish when casting them, but of more recent years they are very easily alarmed.

A catch was made next day of about twenty-five barrels and our course set for the Gloucester market. The fare of fifty-eight barrels sold for \$26 for ones, \$22 for twos and \$18 for threes, as the different sizes are classed. The seiners all fit at the "halves," and the profits of the trip amounted to \$33.60 to each of the crew.

The trip was a good one, as compared with the average of recent years, but nothing compared with the past, when it was not uncommon for a seiner to get two hundred barrels or more at one haul, and return to port after an absence of a couple of days with a full fare.

Of the hundreds of vessels in the New England fleet many more are engaged in salt fishing than fresh. A salt mackerel trip lasts from two to four weeks, or, if the time a vessel is gone before she gets a fare is considered a trip, it lasts as many months. On a salt trip the mackerel are of course caught in the same manner as on a fresh trip, the only difference being that the trip lasts longer and the mackerel are salted away in barrels. When dressing fish on a salt trip they are split through the back to the belly, cleaned and then thrown into tubs of water. When all the catch is thus cleaned the fish are taken out of the water, heavily salted and packed away in barrels, which are left on deck for twenty-four hours or more. At the end of that time they have shrunk or "settled" about a quarter, and the barrels are filled, headed up, coopered and stowed below in the hold.

Mackereling is not deficient in "tricks of the trade," and when the fish are being cleaned a few slashes are cut in the under side, which gives them a plump, fat appearance, not always deceiving to the first buyer, but misleading to the consumer.



AUTUMN'S ADVENT.

THE Earth's glad holiday at last is here,
With resting Nature gaily clad in red,
And yellow sunbeams softly round her shed,
As comes the great Thanksgiving of the year.
Boldly the flaming maples stand, and near,
Its once green glistening fickle leaves all fled,
Its swaying branches sorely seeming dead,
The spectral linden tree is sighing drear.

Deep purple asters fleck the dusty ways,
And range against the ragged old stone wall,
Whose angles hide beneath the clustered bloom.
Within the whispering woods the sun's bright rays
Upon the ground in checkered patches fall
Through crimson leaves to light the autumn gloom.

GEORGIA ROBERTS.

THE LAST WILD HORSE OF THE KANAB DESERT

BY HONDA.



THERE are very few bands of wild horses now in the United States, and there were not many in Southern Utah way back in '77, when I was captain of the Kanab range, but there were some.

Now, in a country where stock range, as ours then did, all the year round, a herd of wild horses is a very disturbing factor; many gentle horses are enticed away and become as wild as their desert kindred. So many indeed were the complaints which came to me from ranchmen at Kanab and St. George that we determined we would break up or capture the offending band and free Southern Utah from the last remnant of these sons of the wilderness and the wind.

Kanab Desert, where this band ran, is a dry, elevated plain, about 120 miles long by 80 at its widest point. On its southeast, south and southwest border lies the grand cañon of the Colorado River, a chasm whose rocky channel is cut from 3,000 to 6,000 feet below the level of the plain and forms a perfect barrier to all passing on that side. On the north the only waterings (besides the towns of Kanab and St. George) were the three springs of Pipe, Moccason and Desert. So I established guards of ten men at each of these points, well knowing that there were only these waterings where the horses could come and that by holding

these we ultimately controlled every horse in the desert. Three days after leaving Kanab our camps were all established and guard set. Four days more we were figuring on the end when an unwelcome hail storm set us back and gave the wild herd a reprieve. Seven days more and the scouts reported the horses getting thirsty and much tamer.

The first time they attempted to water after our guard was established I was at Pipe and saw them. They came swinging in from the desert with the daylight and swept past my hiding place, their lithe, muscular bodies glistening in the sunrise, their manes rippling in the perfumed breath of the great plain, their sand-polished hoofs tapping the ground with elastic spring, their bright, full eyes ever restless and alert, their whole bodies pregnant with wild, free life. They saw the guard at the spring and stood as statuesque as though cast in bronze, save for the flashing eyes, dilated nostrils and nervous moving ears. A moment so, and then with a snort and stamp the leader whirls back to the desert, the band close following in the dust of his heels. Ten days after the hail storm and the guard reports them as just outside of Moccason, tired, gaunt and weak. Messengers are sent to Pipe and Desert springs for the guards to come in here. The horses are kept away from the spring all night, and just about 9 o'clock the next morning the guards arrive from the other two springs, the Moccason guard is withdrawn, and for the first time in many days the band are free to drink all they desire.

Only the black stallion that has led them so long shows any of the old-time fire. Waving back and forth in front of the band, his suspicious eye sees everything save the three men lying in the creeping juniper and the twenty-eight horsemen hidden by the low piñons at either side of the cañon's mouth. Nearer and nearer to the pool, their eyes sparkling like stars, their bodies quivering with impatience until sure the guard is not there, and with mad rush they are belly deep in the pool and each velvety muzzle buried deep in the water. Still on the bank with his dainty hoofs touching the water's edge

the black stallion stands watching. Finally he, too, drinks, raising his head every few swallows to make sure all's well. Some of the band after satisfying their thirst roll over and over in the water in ecstasies of delight, others drink and come out, only to return and drink again. But at last all are satisfied, the guards at the mouth of the cañon signaled to and the last act commences.

As the guard swings across the mouth of the cañon, the band huddle quickly together, bunching closely around their leader. Heavy with the enormous quantity of water they have swallowed they can only follow feebly as he darts across for a steep but accessible point. Two men race swiftly forward and head them back, and as the leader sees himself cut off from the band he gives a shrill call and comes back like a thunderbolt. So we drive them up the cañon before us until the steep rock walls on each side come together in a steep end that says to these unfortunates, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." The posts have been cut, the holes dug and everything is ready to put the fence together across the cañon at a point that will turn the whole cañon into a corral with three sides of rock, and

about one mile long by a quarter of a mile wide. After it was finished the roping squad was sent in and commenced to lasso and hobble preparatory to breaking the horses.

The majority of the band we caught without much trouble, as among us there were some of the best hands with a lasso to be found in the range country.

Five of the best ropers devoted their energies to catching the stallion, but for three hours did his active limbs and tireless muscles evade every wile and rope. Fresh horses were used without stint, but he laughed at our handicapped ponies and ran or dodged with a quickness that seemed phenomenal. Finally, during a general resting spell, an exasperated hand undertook to crease him at a distance of about seventy yards. At the flash of the rifle the stallion threw his head up, received the ball midway of his neck, leaped into the air, staggered forward a few paces, swayed a moment and then sunk dying on his knees, and in a few moments more was dead in that position.

So died the last wild horse of Kanab Desert—died as he had lived—unscarred by man's polluting hands, unconquered by man's destroying will!

OBEYING THE POET.

BY MARION HILL.

Go forth under the open sky, and list to Nature's teachings.

FOR a man to have a certain feeling of proprietorship in your private kitchen cupboard he must indeed be standing with you upon the highest levels of friendship.

Gilbert is such a man. When he dines with us, and wants—say the pepper—and Dora, my wife, has forgotten to put it on the table, he simply gets up and finds it for himself.

He has usually dined with us five days out of the seven, but we have not seen him since Decoration Day. He breakfasted with us that morning, and, after the meal, instead of being stricken into abject languor by the frightful heat, as were my wife and I, he, while sitting at the piano picking out tunes with one finger, was actually thinking over and suggesting various ways of spending the

day, not seeming in the least discouraged by our apathetic reception of them.

"The very thing!" he finally exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Let us pack a cold snack, buy a watermelon, and catch the 11 o'clock boat over to the Point. When we are there we can hire a row boat, float round a bit and fish and then go ashore for lunch under the trees. Capital plan, now, isn't it?"

We writhed in our cane chairs; then, "What is the time?" inquired Dora, with languid interest.

"By Jove, 10:30!" He started up. "You two fly into your street clothes while I fob some lunch together. We have just seven minutes to be out of this house in. Hurry!"

Had we had three minutes longer for reflection we would have flatly refused to stir; but we had no time given us for dissension. All we could do was to rush up-

stairs and get out of our *négligé*, to hear, with many misgivings, our friend rattling in the pantries downstairs, whistling furiously all the while.

In five minutes that music ceased, temporarily, for him to call out loudly from below.

"Are you going to be all day? Time's up!"

"We are ready, *quite* ready!" answered my wife, wildly, from the floor, where she sat with her hair streaming down her back, three hairpins in her mouth, and a fourth in her hand, with which she was buttoning her boots.

In two minutes more he shouted again, with increased impatience. We hurried downstairs, only to be hustled into the street, with all our doubts about the locking of the back door and bolting of the kitchen window unsettled.

"I have attended to everything," he said, decisively, "and unless we put our energies to the catching of this boat we will miss it."

He passed the heavy basket to me so authoritatively that I meekly took it.

Dora had to finish making her toilet in the street, which necessitated her taking uneasy and fleeting glimpses of herself in every store window we passed. Finally she shook herself to rights, and saying, "I feel as if we had forgotten something," appeared resigned. But that is merely her war cry, without which she never undertakes any expedition.

When we were seated in the car (which we had to wait for, of course by *just* missing the previous one) Gilbert drew a book from his pocket and gave it an affectionate smack, explaining:

"One of the 'No Name' novels. I brought it to read aloud to you and the madam, who can lie at your ease on the sward while I exert myself for your entertainment."

He gave a gay, good-natured laugh, smacked the book again and threw it into the lunch basket—an additional weight for me—but I said nothing, for he was in a bright mood and soon talked us into a joyous, picknicky condition.

"It's good for a chap," he dilated, "to go once in a while on an unpremeditated jaunt like this and blow the city off him. One gets cobwebby and crusty and needs a sight of blue hills and green fields to clear away selfishness and ill humor. Why, old boy, if we would only now and then take a dose of the country for rasped

nerves and tired brains there would be fewer tempers lost and lives irritated. Come, now, Mrs. Fred, don't you agree with me?"

There was something so genial in his tone that I felt my bump of nobility swelling while he talked; but Dora, when appealed to, only demanded anxiously to know the time.

After consulting his watch he whistled ominously and muttered, "If we miss this boat we will have a beastly wait."

He was a true prophet; it *was* a beastly wait. We sat out the interval stoically in the dreary waiting room, among a mournful waste of peanut shells.

A peculiar feature about missing a boat is that you yourself are never to blame for it. You can with honest intent mentally review the incidents preceding the catastrophe, and at the close of the examination there is always someone to whom you can unhesitatingly impute the fault.

So with us. Dora said *I* had delayed them; I was *sure* it was Dora; while Gilbert coupled both our names with the plural noun "pokes" in such a disagreeable undertone that we both thought it good policy to pretend we could not hear him.

However, we recovered our tempers and boarded the next boat with great cheerfulness; though, to be truthful, I felt my swelling of nobility sensibly decrease, for *I* had to carry the watermelon, and a watermelon is as unwieldy and slippery a beast to carry as a brazen bull would be. Gilbert, before he reminded me to buy it, had touched me by insisting upon relieving me of the basket. I wish I had seen through him.

Even on the deck of the ferry boat the heat was intense. It was a heavy hotness that swelled your feet, raised blotches, dried up the lubricating fluid of your joints and made you feel that you looked ugly. The truth of this impression was brought forcibly home to *me* in a mortifying manner. I was strolling through the cabin, looking at the pretty girls, when I came suddenly face to face with the horrible full-length reflection of myself in a large mirror. The mirror was the usual ferry-boat article that has the power of reproducing pimples, insect bites and rash with a faithfulness unequaled by any other glass in creation. This mirror, in addition, possessed the humorous knack of increasing the size of one eye

and lowering the position of the other, until I looked disfigured beyond even maternal recognition.

At any rate, if not a handsome trio we were very jolly, and said some really witty things at the expense of the other travelers—an easy yet satisfying form of wit for hot weather.

In pursuance of our programme, on reaching the Point we hired fishing tackle and a small boat and regretted the move in half an hour; for the bay was warm and greasy, and there was not a breath of the salt-water breeze that we had anticipated. Of course we caught nothing; our failure in that direction being, I suppose, due to the fact that we had the most expensive bait and the best tackle. But none of us possessed enough moral courage to say that we were not enjoying ourselves, so we drifted aimlessly about in the sweltering sun in almost unbroken silence.

Once Dora said "Oh, my," in a distressed tone. She was feeling the melon all over, and had her eyes fixed on mine.

"It is as hot as it possibly can be," she explained, "and is getting hotter every minute."

Then we all three hastily felt the melon. True; it was nauseatingly warm. An idea came to me as an old bag at the bottom of the boat attracted my eye.

"I'll tell you what. Let's tie it in this bag, drop it overboard, and let it bob after the boat."

My wife brightened. "That is a good idea," she said, approvingly. Together we managed to execute the manœuvre. Then we resumed our farce of fishing until such an hour as we could decently pretend that our desertion of the sport was due to hunger alone.

After returning the boat, tackle, and no bait (how is it that catching no fish requires such an enormous amount of worms?), we turned our backs upon the rocky beach, and after walking for a few minutes found ourselves in a delightful oak-shaded dell. We unfortunately could not agree upon the exact spot for encampment, all three having separate ideas on the subject; but I made my claim good by resolutely sitting down in my selected spot and putting the melon beside me. So the others had to follow suit, in a bad temper that visibly increased as Dora unpacked the lunch. We were too hungry to be polite.

"What's this!" she demanded, diving

into the basket and bringing out a meat bone which she held away from her nose.

"Cold pork for sandwiches," snapped Gilbert.

"It has turned hopelessly bad," she replied, crushingly. She threw it away, and its trailing odor bore witness to her truth. Then she resumed her catechism. "And this?" "Mustard, to eat with the meat." She threw *that* away, too, before he could add, "and the artichokes."

"Artichokes?" She hunted in the basket and drew them forth—three cold, boiled artichokes from the day before. They looked too weirdly flabby for words. The next delicacy was cold potatoes.

"What on *earth* are these for?" was Dora's contemptuous inquiry.

"To eat!" he replied, angrily, "to eat!"

She laughed the one short laugh she usually reserves for me when I have failed to come home to dinner and am explaining afterward that "I met some old friends and couldn't really help myself." After her laugh she continued her investigations.

"Crackers—five of them—(thank heaven, something eatable at last!) a lump of cheese, napkins, plates, knives, forks, spoons (why spoons?), glasses, salt, butter, and no bread!"

"I beg your pardon, there *is* bread!" She merely tilted the basket to enable him to look into its emptiness, and, taking great pains with her articulation, repeated—"and no bread."

"I put a loaf in the basket," he said, doggedly.

My wife shrugged her shoulders, saying, "We have exactly five crackers and a perspiring lump of cheese for lunch, so let us eat it and be done with it."

We ate, and in silence; but our spirits returned when that ice-cold watermelon was cut and handed around. It happened that my wife and Gilbert took their first bites simultaneously. The effect on both was extraordinary. He jumped to his feet with an exclamation of "Ach! Wah! Phew!" and Dora turned green. She examined the mutilated body of the melon and then looked at me, her lower lips very much turned down, and exclaimed:

"It has been plugged, and is full of salt water."

Of course the affair was an accident, but both Gilbert and Dora acted as if I had specially striven to achieve the catas-

trophe. Their martyred air was unkind and annoying.

After a while Gilbert got up and strolled moodily away.

"Aren't you going to read to us?" my wife called after him, viciously.

"Oh, I guess not," he answered, in a tone of assumed friendliness, but without turning around. "Not to-day," he added, as if *that* softened matters somewhat; and going to quite a distance he tilted his hat over his eyes and threw himself down beneath a tree.

Before he had passed out of earshot I said, rather loudly:

"Give *me* the book, dear, I will read.

She found it and gave it to me, and though I never felt less like reading aloud in my life I saw no way of escape.

My wife stretched herself out, laid her head upon my coat, which she rolled up into a pillow, took her hat off her head and fitted it tightly over her face, and then said, in the hat, "All right," as a signal for me to begin. I began.

"The history of the Palace of the Naïad is very like that of the Prodigal Son. It was built by a Roman prince, and given to his favorite daughter on her marriage."

Here I stopped and glanced silently over a few pages, just to get the drift of the story. After the pause had lasted some five minutes, my wife repeated in her hat—"given to his favorite daughter on her marriage."

This was a suggestion for me to proceed. It annoyed me greatly. She ought to have had patience, knowing as she did that I was not reading aloud because I liked to, but simply in order to be agreeable to her. To impress the fact upon her I read to myself a little longer, and just when I had actually opened my mouth to go on from where I had left off she spoiled everything by saying, commandingly, "Go on!" (still from under the hat).

Even then I did not lose my temper; I merely shut my mouth, and read three entire chapters to myself. When I finally looked at Dora she was asleep. She must have been, for a spider was crawling across her hand and she never moved.

"Hang a book, anyhow," I muttered,

flinging it away. Then I threw myself down with my hat over my eyes.

* * * * *

I was awakened by someone (apparently in my dream) saying, impatiently:

"Oh, blow it all; let's go home! What pleasure is there in lying around in this hole of a place all day?"

It was Gilbert. His coat was flecked with grass and prickly seeds, bits of straw still clung about his head, his hat was mashed, his face was puffy and creased where he had lain upon it, he had a fairly distinct print of his cuff button on one cheek, and he did not look pleasant.

My wife, whose chief boast is that she always "wakes up wide awake, calm and collected," sat up, saying thickly:

"Yesh, yesh, I thick—sho—too. Wha's that you said?" and began to put bits of melon rind into her hat. She thought she was packing the basket.

I slowly gathered the things, my friend never offering to assist, in order to intimate that it was none of his picnic. The only assistance he gave was to say:

"Do hurry! For the Lord's sake let us catch the next boat back!"

"Why the next?" I demanded, hotly.

"Why not?" was his silencing counter question.

He had his own way, which was fortunate; for it was quite dusk before we reached the city. We parted the instant the boat landed. He asked Dora for his book. She said I had it. I said it was in the basket. Both statements, however, proved untrue, and he went off, quite properly indignant at his loss.

When we reached home we stumbled over the loaf of bread in the entry. The house was dark. We were tired and hungry, and there was nothing to eat in the pantries. Moreover, the stores were closed.

"I can warm some tea over the gas," was Dora's miserable suggestion. Then I said something that I have since regretted. I said:

"Blank a blank picnic!"

Dora burst into tears, and I had to have dinner down town—by myself. Gilbert, as I said before, has not been to see us since.



EARLY MORNING ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY E. BARNARD FOOTE.



THE sky is clear overhead and has been growing bright with the sunrise since—well shortly after 2 o'clock. The mountains to the eastward are sharply outlined against a background too brilliant for the eye, but the sun has not yet appeared. There is no dew, though the

wind is cold and damp from a little late-lying snow somewhere up among the timber until the genial Sun receives a welcome from a host of brilliant flower faces turned toward him. Here a level of several acres is blue with lupines in various shades—yonder, the course of a spring freshet is marked by a broad band of golden coreopsis; on that little slope, for some occult reason of their own, the lupines are all of a pale yellow; on another, not far away, they grow taller, and are of a pure, waxy white. Yonder, where somebody plowed a few furrows last year, or where an old road has been abandoned, there is a mass of vivid crimson from the fringy blossoms of a little plant which I love, but cannot name; while here and there, indicating the channels of hidden water veins, clumps of wild-rose bushes are industriously opening the day's new gifts of bloom and fragrance.

In the rocky head of that ravine leading down to the river a jungle of wild syringas lifts up into the sunlight a mass of white buds and blossoms of intoxicating perfume and almost artificial beauty and perfection.

Hush! don't scare that big bird yonder, with the long legs and the longer bill, until we see what he is doing, stepping about so briskly.

Ah! we thought there was no dew, but this fellow's sharp eyes have discovered a bright bead treasured in the palm of each many-fingered lupine leaf, expressly for the benefit of curlews and such early birds, and he is saving himself a tedious flight to the river, by gathering them one by one.

Yonder goes a jack rabbit at a bullet's

speed, and as we look back upon his trail a cadaverous coyote trots leisurely into view from nowhere in particular, and sits down to contemplate us in the calmness of perfect safety.

"We'll come fixed for you another day, you rascal!"

He lolls out his impudent tongue and replies quite unmistakably: "Probably I'll be fooling around within range then, you think, eh? So I will, just this way, my friends," and, presto! like Macbeth's witches, he is out of sight.

There is an anthill containing several bushels of material heaped together with infinite toil by the tiny inhabitants. How, like care-driven humanity, they are always rushing in and out, laboring and saving, building up and tearing down. Who can refrain from giving a wanton thrust into their tempting pile just to witness the panic which follows? Yet I confess that I never do these malicious outrages upon my little neighbors without an uneasy recollection of a fable I have heard about an intermediate place between this world and the next, where the meanest animal or insect is given a chance to requite mankind for its treatment at his hands. Let us content ourselves with only one little poke at the ant city and then, well—it must be getting toward breakfast time, and where can our stray animals be?

We will take one more good look through the glass, and if they are not within sight go home without them. No, they are nowhere on the horizon—not a "critter" visible anywhere; nothing but an empty, level vastness.

But hold! what is that little moving line about a hundred yards away? A sleek, dark back is just visible over the rim of a slight "sag," and there are all the animals, heading homeward.

How slowly they go, and how hot that sun is getting! How long the homeward road is! The meadow larks seem to jeer at us out of the grass; the fragrant wind makes us faint. It is barely 6 o'clock, but we are dead to the beauties of nature and the one thought uppermost is that if breakfast is not ready the very moment we get home there'll be trouble, that's all.

RECENT FOOTBALL AT HARVARD.

BY A. LONGDROP.



CUMNOCK.

THE Rugby game of football was introduced here from England in 1876 by Harvard, and the first championship was won by Harvard. Since that time, or rather during the following decade, most of the credit for improving and adapting the game here belongs to Yale. Harvard having ushered in the game, seemed to lose her initiatory grip, and Yale, being favored by a succession of men who

showed special aptitude and interest in this new sport, made extraordinary progress and for many years held almost uninterrupted sway over the football field. During these years, 1876-1886, football continued to occupy a larger place among American games, until it came to be what it now is, a most attractive feature of the school and college life in this country and a delight to all who have any understanding of it.

It was not until 1886 that Harvard seemed to wake up again. Whether this was owing to any particular set of players that then appeared on the scene, or whether it was caused by zeal bred of mortification, it is difficult to say. Certain it is, however, that after ten years of listless football, redeemed only by a few unimportant victories and by such names as Bacon, Manning, Cabot and the like, a start in the right direction was made. In the fall of 1884 football had fallen to a particularly low ebb at Harvard; indeed so much so that Harvard men passively submitted in the next fall to being deprived by the faculty of all intercollegiate matches.

Some think that this event proved to be the one thing needful to revive Harvard's proper interest in the game, for the class games were characterized by much enthusiasm and the sharpest kind of rivalry, and it brought Harvard to realize her position as an outsider, and emphasized her weak and unenviable position before the students. However this may be, before the next fall urgent and universal application was made to the faculty to reinstate Harvard as a competitor for intercollegiate football honors, and the request was granted. From this began a rapid and steady gain in Harvard football, and it is my purpose to give a short résumé of this uphill work from the forlorn condition of things in 1885 to that of victory over Yale in 1890.

George Adams was the chief instigator in getting football at Harvard on its feet again, and W. A. Brooks was made captain of the team. This was the fall of 1886. Adams coached the team and was induced to play end rush toward the close of the season. He had been a famous

rusher at Adams Academy, Quincy, and through college was one of those telling players whose main purpose, the beating of Yale, was defeated on account of the lack of team play and proper coaching. Adams' brilliant play at end rush is well remembered by Harvard men, and, indeed, by many Yale men, who very good naturedly admit his superiority over some of their best. In the fall of '82 in Cambridge Adams had been put in as substitute in the Yale game and surprised and delighted most everyone by the way in which he tackled and threw Yale's biggest players. Short, stocky and indomitable, he had done magnificent individual work for Harvard, as had many others, but it was not until he and Brooks came together in 1885 that anything like real team work and system was put in the eleven.

William A. Brooks had come down from the Exeter academy. Gifted by nature for any sort of heavy work, he stepped into the football team and crew and was an immense help to both. He, with Adams as his coach, set to work in dead earnest in the fall of 1886, and they turned out a team which was the first in years to do real credit to Harvard. In fact they did wonders in one fall's work, for their men were never once scored against, save by Yale and Princeton, and it was this team which ran up the largest score on record, that of 158 points to 0, against Phillips, Exeter. Brooks' team also defeated Wesleyan in a championship game 110 points to 0.

And so a new era in football was begun at Harvard, and "Billy" Brooks' team had the credit of "starting the ball a-rolling." His players were Adams, Woodman, Wood, Burgess, Remington, Butler, Faulkner, Harding, Dudley, Fletcher, Porter, Boyden, Holden, Sears and Peabody. These men were noted for playing very hard and fairly scientific football, but they were lacking in experience and in a full knowledge of the game, and, most of all, in that confidence which Yale had learned to possess. This team lost from Yale—24 points to 4—and from Princeton—12 points to 0—but "blanked" all other teams. Brooks enjoys much praise for the work he did, and he is to-day a favorite referee for all football matches—his firmness, knowledge of the game and honesty of purpose being proverbial.

Among Brooks' men was one in particular who attracted much attention. His

playing was the most brilliant on the team, as were his quick-witted ways and dogged perseverance. This was A. F. Holden, of Cleveland, Ohio, and he was made captain for the fall of 1887. This was a happy choice for Harvard, for, although Holden did not win, he possessed just the qualities for a leader and knew more football than any Harvard man up to his time. He raised its football fairly abreast of Yale's. But he did not escape the fortunes of war. "Bert" Holden's hard luck will never be forgotten: how, by his tremendous energy and will power



HOLDEN.

he shook together as fine a team as Harvard ever had; how he whipped Princeton, but broke his chest in the contest, and consequently saw his team go to pieces just before the Yale game, lacking his leadership.

Holden infused life into his men and taught them to play fine football—such blocking, interference and hard tackling have never been eclipsed in this country. All Harvard men felt keenly the misfor-

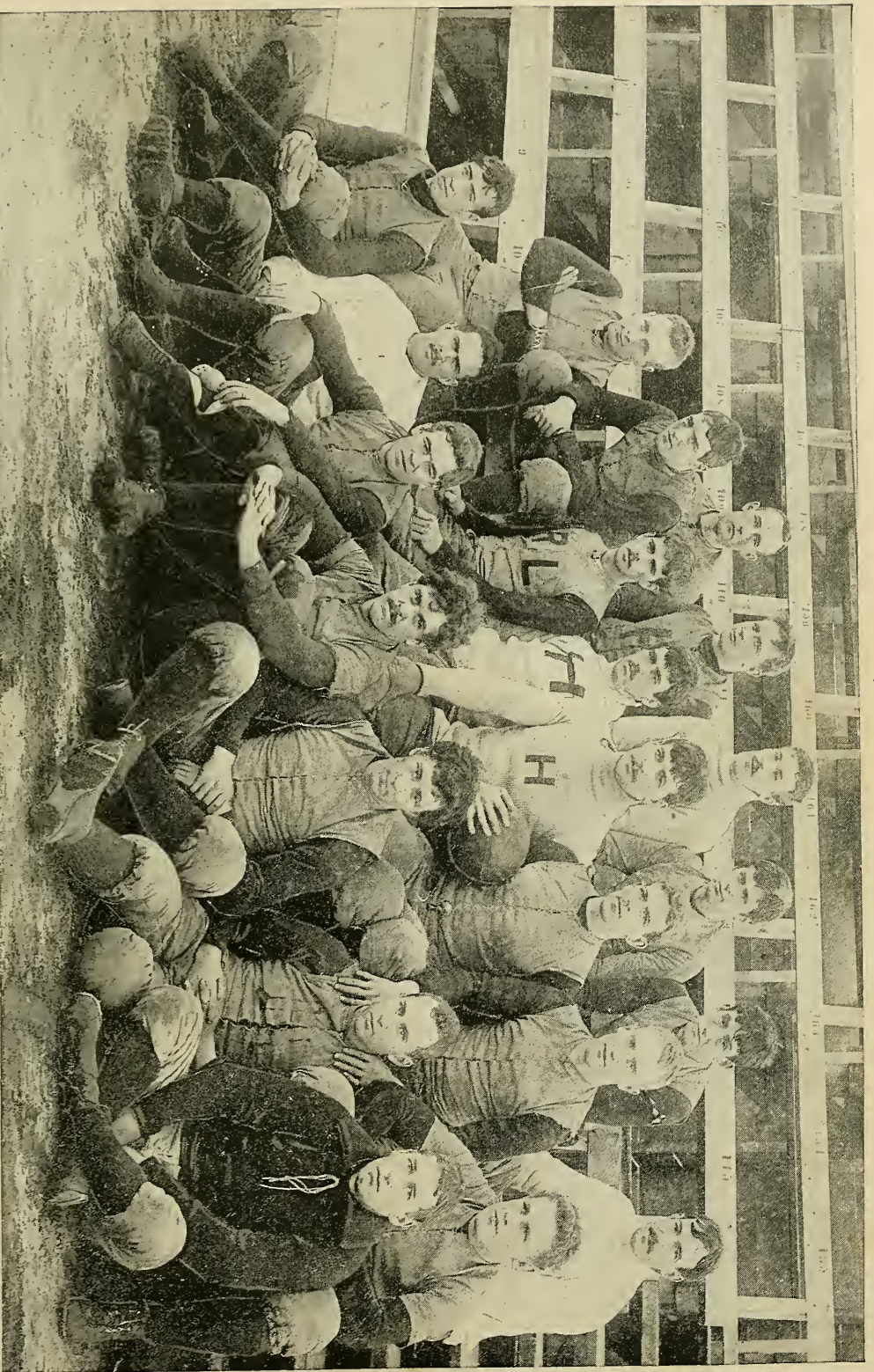
Personally Holden did not look a football player. His build was rather light than heavy and only fairly good, but his swiftness and dodging were remarkable. His tackling, too, was sure. The greatest features of his work, however, were determination and untiring zeal, admirable qualities for a leader. His left end rush was Arthur J. Cumnock, a player who was to attain fame at football. Cumnock was a freshman and attracted immediate attention. An untiring and painstaking worker, he proved himself to be the best end rush in college. Though not particularly fast, he was all over the field and did more than one man was expected to do in defending his side. His long arms, aided by a swift lope, brought down his opponents with great sureness.

Next to Cumnock, at left tackle, was Frank Woodman, from the Roxbury Latin School. Woodman was considered a strong man in his position, a hard and sure tackler and good line breaker. His general work was effective, and he was known to be a singularly rough, good-natured player. His style has been often compared with that of C. O. Gill, who occupied the corresponding position on the Yale team. Next to Woodman was the left guard, a strong and well-made man, J. W. Wood. Broad and heavy, he effectively held back the enemy and, being a hard runner, made telling inroads on their territory. Wood was an all-round reliable player. The centre rush, Markoe, was a large, strong and fairly active 200 pounder. He blocked and broke through well, and had a good-natured way of using up his opponent.

The right guard, Perry Trafford, completed a very strong middle. His work was always football, and carefully done. His blocking and breaking through were good and his runs always fruitful. The right tackle, Butler, was the hardest worker on the team, who always did more than his duty demanded. He was not noticeably brilliant in any style of play, but was a most faithful all-round man. The right end, Bancroft, although slow, was a sure tackler. His breaking through was faultless, and no rusher in the country followed the ball better than he. "Vic" Harding, the quarter back, was a terror to all opponents. As a tackler, runner and line breaker he did excellent work, and his passing was well nigh faultless. Short and very stocky, and decidedly active, he seemed omnipresent,



tunes which attended Holden and his men, for they had good reason to be extremely hopeful for the success of this team. The final game was played between Harvard and Yale on Thanksgiving Day in New York, after each club had defeated Princeton by the same score, 12 points to 0. Captain Holden viewed the contest from a cab window. The game went to Yale by a score of 17 points to 8. It was a great contest.



Pack, New York.

SHEA.

SHAW.
CRANSTON.

HARDING.
ALWARD.

NASON.
SHEERWIN.
BANGS.

LEE.
HALLOWELL.
NEWELL.

BLANCHARD.
FINLAY.
CUNNOCK.

FEARING.
DEAN.
UPTON.

F. TRAFORD.
LAKE.
CORRETT.

THE HARVARD FOOTBALL TEAM, 1900.

and saved his side many times from losing the ball. His cleverness in dropping on the ball will long be remembered.

The half backs, Porter and Holden, were well nigh perfect. In all qualities, save in kicking, they excelled; and their running, tackling and catching left nothing to be desired. Porter's style of running straight and fast, and Holden's zig-zag plus speed behind a well-trained rush line made them sure ground gainers and scorers. They both stood five feet nine inches, weighed 160 pounds and ran 100 yards in ten and one-half seconds. The full back, Sears, was the kicker of the team, and his punts flew as if projected from a gun. Tall, powerful and fearless, he made the best line breaker Harvard has ever had, and his tackling could not be criticised. This team, with its body

of excellent substitutes, known to be as fine a body of men as Harvard has ever put out, well illustrates the fact that an army, no matter how strong and well drilled, if deprived of its general is liable to go to pieces. The substitutes of Holden's team were Saxe, Boyden, Perry, Piper, Appleton and Churchill. This team, although it did not win, had done the great work—that of raising Harvard's football and of placing it among the best.

During the next two years Harvard—having lost her great leaders, Adams, Brooks and Holden—did no better than hold her own. Captain Sears in 1888 had much to contend with. It was a case where everything was thrown on the captain, and the strain proved to be too great. Harvard, though beating the smaller colleges, lost to Princeton by twelve points, and did not have a chance at her favorite rival. Yale decided that if the Harvard faculty would not allow the game in New York, as was customary, it could not be played at all, and, much to the disappointment of the whole country, Harvard and Yale did not meet.

The autumn of 1889 found A. J. Cumnock, the favorite end rusher, captain. It is said that Cumnock never saw a football until he went to Harvard. Once there he took to it amazingly. After two years under Holden and Sears we find him getting together a team of his own. He did this well. Out of Upton, Tilton, Finlay, Cranston, Trafford, Longstreth, Davis, Dean, Crosby, Lee and B. Trafford he turned out a team lacking only in one particular—but that a fatal one—good physical condition. He taught his men to play splendid football, but not to last. Harvard lost to Yale by six points and to Princeton by a much larger score. This was a very suggestive year to Cumnock and he profited by it.

Taking up the reins again in the fall of 1890, with the approval of everybody, Cumnock made the most systematic and thoroughgoing examination of all questions pertaining to the management of a football team. His enthusiasm knew no bounds and carried all before it. Not a stone was left unturned in getting all the available men out and in subjecting them to his treatment. The health, condition, temperament, as well as the play of the men, were under the closest inspection. The result was that when Cumnock met Yale he presented eleven men in perfect physical condition, who possessed a prac-



ADAMS.



SEARS. BUTLER. BURGESS. WOOD. FLETCHER. PEABODY. BOYDEN.
HOLDEN. FAULKNER. WOODMAN BROOKS (CAPT.). DUDLEY. REMINGTON. PORTER.
HARDING. ALLEN (MGR.). ADAMS.

BROOKS' TEAM, FALL OF 1886.

tical knowledge of the American game of football never surpassed. They outplayed Yale man for man, being superior physically and quite equal as to their knowledge of the game.

Cumnock's men were Upton, Alward, Finlay, Cranston, P. Trafford, Newell, Hallowell, Dean, Corbett, Lee, Lake and B. Trafford. These are honored names to Harvard. The secret of their play was perfect harmony and understanding of each other, together with a fine knowledge of the game and the strength and condition sufficient to sustain it. Cumnock's rush line, though large and heavy, was very active, and played into each other's hands admirably. The backs, being protected by such a rush line, had good opportunity to display their powers. The full back, fortunately a fine kicker, and promising to be the best on our football field, caused great confusion among his opponents. His long drives, sometimes quite unlooked for because of strong head wind, would drop in most unlooked-for places, thereby giving his rushers an

excellent chance to keep possession of the ball.

The half backs, Lee, Lake and Corbett, were noted chiefly for their brilliancy in running. Each had his own effective style of evading his opponents. Lee ran very swift; Lake very strong and Corbett very treacherously, being very cool in darting through apertures among his opponents. The quarter back, Dean, was a star in his position, and quite the main-spring of the team. All the work was done from him as a centre, and what with his cat-like agility, strength and accuracy, there was but little wanting in his play. These four men stood behind a rush line perfectly trained and drilled and thoroughly acquainted with each other's moves.

Cumnock and Hallowell, as ends, were such sure tacklers as to discourage the enemy's inroads at that quarter, and Alward, Upton and Newell, as tacklers, were almost equally so, while they possessed also much cleverness in running with the ball. Newell's versatile play is specially to be remarked upon and the telling effect

which it had upon his opponents. Finlay and P. Trafford, as guards, blocked the way pretty effectually, and their great strength and quickness in tackling and running, taking into consideration their size, was remarkable. Cranston, as centre rush, was a host in himself and an impediment to all opposing plays. Large, powerful and heavy, he showed all the good qualities of a much lighter man, and proved of inestimable value in his position.

These men were selected from a large and motley crowd of candidates, and the making of a team from them, the getting order out of chaos, was a tremendous work indeed. From half a dozen elevens, all playing simultaneously, men were gradually lopped off, and the rest, under the watchful eyes of the coaches, were kept hard at work until their individual worth was really known. Finally the candidates, being sifted down to two teams, came more directly under the influence of the captain and coaches, and the improvement was rapid and great.

When the team was finally settled upon

and the men fixed in their permanent positions, then it was that they began to play into each other's hands and to acquire that team play which has been so much admired. Then it was that the system of signals was drilled into the men which caused them to play as one man. Captain Cumnock's influence upon his men was very great, both in and off the field, and he was ably assisted by the coaches of his choice, for it is a well-known fact that a share of the success of the team belongs respectively to Mr. George Adams, ex-Captain "Joe" Sears, Mr. Geo. A. Stewart and Dr. Conant among other helpers.

Considering the splendid team work of these men and their very exceptional individual qualities as football players, together with the hard and faithful struggles of their predecessors, it is easy to see how they were able to place Harvard at the head of football in 1890. And now that old Harvard and Yale are neck and neck once more, the coming contests are looked forward to with even greater interest than ever.



CUMNOCK. WOOD. TRAFFORD. WOODMAN. BANCROFT. PALMER (MGR.). SEARS. HOLDEN (CAPT.). SAXE. PIPER. MARKOE. BUTLER. APPLETON.
HARDING. PORTER. BOYDEN.

HOLDEN'S TEAM, FALL OF 1887.



UPPER PENINSULA RUNWAYS.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.

TWO friends sat in a certain snug little smoking den one evening last October, busily engaged in that most delightful of occupations—planning a shooting trip. Upon a table before them was spread a pocket map, and presently the owner of the room said: “You see, here is Montreal; now, I’ll show you just where we are going, and outline one of the best bits of country now available for mixed shooting. Follow the Canadian Pacific Railway track from Montreal, go to this point—Sudbury—and thence follow this branch line to Sault Ste. Marie, where we shall be at the gateway of what is undoubtedly a ‘crack’ game country. The Sault is, as it were, the apex of an acute angled triangle. I will draw a pencil mark from the south shore of Lake Superior, passing just west of Lake Gogebic and extending south about fifteen miles beyond Rhinelander. This, roughly speaking, forms the base of the triangle. The south shore of Superior forms the northern boundary to it, and we will draw a line from this point south of Rhinelander straight to the north shore of Lake Michigan and to Sault Ste. Marie, and our imaginary triangle is completed.

Now, within that space lies a country hardly to be equaled for shooting and fishing, and we’ll start in that direction to-morrow morning.

“Charlie and his outfit will be at the Sault, the guide will be ready at Manistique; we’ll go in there, and if we don’t find deer, bear, grouse and duck enough to satisfy you I’ll eat that stuffed buck’s head above you. Gaze upon his royal head, my son, and remember that he came from the Upper Manistique and there are plenty of his relatives to follow. If you want a change after a week near Manistique lakes there are plenty of points west and nor’west easily accessible. From Sault Ste. Marie we will complete the rail journey via the ‘Soo’ line; and now let’s turn in and have our last city sleep for twenty nights.”

The speaker’s praise of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and the adjacent territory of Wisconsin was by no means extravagant, for this great tongue of land, bounded on the north by the broad reach of the famous “inland sea,” Superior, and on the south by the restless flood of Lake Michigan, has ever been and will be for years to come the chosen home of the black bear and Virginia deer, of the shy

beaver, the otter, mink and many other furred animals, while in the hundreds of square miles of stately forest and tangled "second growth" ruffed grouse are perhaps more numerous than in any other portion of the American continent. Nor are these all that await the sportsman. The whole country is netted with hurrying streams and spangled with unnumbered lakes, like lovely silver beads strung on a background of changeable green. These form favorite resting places for waterfowl during the spring and fall migrations.

Such a network of waters naturally tempts the knights of the supple wand during the proper season, but of the fishing 'twill be unnecessary to speak at length; for what honest angler has not heard of the trout and beautiful grayling, of the mighty muscallonge and sturdy black bass and the pike, pickerel, etc., of the Upper Peninsula streams and lakes and of the waters of Wisconsin? The bare mention of such names as Indian Lake, Manistique, Munising, Bass Lake, Two-Hearted, Au Train, Gogebic is enough.

From his Ohio home Charlie traveled northward to the Sault, where the three met two days after. Besides his share of the general "plunder" each man had gun and rifle properly cased for travel. Fred and Charlie put their faith in a couple of Parker hammerless ten gauges and Marlin rifles, while the "Wanderer" had his oft-tried Winchester and a little sixteen-gauge hammerless.

The two following days were occupied in getting their outfit up the Manistique and fixing camp beside a lovely lake, and nightfall of the second day found them as comfortable as could well be. The reader may as well be spared the usual aggravating description of meals, beds, etc. This party did as most parties do—they ate like wolves and slept like hunters!

The guide had two dogs; one a sort of mongrel harrier and the other a sturdy little rough spaniel, a fair worker on grouse and a faultless retriever for ducks. The "Wanderer" was earliest astir on the third morning, and as he stood upon the narrow band of beach before him spread a mist-draped level of silent, motionless water, bounded on every side by unbroken forest, a wall of gamboge, brown and dull crimson, with here and there great patches of almost black-green, where pines and firs were clustered. It needed only

the magical touch of the sun to brighten all those masses of color into a perfect blaze of glorious tints, and the sun was coming. In a few moments a flame of light streamed along the crest of a distant hill and curving rays shot like golden arrows athwart the mist and seemed to strike and stick fast in the tangle of painted foliage. Gradually the dull crimsons flamed like the ruby glow of good wine, the yellows turned to burnished gold, the browns to polished bronzes, the sombre green of the pines brightened, and the lazy curtains of snowy mist swayed and lifted here and there, as though the slumbering lake was growing restless and kicking off the sheets ere rousing for the day.

From a shadowy point, seemingly miles distant, but in reality barely one hundred yards away, came a faint plashing of water, followed by a sudden ringing blast that could come only from the nostrils of a suspicious buck.

Slowly and carefully the "Wanderer" sunk to all fours, then crawled noiselessly into camp, and as he went he heard, as if in answer to the buck's fierce challenge, a confused quacking and chattering from the surface of the lake. Touching each sleeper he woke them silently. "Deer and duck! Get your guns ready and wait till you hear me shoot. Hang on to those dogs!" The little spaniel's nostrils were already "whistling" as Fred smothered him under a blanket. Then the "Wanderer" stole out, carefully working a shell into the barrel of the Winchester as he went. For minutes they waited, hearing nothing but the thumping of their own hearts or an occasional muffled protest from the outraged spaniel. Then the sharp, spiteful "pi-ah-ah" of the Winchester sounded, and the report ripped its way through the mist and broke in scattering waves of sound among the hills and ravines on the farther shore, while an avalanche of men and dogs and blankets and yelps dashed from the camp.

For an instant the spaniel pranced about in wild leaps, with his long ears half erect and his stump tail looking like a haze behind him. Then he sped away, tonguing a shrill "Yiff—yaff—yaff!" of wild excitement. After him went the harrier, gliding like a ghost, and as he passed behind the point one glorious, long-drawn, wavering challenge swelled, like a blast from a bugle, high above the jerky discord of the spaniel, proving that the hound had struck a burning trail. From the lake came sudden bursting thunders of



"WHAT A SHOW FOR THE FIRST DAY!"—p. 84.

crowding wings, pattering of feet, beating of sharp pinions and a confused medley of quacks and startled cries as raft after raft of duck rose heavily amid the mists. The air was filled with the hiss of flight, and presently dark columns of duck showed above the mist, wheeling and darting in every direction, while scattered fowl in twos and threes crossed and recrossed in frantic haste.

"Look out! To the left!"

Solid masses of fowl were swinging directly toward the camp, and as they passed overhead the heavy booming of the big "Parkers" scattered them in wild confusion, while half a dozen sounding "spats" on the water told the tale.

"Gimme some shells!"

All hands made a rush for the ammunition box, and for the next ten minutes a rapid fusillade was kept up until the last duck had vanished in search of safer quarters. Then sudden silence fell, broken at last by the voice of the guide:

"Wa-al, dog-rast my everlastin' skin, ef I ain't bin all this while tryin' to jam a No. 10 shell into a popgun! Wat in hemlock kind uv a gun d'ye call this thing anyhow?" Fred and Charlie sat down to laugh in comfort.

A crashing of twigs announced the return of the spaniel, and he was set to work to find such duck as had fallen on shore, while Fred took one of the canoes and gathered up the floaters. Thirteen in all were found, tied in bunches and hung to a tree—the "first game for the party," as Charlie remarked. The hound's voice had ceased altogether, and they were just wondering if the earth had swallowed up the "Wanderer" when he stepped forth from the cover some distance away, with the harrier at his heels. He came slowly along the narrow beach, his face wearing a troubled expression and his every movement seeming listless—clearly a much disappointed man. His eyes brightened as they noted the duck, and he said: "Well, you fellows had a pretty lively time anyway."

"Yes, luck runs in streaks, old chap—awfully sorry you missed. Was he running?"

"No, he was walking; but he ran fast enough after I shot. A buck and two does were standing in the water, right below the point yonder. I pulled on the buck all right as I thought, but he just humped himself, and measured off half a mile to show what he could do."

"Well, say, old man, we don't want to hurt your feelings, but you ought to have reached him somehow at that distance."

The "Wanderer's" face twitched slightly, and his eyes lost their troubled expression as the guide seized the hound by an ear and began to examine his muzzle.

"Boys, he's doublin' on you. This here dog's doin' too much chop lickin', an' thar's deer blood on his leg! Tobe, you lead the way right to that thar deer. I was wonderin' how you cum to quit a hot trail!"

Then the "Wanderer" brought his left hand from his coat pocket and laughed aloud as he held up a small bunch of long white hair, which the guide greeted with: "I'll bet he had that tucked in so tight that yer never took it from him till he was bled. Come on, boys, an' we'll snake him in! Take us to him, Tobe."

About half a mile away they found the buck, and toted him into camp and hung him up. He was a beauty—not so very large, but possessing a grand head—and everyone agreed with Charlie's ecstatic exclamation: "*What* a show for the first day, and no one's been a mile from camp!"

That afternoon Jim came in from a short scouting expedition and reported lots of fresh sign all about, and added: "I run into a hull drove of patridge back yonder, an' if you fellers want to bust 'em, come ahead."

All hands followed Jim, and the spaniel was soon busy routing up the grouse, and Jim speedily found out "Wat in hemlock kind uv a gun" the little sixteen gauge was, for it knocked down more grouse than the two "tens" combined and scored the prettiest "double" of the day.

Next day they opened the ball with a few shots at duck, and then put in a long tramp after grouse, with excellent results. A day by day description of their doings would be wearisome, for even such sport as deer or grouse shooting has a certain amount of sameness about it, but certain incidents which befell them ere camp was finally broken are worthy of description.

All hands were enjoying a comfortable smoke one afternoon, lounging about and listening for the harrier—for that unworthy canine had either managed to get lost or had sneaked away to do a trifle of hunting on his own account. After a long, lazy pause Charlie suddenly exclaimed: "I hear him now!" and from the further side of the lake came faint and far the musical tonguing of a hound



FIRST BLOOD.

trailing. Said the guide: "Let's scatter along shore; he might run him to water here—tho' he's liker to slope off nor'east."

At last a great splashing in the water directly opposite camp caught all eyes, and they could clearly make out the long narrow muzzle and curved antlers of a buck at the apex of a rapidly-growing wake. A few moments later he was a dead deer—Charlie being the lucky man. Two days later Fred scored the prettiest shot of the outing. The guide had taken the two deer and a bunch of duck and grouse down the river in the largest canoe to a point whence a settler's team was to carry them out to the station, the intention being to ship the lot as presents to friends. While he was away the triumvirate amused themselves still hunting along a small stream, one of the feeders of their lake.

Fred was leading the way along the bank of this stream when he suddenly stopped to fasten the thong of his boot, placing his foot upon a stone as a convenient rest. Just as he was going to lay

his rifle on the moss he paused an instant, and, without changing from his awkward position, leveled the weapon and quickly fired. The others glanced upstream just in time to see the finest deer of all rear wildly up and fall backward, shot clean through the heart, at a distance of at least 180 yards.

After the return of the guide it was decided by a vote of three to one (the "Wanderer" hated the very name of hounding deer to water) that the harrier should earn his keep by running a deer into the lake if possible.

At daybreak the "Wanderer" left them "alone with their butchery," as he expressed it, and took his way up the stream where Fred had killed his deer. Every little sandy beach and bar bore signs old and new of deer, and now and again he noticed bear tracks, but none of these latter was very fresh. By 9 o'clock he had worked his way to a point some three miles from camp, and here, as he was resting for a moment upon a fallen tree,



FACE TO FACE WITH THE OLD LADY.—P. 88.



THE PRETTIEST DOUBLE OF THE DAY.—P. 84.

he first heard the tongue of the hounds. He had barely time to slip behind the nearest tree ere a half-grown fawn cleared the log in one flying bound almost over the spot where he had rested. A great doe followed in a magnificent leap and the pair, with white flags bravely hoisted, cantered away totally unaware that there was a Winchester pointed in their direction.

But their time was not just yet, for even as his eye sunk to the sights another graceful form curved above the log and the monarch of the wild had come. The deer must have caught sight of his skulking enemy as he rose to the leap, for he landed half crouching and remained as though frozen in that position, while from his nostrils came the shrill "whew" of astonishment. For an instant man and brute stared at each other, then the rifle belched forth its murderous messenger and the deer pitched heavily forward on his head, shot fairly through the neck. In a moment the hound came rushing in, filling the air with wild music, and clamber-

ing eagerly over the log he leaped upon the fallen game.

But, while the knife was doing needful duty, the staunch toiler, weary as he was, slipped away, and soon his sonorous voice grew fainter and fainter in the direction taken by the doe and fawn.

The "Wanderer" hung up his game as best he could in a small tree; then, after a pull at his pipe, he scouted further along the bank. Upon his return in the afternoon his first glance toward camp revealed, what he fully expected to see, the doe and fawn of the morning's chase hanging where the other deer had been. The dog had "watered" both, and Fred and Charlie had paddled on them and killed one each.

But there was an air of mystery about the camp that puzzled him. Something had happened, he suspected, which the others were keeping from him, and without betraying himself he kept his eyes very wide open. When he told about killing the buck the guide remarked:

"Yure in dead luck, you are!"

Then Fred looked at Charlie, and the latter looked at the ground on which he lay, and a spasm of laughter seemed to convulse both of them. The "Wanderer" was convinced now that something *had* happened and he stole a searching glance at every tree within sight, but could see nothing unusual.

About midnight the "Wanderer" awoke from a terrible dream and tried to leap to his feet, but some great hairy brute held him fast. A sickening, oily smell of raw flesh filled his nostrils, and reach where he would he only seemed to touch cold, clammy, dead meat. Finally, dripping with perspiration and half suffocated, he shook off the monster and realized that he had been snugly covered up with *two fresh black bear skins!*

The murder was out, and the roars of laughter from the others explained that the whole thing was a put-up job. They had waited until he was soundly asleep, then spread the skins over him and gone outside by the fire to bide the result. The skins were hauled out and spread flat, and proved to be the original wrappers of an old "she" and cub in fine fur.

Fred, Charlie and the guide, it seemed, had started in quest of grouse after killing the doe and fawn, and early in the afternoon had discovered an old she bear and two lusty cubs. They decided that it would be safer to run back to camp and get the rifles, while the guide kept an eye upon the movements of the bear. On their return Charlie met the "old lady" almost face to face. She reared upon her hams and eyed him wickedly, and as Charlie put it:

"She had cubs and looked as though she'd make a run at me any minute, so I just gave it to her point blank." She tumbled around a lot and half got up again, so the pair of us opened fire and finished her and one cub. Jim chased the other for about half a mile, but couldn't catch up with it; so we only got two, but we should have nailed the whole outfit."

However, a brace of bear was not bad work and everybody felt triumphant.

During the remainder of the outing distant glimpses of two more bear were caught and many tracks seen, but no chance came for any more shots. Four more deer were added to the score, and fair bags of grouse were made whenever sought.

The party made several long trips from camp in different directions, and discovered that, while their headquarters were well chosen, there were other points at no great distance from the Upper Manistique where game was even more plentiful.

Finally one sharp, bracing day the three friends stood once again on the huge international bridge spanning the St. Mary's River and looked down on the foamy tumult of waters cascading madly downward from Gitche Gume. The holiday was done, but its good effects would wear until next year. Twenty days before three neatly-dressed, shaven and perhaps slightly careworn city chaps had gone into the Upper Peninsula woods. Now three big, brown, bearded men had come out, looking the picture of rugged health and strength. Charlie was to leave them now, but he was pledged for October, 1891. Quoth the "Wanderer":

"So you are prepared to acknowledge that I chose a respectable kind of a shooting ground?"

"We'll bet two bear skins that you did."

"Well, next October we'll go a little farther West before we're through. Jim knows all the country like a book, and I'll write to Jerry Whelan, of Munising, and to E. C. Cox, of Au Train Station, for full particulars, and then we can compare notes and decide. In any case we can get a guide wherever we choose, and, boys, I tell you there are better places."

"Bet you two bear skins they're not!"

"Well, we'll try either Manistique, Munising, Au Train or some other of the good places next fall and I'll kill a bear myself."

"Bet you two bear skins——"

"Oh, stow that! the joke's stale. Good-bye." And so Charlie departed.





"HE GRACED A PLATTER ON MY TABLE ON THANKSGIVING DAY."—P. 123.



OUTING.

VOL. XIX.

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No. 2.

WITH THE HUMBOLDT TRAPPERS.

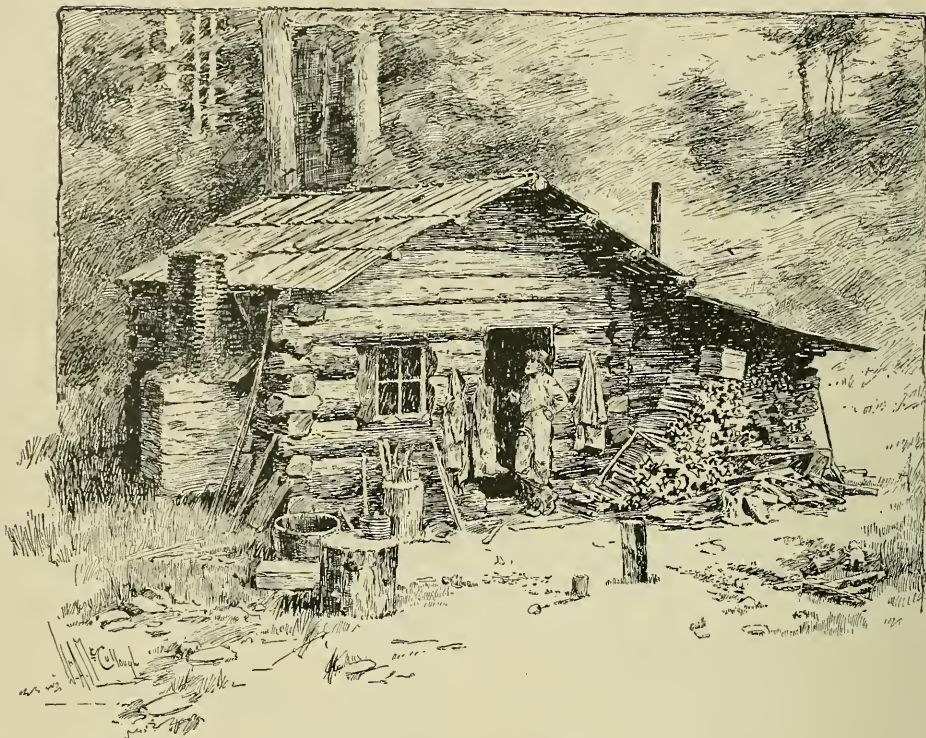
BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



THE Humboldt country is a heavily timbered region something more than two hundred miles north of San Francisco Bay. It is entirely off the line of any railroad and is only reached by coast-line steamers or by stage from Ukiah, Redding or Southern Oregon. It has magnificent forests, open glades and prairies, extensive marsh islands, great rivers and high mountains. Game of every kind known in Northern California is especially abundant, and there is no district of the Pacific Coast that offers greater inducements to the sportsman. The Adirondacks, much as they were a half century ago, but on a very much larger scale, can be found here in the "Humboldt back country." Here, too, is the district where the last of the famous trappers and hunters of the West have made their homes and are waiting for the end. They have tramped westward all the way from the Pecos and the Missouri; they fought with long-forgotten tribes of Indians on the plains and in the Rockies; they trapped beaver in the valley of the Sacramento before it held an American settlement; they were the pathmakers whose footsteps were followed by Bidwell, Reading and Fremont. They were

boys with the famous trapping expeditions of the early years of the century, and their heroes are such men as Lewis and Clarke, Saint Vrain, Kit Carson, "old man" Bridger and the Ashleys. They belong to an older and greater group of frontiersmen than the Buffalo Bills.

Here are some brief chapters of early exploration. About 1820 California was first reached by wandering trappers. In 1823 the Ashleys, with their comrades, hunted on the Merced, Stanislaus and Tuolumne. In 1825 Jedediah Smith, with forty trappers, explored the whole San Joaquin and Sacramento region. In 1830 the Ewing Young party trapped in the same districts and over much of the Northern California coast. In 1832 Michael Laframboise, with a number of Hudson Bay trappers, spent a year in Northern California; that company for ten years or more kept about fifty trappers at work within the present limits of the State. Many of the early trappers, entering California from the south, settled down in the Spanish settlements, married well and became large land owners. The Northern trappers gave their names to rivers and mountains and gradually sought shelter in the wildest parts of the Coast Range. They rarely or never "went to the mines," settled in the rich valleys or helped to found cities. Some of them married Indian wives; others found helpmates among the early Missourian immigrants to California. Those of them that still remain live in rugged old age on small "mountain ranches," miles removed from the towns, in what is still the heart of the wilder-



THE CABIN OF THE TRAPPER.

ness, and must so remain for many years to come.

Only a few years ago Stephen Hall Meek was still living on Scott Creek, north of Humboldt, in the Siskiyou country, but within the same timbered and wild district. Meek was with a party of trappers that first visited California in 1833 and wintered on Tulare Lake. I think that Meek is still alive, one of the oldest of the whole group of trappers. He was born in 1807 in Washington County, Virginia, and was, I believe, a cousin of President Polk. He was with Captain Bonneville and joined the Walker expedition that discovered the Truckee, Carson and Walker rivers. His whole career is full of the free picturesque elements; he and his rifle belong together in the front with wild nature. Like Bridger, he only once or twice visited a city, and highly disapproved of civilization and "them deep city cañons" in which he invariably managed to get lost.

The horseback trail west from Junction City on the Trinity River leads presently into the wild country that the old trappers love. I say the horseback trail, for

there is no wagon road for thirty miles or more, and when you again reach settlements the roads are barely passable until you come to the rich valleys and farm lands or to the logging camps, which need good highways for hauling their supplies. But in the region of horseback trails you will occasionally come across an old man with his pack mule and rifle, slowly climbing some steep pine-covered ridge. You can see at a glance that he is no prospector nor cattleman nor even a sheep herder moving to another district. All these have pots and pans, weighty luggage and various impedimenta. The old trapper has only blankets, match box, pipe and rifle. He will live in the woods for months, and go back to his cabin with a mule load of dried venison. He never needlessly destroys game; the instincts of a true sportsman are his, and if he saw a city dude aiming at a doe with fawns he would probably break the dude's gun across a pine stump and order him to "git back to San Francisco." Though he is all hunter now, he is something more besides; the long years of his trapper training have given him a close and ac-

curate knowledge of the ways of many birds and beasts that ordinary hunters think beneath their notice. For this reason, if for no other, the best possible guide over the vast Mendocino, Humboldt, Trinity and Siskiyou mountain land is an old trapper. His beaver traps that were set in the Snake and Shoshone in the midst of savage foes in days of old now lie rusting, forgotten in the gulch by his cabin, but that perfect training of every sense that came from those years of outdoor life still remains the marvel of young men.

I hardly know how to describe the fullness and variety of nature-knowledge that one finds in the best men of this old trapper type. Let a simple illustration suffice. A friend of mine once collected butterflies and moths for several years. He became quite an authority on the subject and his carefully-labeled specimens were very attractive. He removed to a town in the mountains, and making the acquaintance of an old trapper asked him to the house to "look at the butterflies." He pulled out drawer after drawer without eliciting a word of comment from his guest. Suddenly the latter pointed to a small and obscure butterfly, saying, "That is a scurce kind."

"It's extinct," said my friend.

"What's that?"

"All dead; no more of them anywhere."

"Not much they ain't. But, as I told yer, they is scurce. I only noticed that sort once, in a cañon about half a mile across. As you went up the gulch first was that kind," pointing to another species; "then this sort that you say is petered out, then that other sort. I noticed them all in one little 'flat,' but I was trailin' a grizzly and so I didn't stop long."

My friend got a county map, and the old trapper leaned over it.

"Up Mad River, so far—Wild Cat Creek comes in about thar; not on this map. Follow up Wild Cat about three miles; thar's an oak bottom, the first of any size. Two gulches

comes down on the left hand; take the second, and somewhere about the middle of it, if you hit the butterfly season, ye'll find them yellow speckled ones that you said was all 'extinct.'"

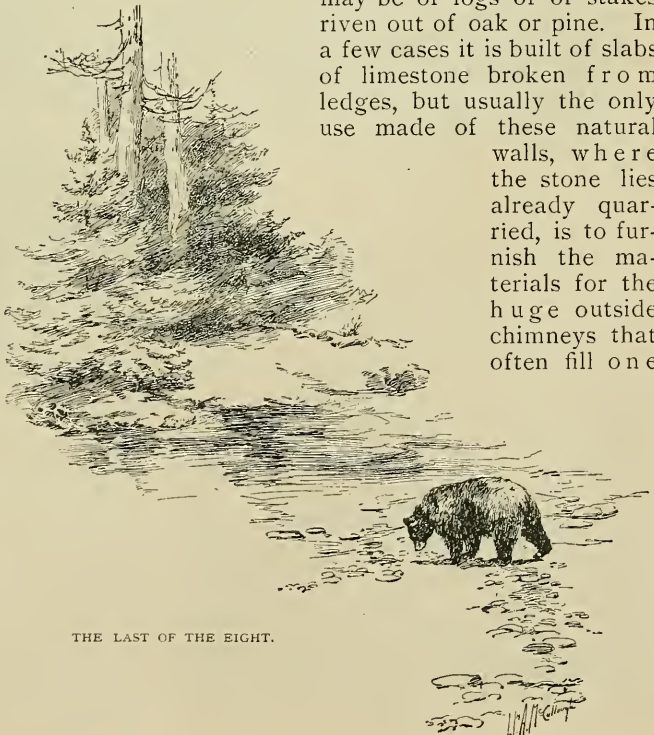
The next year my friend made a trip to the back country, and found the lost species in the identical pocket of the hills that the old trapper had described. It has never been found anywhere else.

The botanists owe some of their most important "discoveries" of new plants in the Humboldt region to these forest trackers, who could tell them where to look for rare forms. I once knew a country school teacher who spent his vacations botanizing in the mountains and hunting up every old trapper. He told me that it was a common experiment of his to place his specimen book of dried plants before one of them, and have him say something like this: "Well, young man, there's a plant on a ridge about *so* far north that you ought ter gather."

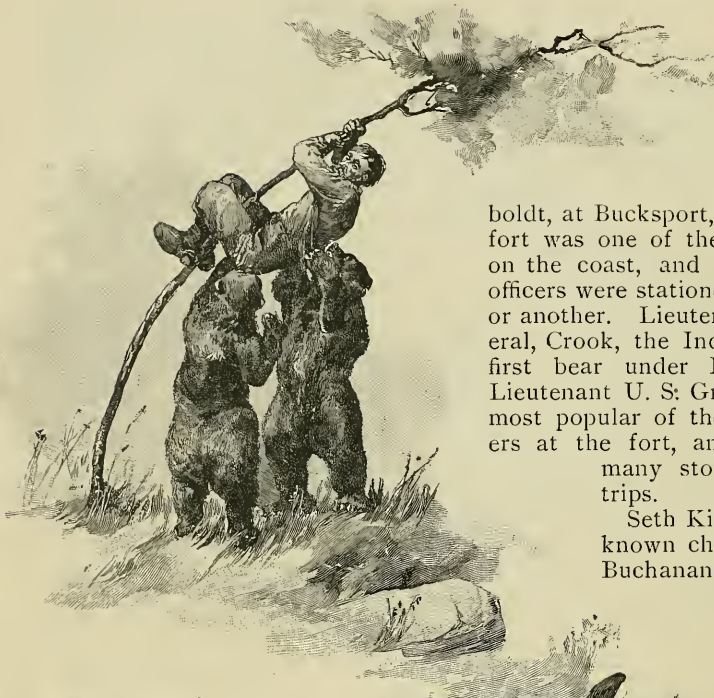
"What is it like?"

"Sort of mountain lilac, only different from any you've got. Scarce up here; may be lots of it somewhere else." Then a terse, vivid description followed, from which the species could often be determined.

The cabin of the trapper may be of logs or of stakes riven out of oak or pine. In a few cases it is built of slabs of limestone broken from ledges, but usually the only use made of these natural walls, where the stone lies already quarried, is to furnish the materials for the huge outside chimneys that often fill one



THE LAST OF THE EIGHT.



TREED, AND HOBSON'S CHOICE.

gable of the cabin. Where stone is scarce these chimneys are made of sticks laid in clay, and a huge box of puddled clay forms the fireplace. Unlike the "shanties" that one finds in the "second-growth" forests of the Atlantic slope, these pioneer cabins of the far West are large, comfortable and picturesque. They stand in sunny glades of the unruined forests of redwoods and oaks; the mountains rise high above them, and wide, clear rivers flow past. I have slept many a night in such hospitable shelters, and made my breakfast on trout fresh from the brook and quail from the chapparal. The old trappers live on the fat of the wilderness.

There has been no more remarkable trapper in the Humboldt region than Seth Kinman, the "maker of Presidential chairs." Kinman was born in Union County, Pennsylvania, in 1815, and when a lad left his home to seek adventures in the Western country. He trapped and hunted with many exploring parties, until in the spring of 1850 he joined Major Reading's noted company that prospected the Trinity basin, and "took mule loads of gold" out of Reading Bar, where

Douglas City now stands. In 1852 Kinman helped to explore the Humboldt region, and in 1853 became the hunter fort For Hum-

boldt, at Bucksport, near Eureka. The fort was one of the most popular posts on the coast, and many distinguished officers were stationed there at one time or another. Lieutenant, afterward General, Crook, the Indian fighter, shot his first bear under Kinman's guidance. Lieutenant U. S. Grant was one of the most popular of the young West Pointers at the fort, and the pioneers tell many stories of his hunting trips.

Seth Kinman became a well-known character when James Buchanan was elected Presi-

dent. He was much stirred in soul over the election of a Pennsylvanian, and so he made an armchair of splendid Humboldt County elk horns, fastened together with clamps of Pennsylvania iron. This he

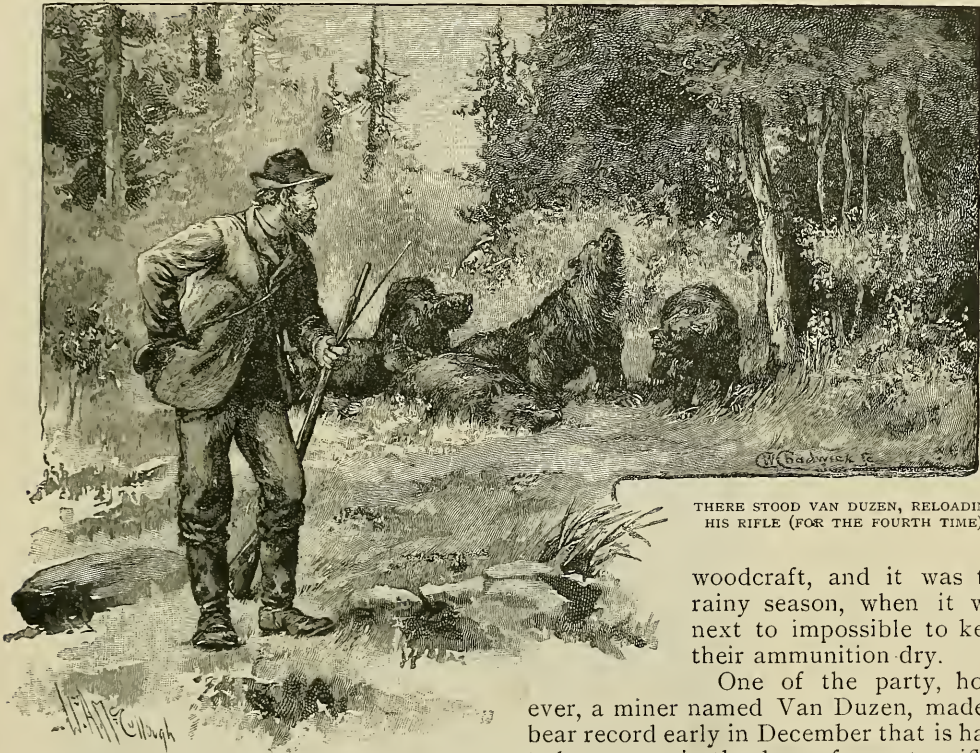
took to Washington and gave to the newly-elected President on May 23, 1857. Much to his own surprise, the chair and himself were the subjects of extended newspaper comment; the leading New York dailies devoted several columns to interviews with the old trapper. At that time Kinman was in the prime of life, over six feet high and extremely massive. His dress was buckskin throughout, and he carried a heavy bowie knife and rifle. When he reached San Francisco on his way to New York, he explained his errand in the following terms:

"Anybody can make a cheer, but I take a little credit for the elk horns. My range is from Bear River Valley to Oregon, an' this winter I killed and stored more meat than usual, so I thought I would take it easy, an' I sot about makin' this cheer for 'Old Buck.' After I got

it done, the boys in our parts thought it would do to travel on, so I thought I would go on with it myself, and started with my rifle and powder horn. Nobody has ever sot in this cheer and never shall till after the President does."

In due time the trapper and the chair reached Washington. General Denver introduced Kinman, and "in the midst of loud applause," to quote from the newspaper reports of the time, "the President sat down in the elk-horn armchair." Kinman enjoyed his trip so much that he made a similar chair and gave it to Lincoln. He sent Andrew Johnson a grizzly-bear chair, one of the strangest combinations imaginable, and in 1876 President Hayes was the recipient of another elk-

at Rich Bar, on the upper Trinity, without sufficient provisions and poorly clad; they determined to reach the coast instead of returning to the Sacramento Valley, as the rest of the miners were doing. They started November 5 with only ten days' provisions, and the weather was so bad that they had a horrible time of it. After reaching Humboldt Bay, on December 20, they tried to go down the coast to reach some settlement. They divided into two parties, and it is hard to say which suffered most. Captain Gregg died of starvation, another man was badly torn by a grizzly, and all were mere wrecks of their former selves by the time they reached the towns. They were in a game country, but they were poor in



THERE STOOD VAN DUZEN, RELOADING HIS RIFLE (FOR THE FOURTH TIME).

woodcraft, and it was the rainy season, when it was next to impossible to keep their ammunition dry.

One of the party, however, a miner named Van Duzen, made a bear record early in December that is hard to beat, even in the days of repeater rifles. L. K. Wood, the historian of the party, writes: "I heard the report of a rifle, then two more in quick succession. I hastened to his assistance and shall not soon forget what I saw. There stood Van Duzen, reloading his rifle (for the fourth time); near by lay three grizzly bears, two dead and one with his back broken. Two smaller ones stood near, looking first upon their fallen comrades and then upon us." Wood was ready and shot one of

horn chair. Up in Humboldt he is known as the Presidential chair maker, and it is the fond belief of his old cronies in the backwoods that the results of Seth's labors are veritable chairs of state and the proudest possessions of the White House.

One of the most disastrous of the early expeditions into the Humboldt region was that of the Gregg company of placer miners from Trinity County in the winter of 1849. These miners found themselves

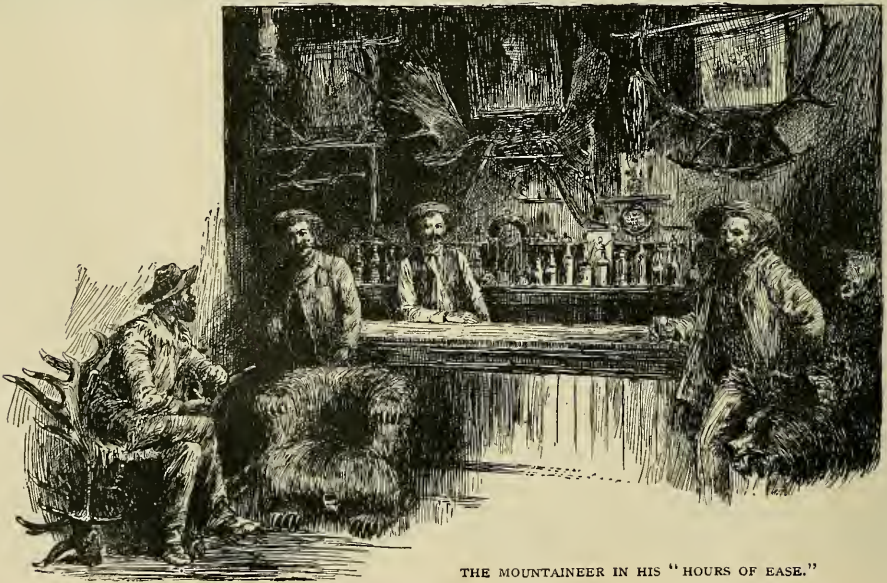
them, and a third member of the party, named Wilson, killed the last of the grizzlies. This shooting was done with old-fashioned Kentucky rifles at very close range—not more than fifteen paces. Van Duzen's remark, as reported, was: "Well, boys, I'm glad you come up; but I was good for one more."

Presuming too much upon their good fortune and hungry enough to "eat fried boot leather," Wood and three others, a month later, attacked eight grizzlies in a forest glade; they shot one bear, but the others treed them instantly. One poor fellow was forced to take an exceedingly small sapling, it being Hobson's choice, and as it bent over with his weight two of the bears clawed him down and mauled him to their satisfaction for an hour or more. He was a badly used-up hunter, but his companions carried him to the settlements and eventually he recovered.

This article would be incomplete without a few words about the mountaineer in his "hours of ease." Scattered through the great northern wilderness of California are "post-office corners" and small towns that nestle in bends of rivers or in fertile mountain valleys. The stage roads are the connecting links, and the stage driver is still the hero of the epic. At intervals, where horseback trails that lead to lonely cattle ranches meet the highways, are wayside inns, overgrown cabins, where some pioneer of a thrifty

turn of mind will care for one's horse and dispense a rude but lavish hospitality at very reasonable rates. How picturesque these frontier wayside inns appear may be seen in the illustration from a photograph taken last year. All sorts of curiosities seem to drift naturally to such a place, and the old trappers haunt it in their times of recreation. Though they are a sober folk when afield, most of them know how to "even up" during the rainy season.

But, after all, these weaknesses can easily be forgotten. It was a strange, strong race of pathmakers whose trail across the continent ends under the mighty redwoods. These, who rank among the last of the trappers, heroes of many a nameless fight, soldiers of many a forlorn hope, have cities and states as their monuments. They led the way before the gold seekers; they crossed the continent the advance guard of the man with axe and plow; they still walk the forests, rifle in hand, heedless of the woodchopper, the land speculator, the planter of vineyards and orchards. Pretty soon the last one of the old trappers will be gone, and his rifle, his chair, his fallen cabin will be relics of a departed age. Then, as all the memories of the trappers fade and move farther and farther into the past, strange legends will cluster about them and a new race of giants will dwell at last in some vast world mythology whose foundations are being laid even now.



THE MOUNTAINEER IN HIS "HOURS OF EASE."



RIP RAP.

FIELD TRIAL WINNERS IN 1890.

BY E. H. MORRIS.

PART II.

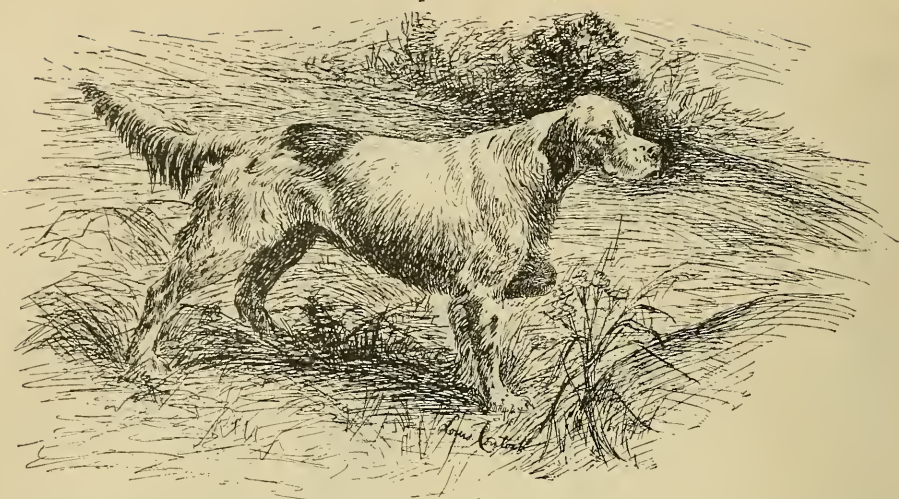
THE All-Age Stake at the Eastern Field Trials always brings some well-known winners into competition, and the year 1890 was no exception to the rule.

Mr. W. W. Titus' orange-and-white setter bitch Daisy Hope was declared to be the winner after a most thorough trial, not only of competitors, but of the new "spotting" system of judging, which leaves everything largely in the hands and at the discretion of the judges and prevents the throwing out of good dogs brought in competition with superior ones, when inferior ones may be kept in because they did not happen to be drawn against worthy competitors. Daisy Hope, by her marvelous skill, her range, pace and style, by her meritorious work on bevs and singles, created much enthusiasm.

Duke of Hessen, the second prize winner, is a well-known liver-and-white pointer dog, owned by the Hempstead Kennel; he exhibited excellent judgment and was more perfectly broken than many. There was no display of brilliancy, but a fair range, combined with a good nose

and precision. His style and almost perfect form are his greatest attractions. The third prize was divided between Daisy Hunter and Shot; each displayed more than ordinary merit.

The Champion Stake, judged by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., brought out such dogs of renown as Gath's Mark, Rip Rap, Chance, Rowdy-Rod, Daisy Hope and King's Mark. Gath's Mark, the winner, was very reliable, and his style, nose and range were nearly faultless. He was handled by Mr. J. B. Stoddard, who was as much an example for the trainers as his dog was for their dogs. In this stake the sensational point of the meeting occurred, calling forth great enthusiasm from the spectators. Rip Rap and Daisy Hope were down together and Rip, when bringing in a bird which he had been ordered to retrieve, suddenly caught scent and in grand style struck an attitude of rigidity and pointed staunchly with the dead bird in his mouth. There was not a sportsman present who did not wish for a picture of that point. The sedge surmounting the



GATH'S MARK.

bank, and the absence of verdure just where he was standing, brought out the elegant spirited poise and clear outline of the dog and made an appropriate setting.

The Central Field Trial Club's annual meeting was at Lexington, N. C., in December. Col. C. H. Odell, the secretary, was prevented by illness from attending, but his duties were performed in a most praiseworthy manner by Mr. J. M. Tracy, who also acted as judge in conjunction with Mr. John Davidson and Mr. N. Wallace.

The Pointer Derby brought together ten dogs of the most representative and approved breeding and type. The pointer has often been compared with the setter, but there has rarely been an opportunity to make a collective test, such as was afforded at these trials. Out of the ten starters there were but four deserving a second trial. They were Spotted Boy, Zig Zag, Tapster and Tray, and yet three others were given a second opportunity.

Finally Spotted Boy, the son of Tricket's Bang and Nellie Bow, was declared winner of the Pointer Derby. He was more reliable than the rest, but he did not show any particular qualities of a high order. Tapster third was much better in some respects, especially in speed, and Zig Zag was a better ranger than either.

The judges selected Tory Lieutenant, Whyte B., Ian, Sam R., Rupert, Margarite, Trap, Jr., and Phoeness for a second trial, Ian, Rupert, Tory Lieutenant and Sam R. coming out of the second series without defeat. Now came the struggle for the

honors and money. The winning of this event is sure to not only bring considerable money in its wake, but greatly increases the value of the dog winning the stake, so that, though but \$400 went for the first prize, the demand for stock of the winner's blood and the increased value of the progeny make the honor of very great value, and to be a Derby winner is no mean distinction. Trainers and handlers also share in the honors, and great is their anxiety to secure points, but merit alone decides at these trials. Ian, a setter from over the water, secured the first prize; although he may be considered lacking in range from the American view, all agreed that he was one of the most perfectly trained dogs they had ever seen.

Rupert, second, belongs to Mr. J. M. Avent, a thoroughly representative American. His capacity and skill were evident in the handling of his dog, particularly in the third heat. Rupert was not reliable, though, and might have had to take third place instead of second had Sam R. not been sick at the finish of the contest, for the latter is quite clever in his work on game, besides being rangy and fast.

After this was concluded a very interesting contest occurred between the winning pointer and setter in their respective classes for the honor of being the "absolute winner of the Derby," resulting in the defeat of the setter by the pointer. It was a trial of world-wide interest, not only because it was between English and American dogs, but also because of its being a contest between a pointer and

a setter. The pointer breeders will undoubtedly become pronounced in their opinion of the relative merits of the two breeds and point to Spotted Boy's success. This contest cannot fail to add increased interest as well as an international character to field trials, and it is hoped that some enthusiastic American will imitate Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale and take some American-bred dogs to the Old Country for competition there.

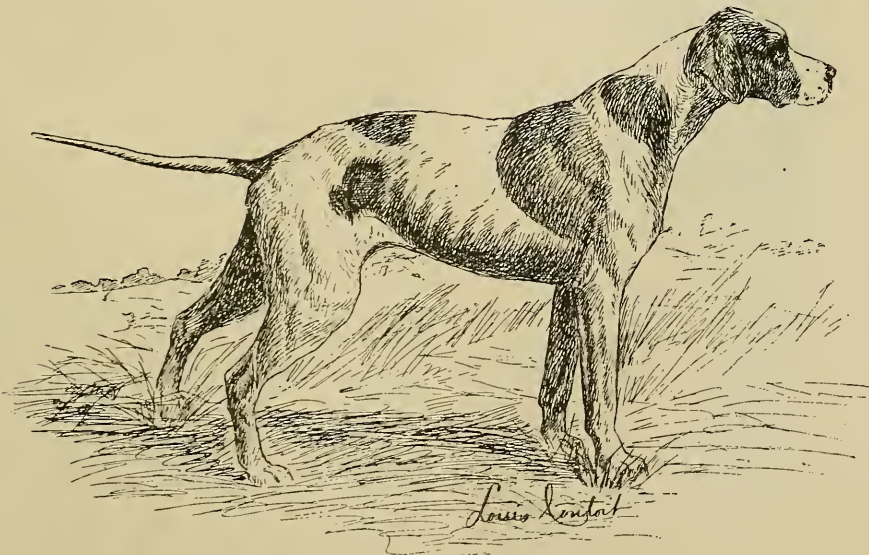
When Mr. Cameron congratulated Mr. Richards, the handler of the winning dog, and his rival and all the handlers on the ground followed suit, there was a decided disposition to take to the wagons and get home. Still there were other important decisions to be made before the trials were concluded, and with less absorbing interest the All-Age Pointer Stake was commenced. The dogs were somewhat superior to those of the earlier pointer stake, but still nothing brilliant was done, and the winner of the first prize was Deuce, chiefly on account of greater reliability, more thoroughly finished training and better conditioning and care, which formed a solid foundation for the English success.

Zig Zag, second, did not excel his former work, which has been referred to, and the dividers of third—Shot and King of Kent—did not merit any special notice.

The All-Age Setter Stake followed, and although one or two of the competitors were much below the average, still the others were certainly not inferior to the

pointers, and in many instances there was very clever work done. Prince Lucifer is a black, white and tan dog, owned by Mr. J. I. Case, who has a very clever dog, an excellent worker and very rangy, well deserving of first place, which he secured after a hard fight against Simonides, second, and Fred Gates, third, the latter having been lost at the concluding heat and not found until night came on. Mr. Windholz's beautiful bitch, Princess Beatrice, came in for the Lorillard medal, which was a greater honor, in her owner's opinion, than the All-Age Stake. Rowdy-Rod received a similar award, and in "A Free for All" Stake, which was the finale of these trials, displayed such working qualities as to secure the award.

Considerable interest was centred in the Gordon Setter Stake which followed, chiefly because of the absence of any of this breed at the trials for some years past. The importation of Champion Beaumont caused the formation of a club to look after the interests of this breed, once so popular in England, and as a result a special stake was arranged. It was a mistake to enter an old stud dog like Champion Beaumont and his kennel mate, Champion Bellmont, the show-bench crack, for neither has had sufficient field work of late; still the result was highly favorable to this strain, for Bendigo, the winner, Beaumont, second, and Bellmont were related. It may bring about the entry of young, ambitious fielders next year.



SPOTTED BOY.

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.



MRS. GIMLY continued calling into the cellar, but to her repeated "Who be ye?" a feeble moan was the only response. She went back, and having lit a candle went down again. There, on some hay, lay five young men, securely bound with ropes. They were all sound asleep. At one side, guarding them, was Stamp. He seemed to regard Mrs. Gimly as a friend—the giver of former beef bones—and as he came forward wagged his tail in friendly recognition. "Land sakes!" cried Mrs. Gimly, "who be ye?"

No one answered.

Mrs. Gimly went upstairs to call Samantha, but she was out. The freshmen were all at afternoon recitation. She saw Policeman McCrea across the way, and hailed him.

"Come over, an' go in my cellar and turn them men loose!" she cried, excitedly. "Them men, five on 'em, tied together an' hid away! Go right down, you, and find out who they be. I suspicion they be softmores."

"What be I fer to go down an' be shot? I'm a N'Haven police for to do strate duty. Lave the cellar dure open, an' wance they're in the strate O'll tak 'em in fer burglary."

Mrs. Gimly returned and called, but Stamp was faithful to his trust. The first sophomore who moved received from him a low growl and a fierce snap. "Go up and get him a bone!" called out another soph, sleepily. "I say, where are we, fellers?"

"In Mrs. Gimly's cellar," was Caswell's dry reply.

Just then Mrs. Gimly reappeared with a bone and lured Stamp up outside and so into the house. It was the work of a few moments for Caswell to free himself, and to then in turn free his four friends.

"If we hadn't been—well, if we hadn't dallied too much with the wine cup and fooled too much over mixed drinks we'd been all right" said Caswell, ruefully.

When the sophs emerged from the cellar they presented a most miserable appearance. The clothes they wore were old and well worn, but now they were in rags, and Caswell's sleeves were literally torn out at the armpits. Policeman McCrea promptly arrested them and hustled them along York street toward Chapel.

"Where are you taking us, you infernal old loafer?" bawled out Caswell, who jerked his arm free.

"O'im a-taking yes in; that's where. To the station house yes go, and if yes go quiet, all right, but ef yes is disorderly Oide bat yes all in the heads; aye, an' carry yes in before the justice feet foremost."

It was, fortunately, during afternoon recitation hour and there were no students present to see the sophs' discomfiture. They were now thoroughly aroused to the situation and had no idea of being arrested and "taken in." As they passed Library street—a street leading down to the colleges—Caswell struck the "peeler" a ringing blow square in the left optic and shouted "Break away, boys!" Each one of the five started in a different direction. Policeman McCrea stood up against the fence perfectly

dazed. He wanted to run in five different directions, but did not seem to know how to accomplish it. Then he began to rap on the sidewalk with his "billy" for assistance. It was a laughable sight, and the crowd began to jeer him. Apparently he couldn't stand that and so set out in chase of a soph on York street. He had got as far as the D. K. E. Hall when he stopped, out of breath. By this time the sophs were all safely out of danger and the great affair of the Omega Lambda Chi was over for that time.

CHAPTER XIII.

The autumn is apt to be clear, bracing and generally delightful all along the pleasant Long Island Sound. There are few wet days after the "freshman rains," or "equinoctial storm" as others call it, which occur about the second week of the college year. October is a genial, mellow month, brimful of luscious fruit, and the air is just right for all sorts of outdoor life. There is a rich, smoky tone in the landscape across the long, wide salt marshes. The nights are cool; the days inviting for long rambles in the woods.

On one of these mellow, sweet October afternoons the college races took place at Lake Saltonstall. This is a dainty sheet of water a few miles to the eastward of New Haven. It is not two miles long, but it is set like a jewel in the wooded hills. Hither about noon on race day all the population of New Haven betook itself. It was and is the Derby Day of New Haven. The dusty road was full of carriages and glittered with the bright gowns and sunshades of pretty girls.

In the fall and the spring this laughing, shouting, cheering migration to Saltonstall takes place; the thousand students and their friends, their girls, and mothers, aunts and sisters. On these days Yale is only aquatic. Everyone is more or less "knowing" about "strokes" and sliding seats, which at the time we speak of were something new in America.

The battle betwixt the sophomores and the freshmen was now to be transferred from land to water, and the sophomores were, as usual, sure of carrying the big class race at Lake Saltonstall. They were rowing in good form in their barge over the waters of Quinepiac and the harbor, while every mother's son of the freshmen, under Captain Clark, who was trying to coach them, rolled out of the

boat. Of course they could not aspire to shell form, so they were to row in an old black barge called the *Black Maria*. It was a famous barge, however, and though old and very heavy, was built on capital lines, and when once got going (but there was the rub) was a hard boat to beat. It had belonged to the Yale navy from time immemorial.

Jack Rives went on the crew as No. 2. He had never been on any crew before, but he was used to the water. He knew how to row, he thought. He could "yank" an oar. He had rowed his sister about on the Hudson River. He had rowed, too, on the pretty little Adirondack lake where his father had a "camp" every summer. He had fished and lived days on the water and could swim like a duck. Consequently he thought he knew everything there was to know about rowing. The freshman crew was a queer lot. Thornton, a tall, handsome, strong lad, with down on his chin and modest blue eyes, pulled stroke. An old fellow over thirty years, solid and stiff as an ox, pulled No. 5. He wore a long red beard and his name was Grannis, from Keokuk,



THE BOW OAR.

Ia. He had been a school teacher in the far West. The sophs jeered at him as they rowed past in the harbor one day and called him "The Lone Fisherman." Granis dug his oar in the water and grit his teeth. No. 4 was Bullock—a disappointment in the race. Bullock looked like a beautiful oarsman; he was well set up, broad backed, very muscular arms and legs; but he had no grit—he was a coward. He gave up at the slightest pumping.

Their bow oar was a tall, slim fellow, who had distinguished himself the summer before as one of the most graceful dancers at Newport. He could dance—and they found he could pull too. He was light and slender—a city-bred boy of rich New York parentage. He had shot up very tall at an early age; and he was chosen as being of the right size. De Koven was that rare combination—a great stickler for etiquette and good form, and yet at the same time plucky and full of the sublimest cheek. Such was the great freshman crew of Umpty-four! Long may its glory wave!

The "Gimly gang" on York street hired three barouches and went out carrying long streaming banners with "Umpty-four, with a roar. Oh, we can down the sophomore!" on them.

They started off from York street with a great flourish of horns.

The "sophomore crowd" started off on a stage coach and four from the fence corner just as the freshman hacks hove in sight. Harry was driving the leading carriage. He whipped up, and coach and carriage tore rapidly down the wooden pavement of the incline of Chapel street almost side by side, to the imminent peril of pedestrians and babes in arms.

"Run 'em down!" shouted Caswell, angrily, from the top of the sophomore coach. "Blank their impudence! run 'em down!"

But, unfortunately for the coach, a heavy furniture van came across Chapel at Church street, and it was compelled to pause in its mad career. Harry drove ahead, amid the shouts and cries of a large body of his classmates who were walking toward the depot to take the Shore Line train for the lake.

On the road out, for some distance past East Haven, on the hard, shelly roadbed, after they had crossed the drawbridge, they could hear the coaching party bounding along behind, tooting their horns and singing their Beta Xi and

Theta Psi society songs. They kept the coach, which had come up, behind them by spreading out across the entire road side by side. Caswell and Holland were in a frightful rage over it. But the freshmen said nothing and sawed wood. To look at them one might have supposed they were on their way to church, or rather to a funeral, they walked along so slowly, and looked so solemn.

They kept everybody behind, too. Seniors, driving out their "best girls;" parties of New Haven fashionables with coachmen and footmen in livery. Several professors were in the line, chafing at the unreasonable delay ahead. Professor Maynard drove his prim family out in a one-horse carryall, and wanted to be prompt at the lake in time to get a good place from which to see the races. But the freshmen were stubborn and were bound not to let the soph coach get ahead if they could help it. Ridiculous enough this sounds to you, O business-bred reader! but student life is just thus ridiculous, and its fine, free, uproariousness and deviltry make it half what it is.

"Drive on there, you confounded greenhorns! You stupid freshmen! You impudent rascals!" How the sophs raved at them! It was awful; but the freshmen, being in the wrong, kept silent and answered not. They just sang calmly, sneeringly and triumphantly,

Oh we meet to-night to celebrate
Omega Lambda Chi!

Presently they came to a bend in the smooth shell road, and beyond it there was a long hill. It was Caswell's opportunity. He seized the reins from the driver and pried his way between Harry's and the middle carriage, taking the short cut of the angle. Harry had the better team and he whipped up and got his horses running down the hill ahead of the coach. But Caswell had fire in his eye. He wanted to teach the freshmen a lesson. He tried his best to run them down. He didn't care if he tipped the coach over, not he.

At the foot of the hill, hearing the noise and seeing amid the dust the carriage and coach come dashing down the road in a deadly chase, an elderly lady ordered her coachman to drive to one side of the road, draw up and let them pass. By the elderly lady's side, in the swell landau, was a very pretty girl, with blue ribbons on her hat; on the box, beside the coachman, a tall, gawky youth, who might have been

a theologue, he looked so pale and thin and green.

Harry drove his team straight along the road, but the coach, having the greater momentum, and the horses being better and fresher, dashed between the landau drawn up at the side and the freshmen. Smash! bang! the landau was upset and the forward right wheel of the freshman hack came off and let them all down in a heap. The sophs laughed and jeered, and rode on. Harry threw the reins on the backs of his horses and ran to the landau. His first thought was, "By Jove, I believe that girl is killed!"

Fortunately no one was hurt. The freshmen helped the ladies out and set the poor, frightened young theologue on his feet. Fortunately the horses were staid old family coachers and had no idea of running.

"I demand instantly the arrest of that miscreant!" cried the elderly lady, pointing with her parasol at the wicked Caswell, who was rapidly disappearing down the road with his jeering friends. Harry bowed; he hardly knew what to say—what story to make up.

"Who was it, young man? Tell me his name!" shrieked the indignant old lady, excitedly. She was dressed in rich black silk, a high bonnet, and wore a brooch of large and splendid diamonds. Harry glanced timidly at the young lady, who was engaged in brushing the dust off the elder lady with her handkerchief. Had he not seen her somewhere? He felt sure he had; she had a face which was not easily forgotten.

"His name was Dennis! He was a 'towny' from Bridgeport," he said. He wasn't going to let Caswell in for a faculty "scare." A crowd gathered. Some gentlemen—one of them had been pointed out to him as a distinguished New Haven lawyer—got out of their carriage and came forward. "My dear Miss Mulford, I trust no accident?"

"Judge, it's a perfect outrage!"

"Ah?" He smiled pleasantly, rubbing his hands.

"I suppose you will call it merely a 'student prank.' We have been upset, that's all. My niece, Judge Boompointer—Miss Hastings. A nice reception these Yale students have given to a Farmington girl. Eh, judge?"

"A Farmington girl! By Jove!" said Harry to himself. "She's the one I saw on the train—the very same!"

"I'm awful sorry about it. I'm afraid the coach horses were frightened," Harry said in a low voice to Miss Hastings.

"Oh! it's nothing at all. You were very kind to stop and help us."

What a sweet, frank, lovely, yet half-sarcastic face she had! It was the same girl. It was the one in the train!

"But you will go on and see the races?"

"Oh, certainly! Why not?"

"And you'll—you will like to see us win?" It was a bold venture.

"Who are you?" She gave him an anxious glance.

"Why, Umpty-four."

"Oh! 'Umpty-four.' Certainly, companions in misery—victims of that horrid Mr. Dennis of Bridgeport!"

She looked at him knowingly and smiled.

"You know who it was?" he asked, laughingly.

"Oh, everyone but aunt knows Mr. Caswell!" she laughed. "But I can keep a secret, too—I'm not going to 'peach.'"

"You know him?"

"I've danced a german with him. Don't you think he's very handsome?"

"Oh, very!" he said. "But he's no driver."

"No—he's no driver!" she laughed. "He has a 'cousin' at Farmington and goes up to see her quite often."

It was on the tip of his tongue to say: "I wish I had a cousin there," but the landau drove off and she gave him a bow and charming, quizzical smile. "Good-bye, Umpty-four!" she laughed.

How he hated Caswell! How beautiful she was! He gnashed his teeth! Poor Umpty-four, indeed!

He resolved to search out Miss Hastings among the carriages and junketing parties at the lake. Then the thought struck him: "Oh Lord! I'm only a freshman! She won't look at me this year," and he heaved a deep sigh.

The long train of well-loaded cars had already arrived at Lake Saltonstall when the "Gimly gang" got there.

The whole scene was most beautiful; the colors of the flags and dresses along the shore; the spectacle of the boats and the cheering parties on the point. Across the lake, under a grove of venerable pines, a junketing party were already setting out beneath the trees an extensive "spread." There were a number of the New Haven "snab,"* and Harry fancied

* A college term for fashionable ladies and pretty girls.



"WHO WAS IT?"

he detected there amid a group the beautiful Miss Hastings. He felt an additional pang to see her surrounded by a number of good-looking juniors with real blond mustaches, one of whom he recognized to be Tom Bixby, who had treated him so cavalierly at the Delta Kap initiation. But now Jack and the crew demanded all his time and attention.

The freshman-soph-junior six-oared race was third on the programme, and when he went into the boat house the crew were gathered about Capt. Bob Clark, of the 'varsity crew, who was stripped for the single sculls. Bob was perfectly free from bias and unfairness in boating matters. He counseled the freshmen with just as much squareness and honesty as if it were his own crew.

"We're going to give you two minutes' handicap," he said, "and you may win if you keep cool and pull in the boat, and keep your eyes on the man's back in front of you. Don't listen to the shouts on the point. There are 150 sophs there and they'll try and make you catch crabs as you go by. You'd better put wax in your ears, as Ulysses did going past the sirens. You've got some good men on your crew. I've got my eye on you."

Here Bullock smiled, self satisfiedly. "You've got an old boat, but she's fast if you ever get her going. Stick to your stroke. Go easy. Don't get rattled and dig your oars in too deep. Don't lose form, and, whatever else you do, don't give up till you cross the line!"

No one rowed in the "buff"—the weather was a little too cool for this—and the white gauze shirts of the freshmen crew had huge "Umpty-fours" on their breasts in blue. Jack Rives was hard and wiry as hard training could make him. He looked rather unusually pale, however, and it made Harry nervous to look at him. The soph crew were out on the float watching the start of the pair-oared race. Presently everyone ran out but Jack.

"What's the matter, Jack?" asked Harry.

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is. What is it?"

"Oh, nothing."

"You're not feeling up to snuff."

"Well, look at my hand."

A painful felon had started in at the root of his thumb on his left hand.

"By Jove! you've kept it a secret."

Jack nodded.

"But you can't row."

"Can't I?"

"The pain will kill you."

"Well, let it!" And he laughed dismally.

"I thought you were not sleeping last night and it was this thing that kept you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then it is simple cruelty to let you row." Harry started to go out of the door to confer with Captain Grannis.

"Stop, Harry, I'm going to row. I don't care if it kills me. But the fact is it doesn't hurt very much, and in the excitement of the race I shan't think anything about it. Please don't say anything. Coxswain Gifford says we're going to win on our handicap, and if we do—oh, glory!"

"Jack, I'm afraid you will have a frightful time of it."

"Jack——" Harry hesitated. "I'm awful sorry for you, but——"

"Well?"

"It isn't right—it isn't fair to the crew—to the class."

Rives' eyes flashed indignantly.

"By Jove!" he cried, walking up to Harry, "do you think I'm not going to pull my heart out?"

Their eyes met. Jack's were blazing with wrath.

"That's just it, old man; you will be crazy with pain and you will not pull right. You're sick now with this thing. You see my point; it isn't a square deal."

"But I will pull the harder—the stronger. Indeed I will."

Harry walked slowly out of the boat house, and Jack whistled softly, "And the band played Annie Laurie." It was the first time that the two chums had ever really had a disagreement. Both said less than they felt. A little would have impelled Harry to utter words he would never have forgiven himself for afterwards.

The first race for pair oars was a one-sided affair, easily won

by two seniors, who, after four years of rowing, were past masters of their craft. Then followed a close shell race between the "sheffs" and the Law School. Then Bob Clark won his single-scul race hands down, beating the great McKinley of the junior class with ease. Then came the great race of the day. Harry stood by his "chum," said nothing and rubbed his back with whiskey, very silent and depressed. Jack's face was pale and determined. He chattered a good deal and cracked jokes, every now and then a twinge of pain shooting over his face. The sophs got into their light cedar barge and pulled prettily under Dobson's stroke and Farley at bow, with Jones, a senior, as coxswain. It was a splendid crew, very beefy and very confident. The fact was they were too confident, and were not trained down fine enough for a hot two-mile sprinting race. The juniors got out next in their light barge; they had a light crew with an ex-varsity oar at stroke. They expected to "lay out" the freshmen, but practically conceded the race to the sophs.

The three crews lined up in the placid waters of the lake for a moment; then the referee shouted:

"Are you ready?"

Silence.

"Go!"

Of course the sophs jumped ahead in the first ten strokes. But what was the matter with the freshmen? They tore up



PART OF THE GIMLY GANG.

the water like a steamboat, but the old *Black Maria* acted as if she was anchored. The juniors lapped the sophs up to past the point and then fell away. But see! The freshman boat has got going at last! Now watch her! Gifford's face is stern and set. He knows what he's about. He keeps in deep water and she gains on the other boats a little! Thornton is setting a beautifully regular clock-like stroke, and Bob Clark's keen, admiring eye is on him from a wherry. They near the point. Then the great Jim Danforth turns loose his pack of deep-baying freshman hounds.

"Umpty-four, Umpty-four! Whooper-up! Whooperup! Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah!" There is a fearful din, and the dear old tub responds.

"Gee whizz! boys, how she goes!" cries Jim Danforth, knee deep in the lake. "She'll catch 'em yet. You see! Now, with a will! Whooperup, Umpty-four! Rah-rah-rah!" etc., ad nauseam.

And the noise is so great one almost forgets the race. Once going and once feeling she was in for a good race again, and seeming to hear the freshmen cries, the old barge responded to the oars like a thing of life. She never stopped. Her weight shoved her along. She neared the juniors; crept along, oar by oar; passed them; met the sophs at the stake; they were just turning, and here De Koven "let his jaw wag." His calm, easy, rattling tongue broke them all up. Where he got the wind no one ever knew. It was his pure, untrammelled "cheek," which was supreme in death (he fell over in a dead faint at the end of the race).

"Why—why, what's the matter in your boat, Dobson?" he asked. "Are you well? Here we are almost even with you in this old tub. Are you well, Dobson? Say, Farley, get out of the boat; you're not pulling your weight."

As they turned the stake Bullock cried out: "Oh, I can't row any farther—I'm done up!"

Gifford swore. "What?" he cried. "You loafer!"

"I'm done up—my heart troubles me!" cried Bullock, peevishly.

"Well, keep up the motions at all events," shouted Gifford, "and don't put the crew out." Being on the port side, he was not obliged to do any pulling at all going round the stake but hold his oar deep in the water.

"Throw some water over him, Rives."

Gifford had sent the boys along at a terrific pace, what with his "Now, then, let her go; you're gaining fast. You're sure of the race," etc.

He knew well enough the duties of a coxswain are always to encourage, never to tell a crew they are falling back.

On the home stretch they went slower, and barely kept ahead of the juniors. Gifford kept them at it, however, and the shouts on the bank did the rest. They crossed the line ahead of the juniors by six feet, winning the race from the sophs on their handicap allowance by fully forty seconds. DeKoven fainted, and Jack sat back very gritty and let his hand drop in the water. The crew were silent. They felt that Bullock was a contemptible cur. He came in fresh as a bird. When they rowed up to the float Clark was there and half the freshman class.

"Rives," said the great captain, "you have one thing to learn. Never think you've got to pull the entire boat alone."

"By George!" laughed Gifford, highly pleased, "They all — all but — they all pulled like heroes."

"Get me some brandy, quick!" cried Jack, as they landed. "I'm dizzy, but don't mention it."

Harry had his flask ready, and Jack took a long swig.

He was himself again. De Koven came to in a minute, and was soon all right. In ten minutes the freshmen crew were all swimming about like corks in the water, conscious of all the glory of the afternoon. They were the heroes of the day, and the ride home after the races, in the glowing, mellow October light, was one long succession of shouts of triumph. As for Stamp—he barked himself hoarse. His cry sounded very much like "Humphty-four—Humphty-four—Whooper umph for Humphty-four!"

To be continued.



A COHUTTA VALLEY SHOOTING MATCH.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.



HERE was a sound of merriment on Farmer Bagley's place. It was "corn shuckin' night," and the young people from all sides had met to partake of mirth and hospitality. After all had taken

seats in the large sitting room and parlor, the men were invited with a mysterious wink and grin from the countenance of jovial Bagley to taste the contents of a large brown jug which smiled on a shelf beside the water bucket out in the entry. Its saturated corn-cob stopper, lying whiskey colored in the moonlight by the side of the jug, gave a most tempting aroma to the crisp, invigorating November air and rendered Bagley's signs and hints all the more comprehensible.

They were mostly young men who, with clattering boots, filed out to the shelf and turned, with smacking lips wiped on their hands, back to the clusters of shy, tittering maidens round the blazing log fires. They wore new jean trousers neatly folded round muscular calves and stowed away, without a visible wrinkle, into high, colored-topped boots with sharp, brightly-polished heels, upon which were strapped clanking spurs. Their sack coats, worn without vests over low-necked woolen shirts, fitted their strong bodies admirably.

Dick Martin, a tall, well-built young man with marked timidity in his voice, considerably augmented by the brightness of Melissa Bagley's eyes, drew near that young lady and said:

"Yore pap has certainly got some o' the best corn licker in this county, Melissa; it liter'ly sets a feller on fire."

"Be ashamed, Dick Martin!" she answered, with a cautious glance around her as if she feared that someone would observe the flush that had risen into her pretty face as he approached. "Be ashamed o' yorese'f fur techin' licker; last log-rollin' you 'lowed you'd tuk yore

last dram. Paw ort to be churched fur settin' temptation 'fore so many young men. Ef I had my way the' wouldn't be a still, wild cat nur licensed, in the Cohutta Mountains nowhar."

"Shucks, Melissa!" exclaimed Dick. "Don't git yore dander up 'bout nothin'. I'm that anxious to git yore pap on my side I'd drink sloop, mighty high, ef he 'uz to ax me. He don't like me, an' blame me ef I know why, nuther. I ain't been here in the last three Sunday nights 'thout him a-callin' you to bed most 'fore dark. He didn't raise no objections to Bill Miller a-stayin' tell 'leven o'clock last Tuesday night. Oh, I ain't blind to hurt! Bill owns his own land and I havn't a shovelful; thar's the difference. He's a-comin' now, but mind you I'm agwine to set by you at shuckin'."

The bright flush which had added such beauty to the girl's face vanished as Bill Miller swaggered up and said with a loud voice, as he roughly shook her hand:

"Meliss', kin I wait on you at shuckin'?"

"Dick's jest this minute axed me," she stammered, beginning to blush anew.

"Well, he ain't axed to set on both sides uv you, I reckon. You'd be a uncommon quar pusson ef the' wuz jest one side to you. What's to keep me frum settin' on tother side frum Dick?"

To this the farmer's daughter made no reply, and as the guests were now starting to the barnyard she was escorted between the two rivals to the great cone-shaped heap of unhusked corn gleaming in the pale moonlight.

"All keep yore feet an' form a ring round the pile!" called out Bagley, so as to be overheard above the sound of their voices. "The' ain't no r'al fun 'thout everything is conducted fa'r and squar'. Now" (as all the merrymakers stood hand in hand round the corn heap, Dick with one of Melissa's hands in his tight clasp and his rival with the other)—"now, all march round an' somebody start 'King William Wuz King James' Son,' an' when I tell you to halt set down right whar' you are. I'm a-doin' this 'kase at Wade's last week some fellers hid red yeers o' corn nigh the'r places an' wuz

eternally a-kissin' o' the gals, which ain't fa'r nur decent. The rule on this occasion shall be as common, in regard to the fust feller that finds a red yeer o' corn bein' 'lowed to kiss any gal he likes, but atter that one time — understand everybody — atter that no bussin' kin take place, red yeer ur no red yeer. I advocate moderation in all things, especially whar' a man an' woman's mouth is consarned."

While the musical tones of the familiar song were rising, and the straw beneath the feet of the human chain was rustling, Bagley called aloud the word: "Halt!" and all sat down immediately and went to work with a will. Song after song was sung. The hard, pearly silk-tipped ears of corn flew through the air and rained into the crib near at hand, and billows of husks rolled up behind the eager workers and were raked away by negroes who were not permitted to take part in the sport.

"Here's a red un, by hunky!" yelled out a sunburnt, downy-faced youth, standing up and holding aloft a small ear of blood-red corn.

"Hold on thar!" shouted Bagley in commanding tones. "The rules must be enforced to the letter. Jim Lash, ef yore yeer measures full six inches ye're the lucky man, but ef it falls short o' that size its a nubbin an' don't count."

An eager group encircled the young man, but soon a loud laugh rose and they all fell back into their places, for the ear had proved to be only five inches in length.

"Not yit, Jimmy Lash; not yit," grunted Dick Martin, as he raked an armful of unhusked corn into his and Melissa's laps. Then to Melissa in an undertone: "Ef wishin' 'u'd do any good, I'd be the fust to run acrost one, fur, by jingo! the' ain't a livin' man, Melissa, that could want it as bad as I do with you a-settin' so handy. By glory! [aloud] here she is, as red as sumac an' as long as a rollin' pin. The Lord be praised!" He had risen to his feet and stood holding up the trophy for Bagley's inspection, fairly aglow with triumph and exercise.

The rustling in the corn husks ceased. All eyes were directed upon the erect forms of Dick Martin and Farmer Bagley. The clear moonlight revealed an unpleasant expression on the older man's face in vivid contrast to the cast of the younger's. Bagley seemed rather slow to form

a decision; all present suspected the cause of his hesitation.

"Fair's fair, Bagley!" called out an old farmer outside of the circle. "Don't belittle yorese'f by 'lowin' anything o' a personal natur' to come in an' influence you ag'in right. Dick Martin's the fust an' is entitled to the prize."

"Yore right, Wilson," admitted Bagley, with his eyes downcast. "Dick Martin is the winner an' kin proceed; howsomever, thar's some things that——"

Salute yore bride an' kiss her sweet,
Now you may rise upon yore feet!

sang the leader of the singers, completely drowning the remainder of Bagley's sentence. As quick as a flash of lightning Dick had thrown his arm round struggling Melissa and imprinted a warm kiss on her lips. Then the workers applauded vociferously, and Melissa sat, suffused with crimson, between sullen Bill Miller and beaming Dick Martin. Bagley showed plainly that Dick's action and the applause of all had roused his dislike for Dick even deeper than ever.

"I'm knowed to be a man o' my word," he fumed, white in the face and glancing round the ring of upturned faces. "I'm firm as firm kin be, I mought say as the rock o' Bralty, when I take a notion. I've heerd a leetle o' the talk in this settlement 'mongst some o' the meddlin' sort, an' fur fear this leetle accident mought add to the'r tattle I'd jest like to remark that ef thar's a man on the top side o' the earth that knows what's to be done with his own flesh an' blood it ort to be me. What's been the talk ain't so, not a speck of it. I've got somethin' to say to——"

"Paw!" expostulated Melissa, almost crying.

"Mr. Bagley — I say, Abram Bagley, don't make a born fool o' yorese'f," broke in Mrs. Bagley, as she waddled into the circle and laid her hand heavily upon her husband's arm. "Now, folks, it's about time you wuz gittin' somethin' warm into you. You kin finish the pile atter you've eat. Come on, all hands, to the house!"

A shadow of mortification fell athwart Dick's honest face as soon as Bagley had spoken. His sensitive being was wounded to the core. As he and Melissa walked back to the farm house together, Bill Miller having dropped behind to gossip with someone over Bagley's remarks, he was silent, and timid Melissa was too shy to break the silence, although it was very painful to her.

Reaching the entrance to the farm house, Dick held back and refused to enter with the others.

"Ain't you gwine to come in an' have some supper?" Melissa asked, pleadingly.

"I ain't a-goin' narry nuther step. Anything cooked in this house would stick in my throat atter what's been said. He struck me a underhanded lick. I won't force myse'f on 'im nur to his table."

"I think you mought, bein' as I axed you," said she tremblingly, as she shrank into the honeysuckle vines that clung to the latticework of the entry.

"No, blame me ef I do!" he answered firmly. "I'm of as good stock as anybody in this county; nobody cayn't run no bull yearlin' dry shod over me."

All Melissa could do could not induce him to join the others in the dining room, and when he walked angrily away she ran into her own room, and sitting down in the darkness alone she burst into a flood of tears. After supper the guests repaired again to the corn heap, but Melissa was not among them, and the spirits of all seemed somewhat dampened.

After that night Dick Martin and Melissa Bagley did not meet each other for several days. However, on the Sunday following the corn shucking, as Melissa was returning from meeting through the woods alone, the very one who was uppermost in her troubled mind joined her. He emerged from the thick-growing bushes which skirted her path, with a very pale face and unhappy mien.

"I jest couldn't wait another minute, Melissa," he said, standing awkwardly before her, "not ef I had to be shot fur it."

"Paw's mighty stubborn an' contrary when he takes a notion," she said, with hanging head and an embarrassed kick of her foot at a tuft of grass. "I think he mought let me alone. You ain't the only one he hates. Thar's ol' man Lawson; law, he hates him wuss'n canker! I heerd 'im say tother day ef somebody 'u'd jest beat Lawson shootin' next match he'd be his friend till death. He ain't never got over his lawsuit with Lawson over the sheep our dog killed. Paw fit it in court through three terms, an' then had to give in an' settle the claim an' all the costs besides. It mighty nigh broke 'im. Fur the last five years Lawson has driv home the prize beef from the fall match, an' every time paw jest fairly shakes with madness over it."

When Dick left Melissa at the bars in sight of her house and turned toward his home a warm idea was tingling in his brain, and by the time he had reached his father's cottage he was fairly afire with it. The shooting match was to take place in a month—what was to prevent him from taking part in it? He had an excellent rifle, and had done some good shooting at squirrels. Perhaps if he would practice a good deal he might win. Lawson was deemed the best marksman in all the Cohutta valleys, and frequently it had been hard to get anyone to enter a match against him. Dick at last decided to enter the forthcoming match at all events. He went into his cottage and took down his rifle from its deer-horn rack over the door. While he was eyeing the long, rusty barrel critically his old mother entered.

"Fixin' fur a hunt, Dick? Thar's a power o' pa'tridges in the sage field down the hollar. A rifle ain't as good fur that sort o' game as a shotgun; suppose you step over an' ax Hanson to loan you his'n?"

"I jest 'lowed I'd shine this un up a bit bein' as it's Sunday an' I hate to be idle," he answered, evasively, as he seated himself at the wide fireplace with a pan of grease and a piece of cloth and rubbed his gun barrel until it fairly shone in the fire-light. The next morning he threw it over his shoulder and, taking an axe in his hand, he started toward the woods.

"Didn't know but I mought find a bee tree somers," he said sheepishly, as he saw his mother looking wonderingly at the axe. "Not likely, but I mought, thar's no tellin', though the darn little varmints do keep powerful close hid this time o' year."

He went over the hills and through the tangled woods until he came to a secluded old field. He singled out a walnut tree near its centre, and going to it he cut a square white spot in the bark with his axe. It is needless to detail all that took place there that day, or on other days following it. For the first week the earnest fellow would return from this spot each afternoon with a very despondent look upon him. As time passed, however, and his visits to the riddled tree grew more frequent his face began to grow brighter.

Once his mother came suddenly upon him as he stood in the cottage before the open door with his rifle placed in position for firing. He lowered his gun with a deep blush.

"I'us jest a tryin' to see how long I could keep the sight on that shiny spot out thar in the field without flinchin'. Blame me, ef you hadn't come in I believe I could a helt her thar tell it thundered."

"Dick," said the old woman, with a deep breath, "what on earth has got in you here lately? Are you gwine plump stark crazy 'bout that old gun? You never tuk on that way before."

"I've jest found out I'm purty good on a shot, that's all," he replied, evasively.

"Well," said she, "as fur as that's concerned, in old times our stock was reckoned to be the best marksmen in our section. You ort to be; yore narrer 'twixt the eyes, an' that's a shore sign."

Dick caught a glimpse of Melissa now and then, and managed to exchange a few words with her occasionally, the nature of which we will not disclose. It may be said, however, that she was always in good spirits, which puzzled her father considerably, for he was at a loss to see why she should be so when Dick had not visited her since the night of the corn shucking. Moreover, she continually roused her father's anger by speaking frequently of the great honor that belonged to Farmer Lawson for so often winning the prizes in the shooting matches.

"Dang it, Melissa, dry up!" he exclaimed, boiling with anger, "you know I hate that daddrated man. I'd fling my hat as high as the moon ef some o' these young bucks 'u'd beat him this fall; he's as full o' brag as a lazy calf is with fleas."

"No use a hopin' fur anything o' that sort, paw; Lawson's too old a han'. He ain't got his equal at shootin' ur lawin'. The whole country couldn't rake up a better one." After speaking in this manner she would stifle a giggle by holding her hand over her mouth until she was livid in the face, and escape from her mystified parent, leaving him to vent his spleen on the empty air.

The day of the annual shooting match drew near. It was not known who were to be the participants aside from Lawson, for the others usually waited till the time arrived to announce their intentions. No better day could have been chosen. The sky was blue and sprinkled with frothy clouds, and the weather was not unpleasantly cold. Women and men, boys, girls and children from all directions were assembled to witness the sport and were

seated in chairs and wagons all over the wide, open space.

Melissa was there in a cluster of girls, and her father was near by in a group of men, all of whom—like himself—disliked the blustering, boasting Lawson and fondly hoped that someone would beat him on this occasion. Lawson stood by himself, with a confident smile on his face. His rifle butt rested on the grass and his hands were folded across each other on the end of his gun barrel.

"Wilks," said he to the clerk of the county court, who had been chosen as referee for the occasion, "git up yore list o' fellers that are bold enough to shoot agin the champion. I reckon my nerves are 'bout as they wuz six year ago when I fust took my stan' here to larn this settlement how to shoot."

Just before the list of aspirants was read aloud Dick managed to reach Melissa's side unobserved by her father.

"Did you keep yore promise 'bout cuttin' my patchin' fur me?" he asked in a whisper.

With trembling fingers she drew from her pocket several little pieces of white cotton cloth about the size of a silver quarter of a dollar and gave them to him.

"They're jest right to a gnat's heel," he said, warmly. "A ball packed in one o' them'll go straight ur I'm no judge."

"Dick," whispered she, looking him directly in the eyes, "you ain't a bit flustered. I believe you'll win."

With a smile Dick turned away and joined the crowd round the referee's chair, and when his name was called a moment later among the names of four others he brought his rifle from a wagon and stood in view of the crowd. The first applause given that day was accorded him, for in addition to its being his first appearance in a shooting match he was universally popular.

"Bully fur you, Dick; here's my han' wishing you luck!" said a cheery-voiced farmer, shaking Dick's hand.

"It's the way with all these young strips," said Lawson in a loud, boastful tone. "Gwine to conquer the whole round world. He'll grin on tother side o' his mouth when Bettie, the lead queen, barks and spits in the very centre o' that spot out yander."

A feeble murmur of admiration greeted this vaunting remark, but it quickly subsided as the crowd noted that Dick Martin did not reply even by so much as to

raise his eyes from the inspection of his gun. The referee called for order.

"Jim Baker," said he, "be so kind as to drive round yore stall-fed heifer. Ladies an' gentlemen [as a man emerged from a group of wagons and drove a fine-looking young cow into the open space], here's a heifer in fine enough order to make any man's eyes sore to look. Fifteen round dollars has been paid in by the five men who are to burn powder to-day, \$3 apiece, an' the man whose shootin' iron can fling lead the straightest on this occasion is entitled to the beef and the championship o' this valley till next fall. Now, Mr. Baker, lead out yore cow, an' the shooters will please form in a line."

When the aspirants stood in front of him the referee continued:

"Here is five pieces o' straw, all different lengths. The man who gets the shortest one shoots fust, the next longest next, an' so on till you've all had yore crack."

Passing the straws to the riflemen, and after they had drawn one each from his tightly closed hands, he ordered a man to set up the target—a planed plank, about one foot in width and six in length, with a round marked spot about three inches in diameter, near the top.

"I'd willin'ly give my chance o' oats to have some o' them boys knock the stuffin' clean out'n Lawson; he's that stuck up he cayn't hardly walk," said Bagley, his anger intensified by observing the sneering smile on Lawson's face.

"I'm mighty afeard," said the man to whom Bagley was speaking, "that Dick Martin 'll lose his \$3. I never heerd o' him bein' any han' with a gun."

To this Bagley offered no reply. In his hatred for Lawson and at such a time he had no thought to give to Dick.

"All ready!" rang out the voice of the referee. "Bob Ransom gits the first pull at trigger to-day."

Silence fell on the crowd as the tall, slender young man stepped forth and stood with his left foot on a line cut in the grass exactly 100 yards from the tree against which the yellow board with its single eye leaned in the sunbeams. Not a whisper escaped the motionless assembly as the young man slowly brought his weapon into position. "Crack!" sounded the rifle out of a balloon-shaped cloud of blue smoke.

"Missed centre, board, tree an' all!" cried out Bagley, in a tone of deep regret.

"I seed yore lead plough up the dirt away out tother side; it's powerful hard to hold a steady han' when you are fust called on."

"Next is Taylor Banks!" announced the referee; and as a middle-aged man advanced and toed the mark, Lawson was heard to say, with a loud laugh:

"Fust one missed the tree; you folks on the left out thar 'u'd better set back funder; no tellin' who Banks 'll hit, fur he's a-tremblin' like so much jelly."

"Hit about three inches due north o' the spot," called out the referee, as the smoke rose from the peering marksman. "I'm afraid, Tayl', that somebody 'll come nigher than that when the pinch comes. Joe Burk is the next, an' I'll take occasion to say here that I know of no man in all this mountain country that is more prompt to pay his taxes."

"Crack!" A universal bending of necks to get the target in better view and a rolling billow of voices in the crowd.

"A inch an' a half below the spot!" proclaimed the referee. "Why, friends, what ails you all? This ain't nigh such shootin' as we had last fall. Too many women present, I reckon. Ladies, if you'll cover up yore faces maybe the next two will do better. The straws say that Abraham Lawson has the next whack. Lawson, make yore bow."

The champion of the settlement stepped into view with a haughty strut, dragging his rifle butt on the ground and swinging his broad-brimmed hat carelessly in his hand. Turning to a negro behind him as he took his place, he said so that all could hear:

"Tobe, git yore rope ready an' stan' over thar nigh the beef. When you git 'er home turn 'er in the pastur'. Ef this thing goes on year after year I'll start a cattle ranch an' quit farmin'."

"Dang his hide!" exclaimed Bagley to Melissa, who was very pale and quite speechless. "Dang it, I'd lay this here right arm on any man's meat block an' give 'im leave to chop it off ef he'd jest git beat. He's that spiled flies is on 'im."

Lawson's hat was now on the grass at his feet and he had deliberately raised his brightly-polished weapon to his broad shoulder. The sun glittered on the long steel tube. The silence for an instant was so profound that the birds could be heard singing in the woods and the cawing of the crows in the corn fields near by sounded harsh to the ear. For an instant

the sturdy champion stood as if molded in metal, his long hair falling over his gun stock, against which his tanned cheek was closely pressed. Not a sound passed the lips of the assembly, and when the rifle report came it sent a twinge to many a heart.

"Dang it!" ejaculated Lawson, as he lowered his gun and peered through the rising smoke toward the target. "I felt a unsteady quiver tech me jest as I pulled the trigger."

"About half an inch from the very centre o' the mark. Yore ahead. Nobody is likely to come up to you, Lawson," said the referee. "The' ain't but one more."

"I don't keer," replied Lawson. "I know the cow's mine; but I did want to come up to my record. I walked too fast over here an' it made me unsteady."

"The next an' last candidate for glory," said the referee, "is Dick Martin. No cheerin', friends, it ain't been give to the others and you oughtn't to show partiality. Besides, it might excite him, an' he needs all the nerve he's got."

Bagley was still at Melissa's side. He had his eyes too intently fixed on the stalwart form of Dick Martin and the young man's pale, determined visage to note that his daughter had covered her pale face with her cold, trembling hands and bowed her head.

"By Jinks! he's the coolest cucumber that's lifted shootin' iron to-day," said Bagley under his breath. "Ef he beats Lawson dang me if I don't give him a dance in my barn an' invite every man, woman an' child in the whole valley."

With his left foot on the mark and his right thrown back easily, as if he were taking a step forward, and his well-formed body bent slightly toward the target, Dick stood motionless, sighting along his gun barrel at the target. Then,

to the surprise of all, he raised his gun until it pointed to the top of the tree against which the target leaned. Here a gentle sigh, born from the union of half surprise and half disappointment, swept over the crowd as low as the whisper of a breeze through a dry-foliaged tree. The sigh died away and intense silence claimed the moment, for the gun's point was sweeping rapidly downward. Hardly a second did it pause in a line with the target's centre before the report came, putting every breast in sudden motion. The marker's eyes saw a clean splinter fly from the very centre of the round.

"The beef is won by Dick Martin!" loudly proclaimed the referee.

"Whoopee! Glory! Glory!" The shout was from the lips of Bagley, and in an instant he had stridden across to Dick with outstretched hand. "Glory, Glory! Dick!" he exclaimed; "le'me have a hold o' yore fist. Tell judgment day I'm yore friend. I've said some sneakin' underhand things about you that's hurt yore feelin's an' I want to ax yore pardon. Dang it! I cayn't harbor no ill will agin a feller that's beat Abram Lawson a-shootin'. Thank goodness you've fetched his kingdom to a end!"

When down-fallen Lawson had slunk away unnoticed from the enthusiastic crowd who were eager to congratulate Dick, Bagley came up to him and said:

"Dick, le'me have the honor o' drivin' the prize home fur you. Fur some reason ur other you didn't stay to supper with us corn-shuckin' night; Melissa's a waitin' fur you out thar in the bresh to ax you to come home with us to-night. By glory, Tobe," turning to Lawson's negro, "this yer's the same identical beef Lawson ordered you to drive home an' put in his pastur', ain't it? Well, you jest tell 'im his friend Bagley tuk the job off'n yore han's."

PRISCILLA.

WITH dog and gun Priscilla goes—

A Circe of the cover—
The swift-winged grouse no mercy knows,
She bags the tilting plover.

Such subtle art the huntress owns,
Her dire intent for hiding;
No bird suspects till death atones
For folly too confiding.

But where is all Priscilla's skill

When bigger game she's after?
Her eyes are bright and ought to kill;
Seductive is her laughter.

Alas! her eyes flash too much flame,
Her smiles are all too candid;
Her chosen victims see her aim,
And she's left empty handed.

F. S. PALMER.

REMINISCENCES OF IRISH SPORT.

(FOX HUNTING.)

BY T. MURPHY.



O what you will in Ireland you cannot escape the spirit of sport and in no other country, perhaps, in the world, can sport in its legitimate sense be enjoyed in such perfec-

tion. The famine, the cholera, perpetual agitation, emigration and hatred of English rule have all contributed, more or less, to drain that ill-fated isle of its inhabitants, but fox, partridge, grouse, plover, duck, teal, widgeon and wild geese, as if superior to the baleful influence of such malignant agencies, still abound to gladden the sportsman's heart and send the blood coursing with a more rapid and exhilarating motion through his veins, as while thoughtfully smoking his favorite pipe he placidly reflects upon the glorious and healthy pleasures which await him. No people are more devoted to sport in all its varied phases than the Irish. Their love of hunting and horse racing is proverbial, and the moment the inspiring notes of the huntsman's horn are heard reverberating throughout the hills and glades and grassy meads all eyes are anxiously strained in the direction whence the welcome sounds proceed; and when the appearance of a horse or a hound removes all doubt that a hunt is actually in the neighborhood spades, shovels and working utensils are hastily cast aside, and men, women and children make a bee line as fast as their legs can carry them to some mound or hill which commands a good view of the surrounding country.

while the luckless wights who, from want of nerve, lack of horsemanship, or any other cause, figure conspicuously in the rear are subjected to all the ridicule, sarcasm and opprobrious epithets in the use of which an Irishman is a natural born master.

I remember well the enthusiasm which prevailed in the counties of Kildare, Dublin and Meath when it became known that the Empress of Austria was about taking a lodge for the purpose of enjoying a season's hunting with the crack packs of Ireland.

It was a beautiful October day, bright, clear and sunny, when she arrived—one of those days peculiar to Ireland. The air, though soft and balmy, gave a slight indication of the approach of winter. The hedgerows were stripped of their bloom, the leaves on the trees had assumed a russet tint and in many places lay thick and heavy on the roadside, for already they were falling fast. It was a splendid day for outdoor exercise.

Upon arriving in the little town near which she was to take up her residence I found it in the throes of excitement. The peasantry, in their quaint and picturesque garments, were walking up and down, gazing at the tawdry wares which the storekeepers had so temptingly displayed in their show windows. In due time the "special" bearing Her Majesty drew up at the station, and immediately a tall, dark, majestic and divinely-formed woman stepped on to the platform. Her figure was peculiarly willowy and elastic, and although from her face I should have concluded that she was at least forty-five years of age, still her movements were as light, airy and graceful as those of a girl of eighteen. She was dressed plainly, but with exquisite taste, in black. It was in the hunting field, however, that by daring, graceful and brilliant feats of horsemanship she fairly took all hearts by storm. Her presence was like a glorious burst of sunshine. Even though the day was dark, gloomy and lowering, the moment the Empress was seen approaching the covert side, mounted as she always was on the

beau ideal of an Irish hunter, everybody looked bright, radiant and happy. The drizzling rain and the biting wind were alike forgotten.

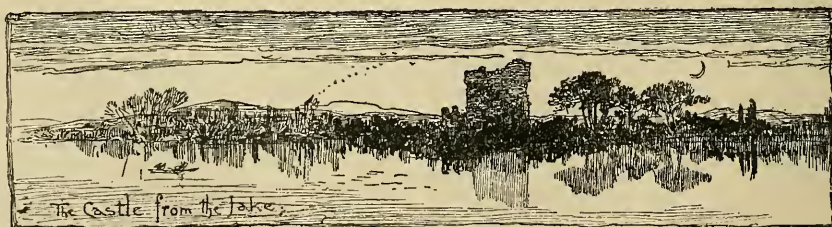
The counties of Dublin, Meath and Kildare produce in proportion to their area a greater number of accomplished horsemen and women than any similar extent of country, perhaps, on the face of the habitable globe. In any one of these counties hundreds of men can be found that will ride over any obstacle that is fairly practicable. No fence, however high, no ditch, however deep and wide, that it is in the power of a horse to get over will deter them. They ride straight as an arrow in its flight, swerving neither to the left nor right, unless indeed a quarry, a yawning chasm or some terrible obstruction which it would be utter madness to charge intervene, and these men, who in the hunting field know not fear, all agreed that the Empress as a horsewoman was peerless and matchless and towered head and shoulders above all competitors.

It was really a treat, never to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune of witnessing it, to see the ease, grace and elegance, apparently by mere volition and without any visible effort, with which she controlled and subdued the most fiery and high spirited Irish hunter. She sat perfectly erect in the saddle, her shoulders thrown well back and square to the front. In one hand she held the reins, which were allowed to rest lightly and somewhat loosely on the horse's neck, and in the other she carried a handsome hunting whip. Her habit of dark-green cloth fitted her slender and beautifully-proportioned figure like a glove, while from under the brim of her beaver her large, dark and lustrous eyes flashed with a bewitchingly comprehensive glance, which seemed to take in the whole field and fascinate and please everybody.

She had a pilot, of course, a distinguished military officer, and an able horseman; but their positions were constantly reversed, for while the Empress was sailing away in front, clearing every obstacle in the same easy, cool and confident manner, the pilot presented a rather sorry spectacle as he pounded away in the rear, making frantic and futile efforts to overtake his august leader.

Her love of horseflesh extended beyond the hunter, and I had the good fortune to be at her inspection of the celebrated racing stud of Mr. Linde, a noted trainer, at the Curragh of Kildare.

One by one the most magnificent specimens of horses that ever the sun shone on were paraded. I shall never forget the appearance of the Empress as these celebrated flyers walked, trotted and galloped past, their large, beautiful eyes flashing with intelligence and their nostrils dilating and quivering with excitement. Their necks were proudly arched, and as with lengthened stride and long flowing manes and tails they swept over the greensward I doubt if Diana herself ever gazed upon a finer or nobler sight. One horse in particular, a winner of the Grand National at Liverpool, flew past, I remember, a perfect picture of a horse, a dark bay with black legs, endowed with marvelous length of stride. As he careered over the green-enameled turf, ever and anon proudly tossing his head from side to side, pulling at his bit as if impatient of all restraint, and demanding more liberty in order to outstrip the wind, no one with a mind capable of appreciating rare beauty and symmetry of form, combined with perfect muscular development and extraordinary fleetness, could be at all surprised at the affection which, in all ages and climes, man has exhibited for the noblest and most useful of all animals—the horse.



FOX SHOOTING IN THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

BY W. B. PAGE.



THE persistent efforts of sportsmen of all degrees have well nigh exterminated the small game once abounding among the highlands of the Hudson. The only game worth hunting now is the fox in the mountains, those between West Point and Cornwall affording abundant sport.

Keen-scented hounds, termed by some beagles, but too large for typical specimens of that breed, looking more like English harriers, trail the game.

The outfit for a day's sport is generally made up of a moderately heavy shotgun, heavy clothing and high boots strong in the sole. The cold north winds blowing down the river make a heavy coat feel not uncomfortable while waiting for the dogs to drive the game, especially when the run is a long one. The best time to hunt foxes in this manner is after a snow storm, when the tracks are fresh.

Then, the guns and well-filled lunch baskets piled in the straw-covered bottom of the sleigh, the horses start at a brisk trot, the hounds, half a dozen in number, running on either side, eager for the sport. A short ride brings us to the base of the mountains; a steep and slippery road lies before, and we walk with the dogs up the steep toward the hotel stables, where we leave the team for the day.

Here the sport begins with climbing up a narrow path over slippery stones and fallen trees. Now we are at the highest point. Below us are the houses of the village of Cornwall; beyond, rolling fields, softened in outline by their snowy mantle and divided by dark lines of fences and walls. The river winds from the bay up beyond Newburgh and Fishkill, until lost

in the dim distance, and far north the Catskills faintly loom.

Another walk, easier this time, under hemlocks, through brush and briar, and the dogs are sent off, while we slip cartridges into our guns and wait.

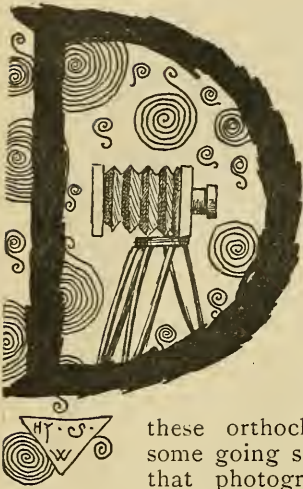
The "Captain," a tall, thin Southerner, had served in the Confederate cavalry, had been superintendent of a ranch in Texas, and was ending his days in this place with his dogs, guns and horses alone, except for them and the few friends who occasionally visited him for a day's sport.

Far off, resounding among the trees, was heard the baying of the hounds, in waves, now coming near and then receding, as we cocked our guns and waited, for when Reynard and his pursuers do come they lose no time. Louder and louder grew the noise, until there appeared below us, across a clearing, the form of a dark-colored animal running for life, seeming more like a piece of fur blown swiftly across the snow than a fox. The dogs were running closely together, and I confess that I was so taken by surprise at their sudden appearance that I forgot all about my gun, and only recollect seeing the captain take sudden aim and fire both barrels in quick succession. The swiftly-flying fur suddenly rolled itself into a ball and turned over a number of times before finally stopping, leaving a crimson stain in the snow. It proved to be a good specimen of the gray fox. The captain presented it to me with a truly Southern grace in the sweep of his slouch hat, and, thanks to the skill of a taxidermist, I have a lasting reminder of my first fox shoot.

The dogs, trained to scent and drive the fox, will sometimes follow a trail of such length that the huntsman is compelled to return home without them. They will eventually come back, sometimes two or three days later. To lovers of "pink and leathers" such a method of circumventing Reynard may savour of the pothunter, but the nature of the country forbids legitimate riding to hounds, and all conditions of climate, etc., fairly considered, there are worse means of passing a winter's day than fox shooting over the Hudson highlands.

PHOTOGRAPHY—ORTHOCHROMATIC FILMS AND PLATES.

BY ELLERSLIE WALLACE.



URING the last year or two we have heard a great deal of the value of orthochromatic films and plates when used either with or without a color screen behind the lens. But there are some singular misconceptions in the minds of people generally about

these orthochromatic tissues, some going so far as to think that photography in natural colors (as yet not accomplished) and the orthochromatic principle are one and the same thing. It will therefore do no harm for me to premise that orthochromatic photography is an attempt to render in the photograph a more correct natural tone scale, or, in other words, a nearer approximation to a correct color value in monochrome, than is given by ordinary photography.

A simple example may serve to illustrate this point. Suppose we were photographing two persons, one dressed in blue silk, the other in yellow. Ordinary photography would make the yellow dress dark, while the blue would be much lighter. Orthochromatic photography would do just the opposite—making the yellow (as it really appears) lighter, while the blue would be darker.

From the spectroscopic point of view it will thus be seen that the whole theory of the photographic color action of light is reversed. Indeed, the different colors of natural objects will present themselves to us in new and very interesting ways as studies for orthochromatic effects. Many persons claim that for the photographic copying of oil paintings and other work of the kind the new process is highly to be recommended. It is also stated that for landscape purposes it shows desirable qualities. While the first claim can, I believe, be substantiated, it has been doubted by some persons whether in the

second instance color value of any importance to the landscape photographer seeking after that particular quality is attainable. Without wishing to take any active part in the controversy, I certainly can say that for the photographing of such subjects as snow-clad mountains with blue sky around them and with dark foregrounds orthochromatic plates are very valuable.

One of my friends whose enthusiasm for photography knows no bounds visited Switzerland last summer and used orthochromatic plates for such subjects as the Mont Blanc range from Chamounix, and nearer views of the great peak from the Brévent. His experience proved that orthochromatic plates were most to be depended upon when used with the color screen, which showed its effect in keeping back excessive photographic action in the blue sky above and around the snow peak, thus allowing the mountain form to stand out in fine relief against the very delicate half tone of the sky. The exposure required was always lengthened by the employing of the screen. Sometimes more than a minute was given, when a few seconds would have been sufficient without the screen.

A serious defect that I have seen in some of the best commercial orthochromatic films is a tendency to part with the dye or staining material unevenly. These staining materials which are claimed to confer the orthochromatic quality are generally red or yellow in color, and unless quite removed from the finished negative operate most injuriously upon its printing qualities. Whether this tendency depends simply upon the general inertia shown by the gelatine film in parting with any chemical substances that have once entered it, or whether it is owing to the presence of celluloid (for the most of what I saw were celluloid films), it is not easy to say. But I should certainly reject any plates or films which manifested this trouble. Nothing is more vexatious than to find after completing a negative of a fine subject, perfect in other respects, that portions of the picture are stained while others are clear and transparent. If such a negative could be

printed from at all it would have to be shielded locally during the printing, a very troublesome and difficult matter, or else be trimmed down to get rid of the stained portion. A print either on paper or on glass from one of these stained negatives would be a most unsightly thing, every part which had underlain the stained sections coming out lighter in tone than the others.

Since the use of cut celluloid films has in a measure superseded glass for long journeys, where weight and risk of breakage are important considerations, the general quality of landscape work seems to have improved. The manufacturers use sheets of the celluloid which have a polished or smooth surface on one side, while there is what is technically known as a "matt" surface on the other. The sensitive compound is spread on the polished side. For landscape purposes these films appear to give better results than glass, particularly when exposing upon such subjects as I have above referred to. Now, it has been questioned by some doubting Thomases whether the good qualities are produced by the use of the staining material or the matt surface of the celluloid behind the sensitive film. If the latter were true films would always be superior to glass, because there would be no reflecting surface behind the sensi-

tive medium to throw light back upon it and cause fogging or solarization.

Those of our readers who like experimenting would find this question an interesting one to look into, and numerous additional matters will suggest themselves where orthochromatic studies would offer much out of the common to treat with the camera. For instance, flowers of all kinds, either growing or cut, and arranged in bouquets; groups of persons in colors of various sorts; studies of animals, horses and cows, or dogs and cats; careful copying of oil paintings, particularly such as have rich and varied coloring. Useful technical studies might also be made even of such unpromising material as colored lithographs, drawings or chromos. Something could be learned from all such work. And careful comparing of the results obtained on glass plates with those on the celluloid films would do much toward clearing away the uncertainty existing, to which I alluded above. But it should not be forgotten that comparative experiments in an art like photography must be made with rigorous exactitude and under precisely parallel conditions of subject, light, lens, stop and chemical treatment. Work of this kind is an excellent preparation for the pleasures of a photographic "outing."

FLORIDA RAZORBACKS.

BY J. M. MURPHY.

SOME portions of South Florida, particularly those regions adjoining the Everglades, are so overrun with wild hogs that even snakes and alligators have sought security in places to which the razorbacks have not yet penetrated.

It would naturally be supposed that the saurians would be only too glad to remain in regions where their prey is so abundant, but the fact is that, however palatable a single hog may be, alligators know they cannot cope with a sounder of frenzied swine with any assurance of success.

It is even dangerous for armed men to pass through the haunts of the hogs, as the brutes seem to be always on guard and to have eyes, ears and nostrils educated to perfection for their purpose.

They are ready to fight with or without

provocation, and being stupid, stubborn, daring and malignant, they would rather die in their tracks than yield an inch of ground to a foe.

All wild hogs, especially those of the razorback genus, are so loyal to their kindred that they will die in their defense, and even supply the sick or wounded with food if these cannot forage for themselves.

Cases are known where wild sows brought crippled boars their food, and where boars carefully attended injured sows unable to secure provender.

Being all muscle and activity, and spending the greater part of their lives in foraging for food or fighting their foes, they are as nimble in an assault as so many panthers, and capital strategists,

especially in defense. When at bay they form a circle with the most vigorous boars and sows in front and the veteran warriors a little in advance, and await an onslaught with the calmness and rigidity of a Roman phalanx. They look the very image of sourness, bad temper, revenge and hatred as they stand in solid ranks, their little pin-like eyes being apparently immovable, yet carefully watching every motion of the enemy.

They seem more like the rhinoceros in character than any other members of their family, but they have more quickness of apprehension than that ungainly brute and are more prompt in taking advantage of favorable opportunities.

There are two wild species of the *Suidæ* in the United States, one being the peccary of Texas and the other the domestic species, which has relapsed into its primitive state through the inattention of man.

The former, although only a pigmy, has all the daring and stubbornness of its larger congener, and is ready to fight anything from a man to a grizzly bear at a moment's notice.

The razorback is a denizen of the forests and savannas of the lower Southern States, but is most abundant in Louisiana and Florida. It seems to be built specially for unusual activity in a region where food is scarce and enemies numerous, its legs being long, lean and sinewy, its hocks short, its body attenuated to the verge of the ridiculous, its snout prolonged and tapering, its skull low and elongated, its neck scrawny and its back arched in the centre and sloping gradually toward the flanks.

It has a genuine racing look, and its looks do not belie it, for it has greater speed than any ordinary horse.

It is one of the most active foragers in existence, and, as it is omnivorous, seldom lacks for food even in the worst seasons. It preys on birds, rats, mice, hares, and snakes, polecats and young foxes and devours the buds of scrub palmettos, mast of all kind, wild roots, and even pine knots if nothing else is obtainable. No matter how much it eats, however, it can never get fat, its life being too active to permit the accumulation of adipose matter.

These porcine vagrants are the bane of the orange growers in Florida, for no fence is strong enough to keep them out of a grove, and a pack of dogs cannot

drive out a small herd—if they once get inside—in twenty-four hours, unless they are helped by a man or several men.

I have had the brutes turn on me while trying to drive them out of the grove and chase me up a tree or else force me to kill them with my rifle. They are not only unmitigated nuisances to fruit growers, but they are the terror of all birds that nest on the ground, as they devour the eggs and young, and even round up an old bird on her nest. It is an old Cracker maxim that wherever hogs are abundant birds and snakes are scarce, and they are the best scavengers in the State, as no offal, no matter how putrid, comes amiss to them.

The wild and half-wild porkers seem to be proof against the poison of even moccasins and rattlesnakes, and they devour the reptiles, head and all, with the greatest impunity.

Wild hogs travel in large sounders while the range is good, but as soon as food gets scarce they break up into small herds and wander over large areas. The greater their numbers the more audacious, pugnacious and sour tempered do they become, and the less their numbers the less their readiness to engage in contests without cause. They are never so few, however, that they are not ready to engage in battle with a dog or a pack of dogs, for they seem to hate these animals with a hatred that can only be satisfied by their annihilation. The moment they see or wind a dog they open on his line, their "music" being a series of fierce grunts and revengeful squeals. On approaching him they charge in a body, and scare the poor wretch so badly that, if he knows their habits, he flees with the terror and speed of a kettle-ornamented cur, and never stops until he is far beyond the reach of their champing, foam-flecked jaws.

They will even attack a man accompanied by a dog, if they overtake him, and rend him to atoms in a few moments, as he has not the ghost of a chance against their numbers, tusks and teeth.

I have known more than one man accompanied by a hound to be sent clambering for dear life up a tree, and a horseman forced to put his steed to its highest speed by these porcine tramps.

When a sounder of swine are preparing for battle they distend their throats, plant their hoofs firmly in the ground, hump up their backs and cause the bristles to be-

come rigid and slightly inclined forward ; their eyes gleam with malignant fury, and their muzzles, chests and forelegs are covered with foam churned by their snapping jaws.

The matted covering on their foreheads seems to become denser and sticks out like a protecting shield.

The army forms in columns occasionally, with skirmishers thrown out on each flank, but when placed on the defensive the regular order of battle is a circle, the warriors being tail to tail, thus presenting a formidable and almost impregnable *abatis* of tusks.

When the foe is not deemed very dangerous the formation is very irregular, each hog taking its own position and making a sally whenever it sees a good opportunity for using its weapons. In fighting dogs the boars generally form in open order and rally only when hard pressed or when the assembly is sounded by some combatant in danger of its life. They often charge in a body, and when they grapple with their foe, such, for instance, as a bear, puma or wolf, their screaming is positively terrifying.

Should they prove victorious they devour their enemy promptly ; but should they be defeated they rally around their chosen leader and, standing tail to tail, await an assault while getting fresh breath.

When a puma attacks a herd he generally pounces on them from covert ; but he is hardly in their midst ere the boars begin ripping him with their ivory scimitars and the shoats and sows to rend him with their fine, short, sharp teeth.

I doubt if there are many old hunters in Florida who would not rather face a pack of wolves or family of pumas than a sounder of razorbacks flushed with a recent victory.

The voice of a wild hog is much deeper, gruffer and more grating than that of its domestic congeners, and the squeals of its young are pitched in a higher key and are far more expressive than those of the barnyard species. An enraged tusker utters a gruff cry, not unlike that of a grizzly bear, but an adult sow grunts in deep, rasping tones.

A series of rapid grunts indicate danger or a challenge to mortal combat ; low, infrequent grunts, lazy contentment and a full stomach ; high, sharp squeals, either hunger, impatience or punishment from an adversary, and quick, rasping grunts

the presence of a foe or some disagreeable object.

They have other cries—such, for instance, as that of endearment by a mother ; inquiry, by two meeting after a separation, or the declaration of a good range by the scouts, besides others that have more or less easily understood meanings.

Bears, pumas and wolves are the greatest enemies of wild hogs, and after them alligators and sharks. A saurian will dare almost anything for a meal of fresh pork, but the single grunter takes care to avoid its haunts. A person can readily bring an alligator ashore or within gun range by imitating the squeals or grunts of a pig, and a shoat is probably the most tempting bait that can be employed to lure all species of saurians.

When an alligator captures a hog in water too shallow to drown its prey immediately it turns over and over until it feels the animal give the last gasp, then hastens to its hole to bury its treasure until it becomes putrid enough to be fit for food.

Bears kill hogs by hugging them to death and pumas by jumping on their necks and severing the veins or hewing them with their claws. These animals do not always prove victors, however, for a wild boar has been known to slay bruin by ripping open his abdomen, and another to rout a cougar with the first blow of its tusks.

A boar and a bear have been known to fight for an hour and trample down the grass and bushes on an acre of land and then retreat, being too tired to continue the contest. Both were covered with blood, but the hog was the first to rally. The bear was found dead not far from the battle field the next morning, its sides being ripped open from shoulder to flank and its right leg almost separated from the body. Its antagonist was rather small, which made the victory all the more creditable.

When wolves were plentiful in Florida, about thirty or forty years ago, they captured more hogs than all the other animals combined. Knowing that they were no match for a herd of frenzied hogs, they resorted to stratagems to accomplish their purpose. On meeting a sounder in the woods the wolves would scout around them until they got all the hogs circled in battle array. They would then take positions around the porcine army

and, sitting on their haunches, cast hungry looks at the shoats. After gazing at the surging, champing, frenzied but cautious adults in the most apparently indifferent manner for a few minutes one of the wolves, which was known among the settlers as the decoy wolf, would sneak around until he found the weakest spot in the line, or where the shoats were most numerous. Having satisfied himself on this point he would make a feint of charging the young pigs; this would cause all the adult hogs on that side to dash at him. He would allow them to come quite near, then face about suddenly and run for his life, with the hogs close behind him.

The waiting wolves would then rush into the opening made in the ranks, seize some palatable shoats and hasten away with them.

By working this trick repeatedly each wolf could secure a victim, the decoy being generally about the last to secure his prize.

Ferocious animals were so abundant in Florida at one time that the farmers could not raise any stock, it being nothing unusual for them to find all the hogs, sheep and calves in the barnyard destroyed in a night by a bear, puma or pack of wolves. While matters were in this discouraging condition it was accidentally learned that spayed hogs were the most daring fighters in the forest. The farmers promptly availed themselves of this knowledge, and thereafter made these amazons not only the guardians of the sounders but the protectors of every defenseless domestic animal that roamed the forest. They not only held wolves, bears, pumas and alligators at bay, but actually drove them from the vicinity of settlements.

Wild hogs are quite numerous at present along the Fahatchee and Fahnahatchee rivers and other parts of South Florida.

That wolves did not always outwit the hogs is evident from the following story, told by a Western farmer :

"One day, while passin' along the bottoms, I seen such a sight of hogs as I never did see. Thar they stood and squirmed, with their bristles up and steam a risin' out o' their bodies, and their eyes a flashin' and teeth a champin', a mass of bilin' mad hogs a screamin' and a shakin' 'emselves with rage.

"What was a causin' of all this commotion I was not long in seein'. Thar, in the middle of the hogs, was a big oak stump

about five feet high, and in the centre of the stump stood a big gray wolf, as gaunt and hungry lookin' a critter as ever I seed.

"He was han'somely treed, and was not in a very pleasin' fix, as he was beginnin' to find out. All about him raged a mass of oneasy hair, fiery eyes, frothin' mouths and gleamin' teeth.

"Poor critter ! Thar he stood ; his tail tucked clost atween his legs and his feet all gathered into the exact centre of the stump, and, Jerusalem ! wasn't he a sick lookin' wolf !

"Right clost about the stump and rairin' up ag'inst it was a crowd of some of the biggest and most onprincipled old sows I ever sot eyes onto. Every half minit one of these big old she fellows would rair up, get her forefeet on top of the stump at one end or tother of the wolf, her jaws comin' together like a flax brake.

"The wolf would turn round to watch that partickerlar sow, when one on tother side of the stump would make a plunge for his tail ; an' so they kep' the poor, cowardly, cornered critter whirlin' round an' round, humpin' up his back, haulin' in his feet and tail, and in every possible way reducin' his general average.

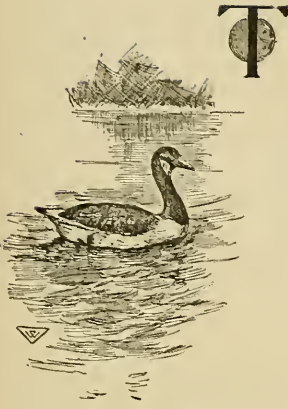
"Almost every instant thar was a charge made on him from some quarter and sometimes from three or four directions at oncet. Jewhittaker ! wasn't it hurryin' times with him then ! When he had a moment to rest and gaze about, all he saw was them two acres of open mouths, restless bristles and fiery eyes. His long red tongue hung out of his open jaws, and as he moved his head from side to side he seemed to have the poorest conceit of his smartness of any wolf I ever seed.

"I determined to try an experiment on that wolf. I raised my gun and fired into the air. At the report the critter forgot himself. He bounded from the stump with the crack of the gun, but he never tetched ground. Half a dozen open mouths reached up for him and there was jest one sharp yell ; then for a rod around was seen flyin' strips of wolf skin, legs and hair ; for half a minit thar was heerd a crunchin' of bones, and then them old sows began a lickin' their chops, rairin' up onto that thar stump and prospectin' about for more wolf.

"'Bout that time I concluded the neighborhood was likely to prove onhealthy, so I got up and peeled it for the nearest clearin's."

THE WILD GOOSE IN NEBRASKA.

BY C. A. J.



THERE is, perhaps, no sport known on this continent in which the skill and patience of the sportsman are more severely tested than in shooting wild geese. Indeed, man's intelligence is more nearly matched by these birds than by any other wild creature. The displays of their instinct would surpass belief were they not authenticated beyond possible question. It is in evidence that flocks, both large and small, following a chosen leader, though enveloped for days in impenetrable fogs, will yet hold steadily on their course along the Atlantic Coast and land without difficulty at the place intended, when the captain of a vessel, endowed with what we call the superior intelligence of man and supplied with every aid which science can furnish, errs in his reckoning, frequently becomes bewildered, and comes to land fifty miles from the point he had expected to reach.

The memory of the wild goose is phenomenal. They appear to keep in mind from year to year specific localities, shunning them if they have been found dangerous, and making use of them in the course of their semi-annual flights. Back of Gaspé, in Canada, is a singular elevation in the landscape. It is a conspicuous landmark, and is of importance to guides and hunters who visit that wild region. But the geese make use of it, too, for it has long been observed that when they reach this spot in their autumnal flight they invariably change their course from west to south. The young birds are often obstinate in their desire to continue on to the westward, but the older ones, so soon as they are above or abreast of this landmark, invariably turn southward, and if the young do not promptly follow, turn and circle around them and compel them to take the course desired.

Geese belong to the great family of migratory birds, living in the North during the summer months and spending the winter in the South. During their spring flight northward they stop for some little time, and in their autumnal southward journeys for several months, on the broad wheat fields and corn fields of many of our Western States, where they frequently gather in such numbers that any statement concerning them which should be even approximately true would be regarded as an exaggeration by persons who have never been there. It is a very conservative remark, however, to say that they are found in some places in Nebraska in flocks of thousands and tens of thousands. In many sections, notably the northwestern portion of the State, the residents do not estimate the size of a flock by numbers, but by indicating how large a space they would occupy when at rest. I was spending a night with an farmer, near whose sod house I had been shooting mallard duck. Just before dark he came in and asked if I would like to try my hand on geese, adding that a good-sized flock had just alighted on the lake not far away. I inquired how many he thought there were, and his reply was: "About four acres, I reckon."

But while their number is legion, comparatively few are ever brought to bag by the average sportsman. It requires a careful study of their habits, together with a patience almost Job-like, to enable one to get near enough so that his skill as a marksman will be of much avail. I have known men whose record in bagging other game was quite remarkable to come in after a morning of hard work without so much as a feather to show for it. But geese will outwit any man who has not had an experience with them covering more than one season, and even those who think they have learned all about the habits of the goose will be surprised at new evidences of intelligence coming constantly to their notice.

I once had an aggravating experience of this kind. I had been, for a week or two, shooting duck along the Loupe River in Nebraska, and had enjoyed several good dinners on roast goose without having

given much attention to that sort of game. But while shooting duck and curlew I noticed a broad sand bar on the opposite side of the river where large numbers of geese spent the night. They were out of my reach and I had no boat with which to cross the stream. Some five miles below the house was a railway bridge. One afternoon I took a liberal supply of ammunition, and telling my companion I would probably not return until near midnight I crossed the bridge and started up the other bank. On the way I came to a small grove of wild plum trees, and had just entered it when I was startled by a series of strange cries such as I had never heard before. They seemed to come from some creature or creatures in the air and were followed by a piercing scream. I sprang to the edge of the brush, and saw a large bevy of quail coming straight for the cover with a speed like that of a group of cannon balls in flight, and followed at a little distance by an enormous hawk. To my surprise the quail flew swifter than their pursuer, and I suppose the scream of the latter was meant to terrify them and so hinder their flight.

Probably it did have this effect in part, for the poor birds were actually crying for very terror as they dropped into the brush all around me and under my feet. I instantly killed the hawk, and might, I suppose, have filled my bag with quail, but I had other game in mind. Resuming my journey, I came near the point in the river where I had seen the geese alight, and saw them on the sand bar, an almost innumerable multitude, for the bar was nearly half a mile wide. Some distance away at my right a solitary sod shanty stood on a ridge of land which projected into a region of low land or "draw," like a promontory jutting into a lake. There were no other houses within a distance of many miles, save the one where I had been stopping. I went over and inquired of the woman who answered my rap on the rough door for what length of time the geese had been accustomed to spend the night on the bar.

"'Bout six weeks, I reckon," was her reply.

"Where do they come in?" said I.

"Over that brush." And she pointed to the willows which marked the line between the sand of the river and the grass-covered prairie.

"Do they always come in there?"

"Yes, sartin."

"And do they go out the same way?"

"Yes."

I knew, of course, that geese travel in a beaten track through the air with as much regularity as the moose of Nova Scotia follow a forest path, or as people who live in a city take to the sidewalks, but I wanted to know if these people had noticed it.

Continuing, I asked if her husband shot many of the birds.

"No, he hain't got no gun."

"Do hunters come in here much?"

"I hain't seed none afore this year."

"Where do the geese feed?"

"'Bout ten miles to the northeast'ard, I reckon; on Smith's wheat stubble."

"What time do they leave the river in the afternoon?"

"'Bout 4, allus."

This showed the accuracy of her observation, for these birds have regular hours for feeding. They are always to be found on the wheat fields from 8 to 10 in the forenoon and from 4 in the afternoon until sunset, and they could not be more punctual in starting for their meals if each one carried a chronometer. Looking at my watch I saw that it was now nearly half-past 3, so I walked over toward the river, where I concealed myself among the tall weeds and waited. It was as I expected. Promptly at 4 o'clock the birds rose like a huge cloud, and, with a fearful chattering and "honking," flew away toward the stubble field. Then I began operations, feeling so certain of the success of my plan that I clapped my hands in glee, as Napoleon did at Waterloo just before Blucher's arrival, and, as it proved, with quite as little occasion.

On the broad sand bar were large numbers of logs and stumps and roots of trees, which had been brought down by the spring freshets and had become stranded there with the subsiding waters. I expected to use one of these for a blind from which I could pour hot shot into the column as the geese came back at night. But I failed to find anything to suit my purpose exactly, and so I placed two stumps together, moving each one for the purpose perhaps five or six feet. I was very careful not to disturb anything else, and the sand all about had been trodden so hard by the geese that I left no foot prints. I was familiar with the construction of blinds, and felt sure that this one would not be noticed by the birds. Indeed I am confident that any

person accustomed to pass that way at morning and at night would not have detected anything unusual. Then I went back to the shore and again hid myself among the weeds.

I knew the birds would send out one or more scouts in advance to see if all was right. This is one of their marked peculiarities. If they have alighted in safety at a given spot for a hundred times they will not again revisit it until some of their number have examined and reported that all is well. Scores and scores of times have I seen this illustrated, and it is a recognized fact among sportsmen. It was for the scouts that I was now waiting. Just before sunset four stalwart old fellows came down from the northeast to reconnoitre and report. They flew about over the sand bars for a while, till one of them noticed the misplaced stumps. Then they began a chattering which was kept up for about five minutes. Following this they alighted at a safe distance from the blind, and, with their long necks upraised, stood perfectly still for at least a quarter of an hour, evidently watching the suspicious stumps. By and by they raised and flew around the place several times at a great height, until suddenly one of the number gave a peculiar "honk," and as fast as their wings could carry them they went back over the willows and up into the northeastern sky. I knew they had not seen me, but I suspected something was wrong, though I still thought I should bag some game. Hurrying across the bar, I took my position behind the stumps and placed a dozen heavily charged shells on the sand ready for instant use after the first shot should empty my gun. Then I waited—and waited—and waited. Daylight faded into dusk and the dusk deepened into darkness, until at length the moon shone brightly and the stars rained down their lustre on the scene.

Eight o'clock came, and 9, and 10, and half-past 10, and 11—and not a solitary bird came over the willows or alighted on the sand. Nor did they come at all. They had not left the region, for I heard them as they came in in countless throngs and took their places by the river side more than half a mile distant, where they had never been known to settle before. I was completely outwitted, and shouldering my gun I started homeward muttering: "Oh, you geese! you deserve to live, for you are smarter than I."

Two hours later, when I went to bed, I crooned myself to sleep by repeating over and over again that stanza from Bryant's "Hymn to a Waterfowl"—

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

But I was not always disappointed in this way. I recall a cold November morning, when I went out early and found cover in a field of corn. I knew the scouts would come on before the main column did, and I resolved to try an experiment by shooting them. About sunrise a solitary gander came on, and seeing nothing unusual he lazily flew back and forth over the corn field as though he felt it his duty to go through the motions, but thought it a work of supererogation. By and by he flew directly over me, not more than twenty feet in air, and when I rose from the weeds and pulled the trigger on him he seemed very much astonished. But it was too late for him to tell what he had discovered, and the last time I saw him he graced a platter on my table on Thanksgiving Day. As he did not return, the flock evidently took counsel together and sent out two others to see what had become of him. I was using his huge, warm body for a pillow when they reached the corn field, and finding it so conducive to comfort I concluded to place one of them on each side of me and wait for more. At length the flock came on—full zoo strong—at first cautiously, but growing bolder and bolder by degrees, until they alighted within range, and I added four or five to my list of victims by shooting when their heads were high in the air.

One can sometimes have good success, too, by shooting from blinds constructed near the rivers or anywhere else in the track of their flight. There is a point in Northwestern Nebraska where another large stream unites with the Niobrara River. For half a mile above their junction there stretches a wide tract of elms and water oaks among which tall grasses grow to a height of four or five feet. Both rivers have broad sand bars, and in reaching them from either direction the birds are likely to pass over this wooded tract. As they are so soon to alight they do not fly very high, and, in fact, they seem to think that if they are a little way above the tree tops they are out of danger. It was my fortune to discover

this, and one morning soon afterward my companion and I took our stations in the grass. The first birds that attempted to pass fell easily, at short range, and when the multitude of them rose, flock by flock from the river beds, a large number passed directly over where we were hidden, and we had rare sport for an hour in bringing them down. We had far more than we could carry back to camp, and were compelled to send for a team to bring up the game.

One method frequently made use of is to don a suit of clothing very nearly the color of the sand in the river beds and take a position on the sand bar on a moonlight night. In such case those who are to do the shooting should send a person beyond where the flock are resting for the night to discharge a gun and set them in motion. Like most birds, they can see but poorly at night, and after being disturbed in this way will break up into squads and fly back and forth up and down the river for a long time, and the sportsman has an admirable opportunity to bag a large number as they attempt to pass him. It is essential in such cases, however, that he have a good retriever, otherwise he will lose many of the birds which fall into the river and, whether dead or only wounded, are soon beyond his reach.

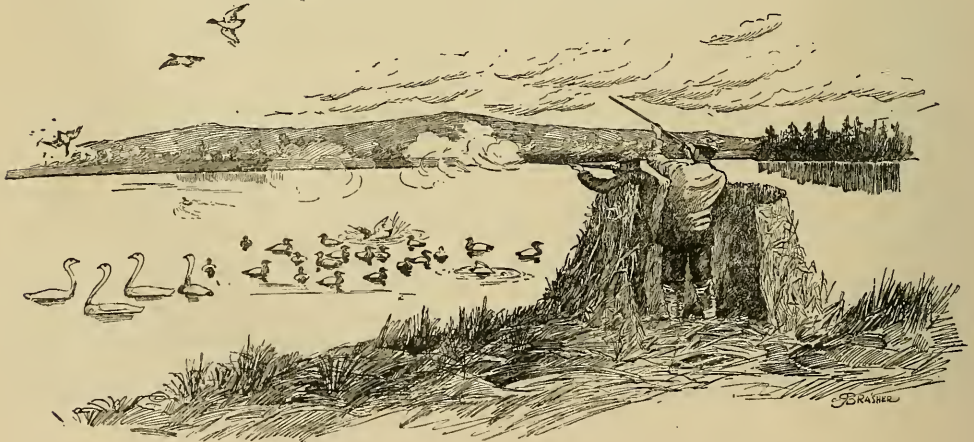
But perhaps the method affording most excitement and requiring least work is for two men to get into an open wagon drawn by a fast horse and be driven about over the prairie during the day time. Where there are no sand bars in the rivers geese are accustomed to settle in large numbers on the open prairie, commonly selecting some elevated spot from which they can easily detect the approach of an enemy. Here, as elsewhere, whether

feeding or resting, they always establish pickets, and it is quite impossible for a man to get within gunshot of a flock on the prairie, except in rare instances. But they do not appear to take alarm at the near approach of a horse, and somehow they do not readily discover the sportsmen in the wagon. The consequence is that a team can be made to approach almost within shooting distance before they will be greatly disturbed, and if the driver so heads his horse as to appear to be going past them, while at the same time he is getting nearer with every step, it is possible to get within very close range before they will rise.

He must watch his opportunity, and, when he sees they are about to lift their wings, apply the whip and drive straight for them with all possible speed. Geese are very slow in rising after they have once taken to wing, and if the attack be skillfully made the hunters can get near enough in this way so that they can either shoot from the wagon or leap from it to a firmer footing and can frequently get in two rounds before the geese are out of range. I have in this way had quite as good success as in any other, and it affords the double advantage that you do not have to walk very much and have at hand a conveyance for taking home your game.

This latter is of no small moment, for three or four long-necked birds, weighing from twelve to eighteen pounds apiece, are a serious impediment when one is hungry and wishes to return to camp as soon as possible.

Taken all in all there is perhaps no sport which is more exhilarating or more likely to be enjoyed after one has had a little experience at it than that of shooting the wild goose.



MY FIRST TEAL.

BY CHARLES BARKER BRADFORD.

"Aye, aye, marster! What ails the lad a-now? Wild he's shooting, and trembling so."

"Sure, old friend, he can't help that; He's killed his first game a-wing."

—*The Merry Fieldman.*

THE early November sun has just gone down behind a bit of woodland to my right and the shadows of early evening are gathering, so that every winged object begins to startle me as I walk along the country roadway toward the farm house where I lodge. As I come up to a bit of wet ground I think I see a cock put down over my right shoulder, and calling the puppy I have with me I bid him charge, and then step from the road into the shrubbery, walking with the last bright spot in the sky quite in front of me to aid me in my sight when the bird flushes, if it flushes at all. Nothing takes wing, but there is a gamy-looking little shrubbery-lined pool lying a few rods in front of me, and I think I will beat the ground past this and come out upon the roadway to throw my gun over my shoulder and end the day's field work. I do not know that here upon this quiet little water, secluded from the old country road by the bushes all about, sits "my first teal," and so I move along. The bird evidently imagines me a stray cow or pastured horse meandering to the drink as I beat along under cover through the dry vines and twigs, for she does not rise—though she must hear me coming—until I come into sight at the very edge of the water. Then there is a great fuss. No ruffed grouse with its bubwbubwbub flush ever startled a tyro gunner like this little teal startles me as she rises straight up with every feather in a flurry, clears the willow brush, goes over it and is soon out of sight.

A gun report follows the rushing of the rising bird, but the game has flown too far to afford a fair target in the gray light, and when I pull the second trigger and hear the hammer strike the plunger with no response from the powder of the charge, I feel glad for once that there is a misfire, for as I press the second time something tells me it is too late.

The puppy, still charged in the roadway, whines, and after emptying my barrels I start to join the obedient little dog. As I take the first step or two the incli-

nation to follow with my eyes the direction of the lost game comes over me, as it comes to all sportsmen, and so with a sigh I linger and look, to see—the tiny teal high in the air, winging herself along toward me, as pretty an incomer as man has ever seen. In an instant I am squatted well down in the midst of a wild-rose bush, eyeing the bird fiercely and making a great awkward struggle, with a hand all thumbs, in an endeavor to insert cartridges in the already open gun. At the last second they are in and the gun is snapped shut and on the way to my shoulder as I raise up a little to better steady myself for the shot. The duck sweeps to the left as I show my head above the brush. The trigger of the right barrel is pressed but no report responds, for in my haste I have put in the shell that misfired once before. I still push the gun along away ahead of the bird, pull the rear trigger half angrily, and there is a flash of light and a puff of smoke, and I can just faintly see as I drop beneath the smoke my little teal falling. Her tiny head is thrown back, her wings are still and she comes swiftly down with a buf! in the dry dust in the very centre of the roadway, not above a dozen yards away from the little setter puppy.

I hurry out of the swale edge, more eager to retrieve than the young dog who whines and shivers as I come up to him. But I restrain myself and do justly by the little beast, who at the word proudly brings in the dead bird and drops it in my hand. 'Tis my first teal.

I had walked all day and was hungry and tired, but the joy of those few minutes made me as spry as when I stepped out into the field at early morn, and though I had a full hour's walk before me I thought I reached my farmer's lowly door in less than half that time. What made the teal come back to the swale she rose from? Was it curiosity? Did she expect her mate to put in there? Did the dropping shot ahead of her cause her to think she had flown the wrong way? These and many other queries flashed through my mind as I viewed my prize, and they kept me busy with my thoughts until the old farm house suddenly came into view.

THE RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

Concluded.



THE AVERAGE TAKE-OFF.

IN the first half of this article in OUT-ING for October one of the important features of broad jumping, taking off properly, was described in a detailed way, but the bad results of a poor take-off were not dwelt upon. The "Average Take-Off," which we now give, was taken from an instantaneous photograph of an athlete running at full speed and in the act of leaping. One would hardly imagine that this athlete would travel very far after leaving the take-off, yet he cleared over 22 feet. He is jumping from his left leg and is in the act of leaving the ground, but so quickly did the camera work that it makes it appear as though a standing position were being taken rather than one of considerable speed. Nearly all the spring has been taken and the jumping leg has done its work. All the athlete will now do is to manipulate himself as well as possible while in the air. The illustration "Another Attitude in

Mid Air" is one that reveals quite a different position from the two pictures published in October; there is no point to be gained, however, from this one that was not mentioned last month.

Of the poor take-offs slipping into the ditch in front of the take-off is one that all broad jumpers most abhor, for an injury may follow which may prevent the jumping foot from being used for many weeks. The illustration "Stepping Over the Take-Off" shows how this accident occurs. It is generally brought about by the athlete getting too close to the take-off and not shortening his last couple of strides a few inches apiece. No broad jumper wishes to slacken his speed as he approaches the take-off, for it means a shorter jump than though he allowed his acquired momentum to proceed, but a shorter jump—or, in fact, no jump at all—is better than a wrenched instep or ankle. The main trouble is that an athlete, as a rule, does not know when he is putting his foot over too far. The probabilities are that if every athlete knew when such was the case no injury would result from the act, for he would put no force into the jump, knowing that it would be useless. These accidents occur, as a rule, when the jumper is calculating on giving a good leap, and only when he finds his foot in the hollow or on the sharp ridge does he know that he has miscalculated. It is remarkable, however, to see how rarely a good jumper will meet trouble of this kind, for the tendency with this class of athlete is to always toe back of the line. They reason that running up to the mark with the feeling that they will not step over is worth more than any possible inch or two advantage on a single jump gained by a take-off from over the edge.

Another accident that happens very often in broad jump competitions, but one from which no injury can arise, is shown in the illustration "Falling Sideways After Landing." It will be seen that the athlete here has lost his balance after landing, and, not being able to save himself from falling back or sideways, has

put his arm out to keep any part of his person from touching ground any further back than he can possibly help. The jump in this case, according to the rules, should be measured to where his hand is, for that is the nearest break of the ground toward the take-off made by any part of his person. Had he not saved himself by his arm he would have rolled back several feet, and although he loses about a foot by not being able to keep his legs, still he has saved himself from losing a greater distance. Putting his feet out too far is probably what caused him to fall back, for his shoulders and head had not enough momentum to bring his body straight after landing.

Before starting practicing the running broad jump with any degree of vigor one should first get into good sprinting condition. It never does any harm to be a good sprinter, for it helps one in so many athletic games requiring activity. In broad jumping especially it is useful, for it will give the athlete a chance to quickly get a gauge for a take-off. Then, again, if the jumper is in good sprinting fix, the continued running down the path when practicing leaping will not tire him nor be so apt to make his leg muscles stiff as if he had not practiced the quick strides for sprinting. A very good plan of action is to practice the jump every three or four times sprinting is practiced. It may seem strange, but it is a fact that the essential feature of a big broad jump is in getting a free and yet very forcible run, and although there are plenty of cases where good sprinters are not good broad jumpers, still no jumper can reach a distance unless he is sprinting well. This does not mean that an athlete must be in condition to do ten seconds for 100 yards before he can make a good broad jump, but it means that whether an athlete can do $10\frac{1}{2}$ seconds or $11\frac{1}{2}$ seconds for 100 yards he must be able to do his normal speed easily before he will broad jump with justice to himself. If when taking the run to jump the athlete labors a great deal and does not move freely it will be found that he will have little effort after for the jump. Before an athlete can get his full power in jumping he must be in condition to run at a stiff pace—something fast enough to suit him—without exerting himself too much.

Having shown the necessity of being in good sprinting condition before one can broad jump with justice to himself,

the next important part for the aspiring athlete to master is to combine sprinting and broad-jumping practice. If the best an athlete ever did in public is between 20 and 21 feet he should not expect to clear in practice much over 18 feet 6 inches or 19 feet. If his public record is between 21 and 22 feet his practice jumps should be in the neighborhood of 20 feet. Broad jumping is a game where an athlete seldom does in practice what he has cleared in competition, and the fact that he cannot approach in practice what he has done publicly should not distress him in the slightest way. Eight or ten practice jumps three times a week is all that athletes require for this game, although they may sprint every day; but if they do too much of the latter they will tire themselves and be unable to run well for the broad jump. They begin by jumping easily during the first part of the season, and after feeling a little more at home they occasionally use an effort to see how far they can get. Exerting one's self too much in running broad jumping is ruinous to good condition, for it is a game in which a great deal of power can be used, and therefore one can tire himself easily if he jumps hard.

It has been generally noticed by all good jumpers that on days they feel fresh and strong they not only jump better, but it is far easier to strike the take-off properly, and in fact everything seems to fit in well. Just the reverse happens when an athlete is tired; no matter how far up he puts his running mark he seems to be unable to hit the joist properly or raise to the jump, and no matter how much force he puts into it he clears no distance compared with what he can do when fresh. These incidents, however, seldom worry experienced jumpers.

Always be sure and have the landing place dug up deep and soft, for then if one lands either forcibly or awkwardly he is not apt to be hurt. If on certain days it is difficult to strike the take-off properly when you may be using a mark which previously suited you, do not condemn the mark or the system, but think whether the wind is against you or whether the track is soft and makes you short in your strides, or whether you are not tired and therefore cannot run or stride with the same vigor as previously. On such a day as this you must put your mark closer to the take-off, but probably better advice than this even is to not

jump at all, but content yourself with a little sprinting at very moderate speed. All broad jumpers of any experience know how difficult it is to make one mark do for a take-off whenever they practice, and the fact that on many days a certain distance does not suit them gives them no concern whatever, knowing as they do that in a competition, when they expect to be fresh and strong after a few days' rest, their strides in the run will be normal again.

An important point in making a fair record at the running broad jump is a perfectly level run and take-off, and my experience has been that seven take-offs out of every ten are unfair. The group of three improper take-offs reveals the most common complaints. Those numbered 1 and 2 are very common, but that numbered 3 is very rare, for a jump from it would be so difficult that those who were to use it would soon have it fixed. It is not so with Nos. 1 and 2, for a jump from either of these would result in a greater distance being cleared with a certain effort than though the ground were level, and the majority of athletes do not object to circumstances of this kind. It will be seen that Nos. 1 and 2 give the athlete an ascending run in the last stride, while No. 3 gives a descending run. A descending run is advantageous for clearing a great distance if the last stride can be ascending, such as in Nos. 1 and 2, but it is most difficult to get a lift for the leap if the take-off is lower than where the last stride was made. It will be noticed that in No. 1 the take-off joist may be level so far as its outer or inner edge is concerned, but that the path just back of it gives a decided upward turn, and the athlete's foot would be anywhere from two to four inches higher at the take-off than at the previous stride. This can hardly fail to bring about a big jump, for it is the same principle as jumping from an inclined plane, in either the high or broad jump,

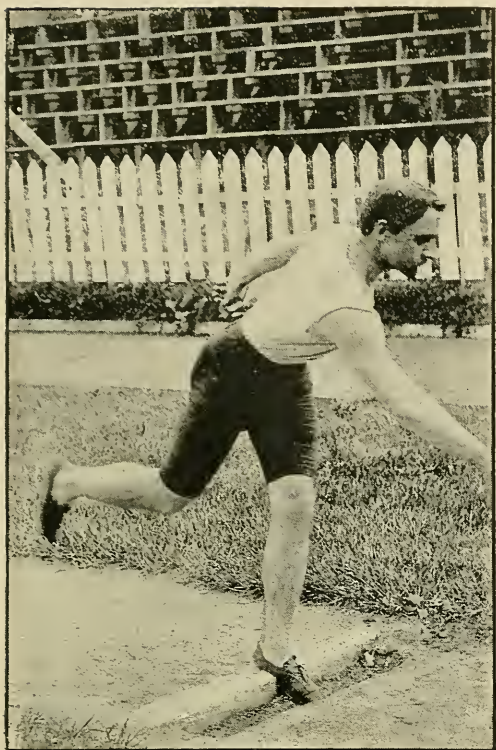


Improper Take-offs

which is resorted to for clearing big heights and distances in the circus or on the stage.

In No. 2 the path is level, but the take-off itself is canted at an angle so that its outside edge is an inch or two higher than its inside edge. This is the most common complaint of all; in fact it is so common that up to lately it has not attracted much notice. It was brought into prominence last fall on account of the take-off joist at the championship games at Washington being a first-class example of it. The world's amateur record was broken that day by A. F. Copland, he succeeding in clearing 23 feet 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches, while the previous best record was my own, 23 feet 3 inches. The joist at the Washington take-off was elevated three-quarters of an inch at its outside edge, creating an incline, and according to a surveyor's certificate the run was 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet down hill. This was the extent of the fall of the ground in the distance of 100 feet. The run for the 65 feet just in front of the take-off showed a declivity of only 4 inches, but back of this point it was very marked. The down-hill run did not aid Copland much, for he did not use over 75 feet, but the raised take-off was quite an aid. Another point in Copland's record was the measuring. It is without doubt a bad precedent to award a record in a running broad jump by an eighth of an inch. One-eighth of an inch can be easily measured with a steel tape if the landing place were on hard clay, where a sharp edge would be made by the jumper's heels; but in loose dirt, such as is used for a running broad jump, it seems to be almost ridiculous, for the particles of soil are seldom as small as an eighth of an inch and the majority of them are considerably larger.

But, to take another view of the case, it may be said that no real injustice was done in giving Copland his unfair record, for he is fully equal to the distance on a strictly level jumping path and a new record has since been made by Charles S. Reber, of St. Louis, Mo., this athlete clearing July 4, 1891, at Detroit, the phenomenal distance of 23 feet 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches under perfectly fair conditions. Reber is a comparatively new recruit, but he seems to be a natural born athlete. He is very tall and rather heavy, standing 6 feet 2 inches in jumping shoes, and weighing in the neighborhood of 180 pounds. He first came into prominence by clearing



STEPPING OVER TAKE-OFF.—P. 126.

last spring, at his college games in St. Louis, 22 feet $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches. He then cleared in open games 23 feet $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, but there was some dispute about unfair conditions, and the claim for the record was not pushed, although in measurement it beat Copland's best figures by half an inch. On July 4, however, at the championship games of the Central Association he settled in a most effectual way the question as to who holds the world's amateur running broad jump record, and he stands to-day with that undisputed title. Reber is also a very good sprinter, he being equal to something under $10\frac{1}{2}$ seconds for running 100 yards, and he can throw weights to some extent, his individual weight being sufficiently great to enable him to make a good showing in this line without much practice. Those who know him best expect great things from him in all-round athletics, saying that when he has had proper experience no man now before the public will be able to defeat him in an all-round programme.

Taking into consideration Reber's height and weight and looking at his feats of great activity, such as his record for running 100 yards; his clearing 5 feet

6 inches for the running high jump and his several big performances at the running broad jump, it would seem as though he would make a genuine champion all-round athlete. The essential point for a good all-round man is first of all to be active; he must also be heavy, so as to throw weights well, and, lastly, he must be enduring, so as to be able to last through the competition. Reber has proved himself to be active, he can handle weights without having practiced throwing them much, and the only part that is an unknown quantity is his endurance. He has an excellent style of broad jumping, taking a forcible run and leaping well in the air with plenty of confidence. He gives the impression of using considerable force and does not show that antelope-like bound that is associated, for instance, with Victor E. Schifferstein.

Schifferstein took as naturally to broad jumping as probably either Reber or I did, for he showed big figures very soon after he commenced practicing the game. He has cleared 23 feet three or four times, his best being 23 feet $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, but no claim for a record was made on account of there being a descending run. On another occasion he cleared 23 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which was but half an inch behind the then world's record; and when he traveled East in 1888 and took part in the championship games of the N. A. A. in New York city he cleared 23 feet $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches. On this last occasion he revealed a style of jumping that will be



FALLING SIDEWAYS.—P. 126.

long remembered by those who witnessed it, for the other contestants, even though some cleared big distances, seemed like novices alongside of him. He rose very high in the air and held his body quite straight. He manipulated his legs in a very easy fashion, and he seemed to have plenty of time to land about as he wished. He touched ground again with his heels very even and close together and there was no sign of falling back. Everything seemed to come easily to him, which is always the way when one is in good trim for this game. He won the competition by over a foot, the next man being Copland, who was $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch ahead of D. Shanahan, who cleared 21 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Schifferstein on that day set at rest all doubts in the East concerning his ability to clear 23 feet on level ground.

The half dozen best broad jumpers in America vary considerably in the elevation which they reach while jumping and also in the length of run. Victor E. Schifferstein, Ernest F. Ramsdell, F. C. Puffer and myself are considered to get greater elevations than usual, and in the case of Schifferstein and Ramsdell there is no doubt of it. A. F. Copland, Victor Mapes, William Halpin and E. E. Barnes jump rather low in proportion to the great distance they reach. Charles S. Reber is described as taking an average run

and getting an average raise. Schifferstein runs about 100 feet and rises high and neatly, jumping much like a deer. Copland runs only about 75 feet, and, approaching the take-off with great speed, simply allows his momentum to carry him. Halpin and Barnes run over 100 feet and Ramsdell does not run quite so far. Mapes holds the best intercollegiate record, 22 feet $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches. He gets his distance by a very fast run, and did big figures only after he could sprint in fast time.

Until recent years broad jumping received but little special attention from athletes, having been most generally regarded as a sequence to sprinting. Sprinters were frequently broad jumpers, and vice versa. As a matter of fact a speedy runner can nearly always cover a comparatively long distance in a jump merely by virtue of the momentum he is capable of attaining, but without a good rise his capacity is limited. It is due to the appreciation of this fact, and to the presence among us of men unusually endowed with both speed and power to spring, that broad jumping has become a game by itself and the records have advanced so marvelously over the 22 feet $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches of Jack Voorhees in 1881, which was thought unsurpassable and which stood by itself until 1886, when I accomplished my 23 feet 3 inches.



ANOTHER ATTITUDE IN MID AIR.—P. 126.

OUTING is indebted to Mr. John Carbutt for the instantaneous photos of Mr. Page's different positions in high jump (September, pp. 451-2). These pictures were made on "Carbutt's Eclipse 27 Plate."

THE NATIONAL GUARD OF CALIFORNIA.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, AUTHOR OF "THE NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK."



GUARD, SANTA CRUZ, 1890.

THE California National Guard has had as many ups and downs and as many wonderful changes as the State itself.

Never in the history of the world has any country, passing from one political dominion to another, experienced such wonderful and marvelous changes, and rarely if ever has any country in its earlier growth seen such a mixture of ruffianism and refinement, good and bad, as California did in her first days. But great as has been her growth, it has been sure, and to-day, notwithstanding all vicissitudes, her National Guard bears the same relation to the Guards of the other Pacific and Rocky Mountain States and Territories as that of the Empire State to her sisters east of the Mississippi.

To the observing military student there can be plainly seen going hand in hand with the picturesque and romantic surroundings of the battalions of the Gold-

en State a firm and substantial military foundation.

Practically the first appearance of the California militia dates from the organization of a battalion of three companies in 1846 to assist Fremont in his conquest of the then Mexican province. This force engaged in all Fremont's combats with the Mexicans and conducted itself with the greatest credit. During the exciting times of the gold fever the organizations of the California militia were like the times—spasmodic. The only company worthy of the name was the First California Guard (artillery), but in 1854 some forty members of this company organized the "City Guard"—the oldest infantry company in the State—and it is still in existence as Company B, First California Regiment.

From this time on the plant took deep root in the soil of the Golden West, and although the Vigilantes trouble of 1856

disturbed for a time its growth, it did not seriously impair it. In 1859 the "MacMahon Grenadier Guards" were organized; in 1858 the "Light Guards;" in 1855 the "Nationals." This latter company claims the proud distinction of being the first *National Guard* company to bear that title in existence, as it adopted that name at the time of its formation, when all others in California and elsewhere were known only as "militia." It is to-day known as the company of "Nationals."

Through all the many scenes of trouble that California has passed, commencing with the "Vigilantes" period of 1856, continuing through the war of the Rebellion, the "Amador" war of 1871, the "Kearney" and "Sand Lot" riots of 1879, and the various riots, threatened and actual, in the short history of this gigantic young State, the California militia or National Guard has always been found arrayed on the side of law and order, a source of reliance and strength without the help of which the civil authorities would have been in sore straits.

During the Rebellion, as the State was so far away from the scenes of hostilities, she was not called on to furnish troops for service immediately against the Confederates, and no quotas were assigned to her; yet, says General Orton, author of "California Records of the Rebellion," and but lately the adjutant general of the State: "During the war calls were made upon it for several regiments and battalions, aggregating more than sixteen thousand men,

besides five hundred who were enlisted within its borders and became part of the quota of the State of Massachusetts, and eight companies raised for Washington Territory."

With the exception of those raised for Massachusetts the California forces took no part in any of the great battles of the war; yet the service they rendered was as important as that rendered by those from other States. It was as severe, entailing long and fatiguing marches across burning deserts and among almost inaccessible mountains. They were engaged in hundreds of fights with Indians and small forces of Confederate troops, on the frontiers, in Texas and Mexico, and they never knew defeat. It was a constant source of regret among them that they were never ordered East, and the question was continually asked: "When are we to be ordered to the seat of war?" The Government deemed it wisest to keep them on the Pacific Coast and in the Territories. They occupied all the posts from Puget Sound to San Elizario, Tex., and they did their duty faithfully. By their loyalty they preserved peace in these Western States and Territories and the flag of rebellion was soon driven beyond the Rio Grande.

It was the Third California Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Col. P. Edward Connor, that so ably held the Mormon Church and government in check in 1862-63, when Brigham Young was only too ready to espouse the Confederate cause



BRIG. GEN. JOHNSON AND STAFF, FIRST BRIGADE.

and actually bade defiance to the United States Government.

In other scenes, also, the Guard has scored its victories. The great commander so lately gone from us, Gen. W. T. Sherman, was once a general of California militia. In 1876 Company C, First Infantry, brought back from Creedmoor the interstate trophy for rifle shooting, and to-day many men who reached distinction in the war of the Rebellion and from the Eastern States esteem it an honor to belong to the California National Guard.

The California Guard has had its drawbacks in the past, and in the present it is far from perfect. In some respects it is behind the standard set by several of the Eastern and Southern States; yet, notwithstanding all this, it can be truthfully said that the Guard of no State has made such progress with such little help. In no State is the Guard more loyal and obedient to proper authority, more anxious to improve and desirous of progress in all that constitutes the real part of the soldier's profession—the practical carrying out of marches and camps, etc.—and not the show of parade or the social distinctions so often sought by the older organizations of the East, to the detriment of soldierly qualities.

With the exception of one State—South Carolina—the number of Guardsmen in California is greater in proportion to the population than in any other State.

The present organization of the Guard dates from July 17, 1866, on which date the act was passed changing and consolidating the then militia companies into the National Guard of California.

By law the organized uniformed militia force of the State is known as the National Guard of California. It cannot exceed sixty companies, and must be located throughout the State with reference to the military wants thereof, the means of concentration and other military requirements. The militia at present consists of forty-six companies of infantry, eleven companies of artillery, armed, drilled and equipped as infantry; two light batteries of artillery, one company of cavalry and one cadet company—sixty-one in all. This force is organized into eight regiments, two battalions and one unattached company, and further into six brigades by counties, the whole constituting one division. All six brigades have their full complement of general, staff and field officers, but only two are

full. Four are skeleton organizations, with but a company or small battalion as a nucleus. The Governor is, of course, the commander in chief of the military forces of the State. His staff consists of one adjutant general, with the rank of brigadier general; one chief engineer, one paymaster general, one judge advocate general, one inspector general of rifle practice, one surgeon general, each with the rank of colonel, and sixteen aides de camp, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. They are all appointed by and hold their positions at the pleasure of the Governor. The Governor also appoints, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, the major general commanding the division, and each of the brigadier generals. All of these must be citizens of the United States and of the State, and the brigadiers must be residents of the localities for which they are appointed. The different organizations of the State, their commanding officers, chiefs of staff and headquarters are:

COMMANDER IN CHIEF AND STAFF.

Henry H. Markham, Governor, commander in chief, Sacramento.

Charles C. Allen, Brigadier General, adjutant general, Sacramento.

R. E. Murray, Col., assistant adjutant general, Sacramento.

J. B. Wright, Col., chief engineer, Sacramento.

F. W. Sumner, Col., paymaster general, San Francisco.

G. A. Knight, Col., judge advocate general, San Francisco.

D. M. Burns, Col., inspector general, San Francisco.

S. F. Long, Col., surgeon general, San Francisco.

F. S. Chadbourne, Lieut. Col., aide de camp, San Francisco.

R. D. Laidlaw, Lieut. Col., aide de camp, San Francisco.

F. G. Teed, Lieut. Col., aide de camp, Los Angeles.

H. H. McCloskey, Lieut. Col., aide de camp, Merced.

John S. Young, Lieut. Col., aide de camp, Healdsburg.

A. G. Gassen, Lieut. Col., aide de camp, San Diego.

Reed Jones, Lieut. Col., aide de camp, Oakland.

William H. Dimond, major general commanding division, San Francisco.

Albert E. Castle, assistant adjutant general, San Francisco.

First Brigade—Headquarters, Los Angeles, Cal. E. P. Johnson, brigadier general commanding; L. S. Butler, Lieut. Col., assistant adjutant general.

Regiments—Seventh Infantry, composed of companies from Anaheim, Pasadena and Ventura, and three from Los Angeles. Headquarters at Los Angeles. Ninth Infantry Regiment, composed of two companies at San Diego and one each from Riverside, Pomona, San Bernardino, and Santa Ana. Headquarters at San Diego.

Second Brigade—Headquarters, San Francisco. John H. Dickinson, brigadier general commanding; Wm. Edwards, Lieut. Col., assistant adjutant general.

Regiments—First Infantry, composed of seven companies, all in San Francisco, and one cadet company. Headquarters at San Francisco. Second Artillery, composed of six infantry companies and one light battery, all in San Francisco. Headquarters at San Francisco. Third Infantry, composed of eight infantry companies, all in San Francisco. Headquarters at San Francisco. Fifth Infantry, composed of two companies at Oakland, one each from San Rafael, San José, Petaluma and Santa Rosa. Headquarters at San Francisco. One company of cavalry, the San Francisco Hussars, at San Francisco.

Third Brigade—Headquarters, Stockton. James H. Budd, brigadier general commanding; Marion De Vries, Lieut. Col., assistant adjutant general.

Regiments—Sixth Infantry, composed of two companies each from Stockton and Fresno, and one each from Modesto and Visalia. Headquarters at Stockton.

Fourth Brigade—Headquarters, Sacramento. Timothy W. Sheehan, brigadier general commanding; C. H. Hubbard, Lieut. Col., assistant adjutant general.

Regiments—First Artillery, composed of one light battery and three infantry companies at Sacramento, and one each at Woodland and Nevada City. Headquarters at Sacramento.

Fifth Brigade—Headquarters, Chico. J. W. B. Montgomery, brigadier general commanding. H. T. Batchelder, Lieut. Col., assistant adjutant general.

Regiment—Eighth Infantry Battalion, composed of one company each from Chico, Colusa, Marysville, Red Bluff and Redding. Headquarters at Chico, Cal.

Sixth Brigade—Headquarters, Eureka. J. W. Freese, brigadier general commanding. James B. Brown, Lieut. Col., assistant adjutant general.

Regiments—Tenth Infantry Battalion, composed of one company at Eureka and one at Arcata. Headquarters at Eureka.

In addition to the above, there is attached to each of the third, fourth, second and first brigades a signal corps of an aggregate strength of sixteen officers and eighty-three men.

The total strength of the Guard as given by the adjutant general's report for 1890 is 4,386, divided as follows: General officers and general staff, 113; artillery, 63 officers, 152 non-commissioned officers, 67 musicians and 556 privates. Total, 838. Infantry, 224 officers, 582 non-commissioned officers, 245 musicians and 2,159 privates. Total, 3,210. Cavalry, 3 officers, 10 non-commissioned officers, 2 musicians and 41 privates. Signal corps, total of 99. Retired officers, 82.

Several rather unusual conditions will strike the attention of the military man. First, the designation of the artillery regiments as such. This is a relic of the times when during their organization it was proposed to arm and equip the entire regiments as artillery. In each one of these regiments is one light battery of artillery, and without doubt that one in the Second Regiment commanded by Capt. Hugh T. Sime is as far ahead of any in the State of New York, in all that pertains to excellence in drill and discipline, and practical knowledge of their duties and their arm of service, as the regiments of infantry of New York, taken as a whole, are ahead of the California organizations. The infantry companies of the two artillery regiments are wrongly termed "batteries." They are armed, equipped and drilled as infantry, and have no knowledge whatever of either heavy or light artillery. Should they be called out for active service, either in State or United States service, they must go as infantry, or be mustered into service as recruits entirely ignorant of their arm.

It will be noticed also that the old fault—now pretty well done away with in most Eastern States—of a large, showy and political general staff is followed to a great extent in California. Each division and brigade commander has a staff as top-heavy, in proportion, as the Governor's.

Up to within the last year the Guard consisted of fifty full companies and four cadet companies. But the Legislature amended the code so as to require the Guard to consist of not more than sixty companies, while all members of cadet

companies were required to be pupils in some public school within the limits of their respective commands. This caused the mustering out of all cadet companies except one.

In each brigade there may be mustered into service a signal corps, which cannot exceed ten members for each regiment of the brigade. If the corps has ten men and less than forty, it is entitled to one first lieutenant, two sergeants and four corporals. If of more than forty, it has one captain, one first lieutenant, three sergeants and six corporals. The captains and lieutenants are elected by the members of their commands, but corporals and sergeants are appointed by the brigade commander, on the recommendation of the signal officer in command.

In all matters relating to arms, equipment, uniform and drill, discipline, etc., the California code requires that the Guard shall follow the United States Army. As the State draws its allowance from the general Government in arms and equipment and obtains them from that source only, it follows that, for so large a Guard and with such a small allowance, by the time all the companies are supplied the arms first issued are unserviceable. About 5 per cent. of the rifles in the hands of the Guard are in this state, while to fit out all companies at the present rate will require about three years more. The guns are of course the Springfield rifle, calibre .45. The equipments are the service cartridge belt and plate, steel bayonets and McKeever cartridge boxes. All companies are supplied with these. The guns of the light batteries are the old ten-pounder Parrott and the twelve-pounder Napoleon.

The uniform is almost exactly the same as the uniform of the United States Army. Each company is allowed by law \$150 per annum to purchase uniforms and for repairs. The State moreover furnishes a service uniform. The sum allowed is small, but, with the State clothing, it is sufficient to clothe the entire Guard and keep them so for some years in a good condition, with the important exception of overcoats.

In many respects the drill of the California Guard, taken as a whole, is as satisfactory as in most of the States. The same difference is observable here as in New York between the regiments and the companies organized in the country and smaller towns. The latter are in-

variably composed of the best material in their respective towns. The single military company is not only a military organization, but it is also a social club and the club of the place. The members are men of high standing in business, political and social circles, and they take a pride in making the company the best military organization of the State, and all other issues are subservient to this one condition. In the cities, with the exception of one or two companies, the regiments may be said to be composed of the working classes, the Third Infantry corresponding to the Sixty-ninth in New York city, its members being of Irish birth principally. The two light batteries and the hussar company are considered the "crack" or "swell" organizations.

The light batteries are, in all that makes them practical artillerists, far ahead of any of the New York batteries, and equal to any in any of the Eastern States. They do not pretend to go through a simply perfect mechanical drill with their guns on an even drill floor, with every surrounding of lights, heat, colors, a large audience, etc., conducive to calling out every effort on the part of the members to look pretty; but out in the camp, in the field and on the march they know how to handle their guns and take care of them and themselves. With the exception of these two and several of the separate companies—those organized in the smaller towns—the drill, guard duty, camp duties, etc., are below the average of those in the East. But drill is a question of practice and knowledge, and will soon come to the Californians in the new line of progress they have lately taken up, since they have the first great requisite of good soldiers to an equal extent with any of their Eastern compatriots. It is only within a year that appropriations and support anything like what is necessary have been given them. As it is, they are very little compared with what are really required. When the State shall erect and own its armories sufficient for all its Guard, uniform, equip and arm them all alike and with the best armament consistent with their service, then, judging from what has been accomplished in the past, California will have another institution to which she can point with pride, and from which the East can learn many lessons to her advantage.

To be continued.

HOW I LOST MY THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.



THE turkey is a wondrous toothsome morsel, whether it be a choice bird from the fattening pen or one of those kings of the feathered race, a grand wild fellow, slain perhaps after a deal of toil and trouble in his native haunt—some Southern river bottom, Western scrub or

lonely Canadian forest. But such birds as these are by no means easily procured, and only a favored few of the millions of feasters on Thanksgiving Day will sink tooth into genuine wild turkey meat. The price paid by the epicure for his wild bird would doubtless purchase provisions enough to feast a family of the breadwinning class on excellent fare for an entire week, so the toilers must needs be content with a less aristocratic fowl than *Meleagris gallopavo*.

Year by year the wild birds are steadily decreasing in number, and the day is not far distant when the turkey will exist no longer in the wild state save in a few favored portions of the South and Southwest. Easily trapped and always valuable, either for the market or for home consumption, it is hardly surprising that the birds have been eagerly sought and remorselessly slain wherever found, and were it not for their keen sight and swift and enduring running powers they would long ago have been exterminated in certain accessible forests, where a few yet find a home. But while the turkey is one of the easiest birds to trap, he is no fool to follow with rifle or gun in his forest ranges. Wild and shy to a degree, keen sighted, quick eared, swift of foot and strong of wing when needs be, he is also sharply suspicious of a man on foot, and quite as difficult to "still hunt" successfully as a deer. Generally ranging in

heavy forest, and within easy reach of tangled scrub or other baffling cover, no sooner does he suspect danger than his long legs bear him swiftly to the densest growth he can find, through which a man may track him for hours without either obtaining a shot or forcing him to take wing, and frequently the bird will not even be seen.

The principles of good sportsmanship admit of the wild turkey being taken by several methods. One of these is shooting the birds when roosting in tall timber at night. All that is necessary is first to locate the "roost," then to steal upon the unsuspecting game and shoot as many as possible before the turkeys realize what is going on and leave the unhealthy neighborhood. A second method is "calling," or "yelping." The sportsman uses frequently a bone from a turkey's wing as a "caller," and by sucking air through this bone in the proper fashion an exact imitation of the "yelp" of the bird is produced. An ordinary clay pipe also makes an excellent "caller." This method may be followed with deadly effect either after a flock has been scattered or, as is done in the South, while the gobblers are "strutting," in which case a good imitation of the cry of a lovelorn hen will lure the male to his destruction.

Still another method, the most dashing and exciting sport of all, is coursing the birds with greyhounds. This, of course, demands an open country, and is, I believe, only attempted on the plains of the far South and Southwest. For this sport a man must be a good horseman and be well mounted, as the going is fast and free and the ground covered frequently dangerous. The turkeys are found feeding in the open; the dogs are slipped, and when the birds take wing horse and hounds follow the selected victim as fast as they can lay foot to the ground. The turkey flies straight, and though its first flight may be half a mile or more, it has not time to recover from the unusual exertion ere the fleet dogs again compel it to take wing. It may rise two or three times, but its strength is soon spent, and unless it can reach heavy cover the dogs pull it down, the horseman meanwhile

following the chase in the best way that he can.

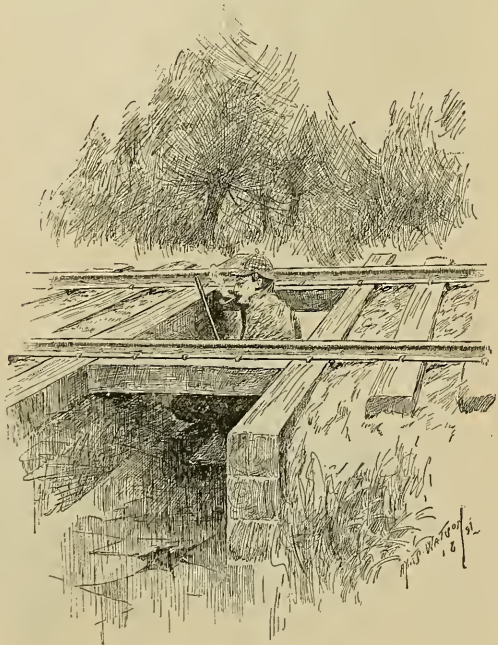
Yet another method, and a thoroughly sportsmanlike one, is tracking or "still hunting." The best time for this is immediately after a light fall of snow, when all "sign" is fresh, and the contest simply becomes a fair test of hunter's craft against cunning and endurance. The still hunter will surely earn his bird, no matter whether he carry a rifle and kill his game at long range, or a shotgun and kill it flying, after he has fairly tramped it to a standstill, forced it from sheer weariness to squat and hide and then flushed it from cover by his close approach. Tracking turkeys in the kind of ground they usually favor is emphatically hard work, and the tracker will be led, perhaps, for mile after mile through just the sort of cover that tempts one to halt and "talk the bark off a tree" now and then. I have many times followed turkeys — sometimes on the tracks, sometimes by guesswork — for an entire day and never once had a chance at a bird.

One fall, that now has many leaves upon its grave, I decided to take a run over the Canada Southern into Essex Woods and try for a good gobbler, though a plump hen would doubtless have also received attention. It had rained hard for several days, then the cold came, and with it a slight fall of snow, though hardly sufficient for good tracking. It was an extremely sharp, clear, bracing morning when I left a comfortable farm house some miles west of Essex Centre, and with Winchester on shoulder started for the great silent stretch of woods which extended for miles in every direction. I knew that turkey were in these woods and was fully resolved to have one before night, but no sooner was the timber fairly entered than the unpleasant fact became painfully apparent that it wasn't a good day for turkey.

Every hollow between the thick standing oaks, maples and elms had been filled to o'erflowing by the rains, and now every pool was covered with an inch thick coat of ice—just thick enough *not* to bear 180 pounds. Every twig and frozen leaf under foot, moreover, crushed like glass, and under such conditions I was about as likely to get within shot of a turkey as I was to tree a Bengal tiger up one of the big elms. There was nothing for it but to acknowledge a balk, and I retreated to the railroad, the track being about the only place where dry walking was possible.

After infinite difficulty, aided by a couple of rails from the snake fence, I managed to safely cross the deep ditch between the woods and the track, and so reached safe footing.

It was an exasperating situation. Straight as a rule, east and west, stretched the narrow roadbed, with its two shining rails; on either side were broad ditches containing water perhaps five feet deep, coated with treacherous ice, and I thus had a promenade over one hundred miles long, but only about fifteen feet wide. A tempting shooting ground, truly! A fellow might get "rail birds" on it or shoot off a few "ties" to fill in time, but it was not very exhilarating I confess. There was nothing to do until the evening train came along to take me home again. Nothing but a heavy frost, followed by snow, would make still hunting possible, and there were no indications of snow. For want of something better to do I strolled a couple of miles along the track, and by so doing made a discovery which changed the aspect of affairs considerably. A car laden with shelled corn must have passed some days before and had a hole in it, for a long stream of yellow grain extended for some three hundred yards besides the rails. Near my end of the corn was a culvert crossing the track, through which, under ordinary conditions,



THE AMBUSH IN THE CULVERT.

cattle could readily pass. But it was now filled to within a couple of feet of the top with water, like the ditches coated with ice.

Everywhere within a short distance of this culvert I found "sign" of wild turkeys, and it was an easy task to read the possibilities. The birds had discovered the trail of grain and had been feeding on it for two or three days at least. The rains had drowned out their feeding grounds in the woods and they would be sure to return to the corn day after day until the last grain was eaten. It was simply a question of close hiding, more or less of the long agony of hope deferred, and then—and then a turkey would be mine! I fairly grinned over that layout.

But where to hide. Not an available point offered; the track was as bare as the rifle barrel, and the roadbed was elevated so much above the level of the woods that it could not be properly commanded, except I climbed a tree, which would be altogether unsuitable.

The culvert!

Yes, the culvert; but the ice will barely hold, thought I. However, a look at it would do no harm. I carefully tested it and found that owing to its narrowness and the grip on the timber walls afforded the ice it would just bear me. Happy thought; a board off yon gate broken in two and cushioned with a layer of dry grass and stuff would make a comfortable resting place, and spread its pressure on the ice sufficiently to make all safe. The board was soon secured, placed in two halves on the ice and padded with handfuls of withered herbage, and I was all ready for business at the new stand. Sitting upon my boards I could just comfortably raise my eyes above the track, and if I got upon my knees the edge of the culvert afforded a dead rest for my elbow, and I felt I couldn't miss a turkey at 150 yards if I tried. It was superb, and I grinned some more. This was just the luckiest, laziest, dead certain turkey shoot on record.

For some time I sat there, closely watching the track and the woods upon either side. It was tedious, cold work enough, and in due time I grew weary and cramped from the confined position and varied things by creeping out of my shelter and having a bit of a dance to stir sluggish blood. Just as I thought of again going to cover, a black object moved in the woods, perhaps 200 yards away. No need for a second glance; it

could only be a turkey; and as speedily as possible I crawled back into the culvert, and with my head close to the rail waited for further developments. Moments dragged slowly past, and at last one bird appeared on the track, good 500 yards off, and was presently followed by another, and another, and yet others, until nine stately fowl were in plain view. They soon turned in my direction and moved slowly forward.

It was now a "regular cinch," and I hugged my head closer into the rail and glared down the track at those turkeys with a burning intentness that melted what little snow there was near my face. They were coming—they were bound to feed right up to my stand if I chose to let 'em. I would plunk the big gobbler. I could distinguish from where I lay and then take chances for another, run or fly. No, I wouldn't either. I would be silent and wary as a lynx and let them feed good and close, and wait for the big fellow and another to get in line and straighten out a brace of them at the one shot.

They came steadily on. They were now only about four hundred yards away, and advancing in a long line, Indian file. Nearer and nearer they came, and I changed my purpose. Two in line were not enough for such an opportunity. I would draw a dead bead on the big fellow and hold on him till three were in range. Yes, that would be better. Still they advanced, and only three hundred yards separated them from their doom. Now they quickened their movements and advanced rapidly for some distance. They had reached the trail of corn and they crowded close bunched over the first scattered grains. Once again my resolution wavered. Hang it all! It was just as easy to get four in line—a ball at short range would stiffen four of them easy enough. I must have four.

Step by step, yard by yard, they came on, ever drawing nearer and nearer to the certain death that waited to claim its four. Every once in a while they would all bunch together, and as they did this at a range of about two hundred yards my modesty wavered again.

Could it not be possible to drive a ball through five of them in line? Such a record—such a shot to describe to the boys! Five grand wild turkeys at one lick! I was just fairly entertaining the five notion, when an ominous click sounded

along the rails. That mysterious click which announces the coming of a train

"Click—tuck—click!" There was no mistake. It must be a freight, for no express was due at that hour.

"Click—tuck—lick—click!" The mysterious message had reached the turkeys' ears, too, and they lifted their heads on high and stood motionless. I breathed a few stanzas of vulgarized adjectives at the infernal change of luck, and considered what I should do. I might try a long shot, but it would be doubtful. If I showed myself, good-bye to those turkeys. My mind was almost made up to shoot at once, for the rails were now clicking merrily, when, like a saving clause, the thought occurred to me that they heard trains passing many times every day, and would probably merely retreat into the woods for a short distance and return when all became still. They had certainly been disturbed in this fashion more than once before.

These reflections were rather comforting, and I resolved to just lay low where I was and let the train thunder above my head. I was perfectly safe and could get my five birds just as well as not when they came back. I took a peep eastward and there, sure enough, was my train coming along at a great rate. Looking again in the direction of the turkeys I saw the last two or three trot slowly into cover. They undoubtedly were not seriously alarmed and would most likely resume feeding in half an hour.

There I lay close as possible and in a moment the train thundered overhead with a tremendous clatter. Though I knew I was perfectly secure I fairly shuddered as the first couple of pairs of wheels passed so close to my head. Heavens! what a jar and row it made! Would it never draw

its frightful length across that culvert? At last when I was almost deafened, a blessed pause in the uproar brought relief. A hollow "plunk-plunk" of the last pair of wheels announced the complete passage of the conductor's red van, and I made a move to rise.

There was a faint, squeaking, grinding noise, a squirt of ice-cold water, then a frightful crash and splash, and I gave an involuntary imitation of a young man falling through a glass skylight and fetching up in a well. The vibration of the train had loosened the ice from the walls of the culvert, and the whole business broke into fragments, and I was in it!

I didn't wait to touch bottom, but pawed and sputtered and floundered round with the bits of board and the roots and the grass and the ice, and clambered out just as quick as the Lord would allow. Then I swore at the train, and the turkeys and the culvert and the ice, and the water and the smart Aleck who planned the ambushment, and the rifle for being in that zeroed fool trap yet; then, in spite of chattering teeth and trembling limbs, I laughed—I had to laugh.

But the worst of it was that I had to go in again, and also go clean under water for a horrible quarter minute to recover the rifle, after I had located it with my foot; for no consideration would have induced me to leave it there. Then I clambered out once more, and groaning and shivering and shedding water every jump, ran and walked and staggered the best way I could to the farm house, where I had a hot drink and a sleep in thick blankets while my clothes were thoroughly dried. That was finally accomplished late in the afternoon, but whether or no it is possible to drive a ball through *five* turkeys in line—I just dinna ken!



A PLEA FOR "STYLE" IN BOXING.

BY A. AUSTEN.



FIG. 3.

WHEN, with the international contest between Sayers and Heenan, prize fighting and all its odious train of barbarities died a natural death, it seemed as though the day star of pure amateur boxing had arisen and the Queensberry rules adopted by gentlemen for gentlemen seemed to assure its future. The enemy was, however, apparently scotched, not killed, and the professional sporting man, not to be deprived of such an easy means of making money, soon subtracted from, added to, twisted and turned about the rules and applied them to glove fights between pugilists under the guise of boxing matches, and it is needless to say with the same degrading effect upon boxing as a branch of athletics in which gentlemen might compete as had developed upon the prize ring. No attraction is so great to a certain debased class of mind as a

fight between two men, and the so-called promoter, under the guise of elevating the art, reaped rich harvests.

There should be, and formerly did exist, a wide distinction between a prize fight between two professionals and a boxing competition between two amateurs, but the difference has so narrowed of late that it would tax the judgment of the average man to say which was the more coarse or brutal, the professional fist or glove fight promoted by professional sporting men or the boxing tournament by so-called amateur athletic associations. Encouraged sometimes by prominent authorities, it is little wonder that the fast or semi-fast man about town has developed a fad for seeing such fights, not because he understands boxing or desires to do so, but in order that he may be able to tell the "biggest" in regard to the number of knock outs or the quantity of blood he saw spilt at a particular amateur athletic club tournament. Approaching still nearer the methods of the professional speculator, many more or less prominent real and sham amateur athletic clubs have fed this fad and profited by degrading one of the branches of athletics they were presumably instituted to elevate.

Institutions of high standing and refinement, and the better sort of amateur athletic clubs, encourage, it is true, boxing as a means to several ends, including self defense, amusement and exercise, and in all these style is essential. The art of boxing is more in the manner than the doing. It is what you make it; skill and refinement alone render it worthy of being classed as an art. Like fencing, which emanated from cutting and slashing affrays, boxing is the outcome of rough and tumble fights, wherein kicking, gouging and biting were concomitant parts. Civilization demands the suppression of brutality. What was considered rational amusement in the early part of the century, when the mayors of Bath and Bristol were frequently present at the annual pugilistic competitions between the two towns, is deemed brutal now.

In boxing, as in any other form of con-



FIG. 2.

almost universally established amongst good boxers wherever boxing is practiced, is very striking to the experienced boxer. This should not be, particularly where the aim of the promoters is to elevate the art. The qualification should be mainly if not altogether in the student's proficiency in the established principle the same as in educational examinations. In all such competitions the principle and system of the science are clearly defined; in boxing they are not. It is inconceivable that those on both sides of the Atlantic who for the time being have undertaken the government of national boxing should have omitted this important duty. From the manner in which they have managed their tournaments and the number of inconsistent decisions their judges have given, one cannot help inferring that this is the result of their lack of knowledge, particularly in defining the Marquis of Queensberry's rule, "style in boxing is essential." Championships have been won by Humphreys and Mendoza, pump handle, windmill, up and downer, roley poley and other peculiar ways of boxing,

test, manly and honorable conduct pays best, as a rule; and when the admiration and general approval it excites are considered the balance is still more in its favor.

Our best pugilists were generally the most manly and fair fighters; in appearance the effect of their effective hitting was minimized by the skillful manner in which they did it. The appearance of two unskilled men slugging each other is far more brutal, although they would not do nearly as much execution. The general impression among intellectual men is that boxing in general, and for amateur contests in particular, requires further refinement. The contention that during the past twenty years it has become coarser is not without reason. Every other manly sport has improved with the times. Why should boxing stand still, much less retrograde?

The peculiar ways in which the average amateur of to-day boxes, each seeming to think he has to himself some method or trick which will enable him to defeat his adversary, and this without even elementary proficiency in the principles which are

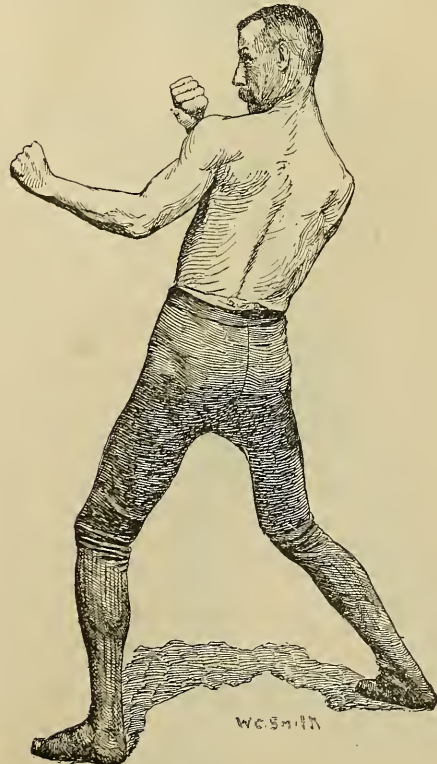


FIG. B.



FIG. 1.

as well as the slapper, cleaver cur and slugger methods of applying them.*

At the time the Queensberry rules were written I was striving to become an expert boxer by boxing in the sparring saloons in London, and in gauging the quality of the boxer by the manner in which he shaped, the straightness of his hitting, his ability in leading, countering, ducking, slipping and using his feet, I am convinced that I was in accord with the true principles. I firmly believe that this would have been the marquis' definition of style in boxing, but at that time the term style was so well understood that definition was unnecessary. The system I advocate and shall proceed to outline is applicable to any degree of boxing from the bare fist fight to the lightest sparring and was the one followed by the most skilled pugilists in the prize ring and sparring saloon at the time when the art had attained a higher degree of perfection than it had ever attained before or has since. It means, in brief, "perfect boxing deportment, good carriage physi-

cally, and a strong, prompt deciding mind mentally."

Whatever a man does athletically he must do either in accordance with the manner of man depicted in Fig. 1 or Fig. A or somewhere between these two opposite poles; but the nearer he approaches "1" the better he does it, irrespective of the success of his effort. In boxing "1" is the principal attitude. Movements and efforts comprising system must be strictly in accordance therewith to make a stylish boxer. Figs. 2 and 3 show "1" in boxing attitude and striking a blow with his left hand. Figs. B and C show "A" in similar postures. The numbered plates depict good form, the lettered ones bad form. By practicing in a good school a man with the capacity for so doing, in time, grows from the bad to the good and acquires the action of a boxer the same as he might the stride of a pedestrian or the stroke of an oarsman. This carriage and action are the outcome of generations of experience; men boxed, hit, counter hit, parried, ducked, slipped and used their feet a century ago. Nothing material has been invented, but everything has been

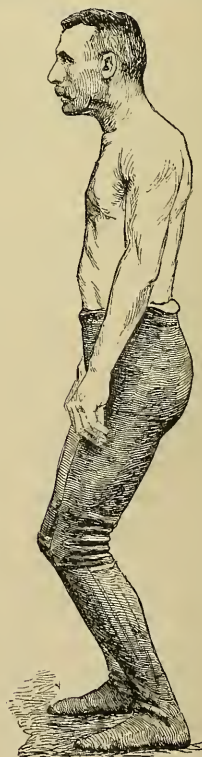


FIG. A

* Professional phrases for designating peculiar ways of boxing.

improved, step by step in principle, from the awkward postures and constrained movements of the lettered plates to the easy and graceful attitudes and action of the numbered.

This deportment should be the grammar of boxing, and its application should inspire all efforts either official or personal. It constitutes form or style in boxing and should supersede the absurd, more or less vicious, indefinite, swinging, swiping efforts of the average amateur, who flounders about without aim or system, and he should be forced to follow it by stringent regulations. I suggest going back to the principle of the school of boxing from which the marquis drew up his rules. A common-sense interpretation of the rule, "style in boxing is essential," and this together with an intelligent and firm application of it by our executive authorities, would, I am satisfied, remedy many of the objections I have alluded to and be the means of placing the art of boxing in the foremost place it is entitled to in the estimation of every grade of society. An outlined definition of the phrase should be given and some such explanation of an addition to the rules in vogue would, I believe, have the desired effect.

Style in boxing being essential, no contestant will be adjudged the winner unless his attitudes and actions are good, or show promise of becoming so, and his hitting straight. His quality as a boxer will then be gauged by—

1. Aggressive efforts, commonly called leading off, *i. e.*, landing well, judged clean and definite blows, with the left hand, on the face or body.

2. Resistive efforts, countering or cross countering, *i. e.*, striking an adversary while he is in the act of attacking, "leading." Unsuccessful attempts to do so with the left hand will be considered mistakes of smaller importance than with the right.

3. Evasive efforts, *i. e.*, parrying, ducking, slipping, stepping or springing out of distance or to the right or left. Continuing to do either without making more active resistance or attacking will be considered lack of ability.

4. Return hits, *i. e.*, striking an adversary immediately after evading his attack.

5. Any of the following will justify disqualification or be considered bad form in accordance with the manner in which it may be done, the circumstances, etc.:

Striking with the palm or unpadded part of the hand, returning a blow when it is due to your adversary's consideration that you were able to do so. Striking without aim or judgment, whether the blow land or not. Striking at your adversary while he is in an indelphensive position, not on guard, or any other unmanly or unchivalrous act, including placing one's self in an indelphensive position to avoid being hit.

6. Where the style and points are equal the man whose boxing and general deportment are the most fair and manly will be adjudged the winner.

If the spirit of these suggestions were rigidly enforced by really competent officials I believe the tough so-called amateur would soon learn that the honor and reward of victory were as much due to the means as the end and govern himself accordingly. Certain amateur athletic clubs which foster boxing might also awake to a sense of their duty, which is to encourage its practice and the acquirement of proficiency among themselves, instead of paying directly or indirectly track members, amateurs, etc., to slug for their amusement.

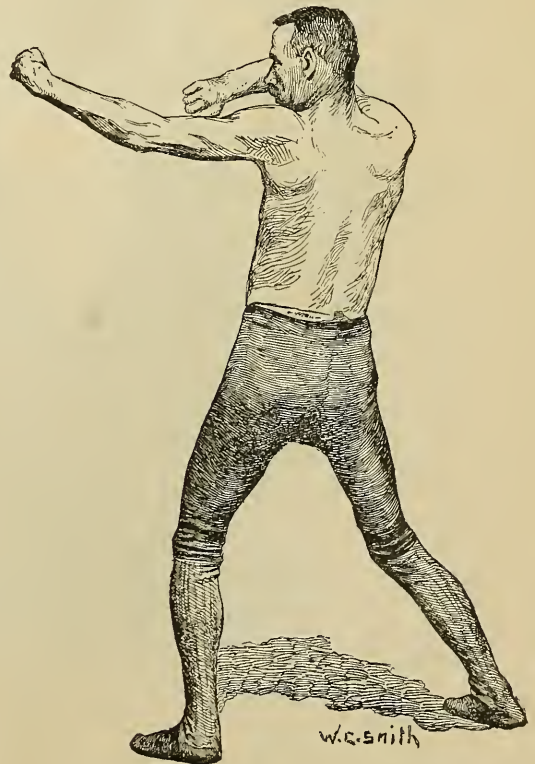


FIG. C.

SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN. *



CHAPTER III.

THERMAL CHANGES.

THE pale mellow light of a weakling sun filled the room in which Lützow stood next morning. It touched him gently, in perfect harmony with the chord in his nature that had been struck and still vibrated, held by the pedal of sentient memory. In his hand was a faded, stemless orchid, but he replaced it in his card case with care and tenderness as the door opened to admit a woman.

Evidently there had been a time when she was handsome, but added years and increased adiposity had changed all that, leaving no charm in form or feature save a pair of dark eyes still like her son's, and a gentle, motherly expression that no time could ever alter. The characteristic of the face was the nose, a feature that proclaimed the blood of her ancestry. It was with a tenderness which acknowledged no defects that Rudolph Lützow bent down and kissed her.

"Good morning, mother!" he ex-

claimed, cheerily. "I'm afraid I have been terribly lazy this morning and shall be late at the office. Were you coming to wake me?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, speaking with a strong accent. "Do you know the time?"

"Ten, is it? By Jove! I ought to have been down an hour ago. I am going to leave early to-day, because of the races this afternoon, and there is a lot of business."

"Do any of your horses run?"

"Oh, yes; Burgundy in the Garden City. I'm afraid it is going to rain. The sun looks watery. Had your breakfast, mother?"

"Two hours ago."

"Then you must have acquired a ravenous appetite for another in all that time. Come down with me and we'll talk over a cup of your delicious coffee."

She smiled at him in that tremulous, half-tearful sort of way peculiar to mothers who are proud of their offspring, even when there is not a remnant of sorrow in the heart, and followed him to the dining room.

"You seem very happy this morning, Rudolph," she said, as she sat beside him, leaning her cheek upon her hand, her elbow supported by the table. "Have you heard anything from the horses?"

"No, mother; nothing that is good. I received a telegram from Proctor last night that one of the two year olds had struck himself and would not be able to run to-day."

"You were counting upon him, then?"

"Yes; he is the best youngster I have."

"And yet——"

"Ah, mother, there is something else in life besides money."

She looked at him in astonishment for a moment, then something in his face seemed to strike terror to the mother's heart, but she was a wise woman who felt the ground beneath her feet before stepping forward.

"Where were you last night, Rudolph?" she asked quietly.

"At Mrs. Merrivale's reception."

"You are growing very fond of those people, dear."

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"And why not, mother? They are all kind to me."

"No one could help that, my boy. Did—did you meet any new people?"

"Not in its strict sense; but there was a renewal of a half-forgotten acquaintance that was exceedingly pleasant. Do you remember hearing me speak of a pretty child whom I met in Virginia four years ago?"

"Yes."

"She was there last night, a young lady now, fulfilling to its fullest the promise she gave then. She is a charming girl."

His face was bent low over his plate, but that did not prevent the quick eye of the mother from detecting its thermal changes. Her hand closed with a spasmodic snap and a cloud gathered between her eyes, but her son had already arisen from his scarcely tasted breakfast and was hastening to the hall for his coat and hat. She followed with less joy in her

heart than she had known but a moment before.

He slipped into his coat, then turned and took the old face tenderly between his hands.

"Who is she?" she asked, before the quick kiss could fall upon her lips.

Lützow showed where his thoughts were by answering without hesitation:

"A Miss Ormsby, the daughter of——"

"A Gentile?"

"A Christian—a pure and noble woman."

He kissed her and turned to go, but she caught his arm nervously before he could leave her. The face he saw was quivering with emotion.

"Rudolph," she cried, striving to stifle the pain in her voice, "my boy, my dear boy, look ahead and take care! Remember your race, my son! There is a barrier as high as heaven itself between you and these people whom you have made



your friends. You are not of them, Rudolph! They have despised and persecuted your brethren without cause and—"

His face had grown gray as dead ashes. He interrupted her with a passionate gesture, his voice hoarse and cold under a masterful effort at self repression.

"I shall not forget that I am——"

"A Jew!"

She finished the sentence for him with a dramatic climax that sent a thrill through all his being. What was it? He did not know; he dared not try to analyze. He looked straight into her eyes for one moment with a shudder strangled in its inception, then he slowly passed out and softly closed the door behind him.

What was it? Had the sun of heaven changed mysteriously? Had the sky grown dark? Were there voices in the air mocking and jeering at him?

Ashamed of his race? A thousand times, ten thousand times, no! He remembered with a feeling of pride the joy of Daniel Deronda at finding himself a Jew; he recalled the martyrdom that had been so bravely borne, and which had cleansed his race even as the chastening of God cleanses the soul; he recollected with a thrill of happiness that they were the chosen people of Jehovah, and then the light from his countenance slowly faded and the pallor of death overspread his features.

The pain was physical in its intensity, but he refused to consider it. He forced a smile to his strained lips and told himself that he was a fool, that the day of prejudice and injustice had passed, that man was weighed by his honor and woman by her purity without reference to race, and then his conscience told him that he had lied; but he would not listen.

He ran lightly up the steps of the elevated road, bought his ticket, forgot his change and passed through the gate with the ticket still clasped in his hand. He forgot both himself and his surroundings, but smiled almost gratefully when a familiar hand was placed upon his shoulder and a familiar voice pronounced his name.

"Morning, Lützow! You seem pre-occupied as well as late. Too much champagne last night?"

"Good morning, Halstead. My head does feel rather queer. Going down to take a flyer in Wall Street this morning?"

"Not much! I lose my money fast enough on flyers of the turf. By the way, what chance has Burgundy to-day?"

"I am rather chary of saying, for, after all, it is largely guesswork. He worked the distance in 2:14 and that will hardly do to bet on. Proctor tells me, however, that he can do it in 2:09 or even better if the track is good. One of the stable boys rode him at considerably over weight, but he failed to follow instructions and made the pace too slow at the start. The last half was done in 51, which was a fairly good finish you know."

"He will almost start favorite on his public running, won't he?"

"I think so. Still the race is such an open one the odds ought to be good; six or eight to one I should imagine."

"I reckon I shall have to back him. And how about Loiterer?"

"Not quite as fit as I should like to have him; besides I shouldn't care to start him with the weight they gave him—121 pounds. By the way, what has Mr. Ormsby done with that Lord of the Winds colt that was bred on shares with your father; Hartland his name was, I think. Has he got him yet?"

"No. He sold him as a yearling to old Schlesinger, who ran him only half fit several times unsuccessfully. Being pressed for money he sold him in turn to young Wilbur Grey. The horse is better trained and managed now that Jem Stayner has him in hand. He won some fast races at the Springs, but I fancy the company was not first rate and that track has the name of being very fast."

"I wonder if he could be bought?"

"Not very likely. Young Grey seems to have plenty of money, and to be a buyer rather than a seller. He is a possible starter to-day against Burgundy in the Garden City Handicap, and we may have an opportunity to see how good he is."

"That's so! Let me see! He has a lot of good aged horses against him. Not much chance for a four year old against Heidsieck, Hamburg, Obligation, Burgundy, Estelle and Lady Tuberose."

"Stayner thinks nothing can beat him. He is thoroughly wedded to the ugly brute."

"What is his weight. Do you remember?"

"One hundred and ten, I believe; but I think he has incurred a four-pound penalty since."

"I doubt his winning! H'm! Stayner is always a trifle over-sanguine, you know."

"Do you want to buy him?"

"Yes, if I could get him at a reasonable figure. I was at the farm when he was foaled."

"Were you? Then you must have known Mr. Ormsby's niece before she came to New York. What a charming woman she has made."

"Yes—let me see! What station? Oh, Grand street! Yes, Miss Ormsby is charming indeed. She said last night something about a bitter memory connected with Shamble Oak, her uncle's place there. Would it be indiscreet to ask what it was?"

"Don't you know? It seems that everyone who ever touched Virginia soil has heard of it. The farm belonged to her father, but he became terribly involved through some sort of a questionable transaction that he got mixed up in with a—a man in Richmond. He saw poverty and disgrace facing him, and one night in desperation he very nearly severed his head from his body. The grief and shame of it killed his wife. She died in less than ten days afterward. Then the—the man came to foreclose, but John Ormsby, who owned the adjoining farm, happened to be there as well. The old place was put up under the hammer and John Ormsby bought it in. It was an awful experience for that poor child."

"Who was the man?" asked Lützow, dreading he dared not think what, the fear perhaps being occasioned by Halstead's hesitation.

"Jacob Lauderbaum."

"A—Jew?"

"Yes."

Lützow shivered. The brilliant coloring that had marked his face as a characteristic was gone. His eyes held a shadow too strong to be described as mere pain. He seemed to lack the strength to remove them from Halstead's face and the latter was forced—to see.

He placed his hand on the young Jew's shoulder and smiled.

"You look as if you expected your whole race to be eternally condemned for the fault of a single one," he said kindly. "Should you consider me a thief because a Gentile is confined over there in the Tombs for burglary?"

"But—you look upon—us—differently."

"Nonsense! The measure of a man is his honesty. There are thieves in all nations and races and will be until the end of



"THE DOOR OPENED TO ADMIT A WOMAN."—P. 144.

time. You are too sensitive, Lützow, by half. Good-bye, old chap. This is Chambers street and I leave you here."

Lützow wrung the hand that was extended to him.

"Thank you, old fellow," he returned, a shade of color returning to his cheeks. "Perhaps I am supersensitive, but I am afraid that—I'll see you at the track and tell you about Burgundy there. Don't bet until you hear from me."

"All right; meet you at the saddling paddock just after the first race."

There was the usual rush; the guard's admonition to "step lively;" the cord was snapped and the mid-air train moved onward.

Lützow looked back, but Halstead had disappeared. He drew his hat over his eyes and settled back in his seat. There was a picture before his mental vision that seemed burning into his very soul. It was of the Jew that had robbed Virginia Ormsby of both her parents, of her father's honor and of her fortune! Was it not enough to make her loath the race?

And yet she had been kind to him. She must have seen his admiration, and there

had been no repulsion in her manner. On the contrary, she knew that he carried her withered flower near his heart and had smiled instead of frowning.

And then into life there leaped a hope—a hope that had before lain dormant and undefined, a hope that was haloed with fear, but sweet and heaven promising. It would benefit his people, he told himself, and strike at least a tiny hole in the great wall that divided them from other nations. It would be a delicate fillet of love, helping, in its pretty, poetic way, to bind the hearts of his brethren with those of the race she represented.

He comforted his soul with promises of good and garlanded hope with dreams.

IV.

THE TRACK BY THE SEA.

The day had not fulfilled its portent, for as the hours passed the sun increased in strength, and the great day of the Garden City Handicap was all that the owners of the contestants could have desired.

There was an intense heat oppressing the city, but the track by the sea was swept by a delicious salt breeze, and no fans were needed in the grand stand.

The trees in the infield, not sufficiently dense to obstruct the view of the far side of the track, waved gently, apparently keeping time to the soft breaking of the billows upon the sand. The commotion in the betting ring had not yet begun, but knots of men stood about under the trees, laughing good naturedly or talking excitedly, while they chewed nervously at the end of a weed or puffed the clouds of curling blue about their heads.

In a roomy box stall in one of the many rows of stables stood Wilbur Grey's horse Hartland, greatly changed from his colthood days when he roamed at will over the broad pastures of Shamble Oak. Groomed and brushed to the extreme nicety of his attendant's heart, his coarse head, firm crest, short muscular back and powerful, well-turned quarters reflecting the light from the open door like polished bronze, he looked trained to the hour for the race now so near at hand. His trainer stood regarding his work with evident complacency.

"You'll do, I guess," he muttered. "You are as fit as I can make you, old fellow, and if you don't win to-day I shall be the most mistaken man at this track. Ah! Would you!"—as the horse, rolling

his eyes sideways, made a vicious lash out with his heels. "You'd like to reach me, wouldn't you? Never mind! You'll have something else to think of directly."

Closing the door, the trainer left his charge to await the call of the saddling bell.

In the boxes of the grand stand there were the dainty frou-frou of skirts, the undertone of modulated feminine voices and an occasional bit of musical laughter, as the fair possessors climbed to their seats escorted by gallants who had learned in the school of experience to control their features but too cleverly under the most antipodal strokes of fortune and misfortune, until the Sphinx itself could not have discerned the wild exultation or the abjectness of chagrin those calm visages concealed.

Among the early arrivals was John Ormsby, with his handsome niece and her friend, Miss Austin, who had driven over through the beautiful park that is a rival of the Twin City's own, and down that long, broad avenue that might be a dangerous competitor of the far-famed Champs Elysées if only we were possessed of the same degree of pride of country that we are of pride of birth and fortune.

There was not a handsomer woman in the stand than Virginia Ormsby, and more than one field glass turned upon her as she took her place with dignity and grace beside her uncle. She was clad in soft gray Lansdowne—a superior fabric for that purpose, in that it sheds dust almost as readily as the old-time alpaca—relieved with black, a hat of the same color with black ostrich feathers shading the face, and a single La France rose fastened at the throat. The picture she presented was one of extreme style and unusual beauty.

Lützow, coming from the direction of the saddling paddock, saw them as they descended from the carriage and watched them as they mounted the stairs to take possession of their box. A little later he sauntered leisurely thither, and, lifting his hat in pleased surprise as Miss Ormsby bowed, he exclaimed, "This is an unexpected pleasure," telling the lie that falls so naturally from almost every lip quietly. "How do you do, Mr. Ormsby?"

The latter and Miss Austin were likewise so cordial in their greeting that he readily accepted an invitation to be seated.

"Have you anything running to-day, Mr. Ormsby?" he asked, when he had



"YOU ARE AS FIT AS I CAN MAKE YOU, OLD FELLOW."—P. 148.

exchanged the usual platitudes with the ladies.

"Yes, but not in the big race. I am starting a two year old for the Emerald Stakes. She has incurred a four-pound penalty for winning a filly stake at the Springs. She came within \$25 of getting seven. One hundred and sixteen pounds is a good deal of weight for a little thing like her to carry."

"Who rides her to-day?"

"One of my own boys; he rides her in her work. He understands her thoroughly, and I think can do more with her than an outsider."

"And I suppose you are enthusiastic in your desire to see her win, are you not, Miss Ormsby?" asked Lützow, smiling down into the glorious dark eyes.

"No. I'm more anxious about Hartland," answered Virginia, returning the smile. "Gertrude is very much better than her company, and it will be a walk over, but I am afraid Hartland won't win against your Burgundy."

"Afraid? Is that quite kind when your uncle no longer owns Hartland?"

"Ah, but one never recovers from one's attachment to anything bred at the home farm, and I was fond of Hartland! Watt—you remember Watt, of course—and I cried the day Uncle Jack sold him. I had rather see dear old Hartland win a race than the best horse in Uncle Jack's stable. He never won a stake, you know, until last year at the Springs."

"And you intend to back him to-day?"

"Indeed I do, but only for a small amount, as I never indulge in the mania to any great extent. There will be many to back your horse, but Hartland has very few friends among the public. I am going to put all the money in the bank that I win on the dear old horse, and some day, when Mr. Grey has grown tired of his purchase, I am going to put it all in Uncle Jack's hands and get him to buy Hartland for me. He is my ugly duckling, you know."

"If he loses to-day?"

"I shall still believe in him just the same. My affectionate confidence once given is not so lightly thrown away." Then turning to Miss Austin: "There is an old acquaintance of yours, Puss—Dick Halstead."

"Yes; he is coming up."

The greetings were exchanged and Halstead stepped over to a position beside Miss Austin. Mr. Ormsby excused

himself and started toward the betting ring. Halstead directed his conversation to his old friend, Miss Austin, and Lützow fell into an easy and confidential attitude again beside Virginia.

"So you decline to help Burgundy with your favor, Miss Ormsby," he said for want of a better opening for the conversation. "I have taken you for my talisman, my mascot, you know, and it is scarcely kind of you to pass me over for the sake of a horse that has but little claim upon you."

Virginia colored and looked down at her programme. There was no anger in her expression, but only confusion, and Lützow's heart beat more tumultuously than it had ever done, even over a hard won race.

"Let me see! Who rides him? Rock!" —endeavoring to speak archly, a manner which her confusion almost spoiled. "You should not ask me to desert the old love for—Ah!—I think I shall put \$5 on Burgundy for place. Will that take away the curse?"

The break in her speech delighted him infinitely more than the concession, for he was sufficiently a man of the world to be quite aware that had there been no undercurrent in the remark she would have completed it without the quiver of a muscle.

"It will take away the curse," he answered softly. "Thank you a thousand times. My little flower has been very near me to day; so near that——"

"There is the bell, Mr. Lützow!" she interrupted nervously. "Aren't you going to back Little Witch in the first race?"

"If I may come again," he said below his breath.

The pretty, delicately-veined lids fluttered down, but were lifted suddenly as she faced him bravely.

"I shall be glad to have you," she answered.

He arose at once and followed Halstead to the ring. The latter leaned against one of the pillars at the side of the stand when he had thrust the book-maker's ticket, showing a memorandum of his bet, into his vest pocket. His eyes were upon the track, but he saw nothing more than a conglomeration of color cantering to and fro.

"It is another instance where the favorite is out of it," he said behind his set lips. "I started the pace too infernally

slow and I'm afraid the gap never can be closed. Who would have thought it, with a handicap of Judaism. Verily the ways of women are past finding out. But I'll be hanged if I give it up until the finish is reached and I know I'm beaten beyond hope. I can at least die game, and I'll do that—or win."

Then he became conscious by the sudden roar of the crowd that the flag had fallen and that the horses were off for the first race. The distance was only five-eighths of a mile, too easily won by Little Witch to elicit much enthusiasm. She got away in front and held the position to the finish, at least three lengths to the good.

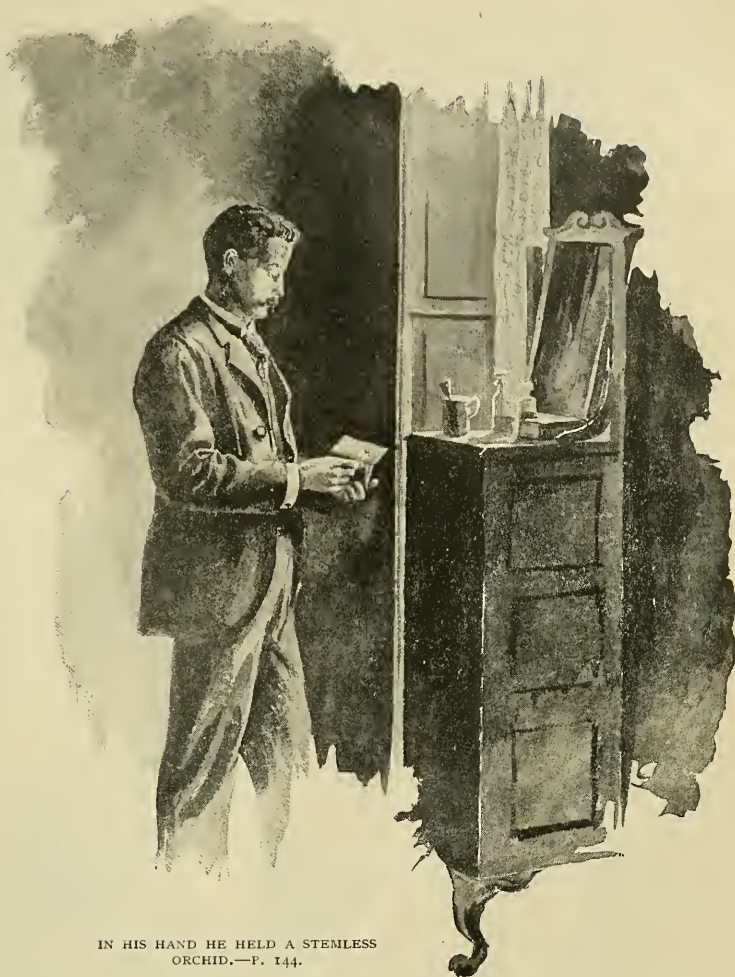
With a very slight show of interest he went back to the betting ring, collected his winnings and started toward the saddling paddock to keep his appointment with Lützow.

The latter was standing in front of the shed with a half dozen men about him, all anxious for tips on the forthcoming handicap. He was laughingly striving to elude them when he caught sight of Halstead and tore himself away from his detainers to join him.

"Burgundy is very fit, Proctor tells me," he exclaimed in a subdued tone, as they semi-unconsciously directed their steps toward the rear of the grand stand. "He is keyed up to the top notch, and I hardly see how it will be possible for him to be beaten. Have you backed anything in the second race?"

"I don't see anything very tempting, and I don't care to lay odds on the favorite."

"Then suppose we join the ladies. The second bell is ringing."



IN HIS HAND HE HELD A STEMLESS ORCHID.—P. 144.

Halstead made no demur, and together they ascended the steps at the back of the stand immediately entering Mr. Ormsby's box. The seats were accorded as if by right, Halstead being forced to occupy his former position beside Miss Austin.

He was too much a man of the world, however, to exhibit anything of the vexation that disturbed him, and began the light and vapid conversation that is supposed to be the only one agreeable to the average woman of society. He tried earnestly not to hear what Lützow and Virginia were saying to each other, but after all it amounted to nothing, as the topic was most indifferent.

"What a handsome animal Princeton is," Virginia was saying as the horses pranced gaily about the track. "McFarlan is quite gorgeous in his red and blue, isn't he? There is Harrison, too, in cherry and black. What is the name of his

mount? Oh, Sylvester! There they go to the post at last. Harrison is getting to be a very popular rider."

"And yet I think I like Fitzgerald better. He has a handsomer seat and I think is a better all-round horseman."

"But he takes desperate chances sometimes. There is no one better than McFarlan, according to Uncle Jack's idea."

"And quite right he is! Fitz rides Hartland, doesn't he?"

"Yes; Mr. Grey always has him when it is possible. See Clarionette prance! If Pikey could only prevent his breaking away we should have a start. Ah! There they go at last!"

It appeared at first that there was to be a semblance of a race, but again the lovers of a close finish were disappointed, Princeton taking the lead when given his head and almost walking in four lengths in front of Clarionette, who in turn was two lengths beyond Sylvester. The third race was even more disappointing.

When it was finished Lützow and Hal-

stead both arose, Lützow concealing successfully his great excitement over the issue of the next race, which meant a matter of many thousands of dollars to him in bets, besides the stake.

Virginia was scarcely less excited, but, woman-like, made no effort at concealment. The trifling amount of money involved was something she had not considered, her interest being one merely of sentiment. As the gentlemen were about to leave, she exclaimed gaily to Lützow:

"Burgundy will not win, Mr. Lützow. The tricolor will be the victor. Hartland cannot fail!"

He leaned toward her, his handsome eyes concealing, under a dancing smile, the depth of his feeling.

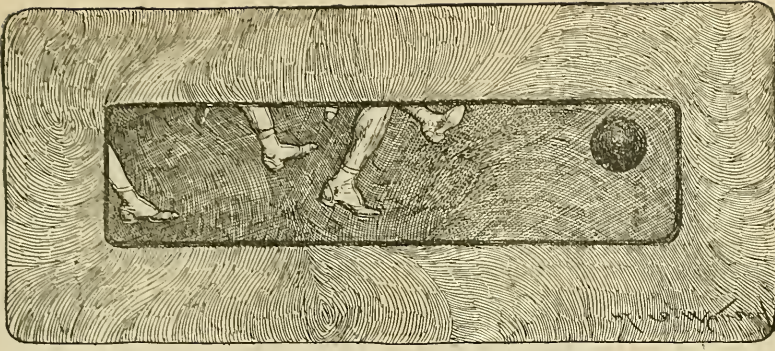
"I'll bet you my heart against your glove that I am the winner!" he said softly. She put out her hand and grasped his firmly.

"Done!" she exclaimed merrily, the glow in her cheeks attesting more of excitement than confusion.

To be continued.



IN MR. ORMSBY'S BOX AT THE RACES.—P. 151.



FOOTBALL OF 1891.

BY WALTER CAMP.

WHILE the immediate alterations in the football rules for 1891 have been but slight, the general tendency of the game itself, as noticed through the medium of the changes of the past few years, has been so markedly toward a truly American feature as to be well worth a little consideration at the hands of both players and legislators. That American feature is assisting the runner. An English player in the Rugby game when he makes a run makes it upon his own individual skill in running, dodging and warding off those who attempt to tackle him. It is true that he has the ball passed to him upon occasions where there would be no such transfer of the ball in the American game; but, apart from that, he has only himself to rely upon for brilliant work in the run.

There has always been a vein of this assistance running through the American game, but it is only during the last few years that it has assumed decidedly formidable proportions. Time was, and that not long since, when a half back would start with the ball and, by a good use of his arm and some skillful dodging, force his way through the opposing rush line. To-day he never starts without knowing that at a certain point a pathway will be cleared for him, either by pushing two of his opponents apart or by sending a leader to crash through ahead of him and thus leave a gap through which he can pass. One does not exaggerate in saying that the half-back runner of the modern game never expects to be called upon to go into an unbroken rush line.

Now, what effect this will have upon the game itself in the course of years no one

can predict with certainty, but it is safe to say that some legislation will be ready to meet the emergency should the increased interference threaten the welfare of the sport.

As to the immediate effect of the development of the assistance method upon the game it is not what would most naturally have been expected. One would be inclined to argue that if the half backs had their work partly performed for them by the interference of the rushers the lighter and quicker men would be selected for the positions. But in reality the tendency has been in the other direction. The more the possibility opened of sending men through the line the more often captains would attempt the play, and the harder became the work of the running half back. The light men, while they might be able to stand a single game, could not endure the constant forcing of daily practice through a season, and therefore the captain was driven to select the stocky men from among the candidates.

Of course there were occasional exceptions where a wiry, well-built half back was perfectly able to stand the work, even though his weight was light, but such men were rarely found, and captains placed but little confidence in the ability of such men to stand a season's work.

Still another effect of the growth of the assisting style of play has been the general adoption of the wedge or V, not only as an opening play, but also upon almost every occasion where a free kick is allowed by rule. This play is part and parcel of the same method, for it involves the general principle of permit-

ting a man or men who are at the time off side to interpose their bodies between the runner and the men who are endeavoring to tackle him. When the wedge was first introduced no one would have believed that it would reach the present state of development, where teams actually succeed by its use in making runs of considerable length as well as forcing steady, small gains from their opponents.

It is to this latter method that the principal objections are likely to be raised. This is not only upon the player's account, but also upon that of the spectator. A long run behind a cleverly-moved wedge is by no means unattractive, and it is a play easily understood and appreciated. But close mass work in the centre, crowding down two or three yards at a time, while it may, and sometimes does, entail just as much skill and combined team work, will never appeal in the least to the spectator, and certainly would, if carried to an extreme, disgust him with the game. And the spectator—that is the spectator who has some technical knowledge of the game—is the man whose opinions are likely in the long run to prevail, even as against those of the actual player himself. This phase of the subject was discussed at the legislative meeting, but no direct action was taken, as it seemed inadvisable to disturb the general balance of the rules by the introduction of some special legislation, which might turn out to be more wide reaching than was intended.

The principal change, and, in fact, the only one that will have much effect upon the play of the season of 1891, is that which renders the ball dead immediately after a try at goal, whether the goal be kicked or not. This will do away entirely with the following up of goal kicks and will in a measure lessen the tendency to miss goals intentionally, for it renders a second touchdown resulting from the first an impossibility. This alteration was called for long ago in the case of matches between teams of unequal strength, but on this very account there was no great pressure brought to bear to change the rule.

While the rules of last year have undergone so little change there is one feature in which the season of 1891 will differ from that of previous years quite markedly, and that is the progress of the game through the medium of qualified teachers or coaches. A few years ago American Rugby football was confined almost en-

tirely to a half dozen Eastern colleges, but as the members of these teams graduated and went far from the spot where they had learned the game they took with them the knowledge and the love of the sport which they had so enjoyed, and, wherever there offered an opportunity in the shape of field and men, they established a branch school of the game. For a season it was enough for the willing pupils to learn the rudiments of the play, the rules and general methods. So long as they divided up among themselves and thus formed sides, they were upon an equal footing and they felt no need of any special coaching. But there came a time when an outside match would be played, and from the rivalry thereby started would come first greater energy and more work, and then a feeling that the energy and work might be better applied under proper instruction.

Up to this period the demand for coaches had been very limited, arising almost entirely out of the call among the principal colleges for the return of some one or two graduates for a few weeks to brush up the points of the next year's team. But as soon as this rivalry among the smaller colleges commenced the situation changed materially, and since that time there has never been enough coaches to supply the demand. A demand coming from another source, but still more steady and far reaching, is that of the schools throughout the country for qualified teachers. Here the demand proceeds from the wisest motives. While boys' sports are not quite so dangerous as a loaded gun, the same wisdom that would prefer an experienced teacher if the boy were to practice shooting looks out for an equally qualified instructor in his sports. It is this that prompts the now constant demand at boys' schools for instructors who can supervise the football and baseball of the playground as well as the classics of the schoolroom.

As football is the more intricate and less generally understood it is far more difficult to secure a man who is competent to instruct in that sport than in the more common one of baseball. As a rule any college-bred man with an inclination toward sports of any kind has a fair knowledge of baseball, quite sufficient to make him able to guide boys through the mysteries of batting and base running. But unless a man has actually played on a college team in football he will find his hands full in undertaking to lead a team of

boys up to an understanding of the necessary points of the game. It is for this reason that the head of a school, in seeking for a man to fill the position of instructor in field sports, looks for a man who is posted in football, taking it more or less for granted that if he possesses this knowledge he will be equally competent to direct the other branches of sport.

It is particularly toward this demand on the part of the schools that attention should be directed, for it is at this early stage of development that not only the playing of the boy but also his character can be best molded. It is not exaggeration to say that no better opportunity of teaching a boy self control and manly courage can be found than that offered upon the football field. But the teacher who will possess the proper amount of influence to enable him to lead the boy must have a technical knowledge of the game. Anyone who has enjoyed much experience among boys will readily predict the failure of a man who relies upon general information on the playground. He must be able to teach the boy from the vantage ground of better knowledge in the sport, just as he would in the school room. Not only the schools but Y. M. C. associations throughout the country are seizing upon the fact that through the medium of athletics, and the intimacy there gained, a worthy teacher may acquire an influence far greater and of more practical value than in any other way.

But to return to the coaching question among college and athletic teams. The former rely upon their graduates to some extent, but during the last two years the teams in the smaller colleges have been very anxious to secure at least a few weeks' coaching during the season from some present or former member of one of the crack teams. Usually the present members were so busy with their own practice that they were unable to leave even for a few days, so that, while desirable coaches, they could not be secured. But the former members could accept these positions and did; and the way in which such an one would develop the material in a smaller team was really something remarkable.

The superiority of teams coached by such men was so marked that it became a foregone conclusion that they should defeat with ease those teams which had not enjoyed the same advantages, and after a

year of this experience all the available coaches were spoken for long before the season opened. Year before last a demand sprang up from a new quarter, for both Southern and Western colleges had begun to play the game, and they wanted experienced coaches. The captains of Eastern teams of prominence were flooded with letters from these sources, and although many men went out to fill places of this kind, it was out of the question to supply enough coaches to equal the demand. Last year a new bidder entered the field; the athletic clubs had taken up the sport, and they wanted coaches. This bidder, although the last to come, had such deep pockets that he could be sure of securing the best that was in the market. And that is exactly what will result whenever a first-class athletic club has need of a qualified teacher.

If a man answers the requirements, there are almost no college teams with sufficient funds at their disposal to secure him when brought into competition with the wealthy athletic clubs. Of course there are men who, while they coach teams of their own colleges, are not paid and are not in the market as coaches. Were it not for such men as these the progress of the game, and its importation through the West and South, would drain all the available coaches away from the colleges and leave them in a sorry strait for what is really necessary to the development of a skilled team.

Speaking of the importation of the game leads us to a new phase and one which promises even a more extended progress of the game than that through the schools and colleges. In 1890 a match was instituted between Annapolis and West Point and the enthusiasm provoked was remarkable. The West Point men had not enjoyed the same privileges as their more fortunate opponents in the way of previous outside matches, nor had they played the game in preceding years, as had the Annapolis men. In spite of these odds they put up a very plucky fight, and it is safe to say that if the game once obtains a foothold among these men its fascinations will make themselves felt so strongly as to perpetuate it wherever they go.

These men are making a study of the art of war, and there is no sport known that in its very nature so mimics that art as the game of football.

The tactics, the formations, the strategies, the attack and defense, all belong

equally to the military commander and the football captain. English and American commanders have both recognized the similarity of the football tactics to the tactics of war, and more than one has said that a good football player will make a good soldier.

While the schools and colleges in the South and West are rapidly adopting football as the popular autumn sport, the athletic clubs are keeping pace with them. In fact, in the extreme West the clubs have been the more instrumental in the adoption of the game.

Upon the Pacific Coast our English cousins had years ago planted the Rugby Union rules, which made an easy opening for the more American form of the sport, and to-day the Eastern football player would not find himself among strangers if he visited the Pacific Slope.

The development of plays has been a very steady one in football, and, although for some four or five years there has been, as each September approached, a feeling that no new plays would be brought out, we have never failed to see new ones added to the list by the time the Thanksgiving Day game was played. Beginning with the day of "each man for himself," no division of labor or plays, and following the sport down to the present year of specialization of duties but combination of results, one might find and locate exactly the introduction of each feature of the now intricate network of plays.

Basing the opinion upon this fact it does not seem a rash assertion to say that we are likely to see still further development during this coming season both in the matter of skillful combination as well as special new plays. The kicking in particular ought to be improved upon. That the rapid development of the running game is responsible for the weakness of the kicking method, while entirely true, is no excuse for the yearly failure of captains to exhibit something worth noting in this line. Upon most of the college fields up to the last few weeks of practice the scrub side can and do show a better understanding of the kicking game than do the 'varsity. This arises from the fact that, owing to the preponderance of weight and strength in the 'varsity rush line, the scrubs are forced to kick more often, and hence their ends and tackles learn far more as to the movements they should make than they would upon the other side.

Captains devote all their energies to the

development of one or two new plays in the running game, and leave the bringing up of their kicking methods until the last two weeks. This does not mean that the halves and backs do not practice kicking (they do, or else it would be impossible for them to make any headway at it), but that the team play is not attended to properly when a kick is to be made. The result of such a policy is that opportunities to earn and hold ground by means of well-timed and judicious punting are made nothing of, and even worse than wasted. This has not been made strongly apparent during the last two seasons, because all the teams of prominence were equally weak in that respect, and the advantages were therefore lost sight of by all.

Perhaps the season of 1891 may be productive of better results in this line. If so it will be a decided improvement to the game. There is no question but that the quarter-back play took on a better form last season than ever before, and it is probable that there will be a continued advance in this respect during the present autumn. The day when the entire duty of the quarter consisted in passing the ball is over, and a team which has among its members such a man is severely handicapped. The quarter back of a few years ago occasionally broke through the rush line; the quarter of 1889 and 1890 not only did that, but assisted in making openings for the runner, and the quarter of 1891 will search out still further paths of usefulness. The play of the ends is also likely to improve. It has been retrograding a little for a year or two, or at best only holding its own, while the play of the other positions has advanced so that the end has not had its full share of importance. It is particularly necessary that the playing of this man should improve, because of the much more frequent attempts of late to circle the ends.

The general character of the play along the balance of the line is not likely to change materially. The work of centre and guards has reached a condition of equilibrium which there is no likelihood of upsetting, while the tackles are so dependent upon the work of the ends that they will, if anything, retrograde a little if the ends show a real improvement. Of team plays the wedge work, noted earlier in this article, is likely to occupy the position of prominence, but it will be combined with some brilliant end running,

which will break the monotony of the steady pushing at centre and guards.

As for the prospects of the season they were never brighter. The game will be far more generally played in the South and West, while in the East there is no diminution of interest. The principal intercollegiate association game will, as usual, be played before an audience which, in point of size, surpasses that which any other athletic event can draw together, while the outside match between Harvard and Yale is sure to attract an almost equally large assemblage. Predictions as to the results of these contests would at this time be naturally premature, but the outlook for material shows that Harvard will have something the better of Yale and Princeton. Harvard will be particularly strong in the possession of such an excellent full back as Trafford, who is not only a steady, hard punter, but a deadly drop kicker. How much the position of captain, which he now holds, will affect his play remains to be seen, but it will have to be a serious drawback to counterbalance the work of which he has shown himself capable.

The men he has under his command will enjoy that prestige which comes with victory, and the mass of college players from among whom he will draw men to fill any gaps in his ranks is larger in point of numbers than ever before. A good part of them also have been well broken in by his predecessor, so that the labor of their development is not so appalling as that which faces either McClung of Yale or Warren of Princeton. The latter is generally admitted to have at the outset the most difficult task before him, in that he must recruit an almost entire rush line and that, too, out of comparatively inexperienced men. His only point of ad-

vantage is in the possession of better material behind the line, where he is likely to be strong.

McClung, of Yale, will have plenty of good material for his forward line, but when he looks for a full back he will envy both Princeton and Harvard, for he has no man of either ability or experience for that position, and of all positions upon the field that is one which demands a veteran, if a veteran can be had.

University of Pennsylvania and Wesleyan have both lost some excellent players and men of experience. It will be difficult to fill such gaps as those left by Bowser and Slayback, but as they seem to have suffered equally in this respect their match will undoubtedly be as close as ever.

The Crescent Athletic Club has added one or two promising members to its long roll of old football men, and is likely to maintain the reputation so well earned by them as head of the outside teams. What men the Orange Club will muster it is, at this writing, hard to say, but some of the familiar faces will be seen in their line. Lehigh has an undying resolve to earn an entrance into the intercollegiate association, and promises another good team.

Amherst, Williams and Dartmouth are watching each other closely and securing the best of coaching for the coming fray. Cornell will probably come into New England again and meet the best teams, and returning go as far West as to try conclusions with the University of Michigan, unless the latter make an Eastern trip. There has been some promise of a visit from an English team of Rugby players, but in spite of the pleasure that an international contest would give American spectators it is not a sufficiently assured fact as yet to be counted upon.



FAIR IS THE WORLD.

TENDER was Spring, when shyly she came
wooing,
Kissing to life the clods that long were
dead ;
Summer was fair, her generous aims pur-
suing,
Filling the world with garlands and
with bread.

Fair is the world, now lordly Autumn
ruleth,
With leaf and blossom rudely thrust
away ;
Sweet is the air the sturdy north wind
cooleth,
And dog and gun take their awaited
day.

Keen is my joy, though sadly their last
petals
The faithful asters drop upon the sod ;
Blithe is my heart, though grim the frosty
crystals
Lie cold upon the prostrate golden rod.

Fair is the world, my buoyant youth re-
calling,
As deep into the woods I take my way ;
Fair is the world, though forest leaves are
falling
And moor and marsh and upland
change to gray.

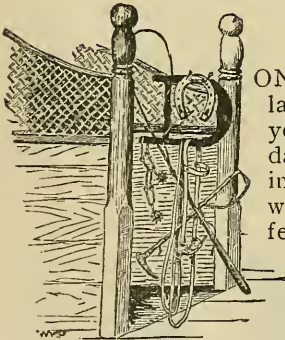
For overhead the eager wild fowl greets
me,
And from the upland pipes the plover's
cry,
The saucy "scape" of startled jacksnipe
meets me,
And timorous hares to friendly cover fly.

Yes ! fair's the world, though Old Time
turns the glass,
And woods are bare of any bird that
sings ;
For staunch old Bang goes "feather-
ing" through the grass,
And stirs the copse with whirl of hurrying
wings. FELLOWCRAFT.

HORSEBACK SKETCHES.*

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

NOVEMBER RIDES.



DO N'T we prize the
late rides of the
year? No sunny
day but finds us
in our saddles, un-
willing to lose the
few bright hours
that smile out
upon us amid
weary weeks
of rain. Truly
these outdoor "blessings brighten as they
take their flight;" and a ride on a crisp
November day owes half its charm to the
thought that by another week the wild
white storm may be abroad on the air,
the brown-limbed trees creaking and shiv-
ering in the icy gale, and these country
roads, where the dry leaves now rustle,
thickly drifted with snow.

These are the gray days of the year ;
the gold dies out of the landscape and
from the pale sky ; the last russet leaves
fall from the ghostly trees ; the fields are
brown and bare ; the wind sobs as it scat-
ters the blackened petals of the last sere
flowers, and dead vines trail forlornly
from the cold stone walls.

We grow impatient when morning after
morning brings continuous rain, and look
despairingly from the windows at the sod-
den grass and the deep black mud, and
wonder if we must indeed wait for spring
to take another ride. Have we ever want-
ed one so much? Have we ever known
such a rush of tenderness for Tyler and
Texas? Have we ever felt more need of
the exercise and exhilaration?

But some days the rain ceases, and

* Copyright, 1891, by Jessie F. O'Donnell.

though the earth is wet and the heavens sunless we mount our impatient horses and gallop up on the hills and about the village wherever the mud allows. People look at Hal and I in amazement and we know they are inwardly wondering, even when they express it not, what tempted us out on such a detestable day. But we are well wrapped ; our horses wade and slip through the deep, wet mud, and we praise and encourage them, though the wind is chill and the whole world bleak and forlorn. It is the air and exercise which make these days endurable. In the house they are doubly dreary.

It was on such an afternoon that I rode down after Daisy. Two weeks of rain had kept Tyler imprisoned, and he was in high spirits, so that he gave many a frolicsome spring before we reached S—— street. Down town an unusual number of men and teams recalled what we had forgotten, that it was Election Day. Tyler shied, jumped and pranced through the crowd and into the stable yard, where I slid off and begged the hostler to gallop the mischief out of him while Daisy was making ready. He returned after a very short ride and confided to Daisy in a sepulchral whisper that he "wouldn't ride that horse a mile for a bagful of money. He had too many springs in him."

I had recovered my own spirits, however, and we mounted and rode off with many prophecies from the bystanders of broken necks, for Fred as well as Tyler was full of life. How they pranced and danced through the village ! But two long hills brought them into a delightful gallop ; our blood tingled in the cold air, and our hearts grew light and gay. The hills were comparatively free from mud, and we galloped along very happily, past a deep ravine where we heard the report of Hal's gun, who was out after partridges, and paused long enough to shout an echo back to him ; then by a wee old house whose tiny doorway was completely blocked by a big woman surrounded by children who laughed merrily at us from her arms, her shoulders and her skirts.

The air was chill, the landscape dull and forbidding, the sky gray and the first snowflakes of the year blew in our faces and left dewy souvenirs on our hair. We were not cold, but we shivered as they fell, for they heralded the winter we would fain delay. As we watched them drifting lazily through the air and

melting on the wet, brown grass, our regret grew into words :

The low clouds kissed the hill to-day,
The dark clouds kissed the field
With frozen lips whose touch congealed
All tender warmth Earth had revealed,
Alas ! Old Winter comes this way,
To-day,
Old Winter comes this way.

His herald crossed the field to-day,
His herald crossed the hill ;
With wet, white feet he journeyed still,
Yet left a token strange and chill
On Earth's new robes of sober gray,
To-day,
On Earth's new robes of gray.

The blue, blue mist is gone to-day,
And gone the dreamy golden glow,
Abashed before the cold white snow,
The warm rich tints are first to go.
Ah, Winter ! yet a while delay,
Delay !
Ah, yet a while delay !

But errors creep into Nature's calendar sometimes, and though 'tis time for ice and snow there yet come days when a June sky smiles, a soft breeze tosses the brown and yellow leaves lightly to and fro, floods of golden sunshine are poured upon the bare earth, and we half expect to hear the bluebird's warble and see the apple trees in bloom.

Yesterday the world was cheerless and dull ; to-day it is bright with the sunny face and sweet with the resinous breath of the Indian summer. How she delights to steal a march upon us and fling a golden fragment from June across the gray mists and clouds of November. Rides on such days are priceless. Through the winter months their memory comes to us like a breath from the balsamic forests, life laden and thrilling.

Patches of grass by the roadside are green as in June, and a few bewildered dandelions poke out their faces, pinched by frost but sunny with promise of May. Late dahlias and chrysanthemums blaze in the gardens,

And glow as if a summer sun
Shone through the heart of every one,
and the seed vessels of the rose hang like coral from the bare brown thorn.

Last November in one garden was a bed of pansies which seemed to have an enchanted existence. Passing them often in our rides we noticed how sturdily each little blossom held up its head in the frosty air and turned its bright face to the east, undismayed by cold winds or beating rain. Everything else in the garden

seemed withered or dead, but the pansies bloomed as if it were warmest summer. One day the hail fell and beat upon the tender little blossoms, and Hal and I galloped hurriedly homeward, saying sorrowfully: "It will kill the pansies." But the next day they seemed fresher than ever. Then there came a light fall of snow which lay for a few hours on the withered leaves that had fallen over the garden and around the pansy plants, but the flowers lifted their faces cheerfully from the ermine coverlet, reminding one of Lamartine's lines:

But no! bloom on—within the human heart
Sunshine and tears are never far apart;
Beside those cold white flakes the flowers have
more charm,
And near the flowers the hoar frost less alarm.

A few mornings later Hal and I rode past the yard, and—lo! a hateful, glittering white frost lay thick on the very petals of the blossoms, and I said, with a sigh: "This is the last of the pansies;" but riding back that way about noon Hal called my attention to the flowers blooming brightly as ever, with no trace of frost, and I wished I could be a day-dawn pansy to those I love—undismayed in discouragement and trial, blooming the brighter when others fail and turning ever to the east of hope and light.

The woods are delightful in Indian summer. Our horses walk ankle deep in the fallen leaves; woodpeckers and nut hatches dart merrily around the trees; squirrels frisk about almost in our faces, chattering while they lay up winter stores of nuts and acorns, and we gather treasure trove of silvery, frost-touched ferns; of mosses, green as in August; of lichens, gray and brown and olive, with an occasional dash of vivid scarlet; of graceful, trailing pine, curious fungi and the partridge vine, with its glossy leaves and coral berries.

Now that the flowers are gone the green things have stronger attraction. Every leaf of weed and vine has an individual beauty. A spray of leaves which has retained the summer greenness shows to advantage against a background of withered grass, its graceful shape and cheerful tint unnoticed all summer amid the universal green. We have before hardly appreciated the mosses, but now we gaze lovingly at decayed stumps and logs, loath to rifle them of their beauty, yet fain to transplant it to our homes. For with plenty of water the mosses retain their freshness

all winter, and on the dreariest days, through their medium, we can look into the very heart of summer.

What exquisite forms and rare tints are here! One bed, a fairy network of delicate green; another, covered with tiny, fern-like leaves, woven into a brownish mat; here, a spot overrun with little green stars; there, a velvety tuft from which spring a multitude of red-brown hairs; miniature lawns, carpeted with soft green, starred with bright spots of scarlet and yellow like flower beds, where tiny branches rise here and there like shade trees, and dew drops glistening like elfin lakes vie with fairy forests whose tangled thickets are crowded with pine-like growths and gemmed with the gay berries of the partridge vine; and here the fairies have been disturbed at a banquet, and have left their tiny coral cups and dishes on the silvery-lichened tablecloths, and wee caps and parasols are strewn carelessly about!

That dainty descriptive bit of Wordsworth's, with its weird touch of sadness, springs to my lips:

And close beside this aged thorn
There is a fresh and lovely sight;
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colors there you see,
All colors that were ever seen;
And mossy network, too, is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been;
And cups, the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermilion dye.

Ah me! what lovely tints are there
Of olive green and scarlet bright,
In spikes and branches and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white.
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss
Which by the thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be;
But never, never anywhere,
An infant's grave was half so fair!

These pretty trifles gleaned from the late autumn fields and woods are beautiful mementos of our summer rides. A spray of red berries recalls that wild gallop along a country road, crisp with faded leaves, where, just as we drew up our horses, Hal espied a single bright cluster on a withered vine; a handful of golden drooping oats, a fine contrast for a bronze vase in my study, recalls the yellow billowy fields swaying in a September breeze; these feathery ferns and fluted lichens bring back the sunny woodland.

CANOEING ON THE FLATHEAD.

BY JAMES OLLASON.

A WAY up in the northwest corner of Montana lies the Flathead Valley, one of the most fertile portions of that big Western State. In the midst of it, a perfect dream of beauty, is a lake. The sun's disk was resting on the western sky line, and the branches seemed like a delicate tracery on a golden shield, when Ned and I, after a long and painful climb, reached the summit of the last ridge which had hid it from us.

On the east the Mission range bore here and there on its highest peaks patches of dazzling snow, contrasting with the variegated foliage of the pine, fir and tamarack trees which clothed the mountains down to the water's edge. In the centre of the lake, about four miles distant, were scattered a cluster of little islets, each vying with the other in point of beauty, bright, grassy mounds and sombre rocks peeping out amid the thick growth of trees, and forming a beautiful picture.

On the western shore, from the water-lapped beach to the farthest ridge, the rich, grassy plains and sparsely-timbered hills helped to make a very fitting frame for such a picture.

Having breathed our horses we moved forward, and reaching the shore pitched our camp among some alder bushes.

We were up betimes in the morning and enjoyed a glorious swim, after which we walked over to an Indian lodge, about a quarter of a mile away, and succeeded in purchasing a bark canoe so light that one pair of arms could make her travel at speed. Ned sent her skimming out from the shore on a trial trip, while I lay back contentedly in the stern and enjoyed the beauty of the scene.

If the lake looked lovely when first seen it seemed ten times more attractive viewed from the canoe, as the ever-changing panorama of white, fleecy clouds chased each other across the sky, their shadows flitting over the bays and promontories below, while the gentle eastern breeze brought a coolness from the distant snowy peaks. We were at last free to start upon our cruise, and proceeded to make everything shipshape.

Having stowed our outfit snugly aboard,

we shoved off, keen for the voyage before us.

An hour or more had passed and we were nearing the eastern shore, close to where the sloping white beach gives place to a more rugged coast line, when a splash a few yards ahead made us both spring up. "A salmon, as I'm a living sinner!" cried Ned. "Shove ashore and I'll get the tackle ready." I soon had both rods ready, and in very short order there were six artificial flies flickering on the surface.

The result of half an hour's patient casting was disappointing. Twice I reeled up with the intention of calling a halt, and as often remained on perceiving Ned's hand raised warningly. It was evident that he expected something and I knew it would be strange if he did not manage to hook his fish, but in some unaccountable manner the pleasure of landing the only fish caught fell to me. There was a heavy tug, and then a dead weight hung on my line, making me think for an instant that I was unluckily snagged. A moment of inaction and then the line flew off the reel in spite of my efforts to check it. I knew that I had my fish well hooked, and as his pace slackened gradually took command and moved shoreward. The fight lasted twenty-five minutes, and as my victim slid through the water wriggling and splashing, and I with bated breath held a tight line on him, Ned stood by, every whit as excited as I. "All right!" he cried. "Hold every inch on him. Six pounds if he's an ounce!" Then he placed the net under my prize and we had a sea trout pure and simple, if he was 800 miles from salt water. Over our evening pipes Ned told me how he had seen him several times and felt certain of hooking him, until he quietly disappeared and paid me a visit. He must have been a waif, as, although we angled several times on the same shore afterward, never a rise did we get.

The next week was very pleasant, but quite uneventful. We paddled a few miles up the lake every day, camping ashore at noon and night, fished a little, took long walks into the mountains at different places, where we saw numerous game

signs and occasionally a deer, developed enormous appetites and slept soundly from dark to daylight. One of our chief enjoyments was swimming. The water was too cold for a long immersion, but coming back hot and dusty from a scramble through the timber it was glorious to pick out a smooth trunk leaning out over the clear blue water and with a run bound head first from the end of it into the cold depth below.

We passed the group of islands, paddled north into the lake proper, and moored our canoe safely in a little sheltered cove, intending to make a trip to the top of a peak which appeared to be the highest of the range, and while Ned was cooking supper I wandered off through the timber, taking my rifle with me more from habit than with any thought of using it. About a hundred yards from camp I crossed a little open space, and just as I was entering the timber beyond I stumbled on a bear's track apparently not an hour old. My first impulse was to call Ned, whose disappointment I knew would be great if he did not participate in the fun; but afraid that the imprints might be older than they at first appeared to me, I decided to advance a short distance in hopes of seeing a more definite sign to judge by.

The ground was soft and clayey, so that every mark was easily discernible. I had entered a perfect maze of berry bushes, and felt certain the bear was not far away with so much to attract him in the shape of food, for service berries were hanging all around in great purple clusters, and raspberries and wild currants were almost equally plentiful. The sharp snap of a branch not twenty feet away set every sense on the alert. I peered through the bushes. There he was, sure enough, his brown coat looking a little the worse for wear, standing on his hind legs industriously stripping a branch of its load of fruit. He was a cinnamon, and a big one. Having, besides, more advantage on his side than I believe it wise to allow a bear, I retreated.

Ned looked up from his baking as I rushed into camp.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A bear!"

"Never!"

"Fact; come on."

As we hurried along we agreed that the attack should be made from above. The nature of the ground fortunately permit-

ted this. Making a detour to the right, when about half way to where I had left him, we ascended a little rise and very shortly discovered the old fellow resting peacefully at the foot of the bush from which he had just taken his dinner, and about forty yards away. It was as favorable a shot as we could look for on a ground where the underbrush was so dense.

I fired first, aiming to break his shoulder. Whether the fault was mine or the gun's the ball sped high, only slightly grazing his back. Ned blazed away after me with no better luck, and then the fun began. Taking not an instant longer than was necessary to locate the shots, the brute came straight toward us, uttering as he came a most vindictive growl. As ill luck would have it, he was perfectly hidden by brush until within ten feet of where we lay. Crash went the willows at every lurch of his heavy body. Click, click, as the empty shells flew out and loaded ones took their place. "Keep cool," from Ned, and next moment I was glancing along the barrel at a pair of wicked-looking little eyes and a mouth full of ugly-looking teeth.

The excitement was intense while it lasted, but he never got out of the brush. Ned's bullet found its way through his shaggy breast to his heart, while mine went through his head. He looked so huge as he lay there on his side that we felt sure he weighed 1,000 pounds, but on calmer consideration, and taking into account one's tendency to overestimate in such cases, agreed to reduce that to 600. His skin, as an object of beauty, was utterly valueless, being very patchy and ill-colored, but we took it nevertheless.

It was 9 o'clock and quite dark by the time we got back to camp, and before Ned's baking was finished and supper disposed of. The moon soon disappeared behind a mass of ominous-looking clouds, and the aspect of things in general promised dirty weather.

It must have been about 3 o'clock when I woke up, with the feeling of strangeness which possesses one on being suddenly startled out of a sound sleep. For a second or two, amid the crashing and groaning of the timber going on all around, I could not collect my senses. Then, with a gust and a rattle, the rain came down in torrents, bringing both of us to our wits in a very forcible manner. Our first action was to pile our traps pell-

mell into the canoe, and spread the rubber blankets over them ; and then, while the lightning flashed, illuminating fitfully the wild scene of rain-swept and tempest-tossed forest and lake, we crawled into the shelter afforded by a hollow trunk that stood near, and waited patiently for the elements to have their sport out.

For two mortal hours we sat there shivering, and then as daylight began to glimmer the wind fell and the rain gradually ceased. At the first sign of cessation we gathered a pile of firewood together, and before the last drops had fallen we were steaming before a rousing fire. By 9 o'clock we were once more clothed in dry raiment, and all there was left to remind us of the midnight drenching was the memory of it.

With a day's provisions and about thirty feet of rope rolled up in our blankets we started out after dinner to scale the mountain. The sun was now shining brightly, and the earth was drying rapidly. A jostle against a young fir brought a deluge down on us occasionally, otherwise we got through fairly dry. The walking was very rough at first, but as we ascended the country became more open, and we had many very fine views of the lake during our breathing pauses. Shortly after 5 o'clock we reached a little plateau, which, with its two or three acres of lawn-like grass, looked so inviting, perched up there on the mountain side, that, with one impulse, both packs were tossed down and preparations for camping over night were made. By the side of a little rill that ran sparkling through the mead from a spring above, and underneath the overhanging branches of a silver birch, we made our fire.

The air was still and perfectly clear ; a few scattered clouds in the western sky were deeply dyed in the rich crimson glow of the sinking sun. The hills beneath them, sharply outlined against the bright sky, were softly dark. Nearer to us the broad bosom of the lake, with its clustering islands, seemed a glimpse of fairyland, every rock and every tree perfectly mirrored on the glassy surface, and over all the warm rose-colored flush of the sunset. Not a ripple on the water. Not a sound to break the wonderful stillness, save the chirrup of a squirrel on a neighboring pine.

As we lay there the whole scene faded away, and darkness fell upon the earth. A little while and a soft radiance touched the opposite shore. Silently it crossed

the lake toward us. Point by point the landscape came out of the darkness, and soon all was bathed in a silvery light, as the moon rose in splendor from behind the mountains at our backs.

At noon next day we reached the summit. Hunger and weariness were both forgotten in admiration of the view. All around us—in the north, in the south, the east and the west, upheaved in a thousand different forms, lay the great mountains, their mighty sides clothed with shaggy timber, their peaks glistening in the bright sunlight in their pure white covering of snow. We were both amply repaid for our toilsome climb.

At the northern extremity of the lake we saw the Flathead River empty itself after its winding course from the northeast. We could see also where the Pend Oreille flowed out at the southwest corner to swell the mighty Columbia.

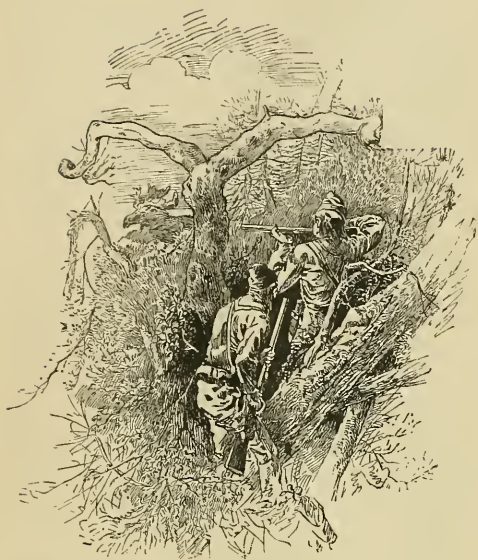
Several times that day we saw small bands of deer, the little fawns gamboling joyously beside their mothers, and as often we wished that the year were three months older, for we, like the patriarch, yearned for venison.

That night, instead of camping, we embarked after supper, and paddled up the lake several miles by moonlight. Very pleasant it was to glide along over the smooth surface, now lost in the deep shadow of some great rock or group of trees, again skimming out into the bright moonlight, as our little bark slid across some bay, and it was 3 o'clock before we could be tempted to take a well-earned rest. Shortly after daylight came another alarm. A brisk breeze sprung up from the west, raising the whitecaps on the water, causing our frail little craft to rock violently. Our whole belongings were in jeopardy, until hurriedly unloading the *Sprite* (so we had named her), we hauled her up high and dry and out of danger.

We took our fill of ease that day and thoroughly enjoyed it. The weather was pleasantly cool. Overhead the clouds were drifting slowly across the blue ; between the tree tops the woodpeckers peered down at us saucily, as they clung in their comical way to the trees ; kingfishers were rapidly darting to the water here and there after their prey, and the lovable little squirrels, with their black eyes and enormous bushy tails, which they shook at us now and then as if in derision, did their best to amuse us and make the siesta enjoyable.

A MIGHTY HUNTER BEFORE THE LORD.

BY VIRGINIUS DABNEY.



THE man unacquainted with the joys of the chase would be surprised if told, as he sauntered through some city market, that there was far more pleasure in hunting those plump little brown birds hanging in bunches around the stalls than in pursuing that imposing beast whose antlers reach the pavement. Yet it would be true.

Deer hunting under its usual conditions leaves something, often much, to be desired. If a dozen men are placed on isolated "stands" the solitary hours of waiting are long and weary. And should you happen to be a tyro the knowing ones hide you away in some unlikely spot, where hardly by any possibility will the chance come to you of seeing and, in the shivers of "buck ague," missing the game. "Still hunting," another mode, is well named. As a rule it may be depended upon to afford no end of stillness, and little else. And to be rowed up by a hired guide on a lake to within a few feet of a poor, helpless buck, swimming for dear life, and blow out his brains is almost as bad as shooting pheasants in an English preserve or poultry in a barnyard. Under all these methods deer hunting lacks what is the conspicuous charm of partridge (quail) shooting—vivid and continuous excitement.

For, from the moment when you enter, on a sparkling autumn morning, a brown stubble field, fresh of limb and eager for the fray, till you limp back at sunset, wolfish for dinner, and broken with a delicious fatigue, you have not had one dull moment. You may not have been firing steadily; the birds may even have been a little scarce; but every instant of the day, as you have watched your dogs sweeping to and fro, you have been buoyed up by an ever lively hope that the next moment your heart will be gladdened by seeing them halt—frozen as it were—in their tracks. Ah, there they are! You hurry up, you and your friend, breathing short. Up bursts the brown covey, with startling buzz! You bang away—innocuously it may be, but no matter, you have made a prodigious noise, at any rate—that's some comfort. And see now! The little brown balls have dropped into the weeds, one here, one there, along the ditch, and a little bunch, all together, in that clump of briars on the hillside. Better luck next time!

Still, after all, "Bob White," for all his bustle, is but a small chap. It would take hundreds, nay, bushels of him, to outweigh one "antlered monarch." Toothsome though he be (on toast) he tips the scales at a beggarly half pound. On the other hand, it often takes you a week or so to get one chance at a deer.

Now, it so happens that it was once my fortune to take part in a deer hunt, where the excitement was as continuous as that in a stubble field, and, naturally, far more intense. This was years ago, and in Scott County, Mississippi, two days' journey on horseback from our plantation.

Every November, as a child, I had eagerly hailed the return from the camp hunt of the big four-mule wagon, laden with tents, cooking utensils and provisions, and upon which were piled high the noble bucks and sleek does. At last, when I had reached the age of sixteen, the longed-for permission was granted me, and one crisp, frosty morning my father and I mounted our horses and set out for Scott County, followed by Beverly and the great covered wagon. Both Beverly and Ned, his whitish-gray saddle

mule, had their peculiarities, as will appear later.

As we journeyed on we were joined at successive cross roads by others of our hunting party, and when we reached the ground we numbered, with those already arrived by other routes, about fifteen. The tents were soon pitched and a roaring fire of logs six feet long was sending up its merry sparks into the starry vault above us. "Would supper never be ready?"

Meanwhile the tents flashed in the fire light, the ruddy glow of which battled with the hosts of darkness that advanced upon us under cover of the primeval, mysterious forest that surrounded us far and wide. And that forest teeming with deer and wolves. Oh, how delightful! And my Latin grammar miles and miles away! And dust accumulating on my arithmetic!

"Why, where is Billy?"

"Detained by business; he will join us in a day or two."

"Good! A hunt without Billy Blount is no hunt at all."

At the mere mention of his name every eye brightened. Mr. Blount had more than one peculiarity, all of them pleasant. He was just one of those mortals whom mothers in their fatuity christen William. If ever there was a man born with an inalienable right to be called Billy it was he. A stranger meeting him in the road would know by intuition that that was his name. His twinkling eye suggested it. His ruddy brown dimpled cheek, his breadth of smile proclaimed it, and when he laughed every well-lined rib shouted aloud, "Our name is Billy!"

But he was not with us; so the next best thing was to tell stories of his exploits. To these I listened with wide-eyed delight. I will give one as a sample. But that it may be understood, it will be necessary to show beforehand the very unusual method of hunting that obtained in Scott County.

That portion of Mississippi was in those days almost uninhabited and was covered by a forest—it would be almost correct to call it a grove—of post oaks, beneath which grew waist high underbrush. The oaks which covered the ground almost to the exclusion of other trees stood so far apart that one had an outlook of perhaps a couple of hundred yards in every direction, so that a good rider could gallop in comfort along the open spaces. This tree bears a small but sweet nutritious acorn;

hence the great store of deer that frequented these forests.

Such being the nature of the ground the chase is conducted as follows: The hunters throw themselves into a skirmish line at intervals of sixty or eighty yards. In the centre rides the leader of the hunt with a compass fixed upon the pommel of his saddle. The line advances through the woods due north, let us say, for a few hours; then wheels at right angle and moves east; then south, then west—back to camp, venison steaks and wild turkey; for, in the interests of better fare, it was permitted to knock over a gobbler if he were too hospitably saucy to get out of the way. The deer were not equally abundant year after year. Occasionally it was found that "black tongue" had worked havoc among them since the preceding hunt. But they were always numerous enough to maintain a continuous and intense glow of expectation in the breast of every hunter. As a rule you rode straight ahead, swerving neither to the right nor the left, every nerve on the alert, from sunrise till sunset. But if you saw a little out of your path an upturned tree you bent your course toward it, your heart in your mouth. I have known as many as seven deer to bound forth from the brown-leaved "lap" of one fallen oak. But at any moment during the day you were liable to be startled by a buck springing up out of the undergrowth, often from beneath the very feet of your horse.

Only an inexperienced hunter would ask: "Why not shoot them where they lie?" You do not know they are there. The detective eye that can make out the form of a deer crouched down on a bed of brown leaves and veiled with a fringe of underbrush is given to few. Among these favored ones was our friend Billy. It was generally believed in camp that he shot most of his game in their beds. Billy himself was at no pains, of course, to spread this view. In his highly-illustrated accounts of his achievements the quarry was always going like the wind; he had not been sure, in fact, what he fired at; he saw a brown flash, that was all; banged away, and down came that thumping buck. Never was so surprised in his life; thought it was a hawk or something. But this is the story of Mr. Jennings, brother of the leader of the hunt:

"Blount rides on my right, and I don't know how I shall get on without him,

even for a day or two. However, I may live longer if he is not there, for he sows his buckshot broadcast. Three years ago—I never knew the deer so thick as they were that season—happening to look in his direction, I saw him dismounting with an agility that was surprising considering his 225 pounds. He halted me with an eager wave of his hand and began advancing on tiptoe; every fibre of his vast form tense, his eyes riveted upon some object in front, finger on trigger. Barely had he crept forward ten yards when up sprang a buck hardly twenty feet in front of him and darted to the rear, between Blount and me. Instantly, without once removing his eyes from the game upon which he was stealing, he whirled his gun to the right and pulled the trigger. The buck passed on, while twigs and bark rained on me from the whizzing buckshot. Would you believe it?—but you all know him—not a moment did he halt or once remove his eyes from whatever it was that had fascinated his gaze in front. He still danced forward, light as an Indian, with eyes starting from their sockets. Presently up jumps a doe. She, too, bounded to the rear, but on Blount's left this time. Again, with his staring eyes still glued to the something in front—bang! 'What in the — are you about?' roared Parrish from Blount's left; 'you will be shooting somebody the first thing you know. Here is one of your crazy shot through my hat.' To all which our wild man paid not the least attention. 'Jennings! Jennings! come here! come here! come here! quick! quick! quick! For God's sake, man, hurry!'

"I dismounted and ran up to him. 'There! there! give it to him! Good Lord, man, can't you see him? There, in that lap!' I strained my eyes in vain. I could see nothing. 'Why, don't you see him turning his head? He is looking at us! My Lord, Jennings, gimme the gun! gimme the gun! gimme the gun!' Just as I did so a noble buck sprang from the lap and bounded off. Blount drew down upon him. Bound after bound, and still Blount did not fire, though he seemed to be pulling away for dear life at the triggers. Presently the deer, passing behind a clump of trees, disappeared. I carried my gun at half cock. This Blount did not know or remember. He bent both my triggers. Any other man might very well have bagged all three deer

with such a chance. And what do you suppose he then said? 'At any rate, I laid out two of the rascals. Come, Jennings, help me find 'em.'"

Dogs were not used on these hunts. Two or three trusty old hounds, it is true, hung about the heels of our leader's horse, but they were employed only in running down badly-wounded animals. For the first day or so these dogs were hard to control, so rich was the scent that met their nostrils at every turn; but after the third day they grew too *blasé* to take any interest in any trail not sprinkled with blood. We had a number of horn signals. If a gun was heard, followed by a long blast (every man wore a horn), the line halted. A deer had been killed in its tracks. A second blast indicated that the quarry had been strapped behind the saddle of the lucky man; and once more the line moved forward. But if three or four short, excited toots, mingled with shouts, rang out upon the frosty air, a wounded deer was being pursued, and the leader of the hunt galloped up, followed by his little pack, who soon pulled down the game.

After all my boasting about the abundance of deer in these post-oak forests the reader is, I dare say, prepared to learn that with a party of fifteen the spoil of a ten-days hunt would be one thousand head at the very least. Great will be his surprise therefore to learn that at the close of our first day's hunt we returned to camp without one solitary buck or doe to show to our disgusted cooks. Never had the game been so scarce, and yet not a man of us all had the same loads in his gun with which he had sallied gaily forth full of hope in the morning. One fine buck alone had emptied just thirty barrels for us. Flushed on the extreme right, he had bounded along in front of the whole line, a trifle out of range, perhaps, and each one of us had given him a roaring double salute. As the rolling thunder approached me I almost ceased to breathe. What were conjugations and declensions and rules of three compared with this! It was like a battle, as I have since discovered, with the notable difference that our side made all the noise, and the deer did not shoot back. But none of us had been able, in the language of Mr. Sam Weller's Dick Turpin ditty, to "prewail upon him for to stop." Other shots at other deer all of us had, but we supped on bacon that evening.

To be completed in December.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

A BICYCLING INCIDENT.

BY ALFRED C. STOKES.



THE latter part of October and early November have features much alike. The cool winds come gently and much of the summer's sweetness yet breathes through their invisible ripples. Nature is still awake, but she is getting sleepy.

As I wheeled beneath the maples one early November evening the moonlight trembled through the leaves and fell in sparkles on the sidewalk, with here and there broad splashes and long bars of silvery radiance that danced and leaped as the branches swayed in the cool breeze. It was early evening; the suburban street was silent except for the delicious crunching of the gravel under the tire, or for the sharp snap of a spring. It was empty except for the moonlight, the bicycle and its rider. I leaned the bicycle against Polly's fence. Polly was sitting on the porch. The gate clicked behind me.

The sweet coolness touched us gently. The racemes of Canterbury bells in Polly's garden had lost much of their grace, but the moonbeams cast shadows over their imperfections. The tall spikes of tuberoses trembled in the breeze, their blossoms gleaming like white wax and submerging us beneath delicious waves of perfume. Lilies rang unheard peals at the steps. The moonbeams glinted from the

maple leaves; the silent street was dark and still. Crickets creaked in the grass; a katydid quarreled with an unseen foe in the honeysuckle; a tree toad preached his hopeless theories from a distant branch. The moonlight glorified the garden. Polly sat on the porch, an empty chair at her side.

She rocked herself gently and looked into the garden. I sat still and looked at Polly. She is pleasant to look at. I have sometimes thought that perhaps she thought — but that is not interesting. The honeysuckle rustled in the breeze. The katydid was silent. Then Polly said:

"You were going to remark——?"

"Yes, Polly dear, I was going to say that at last I am in love."

Her chair stood still. She was looking into the garden.

"It happened in this way, Polly, and last evening. A blessed wind from Manitoba at last came along and put some life into the bicycle and into me, so that toward sunset we started for a spin. I gave the machine its liberty and went wherever it chose to take me. If it swerved around a corner or turned suddenly in mid-road and went the other way or cut a bee line into the blue distance, it was all the same to me. The sweetness of the cool wind, the tenderness of the sunset were delightful, and for a while we wandered on an aimless journey. Laboring through the sand to a hard path beneath the lindens and the ashes that bordered and shaded it, we glided down a gentle slope with many a bump and shock as we bounced over exposed roots and water-washed depressions. A gate stood open across the path. With some trepidation we got around it, making sharp angles and queer curves that no mathematician has ever dreamed of. I thought that we were going onward farther into the country, but my pleasant companion preferred to pass through the opening."

"What companion?" asked Polly. "I thought you were alone?"

"I had never been here, but I trusted the intelligence of my steed, who was my

only companion, and in the end, Polly, I lost my heart."

She said nothing. The Canterbury bells swung in the evening air. A sparrow chirped. The tuberoses seemed fainting in a perfumed ecstasy. The moonlight flooded the garden.

"It was a garden that we had run into; not like this flowery one of yours, Polly, but a garden of trees—squares, patches, clusters, acres of trees. Isolated beauties that shook their weeping branches in what seemed an access of sorrow; clusters of dark-green growths that frowned and sighed; dainty shrubs that lifted their delicate spray and showed a silvery lining.

"The path advanced through hedges whose bloom had almost fallen, but the setting sun touched their tips with fire. The road led to an old house literally buried beneath its load of ivy and of Japanese creeper. A hedge of rhododendrons encircled it; greenhouses extended along one side; venerable cherry trees shaded it, till it seemed like a picture of rural England."

"You must have been dreaming," said Polly. "It seems more like that than like rural England."

"Oh, no, no! For a girl sat on the doorstep. She was writing."

Polly moved restlessly in her chair. Then she said:

"I suppose she had eyes as blue as violets, a fluffy mass of yellow hair in which threads of gold glistened in the sunlight."

"She had, she had! Polly, you are a witch, or you must have seen her?"

"Not I, indeed. I don't admire that style."

"I leaned the bicycle against a great cherry tree. The girl looked up and smiled. 'Wouldn't you like to sit down by me and rest?' she said. 'I am writing a letter; perhaps you can help me. I have thoughts, but I do not write well.'"

"'I shall be happy to do anything you may ask,' I said. 'But what do you expect to pay for the work?'"

"'Writing is pretty hard, I know. Would you want much pay? S'pose—s'pose I kiss you?'"

Polly's chair stood still. She drew her shawl around her.

"The brazen hussy!" she said.

The crickets screamed in the grass; the katydid made a long cry and was still; the honeysuckle swished against the post; the tuberoses and the Canter-

bury bells seemed to laugh; but the moonlight still lay soft and white over all the garden.

"I took the pencil and the paper and intimated that I was ready. 'I will be as slow as I can,' she said, 'so that you can keep up with me. When I write I must be very slow. Now begin. "'Dearest— You will be glad to know that I am well and that I have been working a good deal at the weeds. Some of them came up hard, but now they are up I must confess that things look better without them.'" 'I hate to work in the weeds,' she said to me, 'but it is often necessary that I should do so.' "'You will see, dearest, that this is not my writing. A bicyclist came in the garden and he is writing for me. He does it very fast. I would rather pull weeds than write. He says he would rather write than pull weeds. Isn't that queer? I hope you are having a nice time. This is all to-day. Your loving daughter.'" There! she said, 'I am glad it's done.' And after a pause, 'Oh, dear! What makes your mustache so scratchy?'"

"You don't mean to tell me——" said Polly.

"That she kissed me? Of course. She was a real nice girl, Polly. I know, because I kissed her."

"The wheel and I glided from under the trees and toward the sunset. The sky was aflame. The maples stood darkly green against the gold. The weeping birches were shivering a little along the path. The cut-leaved alder seemed on fire. Near the gate the bicycle suddenly turned and we went back over the path by the hedge. The little maid was still on the doorstep, looking at her letter.

"'I have returned,' I said, 'because I am so fond of you. And I should like to ask how old you are, if you are willing to tell me.'"

"'I like you pretty well, too,' she said. 'I am seven, going on eight.'"

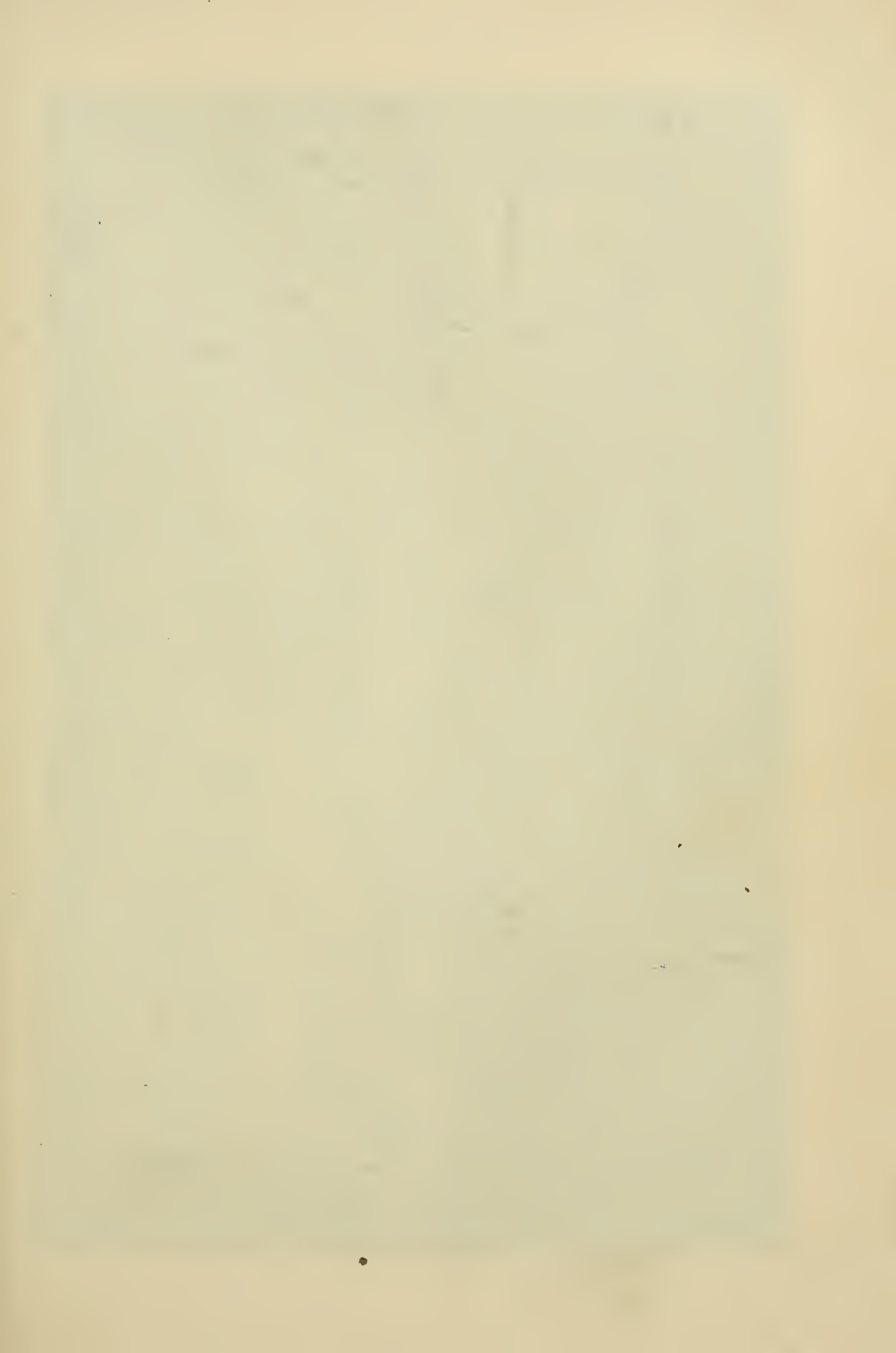
"Oh!" said Polly.

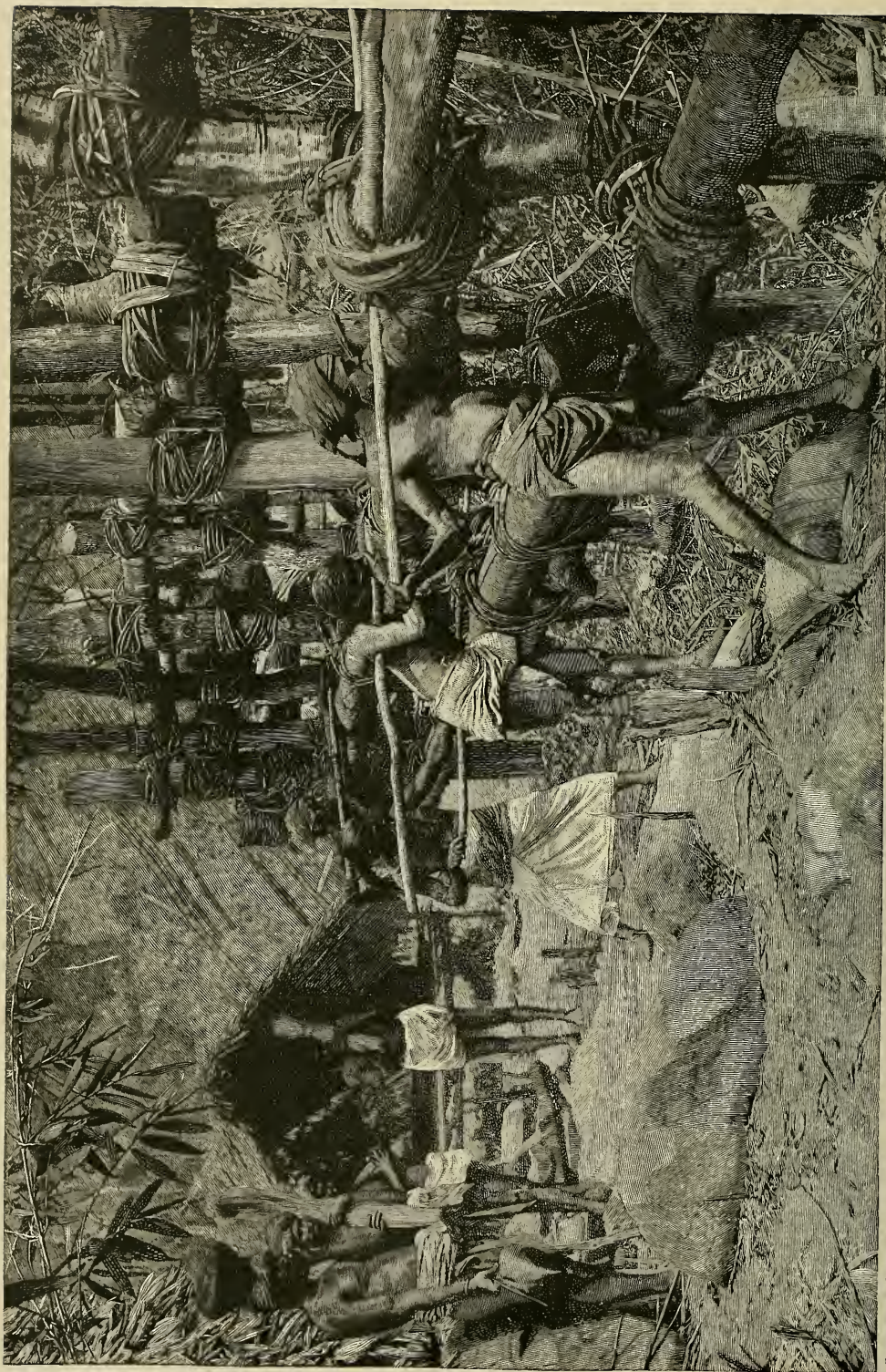
The breeze swept across the flower garden. The crickets were still. The katydid was silent. The tree toad had ceased his complaining. The moonlight lay still and soft over all the earth.

"Polly," I said, as I held my hand toward her, "I am sorry to have plagued you so; I suppose you will never forgive me? Good-bye."

She put her hand in mine.

"It is early yet," she said.





ENGRAVED BY CHADWICK.

THE BEATERS APPLYING THE MYSTIC WHITE WANDS.—1. 172.

OUTING.

VOL. XIX.

DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 3.



BY MC M. CHALLINOR.

WE had been in kraaltown for more than a week. Provisions were running out and everything was fetching famine prices. We were a merry company. From far and near, from sea level and from our highest mountain tops, all were there. Royalty, too, was represented, for we had in our midst the two young princes, Albert Victor and George of Wales. The kraal had in fact been gotten up for their special edification. 'Twas in 1882 and the venue, Labugama, in the district of Sabraguama, Ceylon.

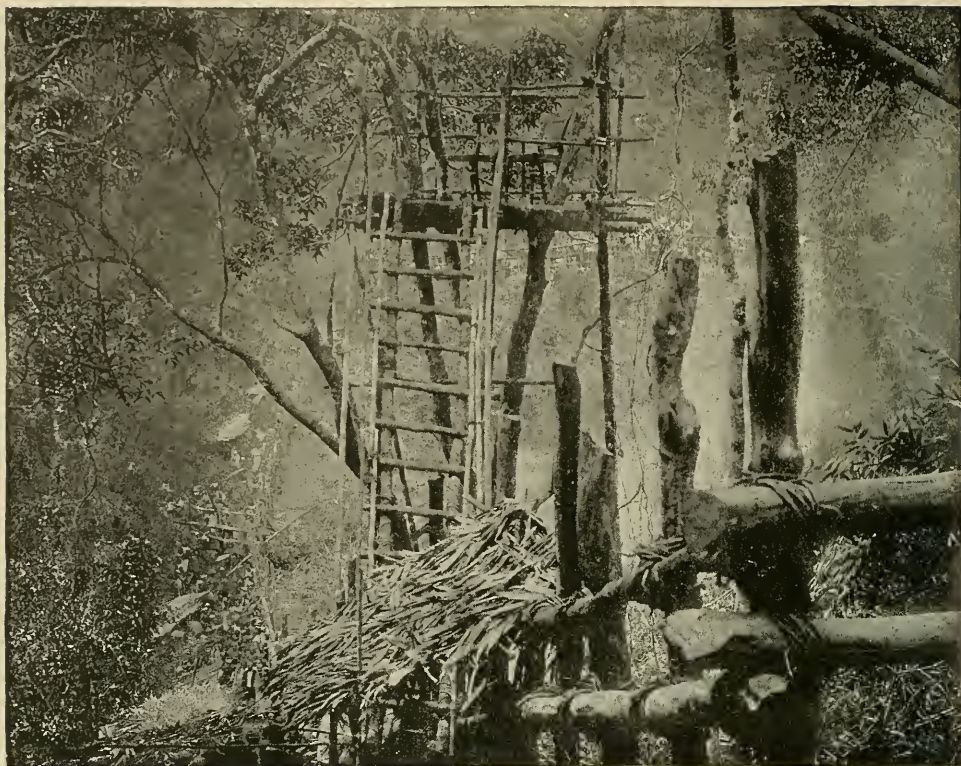
An elephant kraal is no simple matter, the drive taking possibly a couple of months to accomplish, and requiring as beaters some thousands of villagers. The system is that known in olden days as "rajakeria." The rajah (in this instance Sir James Longden) sends word to

all the villagers, through their respective headmen, that he has made up his royal mind to have an elephant kraal.

The men are then and there obliged to turn out into the jungle, taking their food, cooking chattels and household gods with them.

The whereabouts of a herd is first discovered by the trackers, who are sent on some time previously. Then this mass of humanity forms a cordon on three sides of the herd, moving slowly, little by little, day by day, and thus inducing, not forcing, the elephants to go in any direction desired. At night each beater erects himself a little hut, lights his fire and, curling himself up, goes to sleep, the huts being about sixty yards apart. Thus a vast tract of country is encircled, and at night the watch fires can be seen stretching from hill to hill, mile on mile.

Gradually, slowly but surely, the herds—for it is quite possible that more than one is surrounded—are driven toward the kraal, which has meantime been erected



APPROACHING THE LOOKOUT.

in some suitable locality, water being adjacent generally.

The kraal itself is a stockade, built of big trees horizontally placed and bound to huge uprights, and is of necessity of great strength, in order to resist the repeated efforts and charges of an infuriated herd of elephants to escape.

The elephants appear to gradually get accustomed to the noise and presence of the beaters in the jungle, and after the first month allow them to come fairly close. Here I would point out that the elephant's chief knowledge of the source of danger is his wonderful sense of smell. Their eyesight is very defective, and I do not think an elephant can see for more than a few yards, but he can scent anything for miles, according to the strength of the wind.

As the herd gets nearer the kraal the beaters close in gradually, until, when about a mile from the kraal, the cordon stretches from one side of it right round the herd to the other side. Then begins what is known as the "drive in," a most intensely interesting and exciting time,

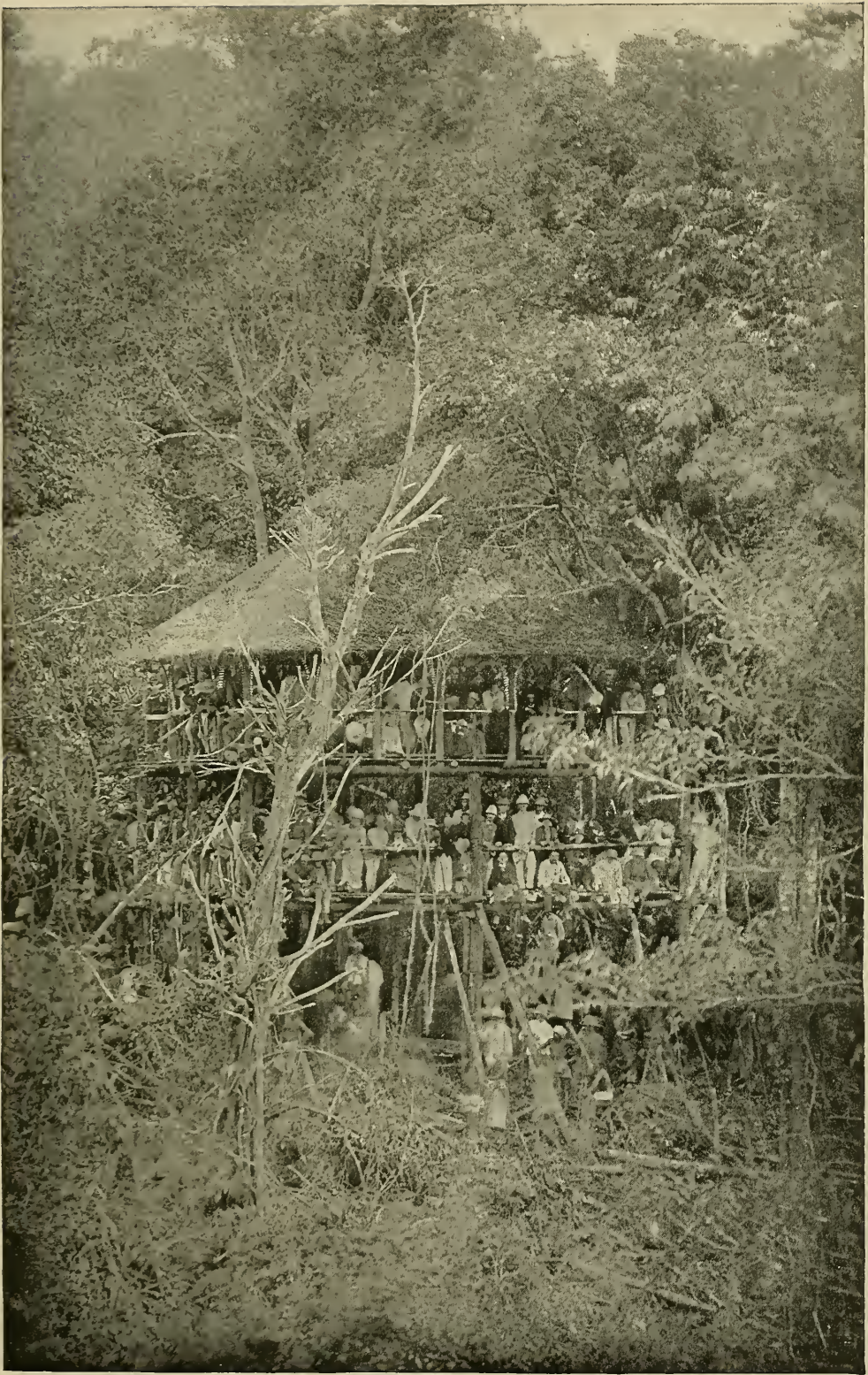
sometimes occupying several days, as it did on this occasion.

At last the elephants thoroughly realize their position and the fact that they are surrounded and that they can neither escape nor go in any direction except into the kraal.

Repeatedly they charge the cordon, always to be met with lighted torches, firing of guns, shouts and yells of "Hari! hari! hari!" and the mystic white wands of the beaters. These wands, in which the beaters place so much superstitious faith, are only long, tapering jungle sticks, about twelve feet long, with all the bark peeled off. With a wand in one hand and a torch in the other the beaters will withstand the most infuriated charge.

Down charge the elephants; crash goes the undergrowth. The whole jungle sways to and fro in all directions. Bang! bang! Crack go the bamboos! "Hari! hari! hari!" scream the beaters, pointing their white wands at the charging herd, and waving their torches.

"Allihoorah! hari! hari!" On they come, everything falling and crashing,



THE GRAND STAND.

men yelling, elephants trumpeting. No slackening of speed; they'll be through this time! Look out! They are right on the wands, almost touching, and—silence! They have stopped. They wait a moment in sulky doubt; then, turning, rush off to try the same tactics on the other side of the kraal, only to be again repulsed in the same manner. Entirely due to the magic wands, Appohami will tell you, thoroughly believing it, too. I, however, preferred a torch in that exciting charge.

They cannot face the torches, and seldom break through; but occasionally it happens, and then the herd has to be again surrounded as quickly as possible before they get away, when the whole process must be repeated.

Close to the kraal, as near as is considered advisable, without there being any risk of frightening the herd, in less than a week's time a town springs into existence. "Kraaltown!" with its clubs, hotels, saloons, cafés and "chummeries," to say nothing of suburban villas, etc.

Here is a very mixed population, all waiting for the elephants to be driven in. The fun is fast and furious. Rumors are constantly afloat that the elephants are just at the kraal gates. "Just coming in, hurry up!" Great is the excitement; everyone stampedes to some coign of vantage from which to view the drive in.

An anxious half hour and nothing happens, and gradually all return to the town, for the "Hari, hari" of the beaters sounds no nearer than it did yesterday. So we spend days in waiting.

On the sixth day there was great excitement; something had happened.

Eknalagodde, one of the chiefs, a Rahatmyia, had had some disagreement with Idalmagodde, a Rahatmyia, the chief of the other district, and had withdrawn all his people. If this was true, everything had come to an end. The jealousy between these two old chiefs was most intense. Eknalagodde, with his people, had surrounded and was driving in a herd of fifteen elephants—the result of a month's incessant driving. The old man himself had been out in the jungle a month or more, so anxious was he.

The old chief was discontented, the weather had been very wet, and the elephants, he declared, were the greatest "alli hooras" (thieves) he had ever tried to kraal.

Now Idalmagodde had a herd of seven,

and was a little in advance of the other chief. Eknalagodde was afraid this small herd would be kraaled first, and that Idalmagodde would reap all the *kudos* of the whole kraal. So there was strife in the camp.

The two old chiefs were sent for by his excellency the Governor, laughed at and finally persuaded to join herds in a sensible manner, and, this over, once more everyone was on the tiptoe of expectation.

The cries of the beaters were certainly nearer. The elephants might really be driven in to-night, and so thinking, "U," "P," and I slipped quietly away to the kraal at about 8 P. M., determined to sit there and see the fun.

We clambered up to the top of the kraal stockade, and sitting there had a very pretty view of the watchmen's fires, stretching far away into the jungle.

The shouts of the beaters sounded quite close, and we could occasionally distinctly hear the elephants trumpeting.

"Hello! What's up?" We had all dozed off to sleep on our perch, and the elephants were right alongside the kraal!

"There! Hold on! Why, he'll knock the place down!"

Such were our whispered exclamations of surprise, as we held on to the stockade with all the tenacity of leeches.

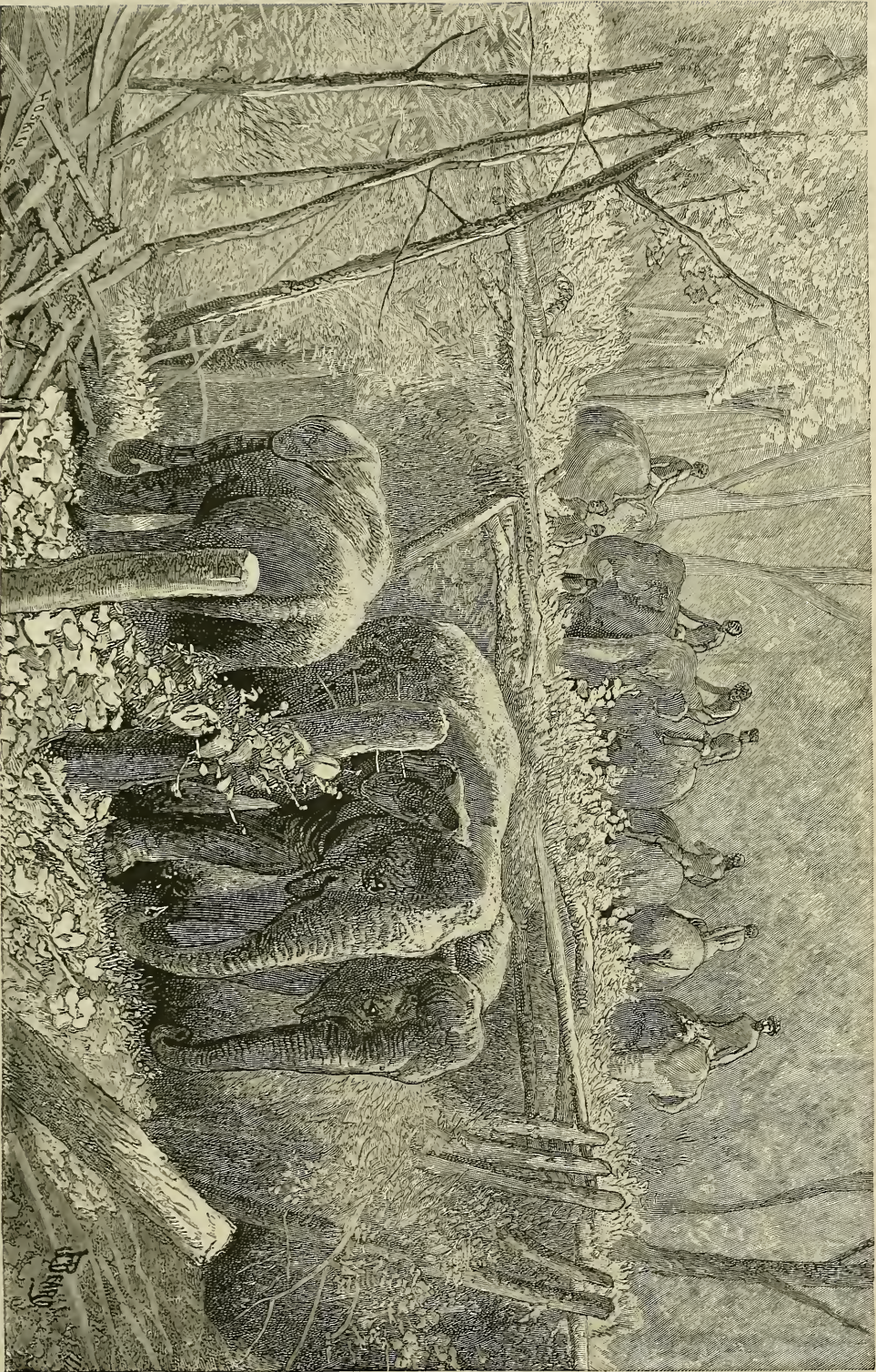
"How many are there? Can you see them?" were the excitedly whispered inquiries. A cloud was now obscuring the moon and nothing could be seen.

After a little it became quite evident that there was only one elephant, and that he was rubbing himself against the kraal stockade, the whole structure swaying to and fro in a manner that made us feel anything but comfortable. Getting tired of rubbing himself, the elephant strolled right down to the entrance gate of the kraal and—entered!

"There is one in, anyway," said I, scrambling down and rushing off to the nearest watchmen. Hurrying them to the kraal we lowered the huge bars and kraaled our first elephant.

This took some time to accomplish, but we saw we had made a mistake. How were the other elephants to be driven in when the bars were down? They were evidently pretty close now, for the bamboos were popping off like pistols in all directions, and the swish of the undergrowth as the elephants pushed through it was very audible.

Finally we decided to send off to Idal-



PAINTED FOR CUTTING BY I. CANTER BEARD.

KRALED.

ENGRAVED BY HOSKIN

magodde and tell him what had happened, and let him do what he liked.

Crawling once more up to our perch we discussed matters, and then we actually fell off to sleep again.

The fact is we had had no sleep for nights; the noise and merriment of kraal-town made sleep an impossibility, and the stockade was the quietest spot we had spent a night on since we had come down.

How long we slept I cannot say, but I suddenly awoke, and seeing a gang of beaters going by called out to them to leave a torch, which was done, and we all scrambled down.

"U." picked up the torch which the beater had stuck in the ground and we concluded to go home to bed. It was now 3 o'clock in the morning and very cold and dark. What the result of our message to Idalmagodde had been we didn't know and didn't care. Just then the elephant inside the kraal moved close up to where we were standing. Said "U.": "By Jove, I'll go in and have a look at him, now I have a torch." "U." scrambled inside through the bars of the stockade, and we could hear him struggling and see his torch bobbing about among the undergrowth. "I say, he's a tusker! Come on inside and have a look at him." This was exciting, as a tusker is very rare in Ceylon. The elephant all this time stood stock still. I walked straight toward the stockade, feeling for it with my hands outstretched before me, for 'twas pitch dark now; but instead of touching the stockade I found myself groping about in jungle. I was beginning to wonder where on earth I had got to when suddenly I felt a smash on my shoulder, heard "U." shout out and at the same moment was sprawling on the broad of my back. There was a crash of jungle, a loud screaming trumpet and the elephant had gone, knocking me down in his exit.

"By Jove, that was a narrow squeak!" said "U.," as he dashed in my direction to see what had become of me, of course falling on top of me, extinguishing the torch and making confusion worse confounded.

"Where is 'P.'?" said I. "I'm here," said a voice from the top of the stockade. "I got up here to see where the elephant was going."

Later on, after a few hours' sleep, we again went to the kraal. Everyone was

there now, from the princes downward. The elephants were close by. At last they were really coming in, and word was passed around for everybody to be as quiet as possible. The elephants were wandering about in the most restless manner, occasionally trumpeting.

The excitement was intense, and for hours this went on. Still the brutes would not come in.

"Something has gone wrong. Two or three beaters have been killed; there is a very vicious cow with a young calf just at the entrance, and she is continually charging the beaters. Nothing can be done with her; she will have to be shot."

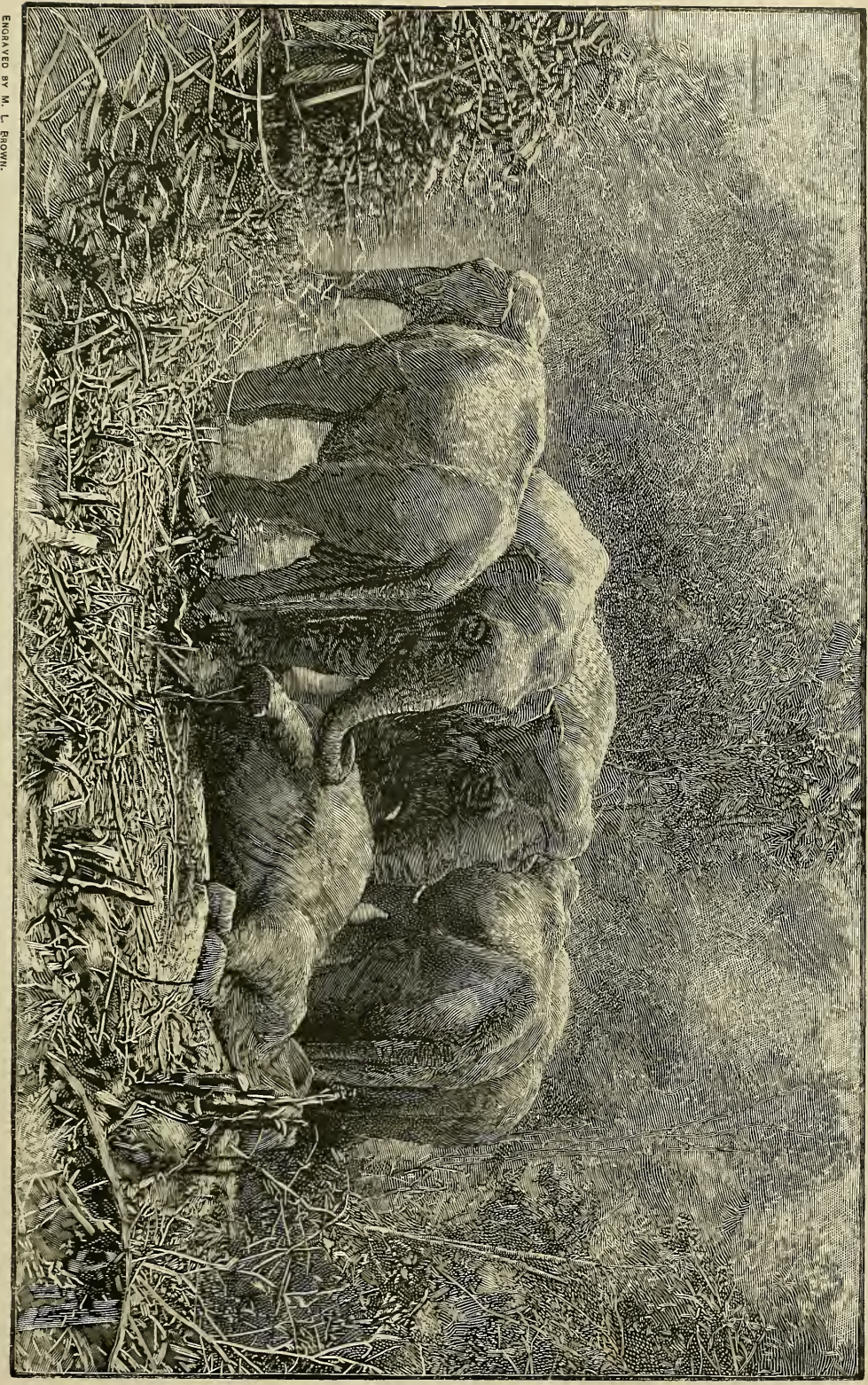
Such was the news that was whispered from one to another; and sure enough it was true.

This poor cow, with her baby calf to care for and protect, had become quite fearless, and was gradually and most surely imbuing the remainder of the herd with her own courage. She had, with her little one at her side, again and again attempted to charge through the cordon, and had in her repeated charges killed two beaters, as well as wounding several others. The beaters were getting scared; so the edict went forth that this affectionate and courageous mother was to die.

Hearing of this I went down to Idalmagodde to intercede for her life. "Let her go with her little one; let them through the cordon of beaters. If she is shot her little one must die, too," I said, but all my pleadings were in vain. The multitude of beaters were crying aloud for her blood.

"Had she not rendered two or three homes desolate? Why should she be spared? Besides, having now discovered her power, who would be safe from her? She would become a veritable 'rogue,' a terror to the whole country. She must die, of course." Mr. Monroe, an old shikari, one of Sir Samuel Baker's old followers in Africa, was asked to shoot her. The idea seems to have been to wound her, not to kill her.

Monroe fired, the poor thing fell upon her knees, rolled over, and lay upon her side for fully five minutes, apparently dead, the blood spouting from a hole in her forehead. The distress and affection of her little one were most pitiful to see, curling its little trunk over its mother's trunk, and running round and round her and making most frantic efforts to lift her up. When the old cow at last got up



ENGRAVED BY M. L. BROWN.

SHE THREW HERSELF DOWN, NEVER TO RISE AGAIN.—P. 179.

great was the little thing's delight, as it went off with its mother, rubbing itself up against her and twisting its small tail round and round and curling its infantile trunk in air.

Not so the old cow; she, poor thing, staggered off utterly stunned and stupid, all her courage gone now.

There was no more delay. The herd dashed right into the kraal pell-mell, tearing everything down before them, jungle crashing and falling in all directions.

A herd of seven, four big ones and three small ones, or "poonchies," as they are called. 'Twas Idalmagodde's herd that had been driven in after all!

The news soon spread, "The elephants are in!" and great was the exodus from kraaltown. Everyone was soon up at the kraal, the grand stand being packed. Every tree was loaded with human beings, all intently gazing into the kraal, trying to catch a glimpse of the elephants, which were moving the undergrowth about in all directions.

At last the elephants were actually kraaled!

The wounded elephant, from which the blood was still pouring, was shot and killed at the intercession of some Samaritan, the poor little baby elephant making the welkin ring mourning over the dead body of its mother. All night long it could be heard for miles.

Startling news came next morning. The elephants had all gone; had all escaped, except the little baby, still crying over its mother. "How had they got out? Whom must we hang?" We were prepared to hang anyone!

Upon inquiry it seemed certain that my old friend the tusker was at the bottom of the whole thing. He had come down to the kraal in the night and had gone straight to the entrance, which he had every reason to know, and with the assistance, doubtless, of those inside had pulled down the bar and let his friends out.

"Well, here's a how d'ye do! Here's a pretty mess. The whole kraal a failure," and packing up their traps away went two-thirds of kraaltown.

Our party, however, was nothing daunted; we had come there to see those elephants kraaled, there we intended staying until it was done, for that eventually it must be done we knew perfectly well.

The next report was that Eknalagodde's

herd was close by, and once more doubtfully wending our way back to the kraal surely enough our ears were greeted with the welcome cries of the approaching beaters.

The chances were that the runaways had joined Eknalagodde's herd. If so, there would be a better and bigger drive in than before—about twenty elephants.

They could be seen indistinctly among the swaying jungle, and judging from the noise there was a fine large herd of them. Still, enter the kraal they would not. Rumbling trumpeting, betokening great rage, cracking bamboos, yells of beaters and a deafening uproar.

"Here they come!" There was a rush as though they were going in—but no, a dead stop; then a dash at the side, only to be met with the invincible wand and torch.

Several elephants walked right up to the entrance. But there they stood, further they would not go.

The fact was they smelt the blood of the dead cow inside the kraal.

The remainder of the herd kept charging the beaters again and again in all directions and attempting to break through the cordon, and this finally some five or six actually did accomplish.

This episode made us think that, after all, perhaps the thing was going to be a fiasco. Hadn't we better all go down and assist the beaters? Someone volunteered to go; for one planter to volunteer meant all, and we all joined the beaters. We had hardly done so when the rain came down in torrents.

Things were surely very disheartening. All the beaters were standing stock still, like so many sheep, holding their talipot palms above their heads. There was not a shout to be raised out of the whole crowd. If there is one thing more than another which utterly prostrates the Cinghalese it is getting wet.

Our aid as beaters came at a most critical moment. Night was coming on, probably all the fires would go out, and so would the elephants. No time was to be lost. We urged and drove the beaters on, and once more the cries of "Hari, hari, hari!" rent the air.

Ordering some of the beaters to fell the undergrowth, so that we might see where the elephants were, for it was now getting very dark, each of us seized a torch and dashed into the jungle, leaving the natives far behind.

The elephants were standing in groups, scattered all over the place.

Confusion among us soon set in, for the men in front were getting the rear-most elephants driven down upon them.

Men and elephants became mixed up in a most inextricable manner. Merely armed with torches, we were bent on driving the elephants in, that was certain.

Back came the elephants with a rush right into the midst of us! The ranks, such as they were, broke, and then we tried to clear out of the way, but our efforts were useless. The undergrowth which had been felled made locomotion impossible, and down we went in all directions like ninepins, expecting each moment to be trampled to death.

Down went the Laird o' Logie (now Sir Graeme Elphinstone) within a few feet of me, and I thought his days were done, for right over him, screaming with rage, rushed an elephant; but, *mirabile dictu!* did not touch him.

Similar narrow escapes were going on all around. Several elephants got away in this charge, but it was too dark to see what was going on. One thing was certain, that in the general stampede a number of elephants had entered the kraal, and by the time we had picked ourselves up were safely shut up inside. But how many it was impossible to say.

It still rained in torrents. The excitement was over. Hats, sticks, torches, watches and much impedimenta were missing; but having come safely through this exciting *melée* we congratulated each other that it was no worse. Thus, wet through and weary, covered from top to toe with mud, scratched all over and a mass of bruises, we dropped into kraal-town in twos and threes, and a very, very forlorn spectacle we presented, but we had won the day!

When morning dawned the question was, "Are they safe? are they there?"

With much placidness we heard "they were there."

There were twelve, three of which only belonged to the previously kraaled herd. These were easily picked out from the others, as they kept themselves entirely aloof.

Let us go into the grand stand and see the noosing or tying up.

My friend the tusker was there. He had lost half his tail, probably in some fight, or it might have been shot off. Both of his tusks were broken, too, and

altogether he looked a most disreputable character.

There was one very fine cow, five smaller but fairly sized elephants, and the five calves before mentioned, which with my old friend made twelve. So that of the whole lot eleven had escaped.

It was a most touching sight to see the little calves spurning earth and water over their mothers. They seemed to know that their mothers were in distress, and in their own manner did all they knew to alleviate it.

The tame elephants, with their mahouts on their backs, were ridden to and fro inside the kraal, in order to separate the wild elephants as much as possible from each other. Queerly enough there was not the slightest fraternity or friendship between the wild and the tame elephants except in the case of the calves.

A very pathetic episode now took place. Two tame elephants went alongside an old cow (with a calf), one on each side of her. The mahouts slipped down and after adjusting the ropes round the old cow's legs climbed up to their seats again. Their captive was now persuaded to walk off between the two tame elephants to the nearest tree, where the mahouts intended to make her fast. She refused to budge, however. She had too much affection for her little calf to leave it in that manner. A very severe struggle ensued. Go she would not, notwithstanding that the united power of the two enormous tame elephants, both of which were tuskers, was brought to bear upon her.

Bravely she struggled, until at last, in rage and despair, she threw herself down never to rise again. Her spirit was utterly broken, and in a short time she died.

Meantime the noosing had been going on. One fine young bull elephant resisted most determinedly. In vain, however, for he was pushed, dragged and hauled here and there, *volens volens*, to the nearest tree, where he was made secure. But it took the two tame elephants and their mahouts all they knew to accomplish this, as he fought and struggled to the very last.

The "tying up" consists in tying the two hind legs of the captive securely, wound round and round in innumerable coils of very strong rope made of cane, which are again wound round and round the tree. He struggles, writhes, twists and turns, using every muscle in his huge and powerful body in his attempts to free

himself. How he frets and fumes ! Into what extraordinary contortions he wriggles his body ! He runs round and round the tree, screams and trumpets with rage ; and what a piteous sight it is to see him at last give up all hope and lie down in agony, despair and disgrace, his noble spirit utterly broken !

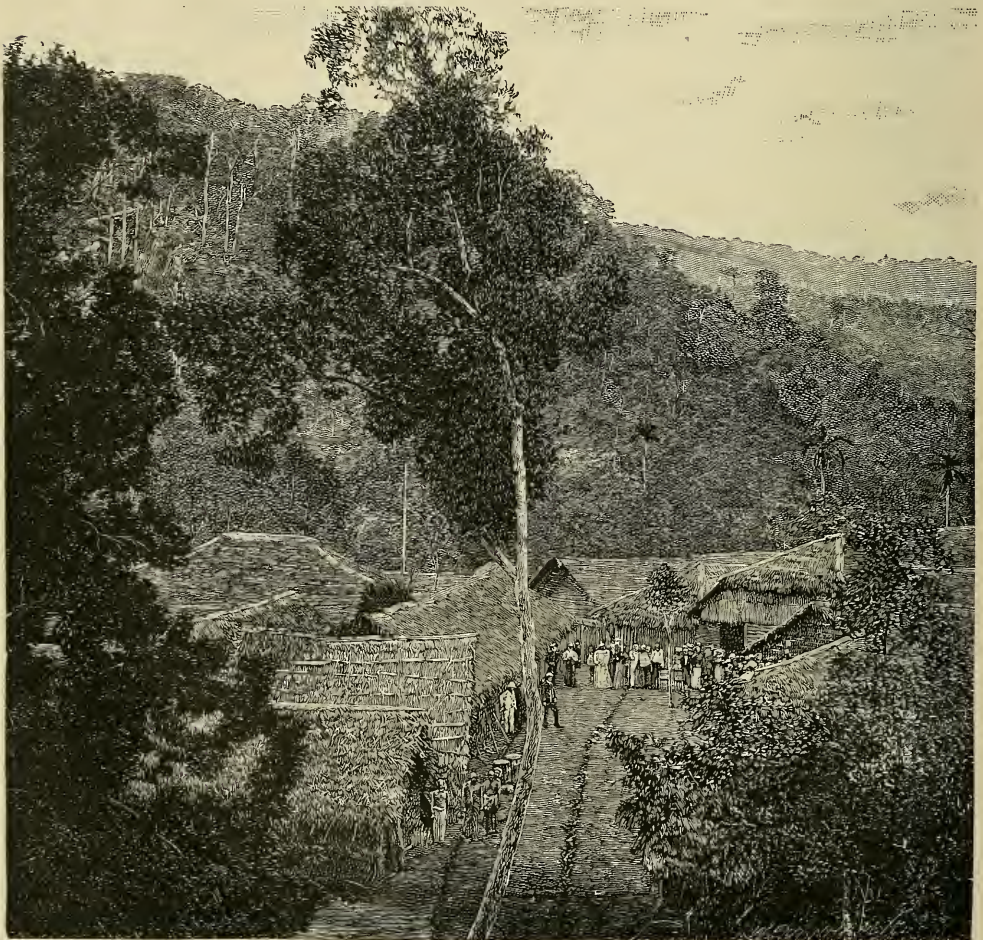
The mahouts were afraid to go near my old friend the tusker—afraid to attempt to noose him, although we offered them a santosm of \$50 if they would do so.

The next morning the elephants were put up at auction. The little calf which had shown such affection for its broken-hearted mother was bought by our party for \$60. The biggest price realized by an elephant was \$300.

Everything had come to an end. The beaters, watchers, etc., went home, and very glad they were it was all over. For nearly three months their homes had been neglected, and their rice fields had been allowed to go to rack and ruin.

The remaining elephants (for there were still several left in the kraal, the mahouts having been afraid to go near them) we went down to liberate, and with my old friend at their head they majestically strode out, screaming defiance. They seemed to know that at any rate they had inspired fear and respect, and they were by no means hurried or undignified in their retreat.

We were glad to see it, and shouted a final "Hari ! hari ! hari !" to speed the parting guests.



ENGRAVED BY BURNHAM.

KRAALTOWN.

COWBOY LIFE.

I. — A ROUND UP.

BY LARRY YATT.



dirtyest of which lived an old rascal who was known throughout the garrison as "Poor Face." This Indian had suddenly become an object of interest to me, for I knew that he had a fine young pony picketed out on the bluffs near the stage company's corral, and this I resolved to secure by purchase or hire for the trip into Wyoming. So, in company with "Tobacco Jake," the post interpreter, I set out in quest of the owner of the pony. Poor Face was not at home that morning, but we found him at last squatting on the grass in rear of the sutler's store, contentedly puffing a "punk" cigar.

When the spirit of barter and trade gets into an Indian his stoicism takes a holiday, and Poor Face furnished no exception to the rule, for the first intimation of the object of my visit brought him to his feet with a bound. After much of argument and, I fear, a little "bulldozing" on the part of the interpreter, Poor Face was

THE youth of every country, I presume, have their special fascinations. In Great Britain I am told that it is the sea, and no boy worth his salt but passes through a period when his highest ambition and hope is to sail the main. My fascination in early youth was the cowboy, and yet, by the irony of fate, it was for many years an unsatisfied craving, even to visit their, to me, distant home. Indeed it was only last year that I was able to accept a cordial invitation from my old friend Joe Pinckney, who owns a snug cattle ranch down near Sheridan, Wyoming, to meet him at Ohlmans, seventy-miles south of Fort Custer, partake of the hospitalities of his cow camp and have a look at the round up.

The coaches of the Wyoming Stage Company run daily between Custer and Ohlmans; but they pass up the Little Horn Valley during the night, and, as I wished to view that far-famed region by daylight, I concluded to make the trip on horseback, spending the night at the road ranches and relay stations, which latter are scattered along the trail at fifteen-mile intervals.

On the bluffs of the Big Horn River, in rear of my hotel, a detachment of Crow scouts had pitched their tepees, in the



A TENDERFOOT

finally convinced that \$3 per week, and not \$10, was a fair charge for the use of a pony in a country where good ponies could be had for \$15 apiece.

Next morning I rode out of the post while the cavalry bugles were sounding the reveille, passed through the Crow Agency just as the old cracked bell on the agency school house began to summon the untutored mind to tuition, and saw on a hilltop away to the southward the gray obelisk that guards the spot where General Custer fell, and below it the grassy slope, deeply furrowed with gulches and coulees, up which surged the death struggle on that sultry June morning thirteen years ago.

At noontide I forded the Little Horn, where Reno's command crossed in wild retreat on the day of the Custer massacre, and saw the bleak hilltop where Reno's wounded troopers, beleaguered by the swarming hordes of Sitting Bull, lay for two days unsheltered from the pitiless rays of the midsummer sun; while the wooded valley stretched fair before them and the river ran bank full of cool, sweet water less than a half mile away.

The shadows of the Big Horns were reaching far eastward when I dismounted at Dick Gordon's road ranch, forty miles from Fort Custer. While covering the last fifteen miles I had forded the Little Horn at least eight times and had declined thirty offers to "swap" ponies with the natives.

That evening I sat down to a supper that was cooked and served by a Sioux squaw, the wife of the ranch keeper. I have eaten worse meals in metropolitan boarding houses of many pretensions.

I "hit the trail" next morning just as the sun peered over the Wolf Mountains into the village of white cotton tepees that straggled along the timbered bottom.

A peaceful stillness was over all the valley, broken faintly at intervals by the far-away sound of running waters—the song of the Little Horn as it broke in ripples over its pebbly shallows.

Out in front of the tepees, from the smouldering embers of last night's camp fires, slender columns of pale-blue smoke rose high into the motionless air.

Among all the smoke-stained habitations no sign or sound of human life was visible or audible. These careless children of nature, in the quiet of their happy valley, were sleeping the sweet, sound

sleep that our nervous civilization cries vainly for.

One hour's ride from Gordon's and the trail leaves the valley and runs for six miles over a succession of steep hill ranges, the highest point in which is indicated by a four-mile stretch of level plateau, across which numerous brackish streams run riverward, their sparsely-timbered margins fairly swarming with wood doves, quail and pinnated grouse. While you are wondering at the tameness of the pretty creatures, a "black tail" bounds out of the shadow within easy rifle range and disappears down some neighboring coulee like a gray phantom.

With a sweeping curve the trail leads northward, dropping at last abruptly into the head of a wooded gulch; and here I get my first glimpse of the fairest landscape in all Montana—the upper Little Horn Valley—wrought out in subtle shades of green, framed in the brown rugged sides of the gulch, down which the trail finds its way, and canopied by the cloudless sky that bends over it.

When half way down the winding gulch I catch the flash of the noonday sun shot from the leaping waters of Pass Creek, three miles away, and I tickle my pony's ribs with the quirt, for I know that near the crossing of the stream I shall find Ham's ranch and dinner.

The sun had completed one-half of its afternoon's journey as I toiled up to the summit of a steep divide and came suddenly upon Ohlmans, a snug frame ranch set on a gently sloping foothill, within reaching distance of the sunset shadows of the Big Horns. Around the ranch lay a network of irrigating ditches, and the gurgle of water was everywhere, while the air was heavy and cool with its moisture.

As I dismounted at a stile which gave admittance to a well-kept lawn, a middle-aged, neatly-dressed lady came to meet me from the farther end of a great bed of pansies, and while she deftly arranged a bouquet of the pretty flowers in a water glass she informed me, in response to my inquiry, that she was the postmistress of Ohlmans, and that I might find food and shelter there so long as I wished to remain. Having introduced myself in due form I was handed a letter which, I was informed, had come up from Sheridan by special messenger only that morning. It proved to be from Mr. Pinckney requesting me to await his coming at Ohlmans, as, owing to some untoward circumstance,

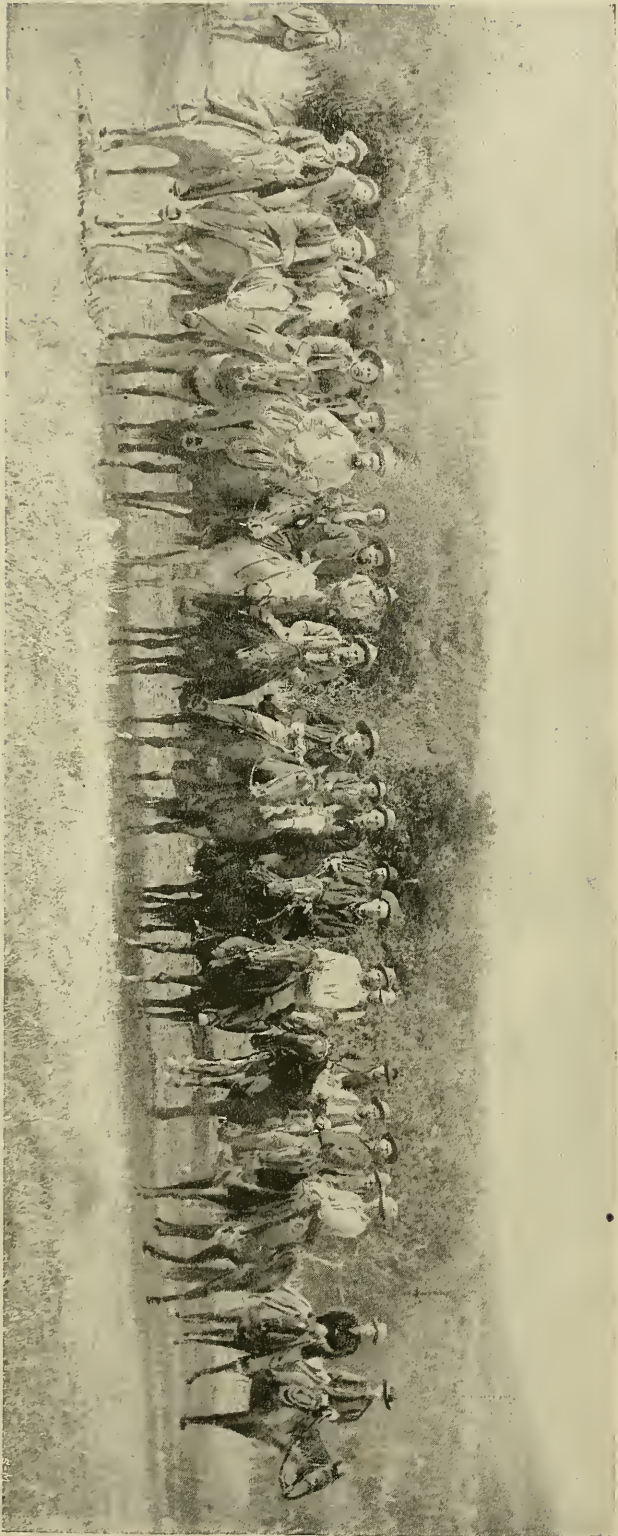
he would be unable to join me for yet a day or two.

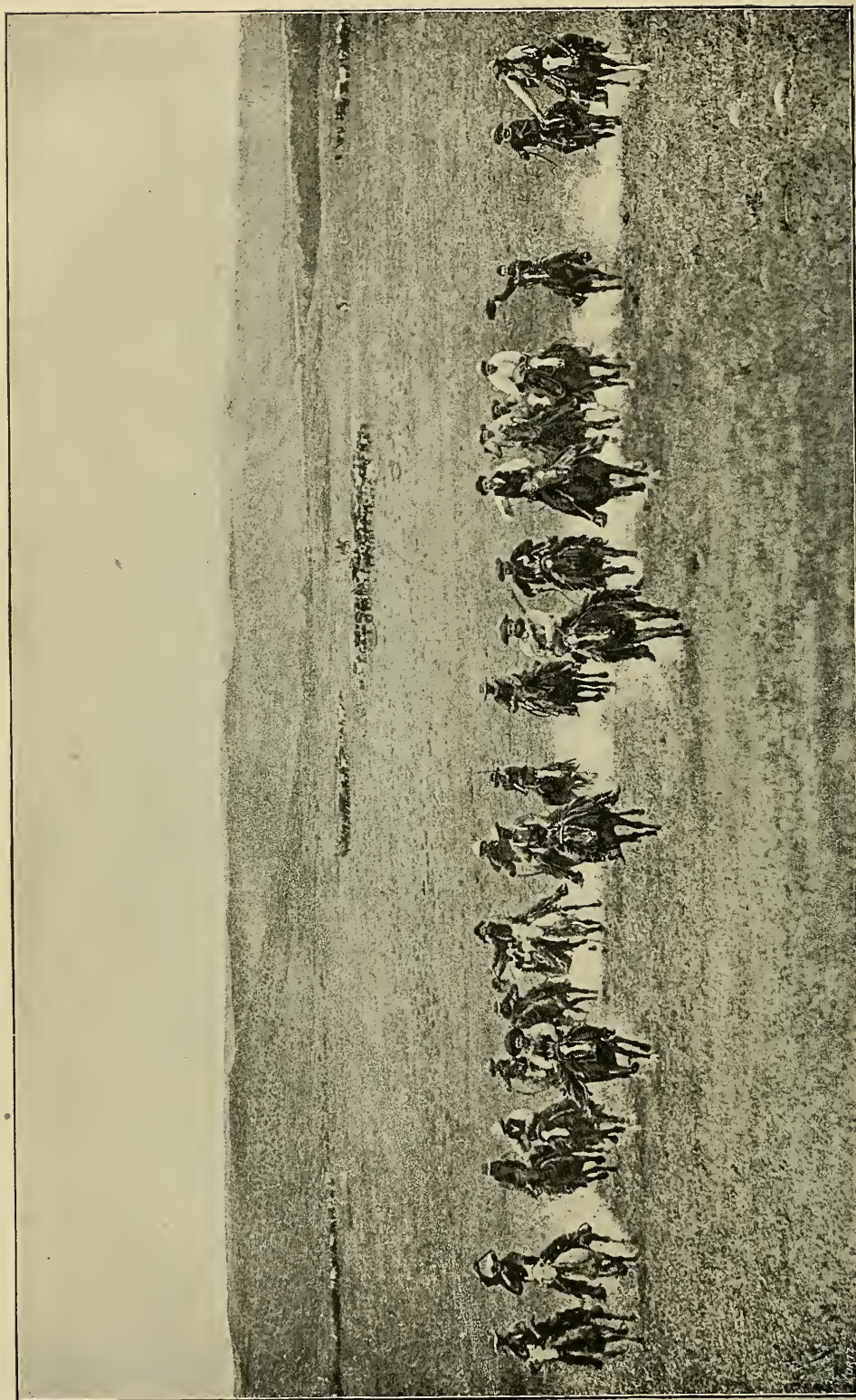
Having cared for my pony and made a refreshing toilet, I was invited to partake of a meal such as one reads of in some delightful old-fashioned work, of fiction, the scenes of which are laid in a rural New England community, and whose simple descriptions of homely cookery send the reader hungry to bed or tempt him to a late supper.

Ohlmans is certainly one of the resting places by the way of life. The nervous, dyspeptic "tenderfoot" tarrying within its gates, exulting in the renewed allegiance of an erstwhile rebellious stomach and the utter discomfiture of the black demon of insomnia, will tell you of draughts of mountain air that exhilarate like rare old wine, and of potions of health-giving waters fresh from the everlasting springs of the snow fields eight miles away. But more especially will he delight in telling you of the creature comforts of that home-like old road house, its tempting, wholesome fare, its peaceful siestas, its comfortable beds and cool, airy, sleeping rooms, where, in the absolute quiet of the desert night, peace shakes the "dews of slumber" from her wings to fall on the eyelids of weary mortals as softly as the night dews fall on the upturned faces of the little pansy people out on the lawn.

On the evening of the second day of my *dolce far niente* Mr. Pinckney rode up from Sheridan, having left his outfit in camp at the rendezvous, seven miles south of Ohlmans. He brought with him for my special use a watch-eyed pinto, a compact, wiry little beast that had been through three round ups, and

"THE COMBINED OUTFITS DEPLOY."—P. 187.





"HOOP-LA!"—P. 187.

knew all the tricks and arts of the business as thoroughly as any old cowboy.

Just as we were sitting down to supper that evening at Ohlmans a buckboard, drawn by a pair of black bronchos, drove up to the corral gate and two men alighted from it, one of whom came into the ranch and inquired for Mr. Pinckney. When my friend had made his presence known, the stranger produced a letter from an army friend of ours at Fort Custer introducing Mr. William McFlynn and commending him heartily to Mr. Pinckney's hospitality. The stranger added that he was a photographer by profession and wished to follow the wandering fortunes of a cow camp for a week or two for the purpose of securing a set of round-up views. He had hired a team and driver at the Crow Agency and had brought along a wall tent and "sleeping bag," and was prepared, so he said, to follow the round up to tidewater, if necessary.

Mr. Pinckney at once took charge of the stranger, and, seating him between us at the table, we arranged before supper was over to start for the rendezvous after dinner on the morrow.

Before bedtime came around Mr. McFlynn had proved himself to be an immense acquisition to our outfit. During thirteen years of a nomadic existence in the Northwestern wilds he had pitched his wandering tent in every army post and Indian agency in Dakota and Montana, and had photographed everything monstrous and curious therein, from Sitting Bull to the petrified dog of the Dakota Bad Lands.

Of all the characteristic scenes of Western life the "wild and woolly" round up alone had eluded the fixed and glassy stare of his portable camera. He had just received from the East a brand new "snap shot" machine that was especially designed for the transfixing of fleeting expressions of every possible description, with especial reference to the "bucking" broncho, the jackass rabbit under full sail and the coyote in his great disappearing act.

Broiled mountain trout that had kicked and flapped under the knife thirty minutes before was the *pièce de résistance* at our farewell dinner, after which I said regretful good-byes to the kind-hearted road-house people and climbed into the saddle. A half hour's lively gallop, with Mr. McFlynn's traveling gallery bringing up the rear, brought us within sight of

the camp of the cowpunchers, pitched down in a grassy creek bottom in the shadow of a clump of water oak.

Mr. Pinckney's foreman met us at a short distance from camp with a hearty welcome, and all the boys shouted "How!" as we rode in.

All of the outfits had reached the rendezvous and were camped within a radius of 300 yards.

The scene was a strikingly picturesque one, and Mr. McFlynn had taken a "shot" at it almost before his wagon had come to a halt. It was a glorious, autumn-like afternoon, with a genial, comforting warmth in the sunshine that slanted down into our little valley. The horses had eaten their fill of the luxuriant grass, and were either stretched out full length on the warm earth or nodding lazily in the shadow of the timber. On every hand the glimmer of white tents came through the motionless foliage. Across the creek, in the shadow of a log corral, a "bunch" of calves lay snoozing the sunny hours away, little dreaming of the trouble that the morrow held in store for them.

Away to the westward the Big Horns rose high above the confusion of the foothills, their pine-clad steeps looking black in the distance. Serene and dignified as venerable judges, with the spotless ermine of the eternal snows thrown around them, cloud and snow peaks towered far above their fellows, their purity of outline accentuated by the warm, rich background of the western sky.

There are no Sundays on the round up, and the boys were making the most of this their last holiday. Blankets were spread out under the tent flies and "progressive" poker was the order of the day. Among those of the players who were in that interesting financial condition commonly known as "busted" the currency of the realm was represented by white beans, borrowed from the cook. There was much reckless betting around the bean tables, and debts of honor aggregating about a bushel of beans were contracted during the afternoon's play.

Unlucky players negotiated new loans with extreme difficulty, and all sorts of schemes were resorted to by desperate men to "raise the wind;" among them the surreptitious abstraction of small sums from the bean bag, during temporary absences of the cook.

At last that autocrat of the Dutch oven

caught one of the boys red handed, and tying the mouth of the bean bag in a hard knot he sat on it while he peeled potatoes for the evening meal.

With a saddle bag for a writing desk I sat in the shadow of Mr. McFlynn's tent and wrote home letters until the welcome call of "supper" sounded through the camp.

As a rule the Wyoming cowboy fares well on his round ups. Stingy and mean beyond expression must the rancher be who feeds his men on greasy bacon when there are fat cattle on a thousand hills.

For supper our outfit had Dutch oven bread, sweet and light, porterhouse steak, *à la cowpunchaire*, fried potatoes, ranch butter, stewed dried fruit, and coffee with milk and sugar.

Our cook, whose only name was Jake, was a grizzled old sinner of the rustler type. Jake had been by turns a sheep herder in Australia, a miner in Idaho, and a mule whacker in Montana; and the ills and vicissitudes of a wandering life had developed in him an irascibility of temper the frequent exhibitions of which seemed only to be atoned for by his splendid cookery.

When supper was over the "horse wrangler" threw an armful of dry driftwood on the camp fire, which blazed up like the flames of a Sioux torture pile, and brought down a drowsy twittering protest from a family of blackbirds that had gone to roost in the foliage of a nearby water oak. We closed in on the fire, for the air was frosty, and turning our backs to the grateful warmth sent clouds of tobacco smoke skyward.

The round-up working day begins at daybreak, and day breaks in the mountain country of Wyoming at or about 4 o'clock during the rounding-up season. So the cowboy, in order to get the required amount of sleep, "goes to bed with the birds," and his evening prayers are fashioned after the manner of those which were said at the midnight obsequies of Sir John Moore. He makes down his bed in the first place that comes handy, goes to sleep at will, and snores a snore that is a compound of fog horn and death rattle. Rolled up in the folds of a double blanket, my bed the hard, sun-baked earth, my pillow a still harder bull saddle, I tossed about until midnight, unable to get a wink of sleep on account of the rugged topographical features of that portion of the

territory which lay immediately under me. Amid the execrations of Mr. McFlynn, his teamster, and half a dozen others whom my movements had aroused, I proceeded to improve my sleeping claim by cutting down the hills and filling up the hollows. This done, I turned in once more and at last fell into a troubled slumber, from which I was soon awakened by a lusty whoop from Mr. Pinckney's foreman, followed by a score of answering yells from as many throats; our cowboys were tumbling out of their blankets into the dawn of the first day of the round up.

The morning star flamed and flared like a signal fire low down on the pine-capped crest of the highest summit of the Wolf Mountains, while all the east was aglow with the promise of a perfect day.

No cavalry camp at reveille call ever presented a more animated scene. From all sides came the jingle of spurs and the "swish, swish" of hurrying feet in the rank grass. In a twinkling the bedding was rolled into neat bundles and flung into the wagon, the morning ablutions hurriedly made in the ice-cold waters of the creek, saddles and bridles laid out where they could be easily reached, and everybody awaits the coming in of the horse herd. We have not long to wait. Out of the mist that hangs over the lower valley comes the echo of many a hoof beat, and the rounding-up shout of our wrangler, followed by the sound of splashing water as the herd dashes through the creek just below the camp. Here they come at a rattling gallop, with an old gray broncho in the lead, to whose neck is strapped a huge cow bell that clatters in a most distracting manner as the wearer launches kick after kick at some of the frisky youngsters that are testing the thickness of his scarred old hide with their sharp teeth.

Two cowboys catch up the ends of a lariat and run out with them, while others seize the rope and form a semicircular inclosure with it, into which the wrangler, bringing up the rear of the herd, skillfully rounds it up. Then lariats leap into the air from every direction and uncoil with beautiful precision over the heads of such horses as have been selected for the day's work. These are led out and saddled and the remainder of the herd is driven out of camp. As the last saddle drops into place Jake lifts the coffee kettle off the fire and shouts "Brekfus! brekfus!" till all the startled echoes take up the call and an

invitation to "brekfus" goes forth to every dweller in the little valley from the foothills of the Big Horn to the banks of Tongue River.

What luxury to fill the lungs at will with the sweet pure air that is just beginning to stir the leaves along the bottom! I have been out of my blankets scarcely a half hour, yet, as I carry my breakfast things to a point that commands a good view of the mountains, I have a feeling of being saturated with ozone to the finger tips.

The last man has breakfasted. Cinches are tightened, saddles are filled in a twinkling, and our boys ride out to the front just as the other outfits come gal-

loping in. Mr. McFlynn, in a fever of excitement and haste, scalds himself with a mouthful of boiling hot coffee and rushes up the hill to his instrument. Bronchos "buck," a generous exchange of off-hand profanity follows, the combined outfits deploy in front of the camera and halt for one brief moment. "Click" goes the machine. "Thank you, gentlemen," cries Mr. McFlynn. The boys respond with a deafening "Hoop-la," spurs are driven sharply home, and the whole troop goes scurrying across the valley, stretching out into an irregular skirmish formation, with the right flank of the line lost in the maze of the hills and coulees.

CANOEING ON THE FLATHEAD.

BY JAMES OLLASON.

Second and last paper.

OUR life in the wild seclusion of Flathead Lake and amidst its picturesque and enticing scenery might have excused a longer tarrying, but the call of duty was imperative, and with longing backward looks we took a homeward route which enabled us to cut off several miles at the northeast corner of the lake. Shortly after daybreak we paddled past the river's mouth and landed on a strip of brush-covered beach to the west of it. Up under the shade of a clump of bushes we lay down and slept, until the sun on his western course discovered us and drove us out of our nook and into the water.

The water was much warmer here, being shallower than on the eastern shore, and we found to our great delight that a long swim was once more a possibility. I was lazily moving along a few yards in front of Ned and looking across to where the islands near the southern shore lay half hidden in the purple haze of the hot summer day, when an exclamation from him made me turn.

As I did so a whoop from a group of mounted Indians on the beach reached us, and before I had recovered from the surprise which their unexpected appearance occasioned into the water they rode, their little cayuses apparently enjoying the prospect of a swim.

There were seven Indians in all, but only three swam their ponies out to where we lay waiting to witness their manner of disporting themselves. These we saluted with the customary "How" as they checked their animals alongside of us.

"You swim good?" asked one, nodding to Ned as he spoke.

"A little," answered Ned; "not very good."

The other two grinned at something Ned's interrogator said in Indian, and, speaking fast and earnestly, seemed to be prompting him to give an exhibition of his prowess. This apparently accorded with our dusky friend's humor, for patting his pony on the neck, he raised himself slowly on his hands until he gained a standing posture on its back; then, with a light step on the animal's haunches, he plunged head first into the water. The other two followed his example, and all three swam close up to us, laughing and spluttering, and making motions to us to entertain them in return.

"I'm going to try to fool them," said Ned to me in a low voice, and accordingly, shouting excitedly to them to look at the deer on the bank, with a swift upward movement of his hands, while they glanced ashore to see the imaginary deer, he silently disappeared beneath the surface. Turning around an instant later

and seeing me alone they lost no time in looking for and discovering him as he struck out vigorously beneath the ponies in his effort to get out of sight. The youngest of the bucks immediately gave chase, and to Ned's intense disgust seized him by the ankle and brought him a prisoner to the surface.

This little incident created a good deal of merriment, and our painted friends made much of their superiority to the white man. Born and raised as they have been on the shores of the lake, they are without doubt splendid swimmers; but later in the afternoon when we visited their tepees we beat them ignominiously at shooting. They were blazing away at a mark on a tree when we strolled over to their camp. We were requested to try our skill and did so, balancing accounts by putting several holes through the target which they were unable to touch.

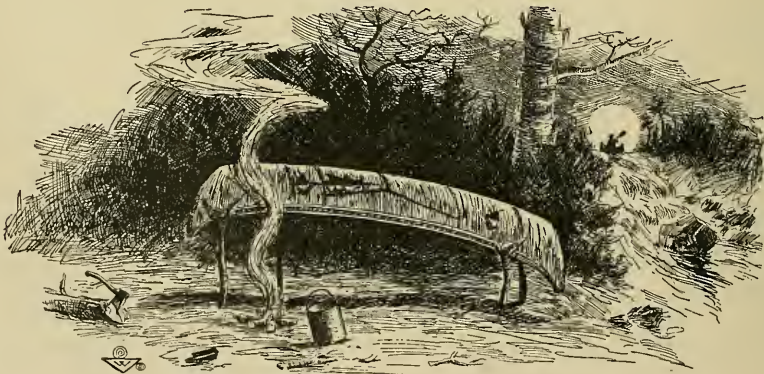
We fell in with several parties of these sons of the forest on our way south along the western shore. The majority of them were Flatheads. We met a few Jockos also, but, although feeling not the least enmity toward each other, they never mix together in their social life. They are all inveterate gamblers. We landed one evening near by an encampment and, finding them very sociable and friendly, took the liberty after a while of crawling into a tepee, from which issued a short rapping, accompanied with a monotonous "ugh, ugh, ugh." Five young bucks were ranged in a row, on their knees, along the right side of the tepee. Each one held in his hands two sticks, with which he was thumping a board before him, keeping time to the rattle of the sticks with the guttural "ugh."

Seated in front of the line was another buck, whose place it was to name the one who had in his possession a small piece of polished wood, which was being rapidly passed from hand to hand, with much feinting introduced to confuse him in his efforts to detect it. Each one, as he was caught, gave up his place to the seeker and paid a certain sum to the rest. Several dollars were lost and won in this manner while we sat and watched them.

Next day, as we paddled down past where our Indian friends had slept, we saw them striking their camp, making ready to travel in search of that variety of scene and surrounding which their restless nature demands. Two or three miles farther south we went ashore. It was a perfect day for fishing, a soft gray sky overhead and a light breeze blowing down the lake from the north. On this occasion my former luck deserted me. Three times did Ned land before I hooked a fish, and when hunger compelled us to abandon the sport he had sixteen to his credit, just double my catch.

All the next day we paddled steadily southward, running our bark ashore on a little island in the twilight. We spent one day sailing out and in among the straits which separate these charming little evergreen rocks; and on the next, which was the fifteenth of our cruise, we steered across the four miles of water which lie between them and the foot of the lake.

The stockman in whose keeping we had left our ponies undertook to have the bear skin cured for us, and in return we made a present to him of the *Sprite*, feeling very sorry to leave the little craft in which we had made so enjoyable a trip.



HORSEBACK SKETCHES.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.*

DECEMBER RIDES.

The last !
Last looks are tenderest ;
The sunset light is on the past ;
The last wine is the best.
Oh, days most sad and sweet !
The old life's fairest wreath—
No record ever is complete
Without that last word—Death.

—*Caroline Seymour.*

COLDER and longer grow the nights, darker and shorter the days, and our rides fewer and more precious. How we prize these last rides of the year, though they must be infrequent and brief, for winter is here with chill breath and stormy brow. A brisk gallop about the village is not without its charm, even on those days of universal grayness which November sometimes engrafts upon December's sparkle. The snow delays, the chill winds blow, the sun seems to have deserted the world, the ground is hard and frozen, and a general gloom has fallen upon the earth. We long for a ray of sunlight or a dash of color to relieve the dinginess and dullness of the monotonous landscape, but the hills wrap themselves forlornly in black shadows, and bare rocks and fields lift desolate faces to the bleak, barren sky which still withholds the gentle snow for whose kindly concealment they long. We shiver in the icy air and return to our warm firesides.

But light snows soon begin to cover the frozen earth, and the days are clear and cold—too cold, many of them, for comfort in even a short ride. One would, however, soon grow effeminate and sickly shut in hot-air rooms, and our hearts respond to the clarion call of the wintry wind, and, well wrapped against its assaults, we mount our frolicsome horses, eager as we for the comradeship of the frost spirits.

Merry companions they are, kissing the roses in our cheeks to a brighter glow, whistling inspiring airs in our ears, and fringing Hal's golden mustache with glittering rime. Jotuns, the old Norsemen called these frost monsters, with the hoar frost in their gray beards and the steely glitter of their blue eyes. There is something very real in the simple direct belief

in the divinity of nature of those children to whom every living thing was good or evil deity, every manifestation of nature the act of a god. A ride on a cold December morning might convince the most skeptical of the existence of a veritable frost king to whom these brilliant realms of ice and snow belong.

'Tis a wonderful country, that of the frost Jotuns, and we are tempted to linger as we gallop through it. Some misty, sunless morning it is at its best, for the frost maidens weave their marvelous fabrics in the darkness and silence of the night, and the sun's rays are death to their fragile beauty. What graceful embroideries they hang on the straggling bushes by the roadside ! How they festoon the tree branches with cobwebby lace wrought in patterns of indescribable delicacy and gem the frozen brooks with glittering stars ! Every tree is laden with jewels which await the sun to flash into splendor, and the dry brown weeds by the roadside are transformed into marvels of loveliness, every spine and spike covered with the pure dead white of the frost.

Silently the world has blossomed,
Like a white rose in the night ;
Softly smiles the winter landscape
To the sunbeams' glances bright.

Then we know the wild frost Jotuns
Swift this marvel great have wrought ;
Crystal robes for trees and bushes
In the darkness they have brought,
With the rainbow's gorgeous colors
In their diamond fringes caught.

Every tree wears jeweled flowers—
Flashing like a monarch's crown,
All the tiny twigs and branches
With a weight of gems bend down
And the slender, stately pine trees
Have to crystal columns grown.

We love to watch the sun struggle through the pale mists of such a morning. The gray of the clouds grows slowly into beautiful tints of pearl and opal, and the sun appears looking like a huge moonstone with its pale, lustrous glow. Then the silvery light deepens into gold, the lustre becomes splendor and the world is

* Copyright by Jessie F. O'Donnell, 1891.

radiant. Everything leaps into sudden prominence; countless diamonds flash back at us from the level snow fields; each twig and branch of the maples is encrusted with pearl; the elms wave white arms to us, and the balsam firs are hung with cones of crystal.

But the sun destroys while he transfigures; the trees drop perishable jewels under the horses' hoofs; the crystals fall from the branches with a silvery tinkle; the sparkling robes slip from the withered weeds, leaving them the same brown little Cinderellas as of old; and we ride home through the shattered frost work feeling as if we have been somewhere in a dream.

One mild December day Hal inspired several of our acquaintances with our own enthusiasm respecting horseback exercise in the winter; and about a dozen of us, like Don Quixote of old, set forth in quest of adventures.

Father had a new team of Texas ponies not long accustomed to civilization and to the saddle. They were beautifully matched in size and color, but differed widely in disposition; Dick was gentle and affectionate, with a delightfully easy gait, while Dandy was familiarly known as "the kicker" or "the buckler," having acquired these surnames from having demolished several vehicles to which he had been attached, and by leaping suddenly into the air with the unlucky horseman who attempted to ride him. They were stabled at the Spring House, and Abner, our new groom, was requested to bring them down, for Hal meant to ride one and hold the other in reserve, lest there should not be saddle horses enough to go around. When our riders assembled they were all well mounted, however, and Hal said to Abner in a relieved tone: "You may put 'the kicker' back in the stables; we will not need him."

He had half expected he would be himself obliged to ride Dandy, and would have much preferred a private séance with him than to take him out with other horses.

So Abner put back the horse he was leading and, soon had the other one ready for Hal, a well-behaved and orderly creature, who wanted his picture taken with the rest of us, for there was a kodak at hand to immortalize the party.

Had anyone observed that mustang closely they might have observed a sly twinkle in his eyes and a facetious wink

as he passed Tyler, which being interpreted meant: "I've got the laugh on that other horse this time," for Abner, with his usual facility in blundering, had mixed the mustangs! Gentle little Dick was in the stables and Dandy, the buckler, was flourishing about, with Hal perfectly content and at ease on his back. Dandy was "playing possum," but was very much alive under his quiet demeanor. When Hal dismounted to assist Miss H—, whose horse persisted in wading in a roadside snow bank, Dandy backed and wheeled several times before he permitted Hal to remount, but decided to postpone his fun until the button was pressed and the photograph taken. Our party then started for the Mineral Springs, Abner taking out little Dick and riding before us on an easy lope which made us all exclaim: "How well that wild mustang goes!"

Meanwhile we praised Dick's beauty. His mane and tail seemed to me whiter than ever, and his eyes had a wicked sparkle; but I certainly did not dream him "a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"How does Dick feel to-day?" I inquired, knowing he had been slightly lame the previous week.

"He's pretty excitable," answered Hal, bringing him to a walk. "I don't want him to feel much better," and he shot past me, Dick giving several threatening leaps.

Daisy and Hal had just reached the summit of a little hill, Rex and I were close behind, when Hal's horse suddenly leaped several feet into the air and came down very forcibly, stiffened in every muscle. Hal stuck on like a bur, while Dandy repeated the performance, with variations.

"Buck away, Dick! You can't get me off!" cried Hal. Just then his saddle gave an ominous crack. Hal realized that something was giving way and took his feet from the stirrups preparatory to jumping. At the same moment the horse "bucked" again and flung Hal backward with great force on a ledge of ice. It all happened in an instant, and almost before we could draw our horror-stricken breath Hal was again on his feet, somewhat bruised, but otherwise unhurt. What a relief it was to see him standing before us! We had almost feared he would be trampled to pieces before our eyes, as the horse took one or two extra jumps over Hal's head in the instant he lay half stunned on the icy ground. I had seen bronchos buck before, but Dandy did it

in the genuine Texas style. I never saw a horse go up higher or come down harder.

We were not far from the Spring House now, and Dandy galloped madly off to the stables. Hal walked after him with vengeance in his heart, and the rest of our party followed on our own rather excited steeds. I was amazed and alarmed at gentle little Dick's behavior and began to lose confidence in even dear old Tyler, until as we rode on I reached Abner, and a glance at his pony flashed the truth across me. Hal had been on the "bucker" all the time!

He examined him carefully when we reached the stables. He had determined to learn if anything had been hurting the horse; if not, to mount him again and "conquer or die." But finding that his steed was the famous kicker and that the kicker's back was very sore, he resolved to forgive him and ride Dick instead. So, leaving Dandy and the broken saddle, we continued our ride, though Daisy's horse insisted upon being led over bridges, Tyler became alarmed at a flying sheet of brown paper and took a great leap over it, and Dick conceived a dislike to one horse in the party and tried to kick it whenever it came within reach.

Our rides through the summer land are in a world of color, the most lavish and striking; but now the blue has faded from the sky, the green of the earth has turned to gray, and the trees of forest and lawn have thrown aside their gorgeous garments; the beauty of form attracts us. Against the pale clear background of sky and snow the simplest bit of architecture has lines of beauty, rocks and hills a grace of outline, briars and bushes a wonderful intricacy of inter-

lacement, and in the tree silhouettes, distinctly individual in their curves and lines, I find an indescribable and never-ending charm.

No sight in nature is more dear to me

Than, dark outlined against a winter sky,
The slender branches of some leafless tree
Embossed upon the neutral background lie.

* * * * *

The trees are lovely when the budding leaves
Spring from their winter slumber; when the
frost

With cunning hands from rainbowed jewels
weaves

Their autumn robes, with golden 'broidery
crossed.

But on the winter heavens, cool and gray,

Slim shadows on a dusky background thrown,
Seen on my frosty gallops day by day,

These mere outlines a fairer sight have
grown.

In the soft, neutral tints of gray and brown the trees display to the utmost advantage their grace and characteristic bearing. Old apple trees straggle picturesque in the orchards, pear trees hold themselves more erectly, the brown ash is a marvel of symmetry, no pencil ever drew more graceful curves than the waving branches of the elm present, and the willows by the brookside trail their slender stems forlornly over the frozen water. Russet leaves still cling desolately to the oaks, whose stately trunks and majestic branches show a rich brown in the sunlight; the beeches spread broad limbs on the woodland borders, and the beautiful sugar maple covers wide acres, its tall, erect trunk lichened with soft grays and greens, its rounded top of spreading branches and its delicate network of dainty twigs against a faintly-tinted sky making it, even in its denuded wintry state, the loveliest of forest trees.

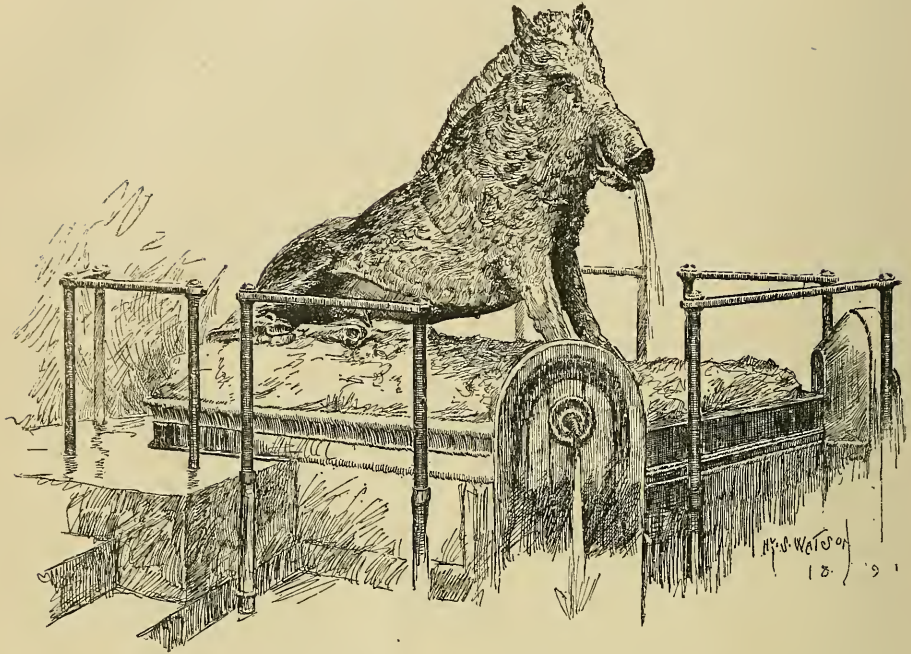


ART. SAWYER. 1890. DEC. AD. 190

THE WAY OF THE RED GATE.

A TALE OF FLORENCE

BY JEANIE PORTER RUDD.



VERY pretty, very ignorant and simple was my little blue-eyed contadina Teresina when she first found her way into the Via Porta Rossa. She came on a flower-market day, having won her ride to the city by a promise to sit in Mercato Nuovo and sell flowers all the long spring day.

The arcade itself was a picture. Under every arch and over the stone floor, swept free from its usual débris of bits of dirty straw and slippery orange peel, the flower vendors had raised their booths. Tender vines clung to the great stone pillars; roses and violets and hepaticas, hyacinths, geraniums and annunciation lilies raised their beautiful heads above masses of glossy green which bore them up as upon cool, billowy waves.

Teresina's baby face was fair as the roses she tended, but pretty young girls are not rare in Italy, and those who were too busy to note the soft coloring and timid eyes could scarcely be expected to remark the look of intense weariness which, before the long day was over, drew

both face and figure into drooping lines. Anxiety mingled with fatigue. "What a strange place is Firenze, the flower of our Toscana!" thought the farm-bred girl. "So big and strange and lonely. Much lonelier than our podere, though there are so many people. What if, among so many—many—I should not find my cousin Assunta!"

The timid look deepened in her eyes, and she scarcely heard a gay young voice demanding:

"A blush rose with a bit of green to show it off."

The voice spoke twice, the second time imperiously.

Teresina just lifted her eyes and then, with fingers that trembled, she plucked and tied the roses into a bunch of glowing color.

"Per Bacco! a pretty girl!" cried the merry voice unabashed, and now although Teresina was startled she held her eyes raised long enough to note the owner of those cheery tones. Almost a boy still, with a boy's brave hopefulness in every

line of the laughing face, in every movement of the young, lithe form.

But the timid eyes quelled his boldness. The voice was softer a little as he asked: "Why are you alone here, little one?"

"I came with the flowers," she answered. "But when they are all sold I shall go to find Assunta. Assunta is my cousin," she added with naïve confidence.

"Assunta!" he exclaimed. "But to be sure, Assuntas are many." A deep flush crept into his sun-browned cheek.

"Do you know Assunta?" cried the girl eagerly. Then without waiting a reply she poured out her simple story.

"I have come to live with Assunta! Assunta wrote me there was still a place with her padrona and it might be for me. So I came from home with the flowers, and if I do not find Assunta I shall have no place to sleep to-night." The anxiety and mistrust that had been growing for hours overflowed in a shower of tears.

Antonio hated tears. "Cry no more, *piccolina!*" he said "I will find Assunta for you; I will take you to her. Or, stay, I will bring her here to you."

"Then you know my Assunta!" she exclaimed, tears rapidly giving way to brightest smiles, while she looked more and more like a sweet flower just dashed with dew.

Antonio laughed, but the flush came again. "I know my Assunta!" he answered lightly, and Teresina laughed too, without heeding the double significance.

For an hour she waited under her bower of vines; another hour still, and it was growing dusk. The neighbor with whom she had come in from the country came back and spoke to her kindly, for she had sold for him many flowers that day.

She helped him pack the remaining plants. He climbed upon the rough cart, gathered up the reins and hesitated, then drew an old wallet from his pocket, fumbled awkwardly over a few bits of coin, and finally placed a tiny silver piece—fifty centimes—in the girl's hand. He looked at it with a lingering gaze of regret, the glisten of the silver appealing to him far more than the rosy outstretched palm. "Farewell, *ragazza!*" he said, and drove away.

Teresina drew her hand over her eyes; it had been a confusing day; she was tired and faint with hunger; it was nearly dark; people were hurrying to and fro; someone jostled against her. "Where could Assunta be?"

"Here she is at last," spoke a loud, merry voice. "I made sure she had gone with the flowers even as she came with them. See, *piccolina*, I have brought your cousin Assunta."

Teresina started, looked at the girl closely, then flung both arms around her neck.

Assunta laughed and drew back half embarrassed, but she returned the embrace quite warmly too.

"Teresina, is it really thee?" she cried. "Antonio said so, but I thought he would but tease me and perhaps had dreamed some strange fancy about flower girls."

She laughed lightly and turned a glance, half coquettish, half pettish, upon her companion.

Teresina could scarcely speak, the reaction of joy was overpowering.

"Assunta!" she cried, clinging to her like a child. "If you had not come, and if I had been left here alone all night?"

Assunta laughed again and said caressingly: "What a little fool it is! Could you not have gone to an inn to sleep until morning?"

"I believe she would never have thought of it," said Antonio merrily. "She would have slept out under the stars, like her kinsfolk, the flowers."

Assunta tossed her head.

"Come then, *Tesina!*" she cried. "You shall come with me. Are you not hungry? I yet have had nothing, and so hard as I've worked all day! Antonio here will never believe that trimming hats can be such hard work. But oh! till you have pleased all the fine ladies and borne with padrona's tempers—the day is but long."

Assunta took Teresina home with her to a small, dark room, high up in a tall old house.

Next day she was duly installed in a showy, dingy milliner shop, and thenceforth sat all day at a square table with four or five other girls, tossing over bits of silk and ribbon and bonnet wire, while they chattered the small gossip of their small corner of the world.

But at evening, when the dusk fell and the padrona said "It is not worth while to light the lamp," the girls reveled in their freedom, and, linked arm in arm, would walk up and down the narrow street, linger under the noble arches of the flower market, drink from the lips of the bronze boar and coquet with the tailor's or haberdasher's or grocer's clerks from the neighboring shops.

At first Teresina was often homesick, but gradually this feeling wore away, while in its place dawned a new, sweet happiness, which sparkled in her eyes and made her round cheeks glow.

Antonio was always coming about; they met him everywhere. To be sure that was not so strange, for he worked for Corsini, in the same street, and to him also the evening dusk brought freedom.

The sweet summer weeks went by, filled with the odorous breath of flowers—which are everywhere in Florence—and with the subtle perfume of something still more divine.

One evening the two girls were standing on the threshold of the shop, leaning indolently against the door jamb. The padrona was gossiping with a neighbor and had bidden the girls to await her return. Antonio sought them, as usual, but in vain, under the arches and by the fountain; then he strolled slowly up the street through the fast gathering shadows. He laughed as he approached them. He and Assunta always had merry, saucy words together, while with Teresina he spoke but little. It was enough for him that he was in her presence.

Italian youth have bold, free ways. Half in answer to a daring speech of Assunta's, Antonio's broad hand was laid for an instant on the girl's fair neck. She tossed it off with pretense of indignation which but invited its return, and Antonio was not slow to accept the challenge.

But his glance fell upon Teresina and was instantly held by the look of horror in her innocent blue eyes. Slowly his hand dropped and his lips parted but spoke no word. Like one who had been deeply stung, Teresina darted off down the street, leaving the two alone together.

"Well?" questioned Assunta, in a thick, hard voice.

"No; not well!" he said, gruffly.

"You have changed to me, Antonio!" she said in softer tones. "You have changed, but why?"

He shuffled awkwardly with his feet. "I don't know—I——" he answered.

The padrona returned just then and eyed the two sharply. "Where is Teresina?" she asked. Assunta shrugged her shoulders. "Come, come within!" said the padrona. "I need help, and the other, too, she should be here!"

She passed into the shop and Assunta clutched Antonio's hand.

"Antonio," she cried in low, pleading tones, but ere she could say more he had sped down the street whither Teresina had gone.

From that moment Assunta hated them both.

He found Teresina bending over the fountain, trying to wash the pain from her eyes.

"Tesima," he whispered, pulling her sleeve.

She turned her eyes slowly up to his face; the wet on the lashes reminded him of the first time he had seen her.

"Tesima, forgive me!" he cried.

But she shook her head.

"I'm a brute! I'm a beast!" he cried in the wild abandon of his Southern nature; then, with a ready self excuse, "But you are different from others; you are not like the ragazze of the Porta Rossa. *Che!* you are a little prude!"

He caught her hand and drew her away from the fountain, where many groups lingered; he led her into the New Market, and, by some cunning inspiration, paused under the very arch where she had stood to sell her flowers on that bright, lovely spring day.

His grasp was warm on her unresisting hand.

"Tesima, I love you!" he said softly, but with infinite passion. "Forgive me, little one! See! on my knees I beg you!"

She quivered slightly and then he took her in his arms, while his voice rang low but exultant.

"You are mine, little one! You are mine! I will never let you go!"

It was late that night when Teresina climbed the long flights of stairs to the little hot room under the roof.

"Assunta! Assunta!" she cried, shaking the girl vigorously. "Assunta, wake up! A wonderful thing has happened!"

The joy in her voice drove sleep from Assunta's eyes, while a vague premonition gripped her heart.

"What is it then?" she asked heavily. "Has someone left you a fortune?"

"Better than that!" cried Teresina. Then she turned aside as though over conscious of the rapture written upon her features.

"Antonio loves me—he has told me so. I love him, and to-morrow—we are to be married to-morrow!" The words, begun softly, rose rapidly in a bright, sparkling crescendo.

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed Assunta, starting up, while her black hair streamed over the pillow.

Teresina's usually quiet tongue was loosened. "Yes; in the morning—early! He will not wait, he says. Antonio is so impatient," and she laughed lightly. "I—I am *very* happy, Assunta."

"But there are things to do first," said Assunta wonderingly, while her heart weighed like lead in her bosom.

"Yes, usually," assented simple Teresina, "but I have many clothes and a fresh white dress to wear to church to-morrow."

"To church?" cried Assunta.

"Yes, certainly!" replied Teresina, without a suspicion of wrong.

"Then you do not know" began Assunta and stopped.

"Know what?" asked Teresina. "I know Antonio loves me—loves me—and I love him, and to-morrow—oh, blessed to-morrow!—we go to church to be married."

Then Assunta said no more. Teresina laid down on her side of the bed, but she was restless with happiness. She rose at the first faint streak of dawn, donned her fresh white dress and placed a wreath of late summer flowers above her brow.

"They are faded," said Assunta. "They have withered over night; it is a bad sign."

Teresina had all the superstition of her class. "Why do you speak so?" she cried, as she took the wreath roughly from her head.

Assunta laughed—a laugh that held no sound of mirth.

"Will you come, Assunta?" asked Teresina softly, a minute or two later. Her fleet anger was gone; she could buy fresh flowers at any corner.

There was a curious, strained look in Assunta's eyes.

"I—I would rather not!" she said.

"It is sweeter to be with Antonio alone," Teresina reflected, as she went down the long stone stair alone.

He was waiting for her at the foot and he stepped within the obscure doorway to give her a surreptitious kiss.

Then with light hearts, like two thoughtless children, they sped down the Via Porta Rossa to the Calzaioni, turned the sharp corner, turned once more to the left and passed in behind the heavy leathern door to the curious and beautiful church of Orsanmichele.

They were to keep their marriage a

secret. Teresina would not willingly lose her place in the ribbon shop.

Assunta told no one of the marriage, but that evening, when the three met as usual under the arches, she whispered to Antonio: "She is ignorant, but you are not; you have betrayed her!"

Antonio was passionately in love. "Never!" he cried. "We are truly, solemnly married in church by an anointed priest."

Assunta looked at him scornfully. "Teresina is a little fool!" she said curtly.

The short, sharp winter went by rapidly, and when midsummer came again Teresina went home to her father's farm. Antonio was lonely without her, and wandered under the arcades and up and down the Way of the Red Gate—ever with Assunta. Teresina came back pale and pretty, with the glow of a great happiness in her face.

"We must tell everybody now!" she said proudly to Antonio, who met her, and she looked up at him with her sweet eyes, while she hugged a soft, warm bundle close in her arms.

"Yes!" he said sheepishly. He had taken a little room for her and the child next to Assunta's.

"I will work for us both now, carina!" he said fondly. He went out to buy some bread and fruit for their evening meal.

Assunta appeared at the door, and for one moment bent her gaze—unobserved—upon that most beautiful of all pictures, a girl mother with her baby at her breast.

Her heart almost misgave her. She crossed the threshold and bent over the infant.

"Assunta!" cried Teresina joyfully.

The sound of her voice hardened the girl's softened mood; back upon her remembrance crowded her own long months of chagrin and sorrow.

"You love him, don't you?" she said coldly. "It is a pity!"

Teresina looked up in surprise. "Of course I love my baby! Assunta, you are so strange sometimes."

"Love him then!" flashed Assunta fiercely. "You are his mother—love him! But you are no wife!"

Teresina was bending over her babe. If she heard, she did not heed the cruel words.

"Do you hear, Teresina?" repeated the girl, seeing that her speech made no impression. "Do you hear? You may love

the little brat—he is a pretty fellow—but he has no place in the world. You, his mother, are *no man's wife!*”

Teresina looked up at her calmly. “Assunta, you must be crazy!”

Assunta laughed that cold, joyless laugh of hers—so changed from the ringing peal of one year ago.

“Listen, Teresina! You are a little fool, and you did not know it, but Antonio knew it well enough. Ah! he is a base one. Listen! A marriage in church, though there were twenty priests, is no marriage at all now, in all Italy.”

Teresina's soft, pale cheeks had grown drawn and ghastly with pallor. She hugged the child convulsively.

“What do you mean?” she pleaded in a faint voice.

Again Assunta's heart was failing her, but the evil was done. She must go on; Teresina would not be put off.

The tone of mingled defiance and passion had fallen from her voice, which broke huskily as she said: “A legal marriage must be before the city authorities. All the grand people are married in church also, because they are religious and still love the old ways; at least the ladies do. As for the signori——” Assunta shrugged her shoulders expressively. “But the law—the *law*—requires the civil marriage,” she said, “or it is none!”

Teresina rose to her feet. With the downy head of her young babe held close to her heart she lifted her small figure to its utmost height as she said:

“And you knew this, Assunta? You knew it and never told me?”

Assunta bent her head.

Teresina's voice was low and deep with passion.

“You have been my friend, almost my sister, all these months. You knew this babe was coming, and yet you waited until this day to tell me!”

“Antonio knew it, too,” muttered Assunta.

“I do not believe it!” cried Teresina, staggering in the weakness of pain.

“But it is true!” cried Assunta, eagerly. “It is true! I know it! We spoke about it, he and I, the evening of the day you went to Orsanmichele.”

Teresina gave a low cry. Then suddenly, as once before she had fled down the street to the fountain, she darted past Assunta, flew down the cold, hard stair and, still with her baby at her breast, rushed out into the night—alone.

Assunta was stunned; but when she heard Antonio's step on the stone-paved corridor she flew out to him.

“Teresina is gone,” she cried. “Come with me! Mio Dio! The Arno!”

He dashed down his basket of food and, seizing her shoulders, shook her fiercely.

“It is you—you that have done this!” he cried savagely.

“Yes; and it is you—you that have done it, too,” she answered him in scorn.

With a wild, cruel pain in her heart, just below the spot where the baby's head lay so trustingly, Teresina's quick step sped, by a sort of instinctive unconsciousness, up the street, past Corsini's, where Antonio worked. How often she had watched him with a jaunty red cap set atop his swarthy curls, and that charming mixture of respect and audacity in his manner.

Turning the corner of Via Tornabuoni she hurried through the square where rises the column surmounted by Justice, and paused for an instant on the bridge of Santa Trinita.

But for an instant, however. The light weight of the child was growing a heavy burden in her slender arms; her limbs quivered with her unwonted speed; she sought one of the neighboring staircases leading to the water's edge, where the boat houses cluster, and shrank timidly behind them. The splash of the water hissed on her ear, the yellow tinge of the Arno struck sickeningly upon her senses and she fell.

They found her there, prostrate in a deep swoon, the infant wailing upon her breast.

When Teresina woke she was lying on a low bed in the little room that Antonio had so lovingly prepared for her. Assunta sat near, nursing the little one on her lap. Antonio knelt by the bed's foot, his face buried in his hands.

Teresina's blue eyes opened wide and round, like a child's suddenly roused from slumber.

For the moment memory was held. “Antonio, my love!” she murmured softly.

He did not lift his head, but his shoulders shook with suppressed sobs. A look of pain crossed her fair face, and she sighed, but she was too weary either for anger or tears.

Assunta rose and brought the baby to her; a thrill of mother joy stirred her

heart, while her lips sought the velvet flesh.

"Teresina," spoke Assunta in a voice firm with resolve, though it trembled with feeling, "I ask your forgiveness. You did not know the law, but I did, and I was wrong not to tell you. I was wrong in many ways. I grudged you your beauty, your innocence, your freshness!" She hesitated a moment, then with a brave effort she continued: "I grudged you—Antonio! I—I thought before you came he liked me. I—I——"

Teresina's blue eyes filled with tears.

"How could anyone help but love my Antonio?" Her hand reached out to Assunta's.

The elder girl burst into a sudden passion of tears and left them.

Then Antonio rose. What a change that one night had wrought in the boyish face!

He looked at Teresina with dry, gloomy eyes; he could bring no word to his parched tongue.

Mighty is the power of love! She opened her arms to him with a loving cry: "Antonio, carissimo!" And he caught her to his heart.

"I'm so glad I did not drown myself, Antonio," she whispered later.

He shuddered.

"Oh, piccolina!" he cried. "It would then have been night forever. I—I would have died, too."

When they were calmer they talked it all over, and Assunta came back to help them plan with all her clear, good sense.

They were to go on the morrow to the Municipio and be married in accordance with the new laws of Italy.

"I do not understand," said Teresina, wearily. "Surely it must be right to be married in Holy Church, with the good priest to join our hands and bless us."

"We *are* married, carina!" Antonio insisted. "But there are new laws now; we of the people scarcely know why old ways are changed; but we must legalize *il bambino!*"

Teresina raised herself on her pillow with a new anxiety in the beautiful eyes never, until that day, shadowed by despair. "My baby!" she cried with mother yearning. "Will ever anyone point shame at him!"

"Never!" cried Assunta, bending over them both. "I would kill the one who would shame him!"

But Teresina was not yet content and looked to her boy husband.

"Carina, you are my wife before God by the rites of Holy Church. Who, then, can point shame?"

Teresina took the child to her arms with a little joyous laugh, and her sweet face was again bright and pure as the flowers with which she had first come into the Way of the Red Gate.

THE TWO PROBLEMS OF AMATEUR ATHLETICS.

THE SPECTATOR AND THE PROFESSIONAL.

BY WALTER CAMP.

TWO years ago the managers of the Yale and Princeton football teams were anxious that the president of the Berkeley Association, upon whose grounds their match had been played, should make a settlement the night of the game. Owing to the fact that many of the tickets had been sold at remote points, from which the returns could not all be in, Dr. White stated that a settlement was not possible until the following day, but offered each manager a check for \$5,000 on account. Last year the share of each college at the Thanksgiving Day game was in the neighborhood of \$12,000. Can anyone doubt, af-

ter such a statement as that, that the spectator is one of the problems of modern amateur athletics? I don't mean by this that the managers make great efforts to draw crowds; in fact they do very little in that direction. They select the ground which affords the best playing facilities, but the crowd is sure to be on hand. More than that, the crowd comes to have a good time, in which it generally succeeds.

Fortunately the average spectator of amateur sports has a modicum of education in these contests of skill and a moderately high standard of what he considers fair play. For this reason the most diffi-

cult side of the problem has not as yet at least presented itself to those interested in modern amateur athletics, namely, what would happen were the morale of the spectator irredeemably bad.

Men who played football in the early days of the introduction of the Rugby game into this country remember what a powerful factor an ignorant public is, especially when stirred up by the press. I doubt if the man was not the exception who played in those early days without more than one vigorous protest from his parents, and that due to the columns of the newspapers. But the newspapers only represented the contemporary spectator. The reporter heard the remarks on all sides of men as ignorant as himself of any of the fine points of the game, and was only too ready to pander to the tastes of the crowd by writing up a highly-colored denunciation of the brutal sport.

These accounts were sent broadcast through the land, and it was to be expected that fathers and mothers should hasten to write to boys at college to give up such a pastime. But a few good talks at home went far toward correcting the false impression, and the gradual increase in the knowledge of the spectator and reporter put an end to what at first really appeared like an organized crusade against football. Neither boating nor baseball had quite so serious experiences, although the files of newspapers back in the forties and fifties show that the spectator was a growling one so long as he was ignorant. In sketching thus briefly the early trials of the now popular sports I have shown a partial and possible solution to the problem of the spectator in the shape of education. Could that education be complete the problem would be solved, but education is slow and the popularity of sports too rapidly on the increase to be matched by this education, although the press has become a strong ally on the side of reform by its efforts to assist the spectator in becoming adept, and now instead of delegating the reports of athletic events to men who could be spared from other work on the paper it makes a point of having all accounts written up by those whose experience may insure a technically correct report.

By this process the average spectator has been brought up to thoroughly appreciate much of the skill displayed, but he still falls short of possessing any very keen sense of the unwritten law which

must always govern many points in contests between gentlemen. I do not know that this idea can be better conveyed than by a remark made on the evening just previous to the Yale-Atalanta boat race by a member probably of the sporting fraternity who had been attracted by the contest. He had heard that the Atalanta boat was housed in the Yale quarters, and anxiously remarked that he didn't suppose that anything queer would happen to the boat. The effect of a certain phase of professional sculling upon one type of spectator was painfully evident in the remark.

The spectator is so desirous of seeing an interesting contest that he is never troubled to any great degree with scruples about the eligibility of the players. The question as to which club a man actually owes allegiance or whether he has subscribed to all the articles of agreement, or how many years he may have competed, fails to interest the spectator except that he feels decidedly aggrieved if a good man is, through any of these technicalities, taken out of the contest. It is the ruled-off offender who enlists his sympathy, and it is against the authorities who rule him off that the spectator inveighs. He cares not a farthing for the sin—his sympathy is enlisted with the sinner because he wants to see him compete, and it is upon this well-known sympathy that offenders rely.

Just as the spectator would rather see a man make a base hit than go to his base on balls, so he would rather see a man finish fast in a walk with a competitor, pressing him all the way with something more than a walk, than see the victory won by the disqualification of the less scrupulous competitor. But the spectator has his good points. He will loudly hiss and demand the disqualification of a man for "slugging" on the football field, and he will freely express his opinion of any partiality displayed by a baseball umpire. In this way he is probably a very wholesome stimulant to the officials in any contest. It is his effect upon the methods of men in preparation that is the worst feature of the entire matter, and the feature to be most guarded against. It is because the competitors know that with the spectator victory counts for more than methods that they are more apt to forget small deceptions about qualification and look too leniently upon infringement of rules, feeling that the end justifies even somewhat

shady means, and so, simply by the moral force of his opinions, the spectator becomes a bane to the success of well-intended legislation. This brings us to the consideration of the second problem, namely, the professional and his influence upon amateur athletics.

There are in the word professional, according to the common acceptance of the term, two meanings. One is "expert," and with the word in that sense there goes no shadow of disrepute. The other meaning, that of receiving pecuniary benefit from sport, carries with it so much of odium that it is sometimes erroneously conceived as meaning something morally wrong. It is no more morally wrong to earn money in this way than in any other legitimate pursuit. Anything of odium attaching to the term has come solely from the conduct of individuals included in that class, and by no means proves that dishonesty is a mark of professionalism.

The disclosures made by professional runners of the tricks of that class and the accusations thrown out by and among professional scullers have gone far toward giving the term professionalism a meaning far from complimentary. In fact, failing a word to generally mean "a desire to win at all hazards," a large following of amateurs have made use of the term professionalism to convey this idea. In point of fact there are many avowed professionals who have as keen a sense of honor and as proper an appreciation of fairness as the average amateur.

As the professional, however, cannot again enter as an amateur, every man who goes into professionalism is a man lost from the amateur ranks. As a rule, too, he is quite proficient, or there would be no chance of his making enough money to turn professional. The best men in the amateur ranks do not become professionals, but men very near the top are the more likely to turn that way. This tendency is greatly exaggerated, and holds in it but little menace. For for every one of these men who go into the money-making side of athletics there are as yet hundreds who never consider it. To this there is one growing exception, and that is the class who become teachers. A new field in this direction has been gradually opening, and many, especially collegians, who have both brain and muscle become instructors of and guardians over the sports of boys at

school or associations possessing gymnasias and athletic fields.

In this way these young men become professionals in the sense of deriving pecuniary benefit from their connection with athletics, but naturally this class of professional has nothing in common with the type whose pecuniary benefit comes from stake money or gate receipts. The influence of these instructors is to be considered almost entirely on the side of the improvement of the sports as well as greater physical development of the contestants. The influence of the professionals who compete for stake money is, on the contrary, almost entirely exerted upon the other side. For a number of years this latter influence, while not apparently strong enough to be of any importance, has in reality been making inroads upon amateur opinion and amateur sport.

Ten years ago, had some thrifty speculator approached a college athlete with a suggestion that he display himself as an attraction at some resort, for which act he should receive a certain sum of money to be called expenses, he would have met with a very vigorous point-blank refusal. To-day he would certainly leave with the impression that if he could persuade two or three others to do the same there would be a chance of getting the scheme through. Ten years from now, unless some strong effort is made to counteract this decline of amateur sensitiveness, any speculator will be able to hire all the so-called amateurs—save the mark—he wants.

As a matter of fact, there will still be a class of men—relict of the old-fashioned ideas that a gentleman does not sell himself—who will never be touched by any such growth of public sentiment, and one finds some satisfaction in the thought that it will take at least one generation to get these men out of the way. Meanwhile there may be a revulsion of feeling toward real amateur spirit again. The whitewashing principle will never save us. The easier it is made for an offender to regain his amateur standing so much the less will appear the reasons for resisting temptation. The main object of the professional is money and that of the amateur victory, and there can be no indiscriminate mingling of the two without a thoroughly demoralizing effect upon the interests of the amateur. The amateur may compete with a professional in order to see if he can defeat him. In that case

the amateur is still seeking an amateur object—victory ; but just as soon as the amateur allows a suspicion to enter the minds of his brother amateurs that he may be seeking money instead of victory he must lose caste.

And many and subtle are the influences at work tending toward the breaking down the line which should ever divide the two classes. Sometimes it is a strapping young fellow who has a chance for a free education made for him on account of his athletic abilities. No money is given him, but his bills are somehow footed. And sometimes it is a fleet-footed foreigner who has an easy business place found for him in order that he may carry club colors to the front. Even the spectator, whose influence is, as has been pointed out, now that the evil is in its infancy, on the side of the opponents of too fine a point of quibbling, will in a

few years become the most rabid denunciator of these practices ; and the true amateur, finding there is no place for him, will take off the running shoe forever, will hang up his canvas jacket to be taken down no more ; the bat and oar will lose their interest for him and the decline of athletics set in with a strong tide. It is in the power of amateurs to avert this decline and to set and keep a standard so high as to preclude the possibility.

To do this must mean to educate the younger men in the ranks upon what are heresies, to so imbue them with the meaning of the term amateur that they will never consider playing for gain except as belonging to the professional class, and that they will always feel such a love for sport itself as to long for victory first, and next to that a not inglorious defeat.

PHOTOGRAPHING INTERIORS BY FLASH LIGHT.

BY W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

IN the paper on flash-light photography which was printed in *OUTING* for December, 1890, and January of this year, reference was made to the photographing of stage scenes, large audiences, and other interiors by means of artificial light. One or two specimens of theatre interiors were shown, among other illustrations, and something was said as to the method of making these photographs by means of the magnesium flash light.

In this interesting branch of photography, as in all others, great progress continues to be made. A number of expert photographers, who have devoted themselves especially to this department of photographic work, have succeeded in achieving most remarkable results, only a few of which we have space to treat in this brief article. We shall therefore confine ourselves mainly to theatre interiors and stage scenes.

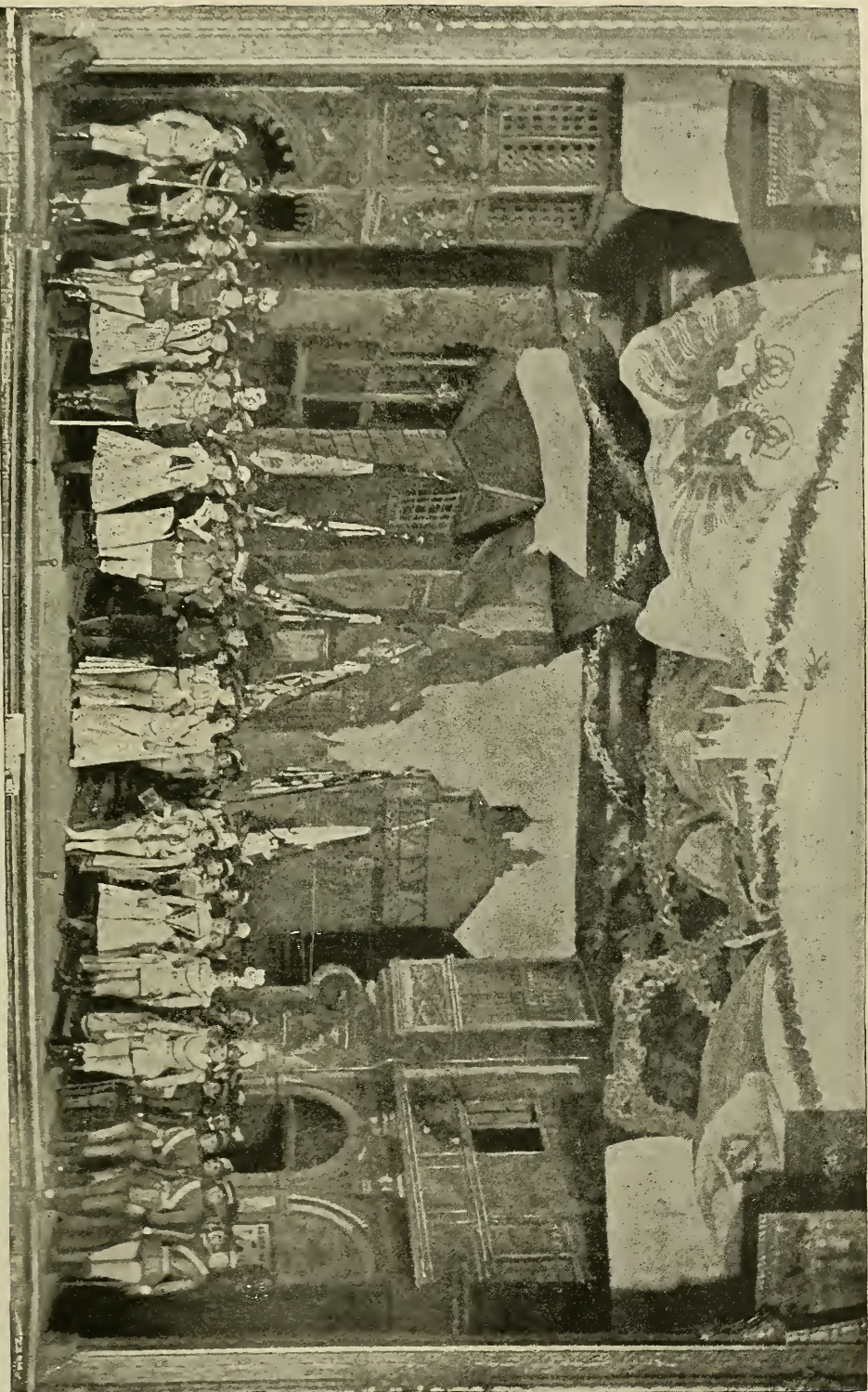
The success of Mr. A. Peebles Smith in this particular branch of flash-light work was spoken of in the previous paper on this subject, and a specimen illustration or two were shown ; but little if anything was said as to his methods of work. Mr. Smith has been so very successful that

it is interesting to know just how he accomplishes his highly satisfactory results.

In photographing large audiences he has considerably improved his methods since the "Gas-Light Audience" * was made, which illustrated the paper referred to. He does not now burn the magnesium powder before a reflector, as he then did, but uses instead a lamp of his own construction, which burns about an ounce of powder and yields the greatest amount of illumination from that quantity of magnesium. In photographing a large audience he uses as many as twelve of these lamps, eight placed upon one side and four upon the other, so as to regulate and modulate the light and shade. The camera is stationed upon the stage a little to one side, and the powder is burned in all the lamps at the same time by means of a pneumatic arrangement, which forces it over all the lamps simultaneously.

Stage scenes are photographed in much the same way by Mr. Smith, except that the camera is stationed about in the middle of the first balcony, and the lamps are so arranged that the light and shade effect

* "A Gas-Light Audience," *OUTING* for December, 1890, "The Players."



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BROTHERMAN & DILLON, PHILADELPHIA.

A STAGE SCENE AT THE CASINO, NEW YORK.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. M. PINE, PHILADELPHIA.

A VISTA OF SHOWROOM.

caused by their illumination will be the same as that indicated on the painted backgrounds of the stage scenes. That is, if the stage scene is lighted from the right (the shadows falling to the left, of course), the greater number of lamps are placed also on the right of the scene, so that the figures in the picture will be most strongly illuminated from that side. A short focus lens is employed, so as to include as much as possible in the picture, for the shorter the focus of the lens the greater of course the width of angle which will be embraced in the photograph. Mr. Smith usually employs orthochromatic plates for his flash-light pictures, and develops sometimes with eikonogen and sometimes with a pyro and potash developer.

A notable flash-light photograph of a stage scene is the copyrighted picture made by Messrs. Rothengatter & Dillon, professional photographers, of Philadelphia, of the last act in "Faust Up to Date," which is reproduced in this article for the readers of *OUTING*. All the actors are assembled on the stage in this scene, and a most difficult subject has been successfully photographed. "Our first experience

with flash-light work on a large scale," write Messrs. Rothengatter & Dillon, "was obtained in our attempt to photograph the stage of the Broad Street (Philadelphia) Theatre, showing the 'King Cole II.' company in the comic opera of 'King Cole II.' To the best of our belief this was the first successful attempt to reproduce by artificial light a full stage scene on a plate as large as eleven inches by fourteen inches. Although considered quite a success the results were not entirely satisfactory to us, as the lighting showed the 'hard' quality of the ordinary flash-lighting plate. Our next attempt ('Faust Up to Date') was more successful owing to more perfectly constructed reflectors, and more complete combustion of the magnesium used. Two lamps were employed, a principal one to the right of the centre of the balcony, and an auxiliary one, to soften the shadows, on the left. The charges were respectively about four hundred and two hundred grains of magnesium powder, blown simultaneously through alcohol lamps."

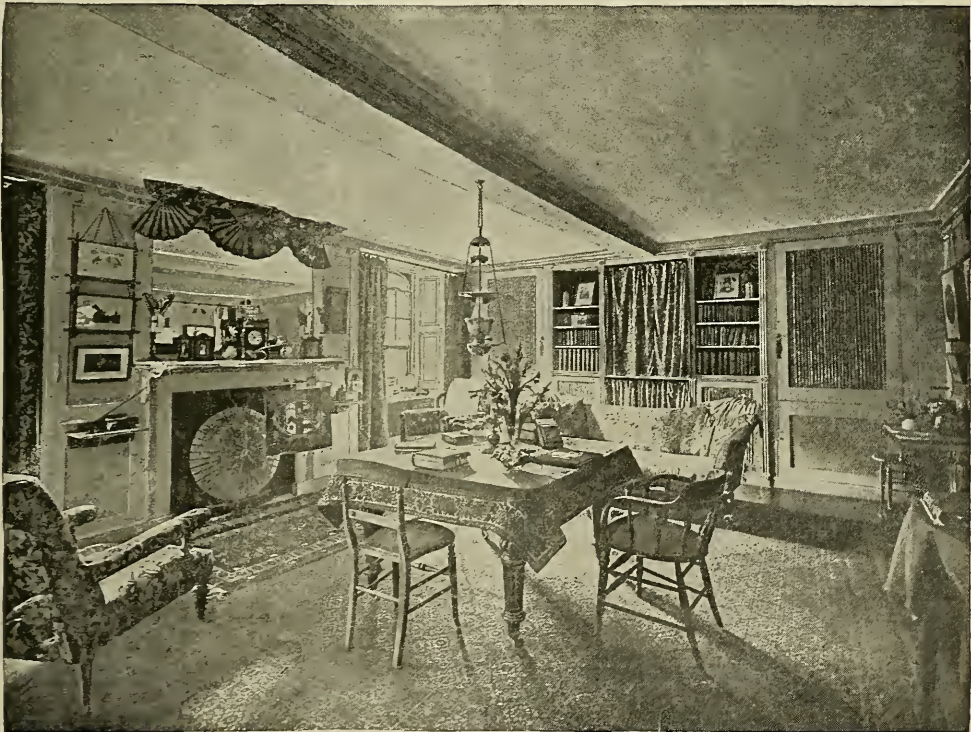
Another highly interesting flash-light interior, though of a slightly different character, is the interior which is reproduced on this page, made by Mr. E. M. Pine, also

of Philadelphia. Mr. Morris Earle, of Messrs. Williams, Brown & Earle, photographic merchants, of Philadelphia, who took part in the photographing, writes of this picture as follows :

"It was desired that a photograph be taken of a suite of rooms in Trymby, Hunt & Co.'s large showrooms, Market street, Philadelphia. There was no daylight to make the exposure by, and it occurred that a magnesium light would be desirable ; but with the long series of rooms one flash would have been useless, hence it was concluded that a number of exposures in separate rooms would make the exposure for the entire plate satisfactory. The camera was placed in a room from which could be seen, through the doors of the various rooms, a mirror at the back end of the vista. Separate flashes were made of fifteen grains of pure magnesium powder in Pine's flash lamp, and two exposures from opposite sides of each room were made, so that the shadows in every instance were softened and a satisfactorily timed exposure obtained, the lens being capped between the exposures, focusing having been done previous to the original exposure and registered on the bed of the

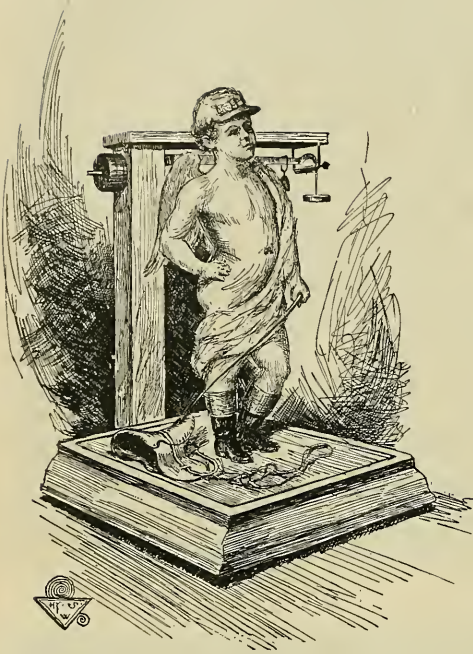
camera for each distance of the separate rooms from the camera. After the first exposure the back of the camera was run back to focus No. 2, and so on until four exposures were made on one plate. The development came up satisfactorily, and made, as the print shows it, a well-timed exposure throughout. This picture having been shown to an engraver, he remarked immediately on the sharpness of distance from foreground to background, and that such an exposure in halls and dwellings would be of great use in their work, enabling them to engrave without the difficulty and extra work of sharpening up the background previous to engraving."

There have been many other remarkable flash-light interiors made since the article on this subject was printed in *OUTING*, amateurs as a rule taking the lead in this, as in other departments of experimental and progressive photography. But the advances made have been in the direction of illumination rather than in development, the old methods in the latter respect proving sufficient for all the requirements, and the development of flash-light negatives has already been fully described in *OUTING*.



SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN.*



CHAPTER V.

THE GARDEN CITY HANDICAP.

IN the shady grove near the head of the quarter stretch Stayner was putting the finishing touches to Hartland's toilet, while Wilbur Grey, John Hastings and a couple of stable lads looked interestedly on. Presently Tom Fitzgerald, Hartland's jockey, joined the party, wearing a short coat over his gorgeous tricolor jacket and looking haggard and drawn from his long reducing walks. After Stayner had finished tightening Hartland's girths, an operation against which that sweet-tempered animal had expressed his emphatic disapproval by several lashings out of his heels, he turned to Fitzgerald, saying:

"Well, Tom, I've very few orders to give you. You know pretty well how to ride him by this time. I've given him such a keying up as he has never had before, and he is acting meaner than ever in consequence; but he is ready to go the

whole route to-day and won't stop for lack of condition. Don't let him freeze to death at the post. Keep him moving and get off as well as you can. You know he is apt to hang a little first off, so don't bustle him any until he gets fairly settled into his stride. Keep within striking distance of the leaders, if possible, till about half a mile from home, then sit down and send him along. There is sure to be plenty of pace and that is just what you want. I guess Burgundy is the best horse you have to beat. There's the bell—take his linsey off, Bill."

The light clothes were whisked off Hartland, and Fitzgerald, receiving his "leg up" from Stayner, started sedately for the post, followed by the rest of the party mentioned.

"Let us go over to the infield," said Stayner; "we can see better there."

His two companions acquiescing, they passed through the gate. As they were about to cross the track they were joined by a tall, well-built gentleman dressed in gray, wearing a high hat of the same color, that seemed to add considerably to his full six feet of stature. He was Barclay Alstyne of the Pacific Slope, by profession a lawyer, by choice a turfman, and a good all-round sportsman generally.

"Hold on! Where are you fellows off to?" was his first query.

"Across to the infield to see the race," replied John Hastings. "Come over with us."

"Just what I was going to do. You are very cunning, you fellows; sly dogs, all of you, but you can't get away from your Uncle Barclay—not to any great extent!"

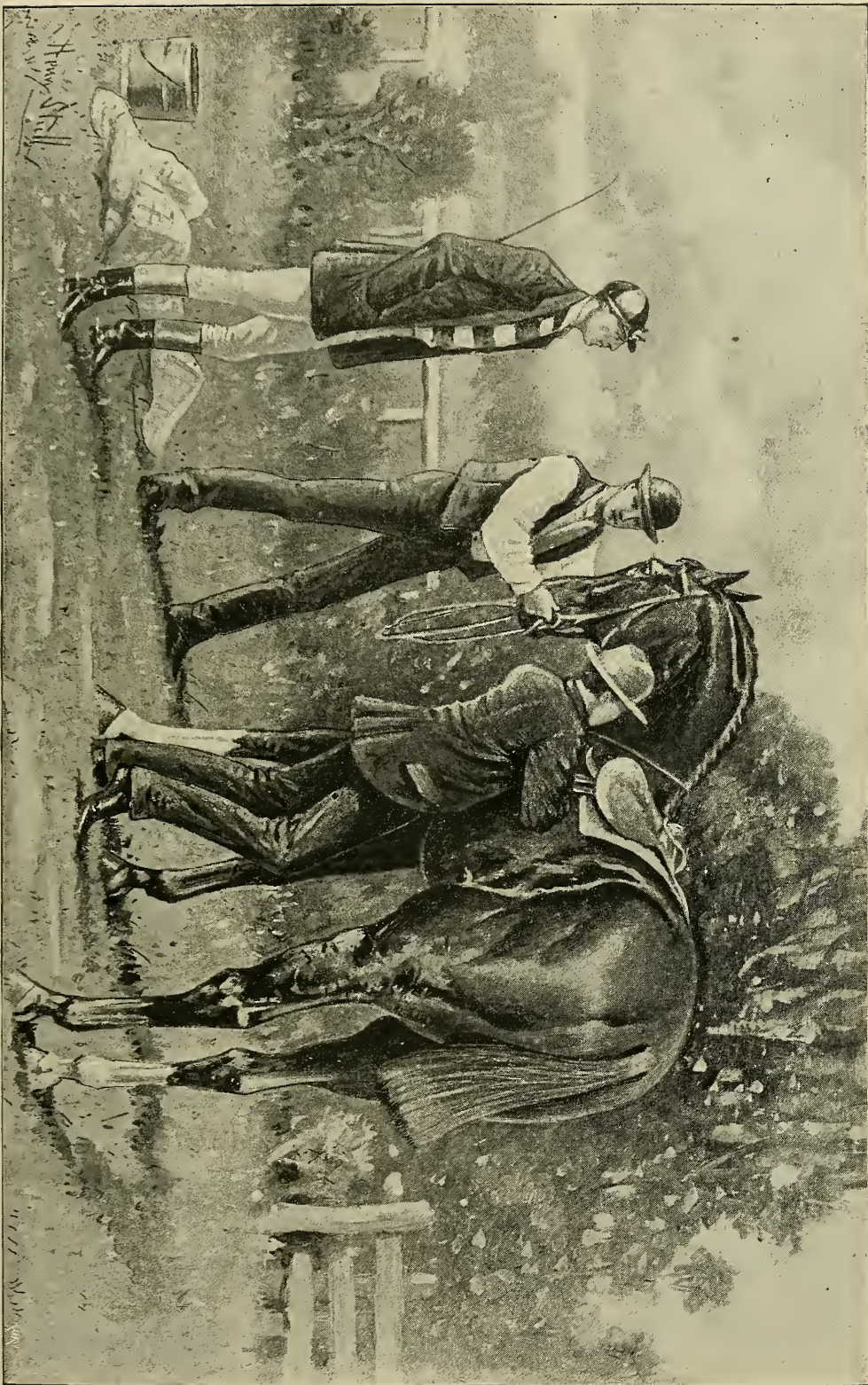
By this time they had reached the welcome shade of one of the trees in the infield about opposite the furlong pole.

"This is as good a place as any," said Hastings. "The race ought to be settled by the time they reach here."

Fitzgerald, having gone round the long way of the track, was trotting Hartland leisurely around the turn toward the starting post, where some of the horses were already gathered.

"There goes Burgundy!" said Stayner, as a beautiful brown horse cantered slow-

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PAINTED FOR OUTING BY HENRY STULL

SADDLING.



"HE PRICKED UP HIS EARS."—P. 212.

ly by, his rider gorgeous in a new set of gold and azure colors.

Proctor had certainly done his duty by Lützow's horse. His rich seal brown coat glistened and shimmered in the sun, his great eyes rolled, the veins stood out like a network beneath his smooth skin, every muscle and sinew showing its play, as with a long, supple stride, close to the ground, he cantered by. Rock's black visage shone with confidence, and as the pair swept by the grand stand a perfect salvo of applause from the assembled thousands greeted the favorite.

"He is the one we've got to beat!" said Stayner to his employer. "He looks and goes better than I've ever seen him."

"Yes, he does look very fit," answered Grey, "but I think Hartland can outstay him, and if it comes to a close finish Fitzgerald can outride Rock two to one."

"There's the great Hamburg!" said Hastings, as a long-legged, angular bay galloped past, his rider's bright-green jacket fluttering in the breeze. "I saw him run in the Kentucky Derby last year. Lord! how quick he did stop when they collared him!"

"Yes," said Stayner. "His heart isn't

as big as a cherry, but as for speed I think he can outrun any horse here. There's Brown Garrus' horse"—as a great, slashing bay cantered along, showing his Lexington descent by his conspicuous markings of four white feet and a blaze face—"and a mighty good horse Obligation is when fit, but he has been lame off and on since he ran those hard races down below in the mud, and old Brown hasn't been able to give him work enough."

"That's a nice little mare," said Alstyne, as a beautiful bay filly cantered by, tossing her handsome head from side to side and indulging in a buck jump occasionally from pure excess of spirits.

It was a great undertaking for Lady Tuberoze, the handsome granddaughter of old Breadalbane, to try to beat such a field of horses, and so Stayner seemed to think, for he said:

"She is a clinker as far as she can go, but I guess this trip is a trifle beyond her. If it were a mile, or even a trifle farther, she would be mighty hard to beat."

"I wonder what those Californians mean by starting Estelle against these horses?" asked Grey, as a washy-colored

bay mare with a negro jockey in black and crimson swept by. "She is only a sprinter at best and has no business in such company as this."

"My boy," said Alstyne, "we Californians believe in the old proverb, 'You'll never hit the moon if you don't shoot at it,' and the old man who owns her would start her in a four-mile heat race rather than let her stay in the stable."

At that moment there was a ripple of applause from the grand stand as a stout, blocky-built little bay horse, with a short, snappy action, ridden by the popular idol, McFarlan, in lemon and blue colors, bounded by, tearing at his bit and fighting for his head in a vain effort to get the better of his rider's steady restraining hand.

"That's little Heidsieck," said the trainer, admiringly, "and a mighty good little horse he is. How they have messed him about, to be sure! If he were at his best no horse in this race has any license to beat him."

"Except Hartland!" put in Alstyne with a smile.

"No, not excepting Hartland," replied Stayner in his positive manner. "There is very little to choose between the two at a mile and a quarter, both at their best; but the little horse hasn't been running well lately—acts as if he were overdone."

"Well, old fellow," said Alstyne, turning to Grey, "your money is all on now; what do you think of your chances?"

"I think I ought to win," replied Grey, quietly.

"So your Uncle Barclay thinks, my boy, and, thinking so, acts accordingly. Just cast your eyes over these interesting documents," producing a number of betting tickets. "Here you are: 400 to 50, Hartland; 200 to 25, 450 to 50, 300 to 100 one, two, and 150 to 50 same way—just to make the fall easier, you know. And there is a beauty—1,000 to 100 straight! I caught old man Gurton with 10 to 1 on his slate and nailed him like a shot. I offered him 100 more at the same odds, but he wouldn't have it and immediately marked down to 8."

"You must have been rather slow," said Grey. "I got 12 to 1 for some and all the 10 to 1 I wanted."

"Lucky boy!" exclaimed Alstyne. "But your Uncle Barclay never grumbles at the odds if he can only win, and it is hard enough to do that at best."

A great shout from the crowd and a sharp "Look out! That's a start!" from Stayner made all eyes turn toward the starting post, where the yellow timing flag had just flashed to the ground.

The start was an excellent one. All were well together as they passed the anxious quartette under the tall shade tree. By the time a furlong had been run Burgundy's rider, following orders, had dashed into the lead, closely pressed by the California mare Estelle, the rest running about two lengths behind, looking like a kaleidoscopic bunch of color.

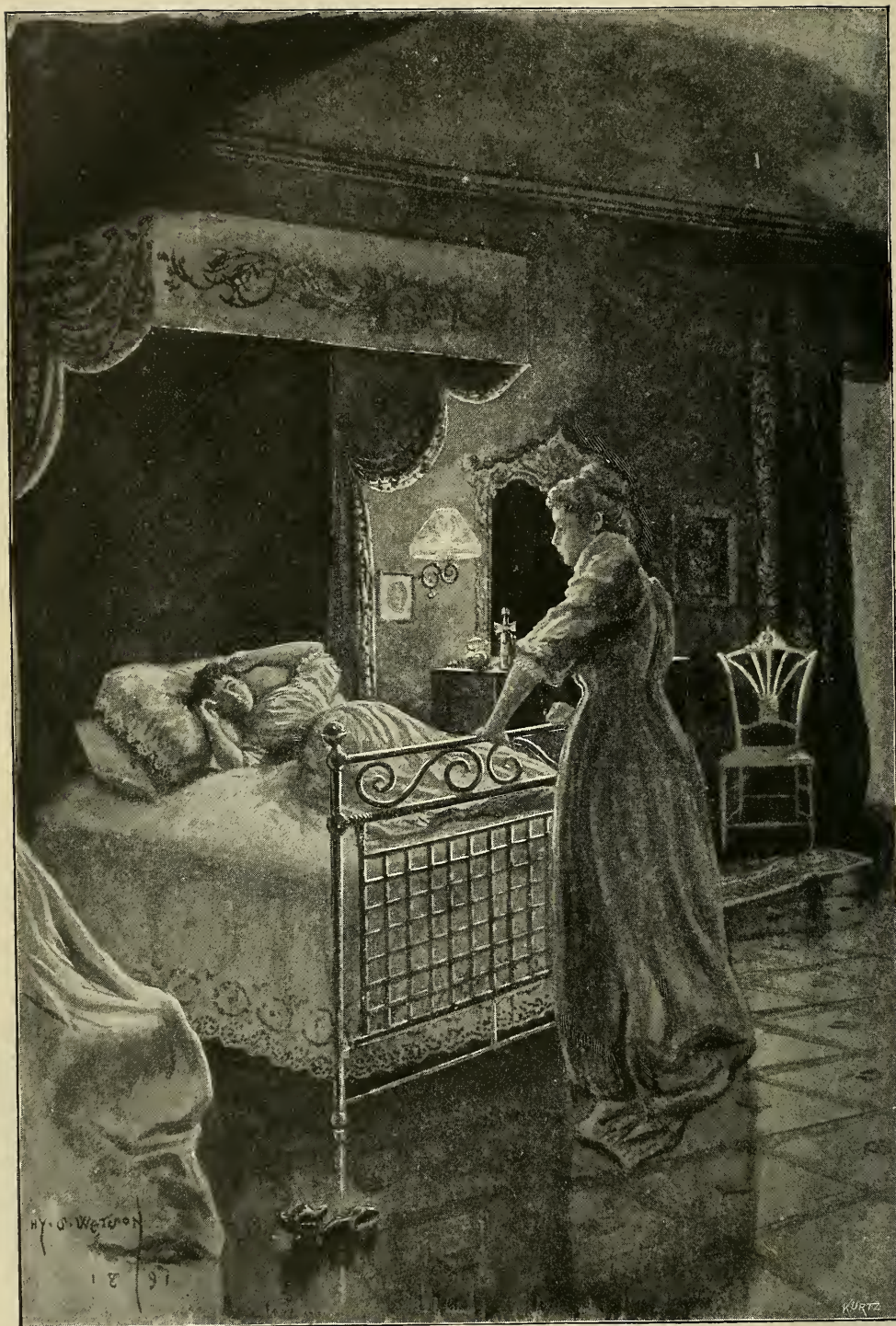
"Where the deuce is Hartland?" exclaimed Hastings, as they swept around the turn past the saddling paddock. "I can't find him anywhere."

"He's back there in the bunch," replied Alstyne, who was watching the race intently through his field glass.

"What is Fitzgerald's idea in being so far back?" asked Wilbur Grey somewhat testily of Stayner. "The pace does not



"THE CLICK OF HER LITTLE HIGH-HEEL SLIPPERS."—P. 215.



"I COULD NOT SLEEP AND THOUGHT I WOULD COME DOWN TO TALK."—P. 213.

seem very fast and he ought not to lose ground going so slow."

"The pace is plenty fast enough," replied Stayner, as he split his watch on the half mile. "A half in $51\frac{1}{2}$, first quarter in 26! That clip will stop most of them if they try to keep it up!"

Round the far turn they flew, the bunch of color lengthening out into a prismatic-hued stripe as the pace commenced to tell, for the "tailing out" had already begun. Burgundy was still striding along in the lead under a steady pull, a couple of clear lengths to the good, Estelle still holding her place second, but now under a slight drive.

"Something has happened to your horse, Wilbur!" said Alstyne without removing his glasses from his eyes. "He doesn't seem to be able to run a bit! See! There are half a dozen in front of him and he is losing ground at every stride. He'll drop out of the race at that rate, and your Uncle Barclay 'll be a pauper!"

It was even worse than he had said. Hartland was rapidly losing ground, yet Fitzgerald seemed to be sitting perfectly still in the saddle and in a few moments of all that field of thirteen competitors only two were behind him!

"I guess they've got him beaten!" exclaimed Stayner with a troubled, anxious look in his weatherbeaten face. "I know the old horse is good. It can't be possible that Fitz——"; but the half-expressed doubt was dismissed from his mind almost as soon as it had entered it.

"He seems to be running a little better now," exclaimed Hastings, who had been watching the race eagerly, and Hartland's tricolored jacket was seen to mingle again with the bunch ahead of him.

"He'll have to run a good deal better to get any of the money," replied Wilbur Grey, moodily.

The tailing-out process was rapidly taking place; the pace seemed increasing, fast as it had been before, and Hartland was sixth and apparently running strong as they rounded the turn among the trees before reaching the stretch.

"The mile in $1:41\frac{1}{2}$," said Stayner, as his watch clicked. "The old fellow is running now! He's got a fighting chance yet! See Hartland run! will you? I tell you Burgundy can't stand that clip. He must 'come back' to them!"

Hartland really had begun to run in

earnest. Two more of his competitors were passed before reaching the straight run for home. He was now fourth and apparently running free and strong on the outside of Hamburg and Obligation; the gallant brown, Burgundy, bearing Lützow's hopes and fortunes, still holding his lead, with Lady Tuberoze and Heidsieck close behind.

The terrific rate at which Burgundy had carried the field along then began to tell on both horse and rider. Rock, who had been keeping a hard pull on him for over a mile, felt his own strength beginning to fail, and, worse still, Burgundy's stride began to lose its elasticity, becoming a trifle loose and irregular.

In making the turn into the stretch, instead of going close to the rails, and thus saving considerable ground, Rock took Burgundy rather wide, carrying Hamburg, who was just outside of him, still further out. Obligation and Heidsieck at that moment shortened their stride from distress, when Fitzgerald, who had worked up to the third place, saw his chance, a desperate one it is true, but he had not been nicknamed "The Dare-Devil" for nothing. With a quick wrench of his left rein and a fierce jab with his heels, he made a dart through the narrow opening made for him by Burgundy's going wide of the rail. Rock had somewhat relaxed his pull and was letting Burgundy do his best, feeling rather confident that he could keep his lead to the finish. Glancing over his right shoulder, he saw Hamburg change his leg and fall back beaten. Before he could turn his head he was startled by the sharp crack close behind him of Fitzgerald's whip on Hartland's sweating flanks and almost as if he had risen out of the ground a lean, sour, chestnut head, with bulging eyes and distended bloodshot nostrils, was close to his leg on the inside, between Burgundy and the rails.

"Hartland will beat him home sure!" screamed Stayner, wild with mingled hope and fear when he saw what had happened.

Wilbur Grey was silent as usual, but his color came and went like a schoolgirl's and he nervously chewed at an unlighted cigar. Hastings, who was rather proud of his self control, felt his heart beat so fast that he was half strangled, and strange alternating flashes of heat and cold seemed to travel and retravel all over him, while the roar from the grand stand sounded in his ears as if far away.

There was still a furlong to go!

Rock's sooty face had changed to the curious ashen gray peculiar to his race when under strong excitement, and he used both whip and spur with the energy born of despair. Fitzgerald was sitting well back in his saddle, with arched back and head bent forward, having a tight hold of his horse's head. Every muscle and sinew of his lithe, wiry frame was working in perfect unison with the stride of his horse. He had shifted his whip to the left hand, for even in the heat of the struggle he remembered that Hartland would sulk if whipped on the right-hand side; his spurs were roweling the bleeding flanks, his eyes staring straight ahead and glowing like coals beneath his visor, while his thin lips parted over his teeth in an almost demoniacal grin as Hartland, under the fearful pressure, crept up inch by inch until a few yards from the finish the coarse chestnut muzzle was on even terms with the handsome brown by his side.

To both Fitzgerald and Rock their horses seemed standing still, while the grand stand and the roaring crowd were flying past at lightning express speed. The horses' names were frantically shouted by thousands of lungs, until the noise was almost deafening.

"Burgundy! Burgundy wins!"

"Wins nothing! See that Irishman ride! Come on, my Fitz! Hartland's got him!"

"No, he hasn't! It's a dead heat!"

In almost the very last stride Fitzgerald made a final supreme effort, his knees holding Hartland with the grip of a vise. One cruel stab of the spurs and a resounding cut of the whip which could almost be heard above the surrounding din, and although Hartland's body scarcely seemed to move, his neck appeared to lengthen out, the chestnut nose showed past the brown and the game and gallant Burgundy was beaten by a head on the post!

* * * * *

Fitzgerald and Rock stared breathlessly at each other as they commenced mechanically to pull up, their exertions having rendered them incapable of speech for the time being. As they turned to come back to weigh in, Fitzgerald first recovered his breath.

"Well, Rockey, old boy, I guess I done you!"

"Don' think you did, Mars Fitz," the negro replied. "A dead heat is 'bout de wust I kin git."

"Well, if they give it that way, I'll do you in the run off, sure, for Mr. Grey will never divide."

They were threading their way through the crowd which surged over the track when, just before they arrived in front of the dismounting judge, Fitzgerald glanced across to the telegraph board and his eyes were gladdened by seeing his number, "5," placed over a "9." Turning to Rock he exclaimed:

"I guess we won't have to run off any dead heat, Rock!"

"Nop!" answered the negro gloomily as he dismounted.

In the infield the excitement was scarcely less intense as far as Wilbur Grey and his friends were concerned. They could not tell to a certainty which had won and it seemed an age to them until Hartland's number, "5," was hoisted. Barclay Alstyne wrung Wilbur Grey's hand with such energy as to leave visible evidences of the power of his grip, and turning to John Hastings dealt that individual, who had so far forgotten his accustomed *sang-froid* as to be meditating a cheer, such a resounding slap on the shoulder as to dash almost the entire supply of breath necessary for cheering, or even for living, out of his body.

Jem Stayner was almost crazy with delight.

After starting Hartland for the stable to be cooled, he made his way to the weighing room, where he met Fitzgerald donning another jacket to ride in the last race of the day.

"Well, Tom," he cried, "you won, but it was an awfully tight squeeze!"

"You bet it was!" replied the jockey.

"What happened to you in the first part of the race? You almost gave me heart disease losing so much ground."

"It was that big duffer Hamburg! I was lying in a good place, about sixth, when he ran into me going round the far turn there. He almost knocked us both down. Hartland got his mad up then and wouldn't take hold of the bit at all. I was afraid to bustle him any, from what you said, and I had begun to think I was out of it, when over by the cherry trees he took hold again and commenced to run; but we had lost a lot of ground, and I might not have won it if I hadn't taken a long chance and come in on the inside of Burgundy. Lord! how that nigger did scare when he found me alongside of him! He pretty near fell off!" chuckled Fitzgerald.

"If he had seen you in time," said Stayner, "he would have bored in and headed you off. You took a desperate chance, Tom."

"Oh, I'm used to taking chances. I learned my business with old Pop Scaly and used to ride steeplechases, you remember."

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER THE RACE.

Lützow would have been more than man had he not been bitterly disappointed at the defeat of Burgundy.

It was not alone the monetary loss, which was considerable in bets apart from the stake, that distressed him, but he remembered Proctor's words the morning after Burgundy's final preparation for the event:

"He has been pulling up a little sore after his work the last few mornings. I can't exactly locate the seat of the trouble. I've given him all the work I dared under the circumstances, and if he comes out of the race all right I should advise you to let him up for this year. If you keep on racing him I'm afraid the old trouble in his foot will return and it may settle him for good."

Proctor's forebodings had been, unfortunately, realized in a very marked degree. Burgundy, never a very robust horse, showed the effects of the terrible struggle by his drooping head and short, leg-weary step as he was led away by his attendant, Proctor following slowly and eyeing his favorite with a rather dubious expression.

But no one would have suspected Lützow's anxiety under the calmness of his demeanor when he rejoined the party in the box just before the last race. Knowing so well the extreme sensitiveness of a man over the defeat of his horse, Virginia said little concerning the success of Hartland, but her desire to see her old friend was too great to allow such an opportunity to pass.

"I should so much like to have a closer view of the dear old fellow," she said to her uncle. "I have not seen him since he was a yearling, you know, and at this distance from the track one can see so few of the changes that time brings."

"Perhaps I can manage it for you."

"Oh, will you? I shall be so glad! Do you know Mr. Grey personally?"

"No, but I am acquainted with Mr. Hastings, who is Grey's friend and has

horses in the same stable. I saw him going across the infield a few minutes ago. We shall very likely find him at the stable and it can be easily arranged."

When the last race was over they left the stand, Lützow promising to see them again after their visit to Hartland and before their return home. At the stable, Mr. Hastings, a friend and associate of Wilbur Grey's and who was himself the owner of three or four thoroughbreds, was found, as Mr. Ormsby had anticipated, and they were received with courtesy and kindness.

They were introduced to the trainer, Jem Stayner, a sharp-visaged, sandy-haired, lithe young man, honest and earnest of countenance, with an alertness of manner and a firmness of speech that, even though he may have deserved Lützow's imputation of being "over sanguine," showed himself to be a man of integrity and rare capability for the profession he had undertaken since he had ceased riding.

"We have come to ask your permission to see Hartland," Mr. Ormsby explained, after their presentation to the ladies. "He was foaled at my farm, you know, and my niece used to be very fond of him. She was his champion in his weanling days and is very desirous of seeing him after his great race, if you have no objection."

"None in the world!" exclaimed Mr. Hastings in his quiet but hospitable way. "He is taking his cooling-out walk and will be around here in a minute. There he comes now."

One of the boys came around the corner of the stable leading a horse and Virginia's eyes were turned expectantly in his direction. He had changed since his baby days, but the ugliness was still there, though in a less marked degree than formerly. He was about as sour and uncompanionable in appearance as it is possible to imagine a horse.

"What a sullen-looking eye!" exclaimed Miss Austin, with the suggestion of a repressed shiver.

"Yes," replied Hastings, looking the horse over critically, an animal that must have presented a curious combination to so great a connoisseur of beauty and so excellent a judge of horseflesh. "His temper was almost completely spoiled by the hard treatment he received at the hands of his former owner."

"But he is a great horse," cut in Stayner, admiringly. "I've never had any-

thing to compare with him. If that had been a dead heat to-day he would have shown you a race that you would have remembered."

At the conclusion of his speech young Grey joined them and was presented to Mr. Ormsby and the ladies.

"Stayner is thoroughly enthusiastic over the old horse, Miss Ormsby," he said, laughing over the scarcely repressible admiration of the trainer for his favorite. "For my part I am very glad that it was not a dead heat, though undoubtedly Hartland's temper is his weak and at the same time his strong point. He is never so good as when thoroughly roused. Stayner calls him a crank."

The stable boy had led the horse round once more and was again approaching them, when Virginia stepped forward.

"Don't go near him, Miss Ormsby!" cried Hastings, warningly. "He is not very good tempered at the best of times, and never seemed to like a lady."

"May I not see if my old friend has entirely forgotten me?" she asked, turning her head to look at him over her shoulder in her pretty bird-like way; then, not waiting for his permission, she went fearlessly up to the horse's head. "Dear old Hartland," she cried, her sweet voice fresh and girlish as of old, "don't you remember me? Have you quite forgotten those delicious romps into which I used to persuade you in spite of your reluctance? Won't you let me congratulate you upon your success to-day, dear old fellow, and tell you how glad I am?"

At first sight of the petticoat the horse put back his ears and rolled his eyes dangerously, then some memory actually seemed to penetrate into his brain. He pricked up his ears, appeared to look at her curiously, then took a step in her direction. She put out her hand, and as he made no resistance whatever she leaned forward, and to the unutterable astonishment of the men present the surly-tempered brute stood quite still while she patted him between the eyes.

It is doubtful if any success she had ever attained had touched her more deeply or given her more intense pleasure than that evidence of her old friend's remembrance and affection. She stood for a moment beside him, patted his cheek once more, murmured a few words which only the horse heard, then left him reluctantly and returned to the others, tears gleaming in her handsome eyes.

John Hastings heaved a long sigh of relief.

"The wonder to me is that we have not all dropped dead from surprise, Miss Ormsby," he said, quietly, lifting his right eyebrow and the corner of his mouth with a peculiarly characteristic movement, an indication with him of a semi-earnest jest. "I shall never in future have the slightest doubt of the limitless power of woman."

"You mistake," replied Virginia, smiling at him over the moisture in her eyes. "It is not the power of the sex, but another evidence of the sweet sincerity of friendship. If man would but imitate the brute in the constancy of his affections, our world might be a happier one. Thanks to all of you so much for allowing me to see him. Some day, Mr. Grey, when he has outlived his usefulness and you conclude to sell him, please let me have an opportunity against any possible purchaser."

"I shall remember."

"May I not congratulate you, as well as Hartland, upon his success? I think my greatest desire was to see him win to-day."

"Thank you."

Some one had ordered the carriage down to the lane in front of the stable, and as they left it, Halstead, with Lützow, joined them.

"Been having a look at Hartland, Virginia?" Dick asked, merrily. "A fine fellow that to a horseman's eye, though I can't see the attraction that he can possess for a woman. I took the luck of your sex to-day, however, as my tip against Lützow's entry. The result will redound to my eternal credit. Have you collected all your winnings?"

A smile of coquettish brilliancy flitted from Virginia's lips to her eyes. She glanced archly at Lützow and answered gaily:

"All—but one!"

Halstead understood a subtle meaning to underlie the words and turned with well-concealed petulance to Miss Austin. Lützow handed Virginia carefully to her place in the carriage, and as he leaned over he whispered swiftly:

"You have received *all*! The loss I have sustained has been yours from the beginning and therefore was yours before the race. May I not see you to-morrow at 5?"

She nodded without verbal reply as he

gave place to Halstead with Miss Austin.

She spoke little upon their drive homeward, but leaned back in the carriage, allowing the dainty lids to veil her eyes as if attempting an effacement of fatigue, yet there was a smile about the full lips that in some intangible way destroyed that illusion, suggesting rather a wistful dreaming.

Her friend Miss Austin, who had known and loved her from a child, watched the countenance with interest and read the picture the etching needle of thought had wrought with clearness and precision.

"Her soul is still slumbering," she said, mentally. "What will life be to her when she awakens to a knowledge of love? I tremble with apprehension at the thought. If one might only administer a narcotic that would keep her always as she is, she might be saved so much! so much! But the psychic will awaken and then—effort is as vain as inquiry into immortality, alluring, evanescent. Life is, after all, but waiting. We are like the sands that watch for the insistent changing of the tide. We can alter nothing. There is no accident in the government of mortality, yet we are powerless, helpless in the hands of that Change that is the most wonderful of nature's marvels. Will it be the hand of the Austrian that will awaken her? I hope not! I hope—Heavens!"

She interrupted her own thought, striving with curious unrest to catch the sound of her friend's breathing; but John Ormsby disturbed the psychic study.

"Tired, Ginnie?" he asked with affectionate interest as he leaned back rather wearily in his own corner.

She opened her eyes and smiled at him half wistfully.

"No—that is, yes. I don't know. I am and I am not. One's spirits are naturally enervated in the transfer of the body from a sea breeze to a land calm."

"We might have remained at the beach for dinner if I had thought. It is not too late yet if you wish to return."

"I think not. Puss and I are both engaged for the evening. It has been a delicious day, has it not?"

No one replied and a silence fell upon them again that was broken only in a desultory way during the drive. Miss Austin was her guest, yet upon their arrival at home neither felt inclined for conversation and decided that an hour's rest before dinner would be most beneficial.

Virginia dismissed her maid when she had exchanged her street gown for a bath and a *negligé* of white silk and threw herself upon the bed, desiring the refreshment of sleep, but the glowing eyes would not remain closed. She lay there staring up at the delicate silk and lace that draped the canopy of her pretty brass bed, her hair lying in long, loose, child-like curls across her bosom, her arms above her head, the sleeves having fallen back carelessly.

The light was dim and shadowy, the stray gleam of a shaded lamp falling like spun gold across the inlaid floor. The *mélange confus* of toilet knick-knacks lay scattered over handsome tables of onyx and gold, but faintly outlined under the fitful light.

A peaceful calm, made slightly oppressive by the heat, rested upon both room and occupant, the stillness broken only by the occasional rumbling of carriage wheels in the street and the rarer roar of a passing cart, but Virginia Ormsby neither heard nor saw. She was in the dreamland of memory.

Once more she was living through the day, with Lützow beside her. She seemed to see him even more clearly than she had done when in the material he was before her, the expressions of his face, the tones of his voice reaching her through a heart silence that rendered her peculiarly alive to every emotion. And as she lay in wakeful dreaming a tender smile, of whose presence she was unaware, settled about the mouth and into the depths of the burning eyes.

"He is earnest and not frivolous like others," she thought placidly. "I think I like Mr. Lützow, and——"

The thought was interrupted. With a start she realized that Sara Austin had softly entered the room and was looking at her over the foot of the bed with critical contemplation.

"Were you asleep, Ginnie?" she asked gently.

"No. Is it time to dress?"

"Not quite. I could not sleep and thought I would come down to talk. Lie still, dear."

She took a pillow, and putting it at the foot of the bed braced herself comfortably opposite her friend. It was a graceful, pretty picture that they formed, but neither of them considered effect.

"I have been thinking of—a lot of things, Ginnie, since we came home," she

that was affectionately nicknamed "Puss" began, "and—and I wanted to talk to you about them. We are very old friends, Ginsie, you and I."

"That is an undisputed fact," laughed Virginia. "Was it that upon which you have been expending the energy of your brain?"

"No, of course not; but I wanted to be sure that you would not be offended with me."

"For what?"

"That of which I have been thinking. Ginsie, did it ever occur to you that you are something of a flirt?"

"What?"

"I don't mean in its distorted sense, but you are just a little bit careless, without intention, of the pain that you inflict upon others."

"Are you not unjust?"

"No. You laugh at a man without absolutely discouraging him. You are a most attractive woman, dear, but I am afraid a thoughtless one. You don't stop to consider what your amusement may cost another."

Virginia made a wry face.

"What ignorant sin have I committed?" she quoted lightly.

"You are laughing at me now. Perhaps it is I who am committing an ignorant sin in speaking to you at all of this; but I can't bear to see you give pain to a man who is genuinely in earnest."

Virginia was interested. She lifted herself and, leaning her elbow upon the pillow, rested her head upon her hand and gazed at her friend for a moment in silence.

"Of whom are you speaking?" she asked at last.

"Rudolph Lützow."

"Oh!"

The pretty head fell back. The smile reappeared.

"It is not right for you to play with him!" exclaimed Miss Austin earnestly. "It is cruel! It is wicked! I saw it all to-day, yet was unable to read it correctly until my return home. He loves you! You know it. Yet you are as careless, as indifferent, as is that floor to the ray of light that caresses it."

Alert to expression as she believed herself she did not observe the subtle change that had crossed Virginia's face. She was still smiling, but the mirth had vanished and a sweet, half-defined pleasure had taken its place.

"Careless, indifferent, am I?" she repeated softly.

"Yes. If he were less in earnest, more like the man of the world who whispers of love because he lacks the brains to talk of other things, I should say nothing; but Rudolph Lützow is passionately serious, and your ultimate rejection of him will cost him more than your vanity has any right to exact. Forgive me, dear. Perhaps I am speaking more strongly to you and more abruptly than I should; but unnecessary pain was always a source of grief to me, and I have not been able to keep him out of my thoughts. Have I offended you, Ginsie?"

"Not at all."

"But you are still smiling."

"At your absurdity."

"It is not absurd. Mr. Lützow may not love you now, but in a week, a month, he will do so beyond all hope. Promise me that you will not deceive him, dear."

"I promise!"—an inscrutable expression darkening the eyes.

"Thank you for that!"

"Puss"—lifting her finger after the manner of a child that would be impressive—"are you quite sure that this interest in Mr. Lützow does not portend something more than——"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Austin, a shade of annoyance crossing her fair face. "How could you even suggest such a thing? I wish I could make plain to you how I feel toward him. I like and respect him, because he is different from the light-headed, frivolous man one constantly meets in this age, when a man's popularity is measured by his ability to make love promiscuously."

"And how do you know that Mr. Lützow does not do that?"

"I know it because he is not that sentimental monstrosity that the world calls a 'lady's man.' Bah! The expression is nauseating. One might as well be called a lap dog. He is earnest! He is sincere! He is invariably kind, courteous, chivalrous to women, but always stops short of sentiment. My acquaintance with Mr. Lützow dates further back than yours."

"I have known him four years."

"You mean you met him four years ago. There is such a difference between knowing and——"

"If you must be literal, does one ever know another? There are so many who believe that words and expression were given for the concealment of thought."

"That is the rogue and not the honest man. Rudolph Lützow is not that!"

"Which, the honest man?"

"Don't laugh at me, Ginsie. Perhaps I have not expressed myself as I should, but I don't want to see a fellow creature suffer, and that is what Rudolph Lützow will do, if you are not careful."

She had arisen and was looking down upon her friend with an expression almost of pain in her bright blue eyes. With impulsive tenderness Virginia raised herself to her knees and flung her arms about the prettily rounded neck.

"Don't think me entirely heartless, Puss," she said softly, kissing either cheek and looking earnestly into the shadowed eyes. "I know I am thoughtless, heedless, but I shall not say anything to Mr. Lützow that I do not mean."

"That is kindest and always best, dear, if you could only remember it. There! I have disturbed your rest, but you will forgive me, will you not?"

Virginia fell back upon her pillow, still smiling with the tender grace of a child. Miss Austin looked at her for a moment in silence, then went to the door, the click of

her little high-heel slippers upon the inlaid floor sounding strangely in the silence and shadowy light. At the door she turned and looked back wistfully.

"I don't know that I am quite satisfied with our talk, Ginsie," she said gently. "It is not what I intended it to be at all, but don't forget your promise. Of course you would never marry Mr. Lützow. Always think of that when he is near you."

She went out then softly, but even before her exit the smile had vanished from Virginia's lips. The exquisite, olive-tinted face had grown grave as it had before been gay. The expression of the eyes contained no petulance, but more of a thoughtful inquiry into her own heart. She was still staring at the dimly-outlined door through which Miss Austin had vanished. Her lips moved and her heart inquiry was voiced:

"Why—why would I never marry Rudolph Lützow if—if he loves me?"

And Miss Austin had accomplished that which she most desired to prevent, for Virginia's soul had awakened under the masterly voluntary of an acknowledged passion.

To be continued.

A WINTER WOOING.

GUESS I reckoned that I'd never
Pop that question t' Mirandy.
First I tried to was one summer,
Settin' on her dad's verandy.
Then one August, too, I thought I'd
Ask her, in the clover medder;
Had a set speech; but somehow she
Looked too cold to take the header.

Next time wuz th' slidin' party
Out at Crawford's: an' Mirandy
Said she'd slide if I could find a
Extra-sized toboggan handy.
That jest set me tinglin', so I
Asked her if she'd go a' joggin'
With my arms around her, slidin'
Right along on life's toboggan.

Then Mirandy smiled her sly way,
With the color all a' buddin'
In her cheeks; an' said as how the
Question took her kind o' sudden
Like, an' left her without breath t'
Say a word; but guessed the flyin'
Down th' hill, with winter blowin'
In your face, wuz rather tryin'.

But she whispered if I'd steer her,
Jest as straight an' jest as clever,
Down life's groove as that toboggan,
She would slide with me forever
If I'd always guard her, keepin'
'Round my arms fer safe protection;
Watchin' fer the bumps an' strivin'
Always in th' right d'rection.

So we climbed th' hill, while all th'
Stars that winked above and hovered,
Slipped behind th' clouds an' told th'
Other stars what they'd discovered
And with Mandy's eyes t' light me
Down th' hill, I've found the joggin'
Jest uz pleasant 'n' as easy
As that night on that toboggan.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

WHERE WERE THE BOYS?

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

WHEN, in the third year of the civil war, the Fortieth Cavalry was ordered to Mapleton, all the officers and men considered themselves in great luck. The town was one of the few railway crossings in the South, and as such might have to be defended many times at considerable loss of life; but, on the other hand, the Fortieth was to be the only regiment there, which counts for a great deal, as all old soldiers know. The town itself was a pretty little place of two or three hundred inhabitants, and the surrounding country was an excellent base of such supplies as soldiers like in addition to the regular rations. Picket duty was so extensive as to nightly require the service of about a third of the effective force of the regiment; scouting trips were frequent and seldom unattended by casualties, yet the boys enjoyed the service and the place so well that they hoped they might remain there as long as the war lasted. More glory might be had if they were with a larger army somewhere, but glory was an uncertain quantity at best; good rations, a good camp and plenty of good company were enough to be asked by the most loyal man who also found ample opportunity for doing duty according to the requirements made upon a soldier.

Indeed, after coming from the great Potomac army, where camps were pressed closely upon one another, where men not in uniform were hard to see, and women who were not the deepest brunettes were almost invisible, Mapleton seemed a little Paradise, in spite of the frequent fights that occurred and the occasional burials that had to be attended to. The town was the centre of a rich agricultural community which had not been harried by either army; and, as the inhabitants were wise in their day and generation and wished to save their property as well as their families from annoyance, they treated the men with as much civility as could be expected in an enemy's country. Any decent member of the regiment could be assured of a hospitable reception so long as he didn't talk politics, and even if he did drop into remarks about the causes of the war the Southern men, all of whom

were too old to be in the army, and consequently old enough to be discreet, would discuss the question coolly and bring out bottle and glasses about the time the danger point was reached and a change of subject was advisable.

As for the women, although they hated Northern soldiers collectively, they made many exceptions individually, and made them in such a pleasant way that any blue coat of decent manners felt that he would be welcomed at any house at any time when he could find the opportunity to make a social call. Whatever the soldiers might think about Southern men there was but one opinion about Southern women, especially Southern girls, which was that they were quite as charming as any of their sex at the North; indeed, they were found so attractive that a great number of attempts at love making were made. To the honor of the Southern damsels, however, be it said that nearly every one of them was already engaged to be married to some older acquaintance serving in the Confederate army. Besides, to fall in love with a Yankee would be treason of the deepest dye.

So scrupulously did the Fortieth respect private rights and endeavor to conciliate the inhabitants that the gray-coated force in the Confederate earthworks about twenty miles away avoided doing anything which would make the town itself a centre of conflict. Such skirmishes and little fights as occurred were always held far outside the picket lines; a man on post at any road, path, crossing or bridge felt about as safe as if he were in his own home in the North. The members of the picket reserve never hesitated to go outside the lines a mile or more, although it was against orders, and bring in a pair of chickens or a bag of sweet potatoes or something of the kind, for which payment was always made. As for guerillas and bushwhackers, there were none in the neighborhood. The few darkies who lived between the lines and were secretly in the pay of the Fortieth's colonel declared that no such ruffians were ever seen there.

There was great surprise in the camp, therefore, when one morning the roll of

the picket was called and it was discovered that the last relief in the morning had failed to find Private Brixton, of Troop B, on his post, which was the outpost on the Mill Church road. As it was broad daylight when the relief went out, the ground and surroundings were examined carefully; but there was no sign of blood or of a struggle, and as the road was one much traveled by daylight by farmers who had passes to go to the town and return to their homes, it was impossible to identify any horse track in the road as that of the missing trooper's animal. It could not be that Brixton had deserted; no member of the Fortieth had ever deserted, although there were many grumblers in the regiment. Brixton himself had been heard to say within a week of his disappearance that soldiering in the vicinity of Mapleton was pleasanter than living in his own home in the city of New York.

The captain of the troop, who was in charge of the picket station, was so troubled that he took an escort and rode outside the lines, making inquiries at every house. An open window in the house of Squire Bramingham, quite a flourishing planter, framed the face of the squire's daughter, Melicent, a superb beauty, about twenty-five years of age, who replied laughingly and saucily to the captain's questions, and concluded by saying:

"Perhaps he's deserted, captain. You ought to feed your men better."

The captain looked up admiringly at the roguish face and muttered:

"My men get the best the Government can supply and the fat of the land besides. I don't see what else can be done for them." Then he rode on—rode for a dozen miles, making inquiries at every house; but no one, not even one of the black amateur spies, had seen or heard of a Union soldier the day before, nor had there been any of the enemy in the vicinity that anyone knew of. The captain returned to camp much puzzled and cross.

Within a week, and before the mystery of Brixton's disappearance had ceased to be a subject of conversation and wonder in camp, there was a new surprise: Private Fritz Reuter, of Troop L, was absent from his post when the officer of the guard rode out just after midnight. Reuter was of German birth, but he was enthusiastically devoted to his adopted country and her cause in the war, so it seemed that he must have been captured or spir-

ited away; certainly he could not have deserted, for over the rude fireplace in his hut there still remained the picture of his sweetheart, a very handsome German girl. He might have been a tricky Confederate in disguise; such things had been heard of in other regiments, and had been read of in story papers, but he would not desert his sweetheart nor her picture, even if he had left the service by the "underground road." Again there was a search of the entire road and the surrounding country, but not a word about Reuter was heard, nor could any trace be found of his horse or accoutrements. As he had been on the same outpost station from which Brixton had disappeared, an order was issued that two men should be on duty together at that particular post thereafter.

But this precaution did not end the mischief and the mystery; ten days later Private Burkitt disappeared from a station about half a mile to the right of the Mill Church outpost. His loss was not regretted, except officially; for he was a lawless, heavy-blooded fellow, who had always declared soldiering a dog's life and insisted he didn't see why a man shouldn't get out of it in any way in case he had a good chance. The belief that Burkitt had deserted became unanimous, and the boys expressed their sentiments on the subject by taking all his effects that had been left behind and making a bonfire of them in the middle of the parade ground between supper call and tattoo one evening.

No such disposition, however, was made of the case of Kritoff, who one day went outside the lines by permission of the picket sergeant and failed to return. Kritoff was a young Russian, lazy but very proud, handsome and stylish. The uniform as issued to private soldiers was not good enough for him; he had his clothes made to measure of officer's cloth ordered from New York by a tailor in town, and very handsome, indeed, he looked in them; no other soldier felt himself having a fair chance in local society when Kritoff happened to be present, for besides his handsome clothing and stylish manner he had a mustache which was the admiration of every girl of susceptible age in the whole town and vicinity. Kritoff was an enthusiastic republican; he hated slavery as he hated the despotism of his native country, and it was simply impossible to imagine that he

could have wilfully gone over to the enemy; besides, scarcely a mail came without bringing one or more delicate-looking missives addressed to Kritoff from feminine friends in America and Europe, and they continued to come after his departure. He had become a private soldier by mistake through his lack of knowledge of American methods, but it was no secret in camp that through his manners and money he had persuaded the colonel to promise him an early lieutenantcy when a vacancy should occur. It was impossible, therefore, that he could have deserted.

The mystery deepened, and the camp filled with gloom and suspicion when Murcatoy was lost, for although Murcatoy was a rattle-brained young Irishman he was a capital soldier and a jolly good fellow, always ready to share his last pipeful of tobacco in camp or his last biscuit on a march with any unfortunate comrade. He was so widely loyal that his remarks about Jeff Davis and other prominent Confederates were always in language which smelled of brimstone, and an old and dear friend who had enlisted with him declared that he knew of no dissatisfaction on Murcatoy's part; indeed, of late the fellow had been particularly cheerful and merry.

The regiment began to feel very much as soldiers sometimes do in the Indian country where men disappear mysteriously; some began to look for pitfalls and traps in the vicinity of the posts on which the lost men had been; then they carefully cut down all bushes and brambles in the fence corners near the various posts, so that no one could sneak up unseen upon a sentinel, and at last the spirit of suspicion and caution became so general that all posts were doubled. This greatly added to every man's work and divided the regiment daily into two nearly equal parts—those just going to picket and those just coming off; but no one grumbled, for all began to fear standing duty alone after dark; scarcely any of the disappearances had taken place by daylight.

The planters in the neighborhood began to be as agitated as the soldiers; one after another they requested the regiment's commanding officer to search their houses, barns and entire estates, so that they might not be suspected of any complicity in the departure of the men. Among those who made this request was Squire

Bramingham, whose handsome daughter, Melicent, led the search, first insisting that a man should be posted at each door of the house, so that by no possibility a secreted trooper could get away. Then she led all over the house the officer in charge of the party, opening closets, showing recesses that never would have been suspected, and driving him frantic with her half-humorous, half-taunting comments; then she placated him by flirting with him most bewitchingly and insisting that he should remain to supper while the rest of the party went on.

The very day after the search the regiment lost one of its best men—Cavendish, an Englishman. Cavendish had been an officer in the English army and had obtained permission to come to this country to "view the conflict." One day, when he had unfortunately taken too much liquor, he strolled into a recruiting booth and deliberately enlisted as a private soldier in the Fortieth. The facts of his case had only been recently made known to the colonel, who told Cavendish's captain, after the man was lost, that he had almost completed arrangements at Washington for a special discharge, so that the fellow might resume his proper position, and rejoin his regiment at home when his leave expired. It therefore was morally certain that Cavendish had been spirited away, killed or disposed of in some manner against his inclination. He never could have willingly and wilfully left his post and gone over to the enemy; the "honor of a soldier and gentleman" meant a great deal to Cavendish.

The greatest sensation, however, occurred when Will Bell was reported missing; not that Will was anybody in particular, although he was a good-natured, active young trooper, but because his friend and companion, Whitby, a sedate, handsome fellow of about thirty years, entirely lost his self control and acted like one insane. He had promised Will's mother to care for the boy; he would never dare to return without him; find him he would, or lose his own life in the attempt. He raged and stormed about it till the first sergeant of his troop, who was newly appointed and consequently extra officious, thought it necessary to report him to his captain for disorderly conduct after "taps." Whitby was a trooper of the type that never is punished by a commanding officer who has any sense and experience with men; but the captain

sent for the angry man to come to his own quarters, and there talked with him earnestly. What the result of the conversation was did not become public, for both the officer and the man declined to answer any questions on the subject.

Men in quarters, however, soon noticed that Whitby had again become reticent and thoughtful, and had intensified his customary sedate manner by frequently going into brown studies, from which he would emerge only to ask questions apparently irrelevant to Will Bell or to anything else in which he or the remainder of the regiment could be interested. Still his grief for his lost friend remained evident, and, as he was a very obliging fellow, all the men became very sorry for him and finally persuaded themselves that they too had thought a great deal of Will Bell, and that they would do anything in their power to help Whitby find him, and if possible bring him back to camp, dead or alive.

The first development of Whitby's determination to find his lost comrade was his volunteering to do double duty. He went on picket every day, and requested to be put on outposts that commanded roads where civilians were obliged to pass on their way to and from the town. This particular variety of picket post was in demand by everyone else, for it was always interesting and sometimes quite pleasing to chat with the Southern women, who did most of the driving and trading, the men who were not in the service preferring to remain as close at home as possible and look after their property in case a detachment from either army chanced to visit the place. Still, for anyone to volunteer for double duty was such an unheard of event that all officers of picket guards acceded to Whitby's request and gave him an opportunity to learn all that the country people could possibly tell him. He seemed to get very little information, however, for he continued to look very serious and absent minded.

During the fourth day of his period of double duty one of the conveyances which passed the lines toward the town was that of Squire Bramingham, and one of the occupants was Miss Melicent, who recognized Whitby, he having been a frequent visitor at the house, and asked him why they never saw any more of him and his friend Bell.

"Do you mean to say you haven't heard?" asked Whitby, bluntly. Meli-

cent looked surprised, and Whitby continued:

"Some scoundrel of a Confederate has sneaked him off the face of the earth."

"You shouldn't speak that way of our people, Mr. Whitby!" replied Melicent with an indignant flash of her very expressive eyes, and Whitby thought her face handsomer in anger than it was in repose, although he said:

"No harm in telling the truth, no matter who one is speaking about. He's gone; he's not the sort of a man to run away—he never was taken in a fair fight; he's too quick a shot, too good a swordsman. There's been some underhand trickery about him, and when I know how it happened and who did it, there'll be a funeral in a hurry, if I have to hang for it afterward."

The handsome girl was shocked and turned pale, but soon she said:

"I hope you'll soon find him and be with him, Mr. Whitby; I really do, because you and he seemed always so very fond of each other; but you needn't forget all your old friends in the meantime, even if some of them are Confederates. I know father always likes to chat with you. Good day."

The wagon went on; Whitby turned his head to look after it. At the same instant Melicent chanced to be looking back at him, and there was an expression in her eyes that startled him—one that he never had seen there before. Could it be that the girl was really gloating over him in his misfortune and sorrow? Her rich ripe lips were drawn in a straight hard line, and there seemed a gleam of malice in the eyes which usually were so soft and brown, usually so warm and tender, even when full of mischief. Whitby's companion on the post was looking at her also, but she seemed not to affect him in that way, for he said with a coarse laugh:

"That gal admires you, Whitby. You're a fool if you don't take up her invitation and go out there visitin'. The feller that marries her gets an armful an' heartfelt that'll do him for life."

Then Whitby went into a brown study again and accused himself of all sorts of meanness for suspecting such a glorious creature of any feeling that was not entirely womanly and right. The more he thought on the subject the more remorseful he became, until at last he got permission of the officer of the picket to gallop out

to Bramingham's for an hour or two. He repeated the visit within twenty-four hours. He made excuses on the following day to go out to the old planter's house, and a few days later it was currently reported in camp that grief had made him "soft" and that he was head over ears in love with Melicent Bramingham, who, if signs went for anything, was as deeply in love as he.

Then the camp was in an uproar, for about a score of members of each troop, officers included, had been pierced through and through by Melicent Bramingham's eyes. They were willing to suffer manfully—some kinds of suffering are joy itself—while they felt that all their comrades were as hopelessly wounded as they. If Melicent, as all the neighbors reported, was only waiting for the war to end to wed the handsomest and richest young native of that part of the country, himself the captain of a fine company of rebel troopers, any Yankee admirer could hope for nothing more than pleasant smiles in return for his adoration. If, however, she were "off with the old love and on with the new," why might she not be persuaded to again change her mind? Visits to the hospitable mansion suddenly became twice as numerous as before, and the personnel of the entire regiment suddenly improved in appearance. Many of the private soldiers had been men of some means and standing at home; these, following the example of Kritoff, began to wear uniforms made to order, their orders having been sent to their home tailors.

White pocket handkerchiefs began to take the place of red silk and cotton ones; the camp sutler sold out in a single day the contents of a large case of shoes, and a few well meaning but ill-bred fellows took to hair oil. Some private soldiers who had seldom polished their boots for dress parade now carried blacking and brushes with them when they were of the picket detail whose posts included the Mill Church road, and men who were in camp and off duty haunted the road by which the Braminghams entered town when on shopping intent; it was bliss to walk in the dusty road beside the wagon, chat with Melicent about nothing in particular, and see the play of light and color in her incomparable eyes and complexion. There were many other girls in and near Mapleton, and most of them were very sweet and pretty, but compared with Melicent they were as pallid moonlight to

the rosy glow of a perfect dawn—at least so the officers and men of the Fortieth thought.

It may easily be imagined that with a young woman so popular it became almost impossible for any admirer to have a word in confidence. Beside, after several of the men had disappeared, an astute officer of the picket, who himself was one of the girl's adorers, had suggested to the colonel, who issued the suggestion in the form of an order, that no man should thereafter be permitted to go outside the lines alone. As some of the later missing men had disappeared by daylight, there was reason to fear that visitors going out alone might share the same fate, whatever it was. The officer who devised this plan felt very malignantly gleeful when he heard the comments which followed the reading of this order on parade. The next day, however, he had his punishment. He rode out to the Braminghams, attended by his orderly, whom military custom forbade being a guest while an officer was present.

The captain, who was handsome and therefore conceited, rode along twirling his mustache, admiring his best uniform and preparing a speech which he hoped might secure him the fair Melicent's heart at once, with a promise of part of her father's acres after the cruel war was over. He had started early, before any of the new guard could have gone out there, and while all of the old guard were standing to horse, awaiting the return of the last relief. He would be certain to have the splendid girl to himself at that early hour; she might be in calico dress and gingham apron, for the black servants had run away long ago from all plantations anywhere near the Union lines—but no matter; Melicent Bramingham, in the plainest garb, was handsomer in his eyes than any Northern woman in silks and laces; her eyes would glow as warmly, her cheeks flush as brilliantly if he found her with a broom in her hand as if she were sitting at the old-fashioned piano in the broad, low parlor.

Full of these and other pleasing reflections the captain galloped along the narrow road, but as he turned a gentle bend beyond which the house came into view he was startled at seeing a mounted figure in gray going from the house and in the direction of the enemy's lines. There could be no mistake about it; some Confederates wore Union overcoats, and the light blue was not easily distinguished

from gray at a distance, but Northern and Southern horses were very different in movement, and no Union trooper would go at a rapid gallop while venturing alone into the enemy's country.

Could it be the young rebel officer to whom neighborhood gossip had assigned Melicent's hand? The captain ground his teeth, and his pleasurable hopes and anticipations disappeared like mist before a sudden blast. As inclination weakened sense of duty came to him; he, with his orderly, would chase that presumptuous fellow; two to one—and both armed—were odds enough; perhaps if the hated rebel could be captured and got out of the country there would be a better chance for someone else in whom the captain was interested.

"Let's dash for him, orderly!" he shouted, "but," he continued a moment later, "don't shoot unless absolutely necessary."

Out the road flew officer and man, but before they had gone half a mile the officer drew bridle rein and pistol and shouted:

"Halt!"

A man in blue, who had been approaching on foot through the corn stubble in the field beside the road, stopped and saluted.

"Who are you? Turn up that hat brim!" roared the captain. The man obeyed and disclosed the strong features of Whitby. A dark scowl and then a keen suspicious look filled the captain's face as he growled:

"Don't you know the orders against coming outside the lines alone?"

"Yes, sir." The answer was accompanied by a look so defiant that the captain half raised his pistol. Two rivals before 10 in the morning were too much for endurance.

"Orderly, take this man back to the station, under arrest. Ride directly behind him with cocked pistol; fire the instant he tries to escape."

"Excuse me, captain, but I've been out there by the colonel's orders."

The captain bit his lip. "We'll see

about that. I'll go back to the station, too, and consult the officer of the guard. It's no use for me to——" Then the captain stopped just in time to avoid betraying his personal discomfort at the morning's events. "I suppose, too, you will say that the colonel instructed you to meet a rebel trooper out there?" As the officer said this he urged his horse ahead several paces so that he might scrutinize the prisoner's face; but Whitby, as self contained as if on parade, replied, "Yes, sir; but may I request you to enjoin your orderly to strict secrecy concerning my answers to your questions?"

"Umph!" The officer dropped to the rear and began to think. He was keenly alive to duty; he was also curious, so as soon as he succeeded in forgetting Whitby the rival he recalled Whitby the sworn avenger of Will Bell, the man who had volunteered for daily duty on the Mill Church station; the man whom the colonel had verbally requested all the officers to assist and encourage, should he come to them with any information or theory about his lost friend. Why should he be jealous of the fellow, anyway? If Melicent had jilted her rebel lover, as the neighbors had begun to think, probably she could be persuaded to part with lover Number Two should a more attractive man come along; for instance, a man like—well, the captain caressed his own mustache, and then said:

"Orderly, replace your pistol! Whitby, I didn't at first recall the peculiar circumstances in your case. You must admit that it looked suspicious—a trooper on foot sneaking through a field of corn-stalks! I'll speak to the colonel when I return to camp. Orderly, you keep your knowledge to yourself—close. We'll ride out again, I guess, unless there are more rebel soldiers at the house—eh, Whitby?"

"The coast is perfectly clear, sir," replied the man, returning to the corn field, while the captain, followed by his orderly, retraced his tracks, communing with himself that the colonel probably knew what he was about, but that things certainly looked devilish irregular.

To be continued.



THE BLACK BRANT AT HOME.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

THE true black brant is the most gamy and fine flavored of American waterfowl. It breeds in the far northern part of the Pacific Coast in immense numbers and is rarely found on the Atlantic Coast. Even on the coast of California it is known only in a few places. What is there generally called the "black brant" is the common gray brant, or white-fronted goose, called the "black brant" to distinguish it from the snow goose or "white brant." On the nine hundred miles of the California coast there are but four points where black brant deign to stop. A few visit Humboldt Bay and sometimes a few tarry at Tomales Bay. From there they skip everything until they reach the bay of San Diego and Mission Bay, some three miles above it, and some of the bays of Lower California, especially San Quentin.

This bird passes all the favorite resorts of waterfowl in California and is unknown to the great majority of its sportsmen, and though millions pass San Francisco on their way south and back they are almost unknown in its markets. It migrates almost entirely at night, and during the day is hardly ever seen on the wing except when flying out to the beds of kelp in the ocean and returning. And this it does only at certain stages of the tide, spending the rest of the time floating on the water far away from shore, or waddling over the mud flats at low tide. It never goes inland and will not even cross a small point of land jutting into salt water if it can be easily avoided. The sand spit that forms the harbor of San Diego it crosses in a few narrow places to avoid several miles of detour, but once in the bay it circles around every point of land. The few birds that go out of the channel move not a wing over the shore, but go a long way around to pass over water.

But a few years ago San Diego Bay was gay with life as we rowed across it to the mouth of Spanish Bight, which was then a favorite "fly way" of this bird. Pelicans, both white and gray, flapped heavily by the boat, singly and in flocks, now descending in a spiral line head first into the water, then sitting a

moment on the surface to swallow the captured fish, then rising again in air to repeat the performance. Large white gulls, with lazy wing, wheeled around the boat; large gray ones, with still slower wing, lounged about in the air; small white ones bustled all around and smaller gray ones displayed still more energy. With outstretched neck and laboring wing the merganser toiled through the air or drifted on the flowing tide; divers of all sizes rose and sank on the smooth face of the bay; little terns, swiftly descending from on high, went under it with a splash; fish ducks and butterballs skimmed the surface with whistling wing, while teal, canvasbacks, mallards and other ducks dotted the water far and near. But among them all you would see no black brant, for they are very aristocratic and associate not with the common herd of waterfowl. Away down the bay you could see thousands of dark points on the bright sheen of the water, some looming above it in a faint mirage, black above and white beneath, but nearly all motionless and different from any other waterfowl. From their direction may come a confused noise like the babel of distant frogs, but no one not acquainted with the sound could imagine from what manner of bird or beast it came. But it would be quite useless to go after them. One must wait until they begin to fly and then be well hidden somewhere along their course; and fly they will not until the ebb tide is well under way.

The black brant has now become so wary in San Diego Bay that he can rarely be secured without a floating battery, in which you must lie upon your back below the level of the water. But this affords little view of the flight of the birds, which is one of the most interesting features of the hunting. A blind on one of the points projecting into the bay, made by surrounding a hole in the sand with a fringe of brush and seaweed, used to be enough and was far more pleasant.

All is quiet as we set our decoys on the water near the shore and ensconce ourselves in the blind on the edge of Spanish Bight. Not long do we have to wait. At the turning of the tide the spell is broken.

First come the curlew in flocks of fifty or sixty, winging their way along the shore with buff-colored breasts and brown backs shining alternately in the sun as they pitch and twist in their flight. Over the water their clear notes ring, as with long curved bills outstretched they come directly toward us. With smaller bodies and short straight bills other shore birds flit by us, all unsuspecting of danger. Plover with tender whistle spin by but a few yards away, and bunches of little gray snipe of many kinds whisk so near us that we can see their little black eyes.

But let them all go and keep your eyes upon the low ridge of sand half a mile or more to the west that forms the end of the bight, where the breakers dash up against the blue sky beyond, showing that it is both narrow and low. Even as you gaze upon it a long dark line rises out of the horizon beyond it. Rising and widening, sinking and narrowing, then rising and widening again, the line comes swiftly on. Gradually it changes into a string of black beads stretched along the western blue. Soon appears a flickering motion on the side of each dark bead, and quickly this develops into the rapid motion of dusky wings. Nearly two hundred strong the line comes swiftly on, the birds that compose it growing larger and darker by the instant; yet they ride the still, warm air as lightly as a flight of arrows. Though a little larger than mallard ducks their flight is less labored and the motion of their wings is as if quivering with speed instead of beating the air with vigorous work. As they come nearer white begins to light up the duski-ness of their flight, and in the revolving maze of white and black they grow larger by the instant. When within some two hundred yards of us the birds all set their wings and glide smoothly downward, almost grazing the water some twenty yards beyond our decoys and displaying a broad skirt of snowy white below the swarthy breast and a white collar around a long jet-black neck. In solid and even array the flock sweeps past our decoys with a guttural "wa-ook, wa-ook, wa-ook" from a score or more of throats. There is a trace of suspicion in the note; but keep perfectly still. They are too far to shoot and they may return. On they go for fifty yards, when they lengthen out and rise in a long string, with black backs and wings shining as they turn upward.

Upward and onward for over two hundred yards they go, when the line swings with a precision that would charm a drill sergeant. Then around it comes, headed at first directly toward us. Then the ends of the line fold backward and in a wedge-shaped mass it bears off a little. For a single moment each dark wing fans the air with rapid stroke, then as quickly each one is set in a rigid curve, and, as if sliding down an invisible incline of ice, down rush the birds toward the decoys. In another moment the soft hiss of their wings becomes louder and harsher as the birds near the decoys and turn their pinions full against the air to check themselves. But just as we think they are about to alight a hoarse "wa-ook" bursts from a dozen throats and in a twinkling the orderly array of descending black turns into a rising confusion of white and black as with rapid beat of strong wings the whole flock wheels skyward and outward.

But wary as these birds are, all is not yet lost for the quick shot. As the first barrel spouts its fire over the water the heavy wiff, wiff, wiff, wiff of the wings of the hindmost bird suddenly ceases, its long black neck suddenly wilts, and down through the soft sunlight it sinks in a shining whirl of white and black. But before the smooth surface breaks to receive it another one wilts at the report of another barrel, and goes like a plummet below. As a third barrel rings over the water another brant halts in its course, sinks with laboring wing nearly to the water, twists sideways with a jerk and sheds a feather or two as a fourth barrel rolls its thunder across the bight; then seaward it stretches out its ebony neck, and skimming low along the water fades away in a rapid alternation of white and black.

Before the last flock is yet out of sight another dark line rises over the sand spit where the distant surf is grumbling. The brant we first saw in the bay were but a small portion of all that frequent it. Most of them are out at sea during the flow of the tide, feeding on the beds of kelp, and now at the ebb they are beginning to return. Now rising, now lowering, but swift and straight, in a long wedge-shaped column, the black ranks come on. Down the centre of the bight they fly, until within some four hundred yards of the blind, when the head of the column turns a little, and directly toward

the decoys the whole mass bends its way. Soon the air sings beneath their stiffening wings, then comes the sharp, rushing sound as the birds set them to alight, then the splash of water as the lower ones settle among the decoys. As we rise in the blind the whole mass is turned into a flapping huddle of terrified confusion, a laboring turmoil of black and white, with a wild and clamorous "wa-ook, wa-ook, wa-ook" clanging from a hundred white-collared throats. Four barrels in quick succession bellow from the blind, and three brant sink with sullen splash into the water. Two more lag behind their fast-retreating comrades, one gradually rising and overtaking them, the other settling lower and lower, until, cleaving a long furrow in the smooth surface of the bay, it floats dead in the water nearly a half mile away.

Beyond where the curlew are flitting along the wet shore and the gull is winding his airy way, beyond where the snipe are whisking over the blue waters and the ever-hungry pelican with heavy plunge is shivering the smooth mirror beneath, our eyes are again fixed in deep expectation. What countless hordes of these dark beauties, the very nobility of waterfowl, have streamed over that sand spit in the dim ages gone! And how long shall it be before the whole winter shall pass away with never a dark-dotted line rising into the blue sky beyond it? Alas! not long.

But a soft winnowing of the air behind us disturbs our reflections and reminds us that it is not from the sea alone that these birds come. But too late the discovery, for quick as the shying off of the swiftest duck is the wheeling of this active little goose. "Wa-ook, wa-ook, wa-ook," resounds from the air above amid the wiff, wiff, wiff of sheering pinions, and before the guns can be turned upon them the brant are out of reach. Vainly the fire streams toward them; not a twitch is visible in the black ranks; not a dusky feather parts its hold.

And now the armies of brant are gathering in earnest, for the tide is half out and the time for the grand march has come. Thus far we have seen only the skirmish line. But now they are coming in battalions. From the western horizon line after line rises into view, and from the bay itself long black streams begin to skim over the water. Some are in long lines point foremost, some in wedge-

shaped masses, others in crescent lines, others in converging strings. Vainly you try to find the motive for all this activity. The brant are not feeding, nor are they on the way to feed. This particular stage of the tide seems no better adapted to wing exercise than any other stage, and yet nearly every brant in the land is in motion and nothing but shot can keep one still. Yet amid all this excitement they relax no caution, and unless all is quiet in the blind it is vain to expect a close shot. And, strangely enough, the majority of the flocks aim for the decoys and if not disturbed will settle among them. Though all the brant now want to fly and seem to have taken a strange aversion to the water, no sooner do they see the decoys sitting there than down they glide toward them—the best possible illustration of the adage, "One fool makes many."

And so flock after flock sets its wings and goes hissing with speed down the air to the decoys in perfect array and swiftly as a swooping hawk, until the first broadside is poured into the swarthy line and the second into the throbbing whirl of white and black into which the orderly ranks are instantly changed.

None of the winged myriads from the north can defy the hunter's fire like this dark wanderer from home. Sometimes two or three birds go splashing below as a full broadside opens upon a flock, but more often only one comes down, while another perhaps careens a little and lags behind for a few moments, then rights himself and overtakes his comrades or settles slowly into the far distant water. Here comes a flock so glossy, as the sun shines from their beating wings and white skirts, that they seem within easy reach; yet at the roar of the guns the line merely lengthens, swerves and rises, and not even a feather comes whiffling down. Here comes another flock so close that we can see the dark vests and snowy underclothes pictured in the smooth water between them and us. In abiding confidence we open a full battery upon them, yet the only result is a whirl of white and black, a clamor of hoarse throats and increased expedition in the line. The gun must have more powder to kill them quickly.

And so it goes on for an hour or more, with brant to the right and brant to the left looming up on the horizon, with swift wings bearing them rapidly toward the



decoys, until the soft s-s-s-s-s of sailing wings is changed to the wiff, wiff, wiff of terror, and the bead-like string, so orderly and so swift, into a bewildered huddle of white and black. So thick and fast they come that one can hardly notice the

dense flocks of curlew that fan the air half way between us and the decoys, the bunches of snipe and plover that shoot by in volleys and the sandpipers and dowitchers that alight on the shore nearby.



ON THE WAY TO SPANISH BIGHT.

A SONG OF THE SOUTH.

OH, bluest of blue are the skies of the South,
And deep and clear and bright,
And miracles rare of form and hue
Are the clouds in her sparkling light.

And where is the rill in the lands of the
North,
From fields of the whitest snow,
More pure than the thousand crystal
streams
Through the Southern vales that flow ?

O land of all lands for thy clouds and
skies,
O land of the bright and clear,
Why should not honor and truth and right.
To thy children be most dear ?

EDWARD CARLTON.



FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS, THIRD REGIMENT.

THE NATIONAL GUARD OF CALIFORNIA.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. A.

Concluded.

THE camping grounds of the National Guard of California have been located in different parts of the State, seemingly with a view of accustoming the people of the State to its militia. Thus San Diego, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, Sisson, Campton Park, Monterey, Ukiah and Healdsburg have all had encampments within the past two years.

The law requires that the commander in chief "shall annually order an encampment for drill and discipline, either by division, brigade, regiment, battalion or unattached company for not less than seven days." Organizations so ordered by the commander in chief receive from the State transportation to and from its place of encampment, and in addition a sum equal to \$1.25 per day for each officer and man regularly on duty in such camp. The aggregate sum, however, must not exceed \$400 per company. During camp each general officer and each officer of the general staff also receive \$1.25 per day, and every officer and soldier in camp whose duty or office requires him to be mounted receives \$2 per day for each horse necessarily used by him during such encampment.

When on active service for State, other than camp duty, officers and men receive



BRIG. GEN. JOHN H. DICKINSON.



VISALIA COMPANY.

the same pay and allowances as are given to like grades in the United States Army.

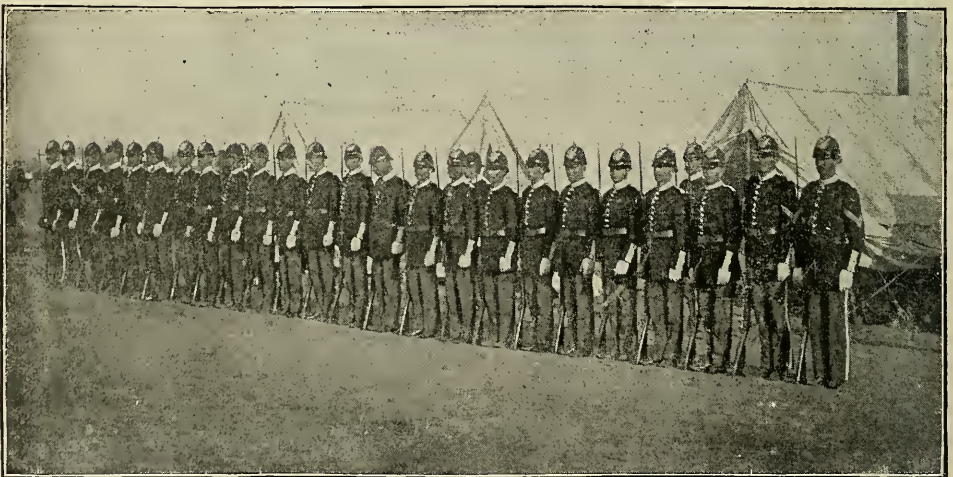
In addition to camp duty and drills the following parades are obligatory : On the Fourth of July ; for target practice at least twice a year and at least one for inspection.

It has been the custom to order an encampment by division one year, by brigades the next and by regiments or battalions the next. On account of the great extent of the State, north and south, it is impossible with limited appropriations to have a yearly camp by battalion or regiments each year. The difficulty of traversing the great length of the State by those companies at a distance from the camp ground, owing to the great amount of time required, is a factor to be consulted in ordering companies into camp yearly. The question is at present being seriously agitated of the State's purchas-

ing and fitting up a permanent camp ground similar to Peekskill and Niantic. It would seem, however, that a better plan would be to purchase and equip two camp grounds, one for the northern and one for the southern half of the State.

As the only real, thorough camp instruction can be given in a regimental or battalion camp, with two camp grounds every company could be ordered to camp for two years in succession and the third year be given up to a brigade or division encampment. The experiment of encamping with regular troops seems to have met with greater success in California than elsewhere.

In the matter of armories California is far behind other States. Outside the State arsenal at Sacramento the State does not possess a single armory or arsenal. The accommodations for quarters are, with the exception of a few city or-



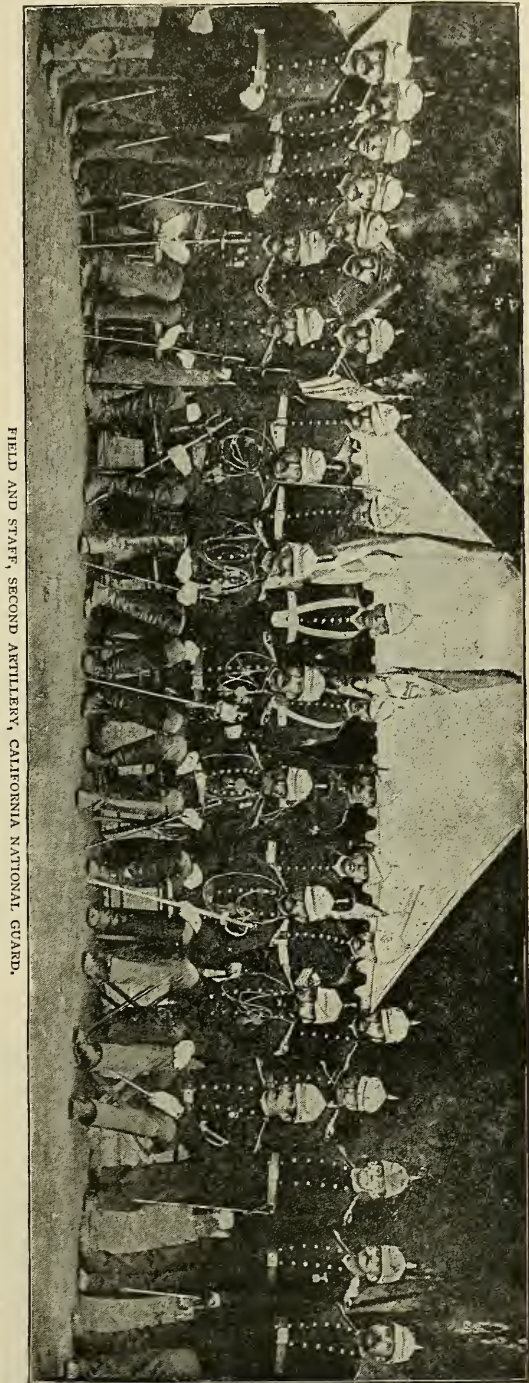
COMPANY G, ANAHEIM.

ganizations, of the scantiest description, and it surely speaks well for the California Guard that, notwithstanding such outward discouragements and doleful surroundings, it has enthusiasm sufficient to drill and present the splendid appearance it does. For armory rent, care of arms and proper incidentals of the company there is allowed by law the sum of \$100 to each commanding officer of an infantry company, \$150 to the commanding officer of each cavalry company and \$200 to the commanding officer of each light battery. For clerical expenses, stationery, printing and postage, the sum of \$7.50 a month for each company in his command is allowed to each commander of a regiment or battalion, and if such regiment or battalion has more than four companies and has attached to it a regularly-organized band of not less than twelve pieces, an additional sum of \$35 is allowed for the band; to each brigadier general the sum of \$5 per month for each company in his command, and to the major general commanding the sum of \$600 a year. The adjutant general is given a sum of \$3,500 a year to be expended by him in promoting target practice. A recent act also provides that for general military purposes a sum of \$250 must be audited and paid by the military board to the commander of every company of fifty members or over.

Under the provisions of the code relating to the retired list any commissioned officer of the active list who has become disabled or incapable of longer performing the duties of his office can make application to his brigade commander to appoint a board of surgeons, who shall examine him as to his disability, and if found that it has not been incurred by any dereliction they recommend that his application be granted. Upon the approval of the brigade commander and the commander in chief of this recommendation the officer is placed on the retired list, and any officer who has served as such continuously in the Guard of the State for seven years, or for a period of ten years, not continuously, may on his own application be placed on the retired list with the rank and command held by him at the time of application.

Such officers are eligible for duty on courts martial, boards of survey, etc., upon orders by the commander in chief, and they take rank next to officers of like rank upon the active list.

The book containing the laws and regulations of the Californian National Guard is the most complete of any of the States,



FIELD AND STAFF, SECOND ARTILLERY, CALIFORNIA NATIONAL GUARD.

without exception. It contains not only the military code and all laws relating to the Guard passed each session by the

Legislature, but also the regulation guard duty, camp duties, police and fatigue duty, uniform, courts martial, target practice, mobs and riots, Articles of War, and all relating to the Regulars in common with the Guard; in fact it is a complete guide for the guardsman in everything connected with his military duties in the armory, the camp, the march, or the field, except drills and tactics.

As the Seventh Regiment is to New York so is the First Infantry to San Francisco. The different companies of the regiment were the first regularly-organized and enlisted companies of the Guard. In drill and discipline it stands at the head of the regiments. Its officers are all men of high standing in both business and social life, and most of them are men who have seen service either in the War of the Rebellion or in one or more of the many scenes of troubles that California has had so much of. Its history is interesting.

On May 6, 1861, an unsigned agreement was circulated in San Francisco, as follows :

The undersigned captains, on behalf of their commands, desire to join in the formation of a regiment of California militia, to be called the First Regiment of Infantry, and request Brigadier General H. A. Cobb to appoint Major A. J. Houston to hold an election of the field officers of such regiment at New Music Hall at an early day. This agreement was in a short time duly signed by John S. Ellis, First California Guards; F. G. E. Tittell, California Fusileers; John A. Clark, City

Guards; George T. Knox, Light Guard; G. G. Bradt, Light Hussars; E. Vilaceque, French Guard; M. Lebatard, California Rifles, and J. B. Moore, National Guard. And as a prime result an order was issued for the formation of the First Regiment of Infantry, and an election of field officers held on May 18, 1861, at New Music Hall, Major A. J. Houston presiding, and Capt. J. P. Chamberlain acting as clerk.

The companies met on that date and organized by electing Capt. John S. Ellis as colonel, J. W. McKenzie as lieutenant colonel and Robert Pollock as major. On June 2, 1861, Lieut. John Hill, of the California Guard, Company A, was appointed adjutant.

Subsequently an order was issued lettering the companies as follows :

California Guard, organized July 27, 1840, Company A.

City Guard, organized March 31, 1854, Company B.

National Guard, organized August 31, 1854, Company C.

Black Hussars, organized 1859, Company D.

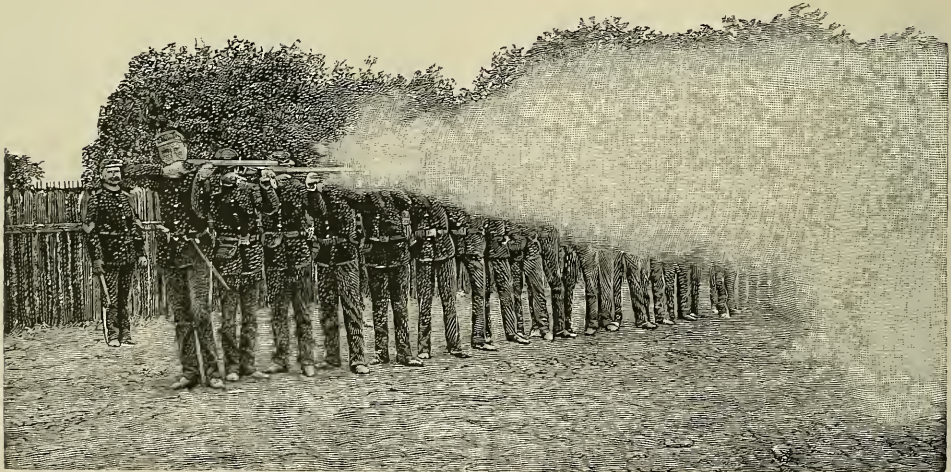
California Fusileers, organized September 9, 1856, Company E.

Light Guard, organized November 12, 1858, Company F.

French Guard, organized September 28, 1859, Company G.

California Rifles, organized 1860, Company H.

In 1861 the California Rifles and the French Guard were consolidated as the



AT TARGET PRACTICE.



MAJ. WM. CLUFF,
INSPECTOR SECOND BRIGADE.

French Carbineers, and the Ellsworth Rifles, Home Guards and Sigel Rifles were added to the regiment.

In 1863 the French Carbineers were mustered out, and replaced by the Ellis Guard. In

the same year the San Francisco or Black Hussars and the First California Guard were detached, and the Columbian Guard and State Guard were mustered in. In 1864 the Sigel Rifles, Ellis Guard and

entering in of Company A, Captain McMenemy's company of the Third Regiment, and in April, 1882, Company G was formed out of Company C, and was also mustered in. In 1884 Companies E and F consolidated and are now known as Company F.

The First Regiment of Infantry has been commanded by the following: 1861, Col. John S. Ellis; 1862, Col. Joseph Wood; 1866, Col. Robert Simson; 1868, Col. Thomas R. Ludlum; 1869, Col. W. H. L. Barnes; 1873, Col. George W. Granniss; 1877, Col. Oscar Woodhams; 1880, Col. John H. Dickinson.

The First Regiment of Infantry, National Guard of California, with its able and energetic leader, is ever ready, and al-



FIELD AND LINE OFFICERS, FIRST INFANTRY.

California Fusileers were detached, and the State Guard mustered in.

On July 17, 1866, the National Guard of California was organized.

In 1872 an order was issued reducing regiments to six companies each, and the reorganization of the First Infantry left it with City Guard, Company B; National Guard, Company C; Franklin Light Infantry, Company D (organized July 15, 1861, attached April 29, 1870); Sumner Light (formerly Sumner Home) Guard, Company E, organized October 14, 1861; Light Guard, Company F; Hewston Rifles, Company H, organized August 24, 1869.

On August 10, 1881, the regiment was increased to seven companies by the mus-

ways has been, to do its duty, regardless of trouble or expense. It has maintained during a long series of years a condition of uniform discipline, strength and general efficiency equal to any of the various National Guard organizations of the United States.

The armory of the First Regiment was erected specially for its use on Market street near Tenth, and is a substantial brick and stone building,



LIEUT. COL. WM. EDWARDS,
A. A. G. SECOND BRIGADE.

entirely fireproof, easily defended, and convenient in all its appointments.

Ascending a broad stairway from Market street we come to the first floor, on which are the officers' rooms, the rooms of companies B and F, the storerooms, drill hall, band and drum corps rooms. On the floor above companies D, A and H are located.

Each of the companies has two large rooms; one used for the storage of its uniforms, arms and equipments and the other for its business and social meetings, and furnished with all modern conveniences. This is the only regimental armory in the State complete in all its appointments, but it is to be hoped that in the near future the State will provide armories for its entire National Guard.

Companies C and G (the Nationals) still remain in their own armory on Post street near Powell, the property being owned by them, they having purchased the land many years ago and erected the building, which is a substantial brick structure having the appearance from the outside of a fortification.

A description of the California Guard,

however brief, would not be complete without a short notice of three men connected with it now and for some years past, whose efforts for improvement have been continuous and of vast benefit. The first of this trio is the late adjutant general, Richard H. Orton. His record in brief is as follows: Second lieutenant, First Infantry, Company K, California Militia, October 22, 1861. Resigned June, 1862; enlisted Company I, First Infantry, August, 1862; sergeant, September, 1862; second lieutenant, First Infantry, California Militia. Served in New Mexico and Texas through the war, in United States service. Second lieutenant, First California Infantry, April, 1873; first lieutenant, September, 1874; captain, January, 1875; major, First Cavalry Battalion, August, 1878; major, First California Infantry, April, 1885; lieutenant colonel, May, 1885; appointed adjutant general with the rank of brigadier general in 1887. In this latter capacity he has been instrumental in doing more good for the Guard than has probably been heretofore accomplished by any other adjutant general. All the recent reforms in camp service, in-



MAJ. VICTOR D. DUBOCE.
PAYMASTER SECOND BRIGADE.



MAJ. GEO. EASTON.
COMMISSARY SECOND BRIGADE.



MAJ. GEN. W. H. DIMOND.

crease of appropriations, and promulgations of orders looking to practical reforms have been greatly due to him.

The second is John H. Dickinson, who was captain of Company B. He was elected colonel of the regiment in 1880, and served as such until his appointment as brigadier general commanding the Second Brigade in the early part of the present year.

General Dickinson was born in Parkersburg, W. Va., in 1849. His parents moved to Oregon when he was but two years old, and he lived in the far West until his seventeenth year, when he was sent to the Ohio Military Academy at Cincinnati, where he remained but a year, when he returned to Oregon. In 1868, at the age of nineteen, he was made military instructor at St. Augustine College, Benicia. During his leisure moments he studied law, and in 1873 was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court. He entered as a private in Company B, First Infantry, and in 1877 was elected captain. In 1880, although the junior major, he was elected colonel of the regiment, which position he held till his appointment to the command of the brigade. It is not too much to say that while at the head of the First Regiment he did more than any single man to advance its interests. His men idolized him, and it was almost taken as a piece of injustice when he was made brigadier. In military matters he is a man of few words, but always to the point. He is a deep student of military affairs connected with the National Guard, and there are few men as well versed, East or West, in all pertaining to its best interests. In his new position he will undoubtedly show the same qualities to the benefit of the brigade that he did as a regimental commander.

The third man of the trio is the division commander, Maj. Gen. W. H. Diamond.

He was born in Honolulu, where his father was one of the devoted band of early missionaries. When the rebellion broke out his American blood was roused, and he offered his services to the President. They were accepted and he was appointed captain and assistant adjutant general of the United States Volunteers, Department of the South, and served on the staff of Major General Saxton until the close of the war, when he resigned his commission and in 1867 settled in California, since which time he has become

one of the most prominent figures in the mercantile, social and political life of San Francisco. He was appointed lieutenant colonel and aide de camp on the staff of Governor Perkins in 1880, brigadier general of the Second Brigade in 1883 and was reappointed to the same office. In 1887 he was appointed by Governor Watterman major general of the division.

Although the California National Guard, considering the youth of the State, has progressed so rapidly, there are now several ways in which further progress is not only wise, but, in order to keep up the present state of efficiency, absolutely necessary.

First, it is necessary to change the system of electing officers, particularly captains and subalterns. As at present carried out field officers can only hold office for four years and company officers for two. This makes the office dependent on the pleasure of the men, a thing entirely subversive of all military discipline. No matter how thorough a soldier an officer may be—and generally the more thorough ones are the strictest—men unused to discipline will not submit easily to its restraints. It follows, therefore, that besides the easily discernible results in the company and regiment respecting discipline it may lead to iniquities in a political way. It is not even pretended that this exists at present in the California National Guard; in fact it is well known that the general officers are men beyond reproach and have deservedly won their places through military work. But such a state of affairs can exist, and will some time show itself to the great detriment of the Guard if the causes are not removed.

The next improvement that might be made is to lop off much of the useless and dead material that exists in top-heavy staffs, to make greater efforts to fill the skeleton battalions, cutting down if necessary the six to four brigades. Then, with regimental camps every other year and brigade camps or marches of instruction the years between, and with more frequent inspections on the part of the State officers, the Guard would soon reach a point that would make them the envy of their Eastern comrades. That these and other changes to its great benefit will come about is certain, since those having the good of the Guard most at heart are earnestly working already to such an end.

A MIGHTY HUNTER BEFORE THE LORD.

BY VIRGINIUS DAENEY.

Concluded.

ONE who has never tried the experiment can have no idea how easy it is to miss when firing from horseback at a buck who sends your heart up into your mouth by springing up from beneath your horse's heels, and then speeds away, twisting and turning among the boles of the trees. Men who could bring down a partridge with each barrel have been known to shoot away half a bag of shot before they began to get the hang of the thing.

The shades of evening were falling. Humiliating though it was, we had fallen, too, with a will on our gameless supper.

"S-t! Listen! What's that?"

We pricked up our ears. Presently there came softly echoing from far away in the forest a long-drawn cry, ringing, melodious, clear as a bugle call.

"Billy!"

The welkin rang with our joyous shouts. Half our party sprang to their feet and red-hot coffee splashed from tin cups. "Hurrah!"

In an instant all despondency was gone!

"Marse Billy got the keenest holler I ever hear!" chuckled Beverly. "Bound he fetch luck 'long wid him! No mo' bacon for supper arter dis."

We craned our necks to catch the first glimpse of our mascot. Obviously, from the direction of the joyous yells with which he answered our welcoming shouts, he had abandoned the road and was riding straight through the open woods. Presently we descried through the deepening twilight his portly form looming up atop a tall gray. Then two vivid flashes and two loud reports, followed by a mad rush of the gray, which came tearing down on us in wild terror, and for a minute we were treated to something like an amateur episode from one of Mr. Buffalo Bill's entertainments. Amid roars of laughing welcome the ponderous knight was at last helped down from his trembling steed, whose bridle Beverly had been able luckily to snatch as he floundered among the tent ropes.

"And where the deuce did you pick up that wild beast? Surely you can't expect to shoot from him!"

"Oh, I'll cool him down in a day or two; he'll soon get used to it."

In point of fact a horse who dreads a gun gets more and more terror stricken as the hunt goes on, the mere sight of a deer, the cocking of a gun even, sufficing to set him off into plungings that grow day by day more violent. This none should have known better than Blount; for never, by any chance, did he ride to the hunt with an animal that would "stand fire." The discharge of his gun, the rise of a buck even, was always the opening of a circus with him. But he managed invariably to let off both barrels—one perhaps through the tree tops, the other into the ground. In one particular alone was he provident. He brought always so immense a supply of ammunition that toward the close of the hunt his tent was a supply magazine to the less thoughtful.

"What!" exclaimed Blount, "not a single one! Ah! boys, that was because I was not with you." The jovial soul had not a trace of conceit; he was merely sanguine—contagiously, gloriously, magnificently sanguine.

"Ah, but won't we knock 'em over tomorrow!" And straightway we lifted up our hearts and had faith in this prophet of pleasant things.

"Beverly, will that mule Ned stand fire?"

"I dunno, Marse Billy; nobody ain't nebbber tried him. But I 'spec' you wouldn't ax him no odds."

"I'll go and have a look at him."

Shortly afterward we heard two tremendous explosions, followed by a frenzied clatter of hoofs and the sound of breaking branches, and up there came, running and laughing, a Monsieur Wynen, a Belgian violinist, a real artist, who was one of our party (though never a trigger did he pull during the entire hunt).

"What's the matter?"

Wynen was first violin in an opera troupe.

"It is only Blount rehearsing Ned."

Any man in the world except Blount would have tested that demure wheel mule's views as to firearms by firing off

his gun in his neighborhood as he stood tethered. Not so Billy. Mounting the guileless and unsuspecting Ned, and casting the reins upon his bristly neck, he had let drive.

Shocked beyond expression by the dreadful roar and flash (it was now night) Ned had made a mad rush through the woods. In vain; for Blount had a good seat. Then had there come into Ned's wily brain the reminiscence of a trick that he had never known to fail in thirty years. He stopped suddenly, still as a gate post, at the same time bracing his vertebrae into the similitude of a barrel hoop, and instantly Blount lay sprawling upon his jolly back; and there was a second roar, followed by a rush of buckshot among the leaves and around the legs of the audience that was watching the rehearsal. "Never mind, Jack," said he to me, shortly afterward, "I'll find something that will stand fire" and throwing his arm around my shoulder for a confidential talk of the slaughter he was to do on the morrow, his sanguine soul bubbled into my sympathetic ear:

"I say, Jack, don't tell the boys; but I have got two bags of shot. They would laugh, of course. Now, how many ought a fellow to bring down with two bags? I mean a cool-headed chap who does not lose his head. How does one dozen to the bag strike you? Reasonable? H'm? Of course. Twenty-four, then. Well, let us say twenty-five, just to round off things. Golly! Why, nine is the highest score I ever made. Twenty-five! Why, that is a quarter of a hundred. Did you notice that? Whee-ew! The boys will stop bedeviling me after that, h'm? I should say so. Not a rascal of them all ever killed so many. Cool and steady, that's the thing, my boy. Up he jumps! What of that? Don't be flustered, I tell you. Count ten. Then lower your gun. There is not the least hurry in the world. Drop the muzzle on his side, just behind his shoulder. Steady! Let him think you are not after deer this morning. If it is a doe let it appear that you are loaded for buck. Bang! Over he tumbles in his tracks. You load up and are off again. Up hops another—a beauty. Same tactics—boo-doo-ee! Got him! What's the sense of throwing away your shot? Costs money—delays the line. Cool—cool and steady—that's the word, my boy. Get any shots to-day? Three? Hit anything?"

It was too dark for him to see how pale I went at this question. "Mr. Blount," said I, with a choking in my throat (nobody could help telling the big-hearted fellow everything), "you won't tell my father, will you?"

"Tell him what?"

"Well, you see, he cautioned me over and over again never, under any circumstances, to fire at a deer that ran toward a neighboring huntsman."

"Of course not—never!" echoed Blount with conviction.

"And to-day—and to-day, when I was not thinking of such a thing, a big buck jumped up from right under my horse's belly, and did you notice that gray-headed old gentleman by the fire? Well, the buck rushed straight toward him—and I forgot all about what my father had said and banged away."

"Did you pepper him?" put in Billy eagerly.

"Pepper him!"

"I mean the buck."

"I don't know, he went on."

"They will do it, occasionally, somehow."

"When I saw the leaves raining down on the old gentleman, my heart stopped beating. You will not tell my father?"

"Pshaw! There was no harm done. We must trust to Providence in these matters. What did the old gentleman say?"

"Not a word; it was his first campaign, too. His eyes were nearly popping out of his head. He let off both barrels. The shot whistled around me!"

"The old fool! He ought to know better. To-morrow your father must put you next to me."

Blount brought us hilarity and hope, but no luck, at any rate at first. When we rode slowly into camp on the following day, just as the sun went down, we had one solitary doe to show. Blount—Blount of all men—had killed it. The servants hung it up on one of the poles that remained from year to year stretched against the neighboring trees.

Owing to Blount's weight his game was always strapped behind some less lucky huntsman; so we had had no opportunity of examining his riddled quarry.

"Why, how is this?" exclaimed he. "Oh, I remember; the other side was toward me."

We went around to the other side. Had the doe died of fright? After much searching we found one bullet hole just

behind the shoulder. Blount always put four extra bullets into his load. So he had showered down forty buckshot upon a doe lying in her bed at a distance of twenty feet and struck her with one.

"I say, Jack, for the Lord's sake don't tell the boys!"

After these two days our luck improved, and at the end of the hunt our score reached seventy-eight; the smallest number, by the way, that the club had ever killed. It would hardly be interesting to go into the details of each day's sport, but our hero's adventures one night seem worth recording. To this joyous and indefatigable spirit the day was all too short. No sooner had he eaten his supper each day than he began to importune the younger men of the party to join him in a "fire hunt;" but, as they were not Blounts, they felt that a long day in the saddle was enough. In his despair Blount turned to Beverly. That amiable creature, not knowing how to refuse the request of a white gentlun, assented, but with a quaking heart, for were not the surrounding forests swarming with ravenous wolves? He had often lain awake and listened complacently enough to their howling, but to trust, to thrust, himself wantonly among them at dead of night!

"Wid nobody along but Marse Billy Blount, an' he couldn't hit nothin', even by daylight, unless dey asleep. He hear 'em say wolf 'fraid o' fire. Maybe he is. But lights draws dem wild varmints, an' 'sposin' arter a whole congregation un 'em done come up starin' at de light; 'sposin' somehow or nuther de torch got out—whar Beverly den? Marse Billy got de gun; but whar Beverly? Ain't I hear people say wolf more ambitiouser for nigger dan for sheep meat? Howsomever, ef my own mahster willin' to resk losin' of me, I can stand it, I reckon. But Tom, ef you should wake up, and hear something coming through de bresh like a drove o' steers, you needn't ax what dat; it's me and de wolves a-makin' for camp; an' me in the lead, wid de help o' de Laud." Sitting in front of the blazing logs and chatting with his fellow cooks, Beverly could see the humor of his quite real fears.

Behold, then, the burly knight and his dusky and not over-valiant squire setting forth in quest of adventure—the one mounted on his tall gray, the other astraddle of Ned. It appears incredible that any man in his senses would take two such ani-

malson such an expedition, but there never was but one Blount. Beverly carried the gun, his chief the torch, consisting of "lightwood" knots blazing in the bowl of a long-handled frying pan. The handle, resting on the right shoulder, was held somewhat depressed, so that the light should shine above the head of the huntsman, illuminating the woods in his front. The sportsman, slowly waving the handle to and fro, peers intently into the darkness in quest of the gleaming eyes of some staring buck.

Presently a dismal howl from far away to the right came stealing through the silence. And presently an answering cry from the left, and much nearer. And another, and another! *Ugh! what was that?* A rabbit had darted under Ned, across the rattling leaves. Beverly, shivering, dug his heels into Ned's ribs. Ned pressed forward till his nose touched the ticklish flank of the gray. The gray let fly with whizzing hoof. Ned shut his eyes, unwilling to witness the enormity of an aged mule being kicked at by torch-light.

"Beverly! Beverly!" breathed the knight eagerly, "gimme the gun! gimme the gun! I see a pair of eyes as big as saucers!"

"M—M—Marse B—B—Billy——"

"Quick! gimme the gun! What the devil is the matter with you?"

"De wolves, Marse Billy! 'Sposin' arter de gun done empty dey splunge in upon us? I bound a whole nation un 'em watchin' us dis minute!"

Blount wrested the gun from the reluctant Beverly, whose knee now trembled against his. Pressing down the pan handle so as to throw the light well in front, he cocked the gun, adjusted it to his shoulder, took aim, and pulled the trigger.

Blount, in reply to the warning of his friends, had urged that it might very well be that a horse that shied by day at a gun would act differently at night. And he was right. By daylight the gray was in the habit of making one or two violent plunges when his rider fired. But to-night, when that terrible roar broke the stillness and that fierce blaze flashed into his eyes—

Immediately after the sound of the gun reached us we heard the anxious, jolting bray of a trotting mule. The disjointed, semi-asinine song came nearer, and presently Ned hurried past the fire to his place by his tethered mate, with a low

equine chuckle of satisfaction. In his wake rushed Beverly, panting, wide eyed. It was a full minute before he could speak.

"Lord, mahsters, don't ax me nothin'; I don't know nothin' 'bout it. I 'most don't know whether I here or no arter de way dem revengious varmint whoop me through dem woods, a-yelpin' an' a-gnashin' o' deir teeth. B'fo' Gaud, I thought every minute was gwine to be my next! When Marse Billy shoot, though I beg him not to, seein' dat de whole woods was a-bilin' wid wolves, dat fool of a horse o' hisn jess riz on his hind legs an' splunge right over me an' Ned, jess like we warn't nothin' 't all. Dem lightwood knots flew right up, same as one o' dem blaze o' glories I see when I got religion. I lit on my head. Ned he went one way; Marse Billy horse anudder. But seein' as I done knowed Ned de longest, I followed him—an' he fotch me home. Run? No, twarnt runnin', twas flyin'; an' every jump de varmint was a-reachin' for me. I hear deir teeth, jess as plain, clashin' like sheep shears. Umgh-umgh! Beverly hump heself he did. Jess look at my clothes! I left de rest of 'em on de bushes. Whar Marse Billy? Lord a-mussy, I dunno! I mighty 'fraid de wolves done got him, leastwise ef he didn't set hard on dat dere fool gray.

"Mahster, couldn't you gimme jess a leetle tetch o' dat whiskey? I'se power-

ful downhearted. Thank you, mahster. But mahster, don't lemme go no mo' a spotin' along o' Marse Billy; seem like I ain't dat kind. Lemme drive my mules, lemme cook, don't lemme go projickin' about wid Marse Billy Blount no mo'. You laughin', is you, Tom? Nemmind—you go next time!"

Presently there came to us from far away a doleful yell, with nothing of the bugle blast in it. "There he is!" and we made response with laughter-choked shouts.

About fifteen minutes afterward the sound of hoofs was heard, and presently our mighty hunter appeared, but *quantum mutatus ab illo!* No hat, no gun, one skirt of his coat and half of the buttons gone; shirt bosom torn out, trousers hanging in ribbons! But though his face was scratched beyond recognition he remained the one, only true Blount in the world; though his eyes were bloodshot they beamed with conscious victory.

"Boys," said he, "which of you will go and help me bring him in?"

"Bring what in?"

"Why, the buck—I blew his infernal head off, sure!"

Next morning Blount and Beverly rode to the scene of their exploit, and Blount secured his gun and Beverly his frying pan. The buck had either walked off without his head or been swallowed by one of the varmint.

IT IS NOT A DREAM.—A BICYCLING SKETCH.

BY ALFRED C. STOKES.

WHEN the air grows keen, when the roads get as rough as the bark of an old tree, when the clouds sink low, with that dull and threatening tinge that even the gilding gleam of the sun's reflection at their edges cannot lighten, what can the wheelman do? It is winter. The snow flies, the sleet cuts like steel teeth. It is then that he puts his feet on the mantelpiece and in his mind skims the earth on his wheel, and tells Polly about it.

Winter riding is not pleasant, in spite of the assertions to the contrary of some that must be thinking of the fragrant and sunny South, where the bicyclist has the year on his string and may play it and do

with it as he pleases. But to us of the North, when the heavy sky comes down and covers us with its chill, winter riding is not pleasant. There are, I believe, "reformed" cyclists who have written "confessions" in which they tell us who are not reformed that when under the best conditions they have seemed to be gliding smoothly and with little effort, every joint has been rattling and every tooth leaping in its socket. I think that unless the "reformed" were telling lies they had been experimenting with winter riding, when the roads are as hard as the foundations of the earth and rough as the corduroy of a Southern swamp. It is plain prose, this winter riding,

and its grammar and rhetoric will not bear criticism. It is better to light the fire and your pipe, put your feet on the mantelpiece and travel the summer roads in a mental vision. In the curling smoke you may see the summer adventures and hear the summer sounds.

Then we can dream about the time when the cyclist with loving care wheels the machine through the alley and out of the front gate, with a wicked wish that someone might be envying him his good luck in possessing such a treasure. He is not conceited nor self conscious beyond the majority of his fellows, but—you remember the beginning of a certain rider's career, when he tried to seem bold, while his heart was making a lump in his throat with fear of a disaster and his hands grasped the vulcanite with frantic clutch. But that passes. The time always comes when the wheelman is like that classic woodchuck that sat under the tree where "he cared for nobody and nobody cared for he." Then cheerfully he rides with holes in his knickerbockers, a hat down over his ears and shoes that have "seen better days." In spite of—well, of Polly's warning that he is steering straight for the rag bag he goes with his wheel and is happy.

From the darkened window at midnight he peers to scan the sky and to ask, What of the night? He sets the alarm clock at an unearthly hour and never complains at its clangor. In the tender light of the rising sun he creeps downstairs, avoiding that squeaking board and that snapping step. He has no desire to hear: "Good gracious! Are you after that foolishness again?" So he locks the back door with superhuman stillness, and is free. The perverse gate bangs with a concussion that must shake the house; a glance at an upper window shows a ghostly figure, but there too late to do any harm. The wheelman is out. He is mounted. He has gone.

Says the gamekeeper in the delightful book which Richard Jefferies has called "The Gamekeeper at Home:" "It's indoors, sir, as kills half the people; there isn't nothink like fresh air and the smell of the woods. The hedges and the grass is as sweet as sugar after a shower." Bless the gamekeeper! He has found the note to which the wheelman thrills, the vibration of sympathy that stirs him.

This cycling is said to be dangerous, too. Yet it is seldom so to one's anat-

omy, for an occasional "header" will do that good by toughening it. A bicyclist can never be a "mollycoddle," and therein should he felicitate himself. A fool can never ride a bicycle. Every rider knows that! The wheelman may be pale, and have furrows between his eyebrows, and a deep line on each side of his mouth, marks which he will hardly outgrow, because it's indoors, sir, that has half killed him before he has won his machine. He has dreamed of it, worked for it, devoured it with his hungry eyes—and now he has it, but he has, too, a pallid face and some gray hairs in his moustache. But he in no way cares about these things. Just now he is like that woodchuck that sat under the tree.

Yet he suspects that in escaping an imaginary danger he has run upon a real one, for of the wheel he never gets enough until he is ready to fall off through sheer exhaustion. That is the dangerous attribute of the delightful companion, and it is on this point that its enemies so loudly dilate, since in their opinion the happy owner is in danger of doing too much through the fascination of it all. Then he himself wakes to the fact, and is compelled to care for himself and for the wheel, and it is this judicious combination of recklessness and of careful treatment that lengthens the life of each.

So the bicycle, through the very weakness that its enemies make so prominent, blesses him that rides it. Out of doors it takes him, into the open it takes him. It gives him purity to breathe, and pure things to see, and sweet things to think, and adventures to dream about when the winter shuts him in, and pathetic little pictures to put into words for his friends. It shows him the poetry of life, it lays bare for him the longings of the small boy's heart and the timid wishes of the little maid that he is leading by the hand along the country road. The wheelman sees the tenderness of life, for he sweeps past so swiftly that the unconscious performers have no time to replace their masks. It is the instantaneous view that he receives and treasures. Yet sometimes the rain rains on him, and the mud splashes him between the shoulders. The "road hog" curses him and the wayside brute calls out the dog. He rattles over a tin can and cuts his tire; the wheel springs a stick into the air that perversely falls into the spokes and scrapes off some of their glittering enamel. He takes

a header. He says a bad word or two and is ashamed of himself. But it is all the same in the end; the mishaps are forgotten, the happiness remains, and the wheelman's summer life is worth living, and his winter's pleasure is in living the summer over again.

It is, after all, the point of view that gives the picture its charm. The artist selects it with care, and has the disadvantage of an immovable scene. The wheelman does better. His picture is a panorama. It seems to advance; it is brought to him in its natural size and alive; it is at times still life, yet it is as often full of activity. It is his point of view which changes and moves and makes the scenes so delightful.

Nothing comes amiss to him. He accepts all that is offered, from the approving smile of the pretty girl to the sour looks and the worse than sour words of the country boor. The wheelman's world as he rides is a promiscuous one, but his compensation is that he is out of doors. "There is nothing like fresh air and the smell of the woods. The hedges and the grass is as sweet as sugar after a shower." It is the perfume and the delight of the byways and of the lanes; of even the dusty roads and of the weary hills; of the placid streams and the summer sea; of the daylight and the starlight; it is out of doors, out of doors, out of doors! The warm sunshine which enwraps him, the spicy breezes that come sweeping to him over the fields and the meadows, and the rippling waters that swirl under the planks as he and his wheel rumble across the bridges, are all for him. It is his motion and the movement of the things about him that are so stirring to his blood and so stimulating to his mind, and, best of all, so exhilarating to his body. I sing the bicycle and the man that from the shores of city gutters leaps into the saddle with wordless glee because the toils of the day are done, and he has the world to roam in, while its thoughtless dwellers may forget him if they will, as he for a time is willing to forget them.

The wheelman is a different being in the saddle of his obedient machine from what he is as he trudges along the city's dirty streets. On the bicycle he flies, he sings, he shouts till the country people look from their windows to see a madman rush by.

"No, no, Polly. I have not yet talked enough. Put that cushion under my

head, won't you, Polly, dear?" With my feet on the mantelpiece I sit on my shoulder blades. "The cushion, Polly, please!"

Polly has gone. It doesn't matter; now I can put on another hickory stick. The rain dashes against the glass. A handful of hail tinkles on the panes. The wind moans in the chimney throat. It is winter, but the bicyclist can ride in a summer memory. It is dark, but he can ride in a summer light that never can grow dull nor dim. With his blood leaping through every vein, throbbing fast and throbbing faster with every turn of the wheel and tinging his pale cheek, he rides. Every muscle plays sure and swift and obeys the command of the happy brain with not a moment's hesitation or a moment's reluctance. What more could he ask? Let the sleet beat on the slates if it will—who cares?

Although the bicycle is becoming so common a means of progression, it is not yet so familiar in country places as to be seen without some emotion. When riding into the far country on a summer day it is a common experience to hear a voice, the voice of the small boy especially, cry, as the wheel skims silently by the farm-yard gate: "There goes a bicycle; look, look!" and an answering "Where?" in a deeper but no less interested a tone. To the small boy it is ever a blissful sight. With him the thought of possessing a bicycle is the acme of earthly delight. I once told a friend that with a bicycle and a pleasant word the "vicious animal," as Plato called him, could be tamed in a moment and converted into a faithful ally. He so doubted it that he resolved to make the experiment, and did so, but with the essential requisite of success omitted. He made the trial from a back seat of a carriage. "Well, my little man," he said to the barefooted urchin trudging along the sandy road, "how do you do to-day?" "Just as I durned please," came through the summer air in a tone that ended all further conversation.

That greeting was too condescending. "Hello! How-de-do? How's everything to-day?" would have come nearer touching the small boy's heart, and with a sight of the delectable bicycle the change in that heart would have been complete. A buggy can have no softening effect. Never but once have I failed in an experiment on a country boy with the bicycle, and this wicked fellow's reply to my greeting from the saddle was: "Yah, you

spider-legged, curly-headed monkey!"—an answer that filled me with delight because it was so accurate. With the small boy of the city street failure is pretty certain, for he seems to belong to a different species from him of the country. When I had these experiments on hand, I once spoke not to a certain city specimen, but touched the visor of my cap with a cordial gesture. What was my dismay to hear: "Oh, Jimmy, see the old sport!"

Next to the pleasure of making these experiments on the small boy, perhaps the greatest enjoyment for the wheelman riding alone is to overtake a carriage and its occupants that are quietly jogging over the road, to pedal along with them for a short time to show them that you could if you would, and then do it. With a dash pass by, and leave the carriage behind.

Nothing seems so to surprise the average driver as to have this experience. It increases his appreciation of the bicycle, and enlarges his mind by giving him something above potatoes to think about and to describe when he gets home. It is not a rare thing to be challenged to a race by a driver who has the confidence of his convictions, and to the wheelman there can scarcely be taste of greater delight than to let out with one's best muscles and to beat that confident man.

Although the bicyclist may be working for all that his muscles are worth, and the machine responding with all its good will, the horse may gain the advantage, yet the wheelman has the excuse: "Of course you couldn't expect me to beat you on such a road as this!" The road is always open to condemnation, and usually deserves it. But this little experience in racing with the sole object of doing something that he seems not to think of intending to do is one of the good things in the life of the wheelman who rides alone into the country. It may be that if he opened his mouth he would pant like a thirsty dog, and it may be only by the greatest effort that he pretends to be enjoying the necessity of panting through his nostrils; streams may be trickling down his spinal column, and his legs may be about ready to stop from utter inability to move, yet with a single spurt he may beat that horse, and then it will be time to dismount to oil the machine, and to pretend that his efforts have disrupted some of his buttons.

All this, to make the fun complete, should be done without a single glance of recognition toward the carriage or its occupants. You can see from the corners of your eyes that you are the victor, and refusing to make a sign or to show that you have been conscious of the struggle adds to the bliss of the moment and increases the astonishment of the carriage folk. "Good gracious! If he did that without trying, what would he have done if he had really raced with us?"

But perhaps in this sport the very acme of delicious experience comes when the wheelman can overtake a staid old nag driven by a woman. She should be alone. Then as he comes quietly up behind the outfit of buggy and old horse, and country woman with an ambition, the sport begins, and if the bicyclist can keep his seat, notwithstanding his inward laughter, he will have a joyous moment or two. To look at her, to appear to notice her, is to break the charm and to disclose the rider's purpose. Keep on the power or gradually increase it, and out of the sides of your eyes you will see the woman's arms begin to tremble. She separates the lines even wider apart than usual; she leans forward and looks at the apparently unconscious wheelman; she slips forward to the edge of the seat, and you can see her hands trembling and the ribbons on her bonnet quivering in her anxiety. She slaps the unhappy horse with the reins, and gets pale, and flushes and grows pale again. The old nag is doing his best; now is the time, wicked wheelman; let yourself out! Aha! she is a dozen yards in the rear, and as you pass, apparently without effort, you hear her say:

"Oh, pshaw! them bicycles!"

Here Polly gave the fire a whack with the poker.

"Do you mean to say that that is one of the abominable things that you do when you go riding? You should be ashamed of yourself."

"No, Polly—never, never! A polite wheelman would never do an obnoxious thing like that. It is only those depraved fellows of the baser sort, who have no conscience and no sympathy, that are guilty of such conduct. But for even us good wheelmen it is always a temptation."

Polly put another hickory stick on the fire. She said nothing, but she seemed to be thinking violently.

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XV.

THE chums got over their little snarl in a day or so. Possibly if the race had eventuated otherwise Harry would have been somewhat more repellant. As they were coming home from the post office one night, Jack's hand still being carried in a bandage, they happened to meet Captain Clark, who stopped and talked with them.

"You don't mean to say you rowed with a felon on your hand, Rives?"

Jack blushed a little.

"Why, man, you pulled harder than any man in your boat."

"So he did!" said Harry proudly.

The 'varsity captain whistled a lively air and turned on his heel. Then he called out: "See that you don't take cold in it, Rives. And by the way, come to my room in South Middle to-morrow night, will you? We are going to have a boating meeting."

"There," said Jack. "If I hadn't rowed, Harry, and nearly killed myself, I wouldn't have got that invitation."

He felt he was on the 'varsity from that hour, just as Harry believed he had a sure thing on the nine.

The first term of freshman year drew on to its end. Everyone in college but freshmen was busy getting ready for the Thanksgiving jubilee, which, though now obsolete, was at that time the successor of the Wooden Spoon Exhibition and a grand annual rumpus, tolerated by the faculty, at which all the jokes, the victories, defeats and events of the college year were reviewed and caricatured on the stage. It began with minstrels and ended with a play.

But the poor freshmen had little heart, most of them, during those last weeks of their first term for jubilees. They were glad enough for anything to enliven them. Jim Danforth went about with a long face, predicting that out of their class of 156 only a hundred would be left after the Christmas holidays. A freshman tutor by the name of Dilworthy had taken the entire charge of Danforth. Dilworthy was tutoring and at the same time attending the theological course with a view of ulti-

mately becoming a clergyman in the up-country towns of Connecticut. He had one weakness — baseball. He couldn't play himself, but he loved to see the nine play, and he was tired of seeing them beaten by Harvard.

He watched Danforth and made up his mind that he was one of the greatest baseball players that ever came to college. That settled it. He was his division officer, and although Jim flunked his Horace "dead," he kept getting the most amazing stand in Latin—a stand which brought him up in Greek and mathematics and carried him through the term. In fact Tutor Dilworthy had a soft heart for all disheartened freshmen. He was a queer, solitary, lonesome sort of man, and



"TUTOR DILWORTHY SITTING GRIM AND BOLT UPRIGHT."—P. 244.



MRS. MORIARTY.—P. 246.

yet he was probably the most popular tutor in college, where tutors are so unpopular.

Twice a week he gave up an evening to about twenty low-stand freshmen. He called it his "fifth division." Those low-stand men! They studied very hard, too. But, as Tutor Dilworthy said, they were mostly "misfits." They had never begun right. The miserable "preparatory" system which they underwent—going from one boarding school to another, or getting private teaching from unworthy instructors, never getting the right kind of drill—brought them into college loathing all kinds of study.

It was less than a month now to the Christmas holidays, and the following night the Thanksgiving jubilee was to come off at Alumni Hall. There was but one recitation in review the next day, and

it was a sort of "let up" night. Several freshmen dropped in, and they tossed up to see who should be sent out to work the "growler." The lot fell to Nevers, a jolly, good-natured little chap as ever drew breath. So good-natured that he was generally imposed upon.

"By Jove!" he said, "I hate to go out this cold, frosty night and leave that fire. Gad, fellows, *what a fire to roast a turkey!*"

"If we only had the turkey!" laughed Thornton from the lounge, where Stamp was lying, one eye open, his head on his lap.

"Turkey! I know a bank whereon wild turkeys grow—a turkey farm out by West Rock," said Jack quickly. "We used to run past it when Granniss took us on our four-mile trips in training. Gobble-obble-obble! They must be fat and tender now. Gobble-obble-obble!" He made their very mouths water.

"Ahem! Could you, me boy, could you lead me thither?" asked Coles facetiously.

"The owner is a crusty old farmer, and the farmer's big dog lay on the barn floor, and Bingo was his name, sir!" chimed in half a dozen others, admonishingly.

"Oh, Stamp here can chew the ears off any Bingo!" laughed Thornton.

It took only a little more talk to get Jack to say:

"If I could get three fellows—Bill Thornton, you, Harry—I want you, Coles—I'll get you two fat spring turkeys. Boys, we'll have a feast. Time! It's now 9 o'clock. It's a two-mile run only to the turkey farm. Oh, if the old rascal makes any trouble we'll buy them! But, meanwhile, how would a lot of roast oysters go with turkey?"

"You get the turkey, we'll provide the oysters!" volunteered Danforth. "By

Gad! I'll stop in and invite old Dilworthy. He'll come. I'll make him bring his flute and he never need know where the turkeys came from."

"By all means!" laughed Jack, taking off his coat and vest for the long run out and back, and looking for his baseball shoes.

Harry went down to pacify Mrs. Gimly.

"Mrs. Gimly," he said, bowing to Samantha, who was washing dishes at a sink in the next room; "Mrs. Gimly, the fellows wanted me to give you this to buy yourself and Miss Samantha a turkey Thanksgiving, and perhaps you won't mind our having a little supper to-night?"

"Oh, no. It's Thanksgiving time, an' of course——"

"We expect Tutor Dilworthy, and we may make a little noise."

"Oh, if the faculty is present, what is it to Samantha an' me? We are not here to find fault with them. An' if any tutor is with ye I resign me charge."

Harry warned Mrs. Gimly that there might be a little extra noise and went back to the room and put on his running shoes.

It was wicked, it was wrong — but it was Thanksgiving. The butchers' shops had long since shut up and turkeys could not be bought then. Turkeys *must* be had to satisfy their sharp, freshman appetites, might not turkey be "crooked?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Oh, stolen joys of college life! How sweet they are *in esse* and in recollection! What jovial dreams come back to the old and enfeebled alumnus as he remembers the old times, the open Franklin stoves, the midnight feasts, the good fellowship, the dare-devil exploits, the rollicking fun, the jokes, and the perfect freedom from care, except as to that awful

question of that first term—"Am I below average?"

This question a number of freshmen were to answer as did Caswell—in the affirmative. Fortunately none of the "Gimly gang" was caught napping, though poor Danforth had a close and extremely narrow shave. In that little mercurial mark which jumped about, above or below 2 for the "low standers" lay their tragedy of college life. No laughing matter, be it said, in truth, for some, for it seemed that life had no further bitterness for them.

Caswell, however, was not one of those who took the matter to heart; not he. Danforth heard the news and went and asked him and Holland to the spread. Five minutes after he entered Harry and Jack's room—that large, low room—he might have been taken for a freshman himself. He was the life of the party. Tutor Dilworthy was by no means the solitary star that evening, although he played the flute in almost faultless style.



"HETHERINGTON SAT DOWN AT THE FRESHMEN'S TABLE."—P. 246.

Picture to yourself, dear reader, on that cold, frosty night in November, the curtains drawn, a blazing wood fire in the old Franklin stove, a fat white turkey turning on an improvised spit (Jack's silver-headed stick given him by his mother on his seventeenth birthday), a room full of jolly freshmen guying and joking with their tutor (and it was a rare thing for a tutor to unbend this way), Jack and Jim Danforth presiding over the cooking, basting the unctuous, crisp, fat turkey with a huge iron spoon borrowed from Samantha (with many misgivings, doubtless, on her part); oysters roasting in the glowing coals; a dozen of beer on the table and a box of cigars. Enter to these Caswell and Holland, bearing between them half a dozen magnums of Clicquot as a peace offering.

"Gentlemen," said Caswell, as he entered and the laughter subsided, "we meant to have taken you in to-night, but *diis aliter visum* (the only Latin I ever knew), you have taken us in. Holland and I are going to be with you next year. The faculty have dropped us!"

A subdued murmur followed, for to most present the announcement was news. Had the faculty dared to drop the great Holland, the president of the D. K. campaign committee? How were the mighty fallen, indeed!

"Umpty-three is giving us her very tother best," said Danforth, "and we're proud to have you with us, though I must confess it won't—it won't seem at all natural not to have Mr. Caswell in the enemy's ranks."

"I shall wreak a full and hearty vengeance on Umpty-five," said Caswell, earnestly, "for this wanton act of the faculty. However, let me say that you fellows are just my sort. It softens my fall to find myself landed with the 'Gimly gang.'"

"Hear! hear!" So loud and long that Mrs. Gimly's knock was heard. Harry hurried out and pacified her.

"Why," said Holland, as Harry returned, "your invitation to the turkey roast sort of gives me a turn, as the old lady said as she mounted her bicycle. It's mighty generous of you—particularly so, Mr. Thornton, as it came after you learned from Mr. Caswell that we were dropped. By Jove! I was feeling blue, but this kind welcome of yours at this time comes home to me with a great deal of real, heartfelt—I don't know how to express myself."

There was a profound silence. Everyone felt very sorry for Holland, who had

been so prominent and so popular in his class. Tutor Dilworthy said kindly: "There is one thing here at this pleasant affair, I think—we don't feel we belong to any particular class; I graduated some six years ago, but I feel like a freshman! I believe the true old Yale spirit of friendship is somewhere hiding about here. Um, um; I think I smell him!"

The fat turkey just then seemed to give out a specially delightful and delicious odor. "By the bye, how did you boys find such excellent turkeys? You are good judges, I dare say?" asked the tutor, innocently enough. No one gave the secret away, of course; but everyone knew he suspected. Presently Jack pronounced the turkey done. Thornton pronounced it done. Everyone gave his opinion, and it was pretty generally in the affirmative. There were not enough plates to go around, but that did not matter. Some drank their champagne out of tooth mugs, a few had glasses. Then came the roast oysters, and everyone talking at once, and 2 o'clock struck and no one knew it or cared; and Tutor Dilworthy sang a song and Caswell sang a song, but they voted the tutor's the best.

At 3:30 A. M. they formed in a body, singing (oh, mortal insult to the juniors!) D. K. E. songs, and, pretending to be juniors, marched down on to the campus. Here Tutor Dilworthy, seized with a sudden spasm of conscience, disappeared utterly from their ken, and was seen to dart into the shadowy portals of Old South. So, with songs on the fence, ended at early cock crow the famous Thanksgiving turkey feast of Umpty-four.

Ah, me, it is all very well for those who can sleep all day to keep up the racket all night, but to wake and hear the dreadful chapel bell ringing in one's ears, to hurry on one's clothes, to run for prayers at full speed for five minutes on an empty stomach—such was the cruel debt they had to pay to religion the next morning! If one cut, it was two marks; if one was late, it was also two marks; consequently no one was ever late at chapel. It amused Harry to see Tutor Dilworthy sitting grim and bolt upright in his seat as if he had not been eating turkey until 3 o'clock in the morning! But, oh, those long, dry, dismal morning prayers! The set phraseology, the quaint early English technique of theology,

never listened to, never half heard by the five or six hundred students who are busy, heads down most of them, conning over their morning recitations! As between the question of losing his soul or his "stand" a college boy never hesitates. He is a worldling of worldlings, and to him there is no immediate hereafter. In the old days in the old chapel the seats were high backed and favored casting hurried glances at text books before recitation. We dare say all this is changed for the better now.

CHAPTER XVII.

Of the absurdities of the Thanksgiving jubilee which took place in Alumni Hall the following night it will not be found advisable to speak until the later years of college life shall find our heroes upon the stage figuring in the grotesque melodramas which, interspersed with local hits, kept Yale students up laughing till all hours (in those days) prior to their departure for home. At this time it was the one annual outburst of wit and good fun—a good deal of it (it must be admitted) directed against the faculty and against unpopular professors and tutors. Thanksgiving jubilees are of the mighty past; they have followed the Wooden Spoon, the Burial of Euclid and Omega Lambda Chi into desuetude.

Then, next day after, came that pleasant four days of home. How delightful it was to swagger about in new clothes and (a way from New Haven) sport a cane, and perhaps in stealth a beaver hat! Uncle Dick

Lyman gave the boys a dinner at his club in New York and took them to see the beautiful Adelaide Neilson, then the reigning star in public favor. They returned to college and to study with just a faint suspicion that there was a wider, greater life outside the university; but this suspicion hardly increased as time wore on.

The "little" life in college in the four years—how great and how large it seemed!

Of the hard month of study before the first-term examinations at Christmas the less said the better. There was no desirable object in compelling the freshmen to cram Euclid by heart, theorem figures and all. To Harry, who had a capital memory, it was perhaps an advantage, as he succeeded in memorizing his



"THEY PRESENTED THEIR TICKETS TO A HUGE GRINNING DARKY."—P. 247.

propositions so well that he obtained a very high mark on the examination.

When, after a jolly Christmas vacation in New York, they returned to college Harry found that he had been elected to the honors of the second division. Jack was in the third, Danforth in the fourth, and Thornton, who took everything so easily, was in the first. The great event of Caswell's and Holland's fall from Umpty-three to Umpty-four had already become a nine-days wonder, and the college had settled down into humdrum winter-term regularity, when a trifling little event happened which was to have a great effect upon our hero's after life in college.

Freshmen were at this time tabooed in New Haven. They were rarely invited out, being deemed in town as the college world deemed them—too raw for any social attention. De Garmo came up from New York and gave them dancing lessons once a week. They could dance with each other and whirl about, knocking knees, over the uneven floor of the dancing academy on Chapel street above a drug store, but further in social life they could not go. Harry and Jack knew a little about the art from their sisters. They despised dancing as "girly-girly" and silly. But one evening they found two invitations on their study table, one of which read as follows in printed writing:

"The company of Mr. Henry Chestleton, of Yale College, is hereby requested to attend the sixteenth annual cake walk of the Ebenezer Chapel Congregation of Free and Independent Colored Methodists, at the State House (basement), on Saturday, January 17, 18—, at 8 o'clock P. M."

Mrs. Gimly came up to say that a colored gentleman had called and left the "invites" and would call again later and collect 25 cents for each "invite."

"Shall we take in the cake walk?" said Jack, looking up rather blankly.

"Why not—by all means!" Henry laughed. "It's our first entrance into New Haven society. It may be the side door, but we must remember we are freshmen. Beggars must not be choosers!"

Thornton dropped in later in the evening and complained of an enormous and unsatisfied appetite, which one of Mrs. Moriarty's Welsh rarebits alone could vanquish. They put on their coats and sauntered down to the old-fashioned ale-house. About a table as they entered

were seated half a dozen of their own class. It was quite true that Umpty-four had shown an immediate and apparently unquenchable fondness for Mrs. Moriarty's Bass and Burton. Mrs. Moriarty had been so far a mother to them, sympathizing and advising. She was always a kind mother to freshmen, often refusing a third glass of ale if she thought they had had enough. When the boys entered she was seated in her rocking chair behind the counter (wiped as clean as a plate), near the grate. She was in her clean calico frock and white apron, and looked tidy and neat as a Philadelphia Quakeress. Cook—pronounced Coook—a little dried-up Englishman, was seated at a table drinking, in a slow, leisurely way, a pint of 'alf and 'alf. Coook was a fixture at Mrs. Moriarty's, and there was a dim suspicion on the part of the students that he was "waitin' on" the genial widow.

"Are you going to take in the cake walk" was the question on all sides. And every freshman present thought it would be a good joke to "black up" and attend in a body.

Presently in came Hetherington, "the Greek wonder," looking very feeble and old. He had hardly gotten over a week's spree. He sat down at the freshman table, bowing to everyone. He only seemed to be acquainted with freshmen. Hardly a man in the room but pitied him and looked down on him. Poor old Hetherington! His brain was still capable of great effort if well directed; but rum had so far "got him dead," as the freshmen whispered about one to the other, and his hand trembled as he raised his glass of Bass to his lips.

Here was a strong, able man, only thirty-three years old, going to the dogs—if he had not already gone. Harry looked at him pityingly. He and Hetherington had been good friends ever since that day at Brood's. He had been up twice in the boys' room in York street and had told them long, interesting tales of Yale and her glories in the past. He had strong reverences for the "great" and learned professors whose mortal frames rested in the old graveyard near Center Congregational Church.

The freshmen sat about the round table—ten of them—and began with their "rabbits" and ale to get very noisy. Hodge, Dickson and Brewer came in, seniors, with their awful glittering golden badges on their scarfs. Instantly there was a hush.

The seniors were very great men. They seemed very old, older far than poor Hetherington, who sat silently leaning over his ale cup and looking solemnly down into the lees as if he saw there the dregs of his ill-spent life. It was a lesson to those boys, but who received it?

CHAPTER XVIII.

Other students might go out and dine with the New Haven nabobs on Temple and Elm streets; yea, truly, and penetrate as far as the palaces of the truly rich and great on Hillhouse avenue; it was left for freshmen to shine at the great Ebenezer cake walk among the highest ornaments of colored society in the large empty hall beneath the old State House. Harry and Jack, well corked and wearing—as did many others—a fantastic regalia hired for the occasion, presented their tickets in due form to a huge grinning ducky in a dress suit, a sort of major domo, who stood at the door and bid each guest a hearty welcome. In the hall when they arrived there was already a crowd of fifty or sixty of “de bes’ an’ mos’ refined cullud folk in de city,” as a “cullud gemman” informed them. A dozen dim lamps gave forth a dubious light, and in the semi-darkness the freshmen were not recognized. It was just a lark, and Thornton, who could do anything with his legs, executed a capital hornpipe for the delectation of the assembled guests before the walk began.

The spacious low-ceilinged hall was now getting to be crowded with colored brethren and sisters. A large barrel of cider at five cents a glass, with sandwiches for ten cents, stood on a counter on which was the enormous frosted raisin cake to be given to the winner of the cake walk. Jack and Harry walked about arm in arm, tried the cider, listened to the really good banjo music, and were attracted to one end of the hall near the ducky band. Here, surrounded by a dense crowd, a showy, elegantly-formed young negress was doing the sailor's hornpipe. Harry had never seen such dancing. It was a thing of art. He pressed through the crowd into the first rank, and the saucy *blue* eyes of the *danseuse* fastened upon him. She was very graceful, and Harry's admiration was clearly conveyed in the applause as she finished. She drew out a large yellow bandana from her pocket and just touched

her brow as she brushed by Harry, saying:

“Oh, go along! Honey, you ain't no nigger—sho!”

“Nor are you!” laughed Harry, “for I can see the white on your wrist.”

The *danseuse* laughed very heartily. “We're just here for a lark. Three of us girls just blacked up and came along. Isn't it fun!”

“You dance like a—fairy,” said the lad, offering his arm.

“Oh, my sister is in the variety business. I may be, too, some day. She taught me. Come, there goes a waltz.”

De Garmo had not yet perfected Harry in the waltz step, but he managed to do pretty well. It was not well enough for his “lady,” however. She made him stop. “Oh, I'd rather walk!” she said. Then, after a moment, she added: “Say, haven't I seen you up to the colleges? I passed you one day. I don't forget faces. You were polite; you took off your hat to me.”

“Yes; I remember now,” said Harry.

“Oh, there's Mame and Minnie now,” she laughed, pointing to two girls blacked as she was, who were talking to some students. Harry purposely led her away from her girl friends. He felt it was very wicked, but it seemed so pleasant to feel the girl's light, pretty hand resting on his arm. She was a gay, charming girl. He felt a little thrill as she said:

“Say, I always liked you for taking off your hat that day. I've remembered it ever since.”

“Have you?”

“Yes; and I've met you on Chapel street four times, and you never looked at me.”

“What is your name?”

“Ella Gerhart. Pa says Von Gerhart.”

“Well, the next time I see you you bet I won't look the other way.”

“Yes, the next time. You will never see me again.”

“Why not?”

“Because you don't like me—I'm only a shop girl.”

“I don't care for that,” said Harry, boldly. “I think it's awfully independent of you to be earning your own living.”

She gave him a grateful glance. “Are you going to the Turn-verein next Thursday?” she asked.

“The Turn-verein? What's that?”

“The German ball.”

"Well, I hadn't thought of it," said Harry, amused.

"Minnie and Mame are going and I guess I'll go if I can get my dress fixed. I am going to have a new white bombazine. I've saved it out of my wages. I only get \$5 a week and I give mother \$3, and that leaves \$2, and oh, I have so many, many things I need. I wish I had some new gloves for the ball. I don't see how I can go."

"How much would they cost?" asked Harry.

"Two dollars; but I can get them at the store for \$1.63."

Harry slipped a \$2 bill into her hand.

"Oh, no, I can't accept it from a stranger."

"Why, Miss Gerhart, I'm not a stranger, am I?"

"Will you come to the ball?"

"Yes."

"And dance with me?"

"Yes."

"Say, what is your name? Oh, I think students are awful nice!"

"My name is Chestleton. I'm in Umpty-four."

"Are you going to walk?"

"No."

"Yes, do; that's what we came for. Mame and Minnie are going to."

"Oh, well, I don't care, if you walk with me."

Blacked as she was he could see how graceful and pretty the girl was and what beautiful hair she had. She was out for a lark, and lark, too, she was having! He remembered the pretty shop girl now very well. It was she who threw him a saucy kiss that first morning when he was out on the campus conning his Virgil. How long ago it was! And she had borne him in mind ever since! After all what harm would ever come of a little fun with this pretty shop girl? Strangely enough as they wandered through the crowd of students, darkies, town people and everyone, he thought what would Miss Hastings think of him if she knew of his little escapade.

Before the evening was over he had promised absolutely to attend the German ball of

the Turn-verein. He had done more; as he was evidently not a good dancer he had agreed to call at Ella's house, in the outskirts of New Haven, and she and Mame and Minnie would give him a few lessons.

That cake walk! He hardly cared what was going on. His head was in a whirl. It was such a secret. He thought he wouldn't tell Jack, who kept hanging around and obtruding in the way, expecting an introduction. He and the pretty Ella got some applause, but the cake went to two tall *bona-fide* darkies—a "Villikins and his Dinah"—"Villikins" was an influential deacon in the Ebenezer Church. Jack and his freshmen pals in some way got hold of Mame and Minnie, and before the evening was over Ella was introduced all around, and the Turn-verein was generally discussed. Harry was not the only freshman who agreed to be on hand at the German ball. Evidently Umpty-four was not destined to be entirely kept out of "society" in freshman year.



"YOU DANCE LIKE A FAIRY," SAID HARRY, OFFERING HER HIS ARM.—P. 247.



A WINTER IDYL.

"With startled hope she turns th' expectant eye,
Fearful to stay, yet seeming loath to fly."—P. 318.

OUTING.

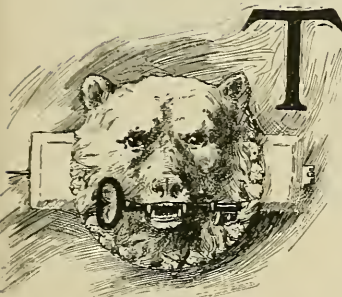
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THE BEAR'S-HEAD BROOCH.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



THE story I am about to narrate happened this way. Thomas Burke and I were old schoolmates. But his course and mine had been widely divergent for a score of years, so that by the time he had brought his family back to New York, and our acquaintance could be renewed, many untold things had happened to each.

I knew Tom had won his fortune by mining in the Rocky Mountains. It was rumored that his accomplished wife also had wealth in her own right, but Tom never had much to say in regard to his financial matters, and I did not like to question him notwithstanding our intimacy. I had dined with him two Christmases in succession, and now for the third time had

eaten my Christmas dinner at his table.

On each of these occasions Mrs. Burke had worn at her throat a magnificent brooch which I had never seen at any other time, though I had met her often when such an ornament would have been suitable enough. This brooch was a bear's face, holding in its teeth a tiny steel key. It was a marvel of delicacy in the goldsmith's art, and evidently very costly; for the eyes were each a ruby, and the head was encircled with large diamonds, half hidden by hairs of gold, as though they represented a collar round bruin's hirsute neck.

"Tom," I said, when Mrs. Burke had left us to ourselves after dinner, "I am very curious about that bear's-head brooch your wife wears. Why do I never see it except at Christmas? I am sure it has a history, and if there is no secret about it I wish you'd enlighten me."

"Well," said my old friend, "that is rather a lengthy story. There is no secret about it—at



"THEY TALKED OVER THE PAST."—P. 260.

least none to keep from an old chum like you. As for the brooch, that's only an ornament I had made some years ago; but the design and the little key—which is a real key—remind Marion and myself of what we call our Christmas story, because it culminated on that day.

"When you and I left the old university in 1870, and you came here, and I went West——"

But if I were to tell the story as he did, it would hardly be as plain to you as it was to me. I must write it out.

When Tom Burke left the university after his graduation he took the few hundred dollars which were the measure of his capital and went to the Rocky Mountains to seek his fortune. In the autumn of 1871 he became the superintendent of the Crimson Cañon Mining Company in Southern Colorado, where he found as assayer, and scientific assistant generally, a queer, learned and proud old Scotchman named Corbitt. This man had been one of the "Forty-niners" and had made a fortune which he had greatly enjoyed while it lasted, and the loss of which, in some wrong-headed speculation, he never ceased to deplore.

Now, a few weeks before Tom's arrival at the camp, Corbitt's home had been brightened by the coming of his daughter Marion, on what he told his envious acquaintances was a "veesit," implying that she could not be expected to make her home there.

And truly this remote mountain settlement, inclement in climate, uncouth, dusty, filled with rough men, and bountiful only in pure air and divine pictures of crag and glen, icy-blue peaks and chromatic patches of stained cliff above or flower meadow below—all this was anything but the sort of place for a girl like her to spend her maiden days in.

Perhaps it was not quite a case of love at first sight between her and Tom, but certainly the winter had not passed before each had confessed that there was no one else in the world beside the other whose presence much mattered in the way of happiness.

But that seemed to be the end of it, for Corbitt gave young Burke to understand most decisively that he could hope for nothing more—an engagement to marry was out of the question.

"Love, let us wait," was Marion's last word, when, on her first and last tryst, she had stolen away to meet him, and he

counted her kisses as a miser counts his gold.

"Let us wait. I care for nobody else, and nobody can marry me against my will. We are young yet. Who knows what may happen? You may get money enough to satisfy papa—I don't suppose he holds me at a very, very high price, do you? Or I may be freer after a while to do as I wish."

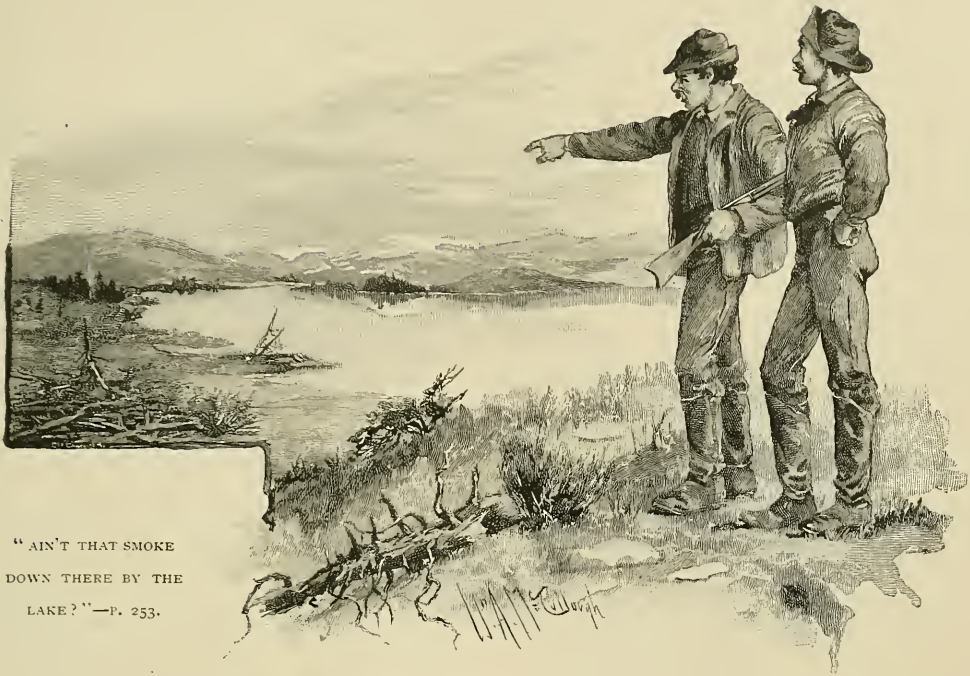
This was commonplace advice enough, but Tom saw both the good sense and the pure love in it, and accepted the decree, steeling his heart against the impulses of rage and revolt.

And then, quite unexpectedly, Mr. Corbitt resigned his place and went to Denver, taking his family with him. The same week the mine changed owners, and Burke was superseded by a new superintendent; and so, almost at a stroke, the lad lost both his sweetheart and the weapon by which he was to fight for her in the business tournament of the world. However, the latter evil was presently remedied, and he worked on, saving his money and teasing his brain for suggestions how to make it increase faster.

At that time the mighty range had never been very carefully prospected. Men had, indeed, ascended Crimson Creek to its sources in search of the deposits of quartz whence the auriferous gravels below had been enriched, but they had brought back a discouraging report. Tom was not satisfied to accept their conclusions. He was confident, from the geological and other indications, that treasures of ore lay undiscovered among those azure heights. At last, resolved to see for himself, he enlisted the help of a young miner and mountaineer named Cooper, and one day late in August they started.

After passing the pillared gateways of the cañon, and ascending for a few miles the great gorge down which the creek cascaded over boulders and ledges of granite and rounded fragments of trachyte and quartz, you come to a noble cataract leaping into the cañon from the left through a narrow gash or depression in the wall. By climbing up the opposite slope a little way, you see that this stream comes tumbling white and furious down a long rugged stairway of rocky fragments before it reaches the brink, whence it shoots out in the air and then falls in a thousand wreaths of dangling vapor.

"Cooper," Tom called out to his companion, who was more comrade than ser-



"AIN'T THAT SMOKE
DOWN THERE BY THE
LAKE?"—P. 253.

vant, "I guess we'll camp here. I want to examine this side gorge a bit."

"It looks to me," remarked Tom, "as if this had formerly been the main stream, and had carried pretty much all the drainage of the valley until a big landslide—and it didn't happen so very long ago either—dammed the exit of the valley and changed the shape of things generally, eh?"

"That's about the size of it, I guess. But, I say, ain't that smoke down there by the lake?"

"I reckon we've got time enough to go and see. It ain't far down there, and the moon'll show us the way back if we get late."

Noting their bearings, they began the descent toward the lake and presently came out upon its border, where the walking was easier. Advancing cautiously half a mile or thereabout, they again caught sight of the smoke through the bushes—a feeble column rising from some embers before a small shelter of boughs and bark that hardly deserved the name of hut. A skillet, a light pick and shovel, and one or two other household articles lay near by, but nothing alive appeared.

"No Injun 'bout that," said Cooper.

"No, Cooper; more likely a prospector."

Hallooing as they neared the hut, a lean and miserable dog rushed out and greeted them with ferocious growls, whereupon they heard a weak voice speaking to him, and saw a frowsy gray head and a bony hand, clutching a revolver, stretched out of the opening that answered for a door.

"Hello!" Tom cried. "Call off your dog; we're friends."

Then a tousled, ragged, gaunt-limbed figure, emaciated with hunger, wild eyed with fever, dragged itself from the sheltering brush, gave one long look at the stalwart strangers, and fell back on the stony ground in a dead faint, while the dog, rushing forward with the courage of a starved wolf, planted himself before the corpse-like form and defied them to touch it.

They fought off the animal, brought water from the lake and revived the man. A dram from Tom's flask stimulated him, whereupon he sat up and began to chatter incoherently, thanks to God and wild exclamations about some hidden treasure mingling with such plaintive cries as "She'll be all right now!" and "Mebbe she'll forgive her old dad!" making up the whole of his ceaseless talk.

"He's clean crazy!" was Cooper's opinion.

"Yes," Tom assented, "but it is fever and famine. Couldn't you shoot a rabbit or something? Then I could make him a stew. Try it."

But all that Cooper could quickly find to kill were three mountain jays, which were converted into a broth, thickened with the dust of flour that remained. A little tea was also found in the sick man's pack, and this was brewed for him. Then Cooper volunteered to go back to their own camp and bring over more food and Tom's little medicine case.

The next day he fetched the rest of their luggage, and in the afternoon shot a deer. So they encamped here beside the lake and nursed the old fellow until his fever subsided and the delirium had ceased to a great extent. Then by easy stages, partly carrying him on a stretcher, partly assisting him to walk, they managed to take him back to Crimson Camp and gave him a bed in Tom's cabin.

But the strain of this effort had been too much for the aged and feeble frame. No sooner was the excitement of the march at an end than a relapse occurred, and for a fortnight the old man hovered on the edge of death; skill and care seemed to conquer, however, and one morning peace came to the tortured brain and the old prospector began to get better.

Now at last he was awake, with seeming intelligence in his eyes, asking where he was and who were the people around him. Tom explained and then questioned him in return.

But the mystery was not to be so easily solved. The invalid could not tell his name, nor where he had come from. He said he had been prospecting all his life—where—how long—all particulars were a blank.

"I can't remember anything but the cache—nothing else at all," he declared, gazing piteously into one face after another.

"Tell us about that, then."

He felt in his bosom and drew out the little pouch. It was opened for him and its contents—a fragment of quartz heavy with gold and a tiny steel key—taken out.

"Ah! What do you call that?" he inquired eagerly, pointing to the yellow metal.

"Gold."

"Yes? Well, there is lots of that in my cache."

"Where is your cache?" inquired Tom.

The old fellow dropped his head and tried to think, but couldn't clutch any of the motes of memory dodging like phantasmagoria before his eyes.

"I can't tell," he confessed, with infinite sadness. "I reckon I'd know the place if I saw it. And I've forgotten everything before that, but it seems to me that I fell a great ways, and lay for years and years with an awful pain in my head. Then all at once my head got better and I opened my eyes—mebbe it was a dream—and there I and the dog were in a little camp 'way up a big gulch. I knew the place, but I felt kind o' weak and dizzy-like and 'lowed I'd make a cache o' all my stuff, and go down to Del Nort' and see a doctor. So I dug a hole beside a big rock that had a peculiar mark on it, and put into it most o' my grub and some papers, and a lot o' that yellow stuff—what d'ye call it?—and reckoned they'd be safe till I come back in three or four weeks. I can remember all about the cache and my camp there, and my leavin' it and climbin' down a devilish steep place, and there I stop and can't remember nothin' since."

This was absolutely all that was left of the man's memory, and, though he was now quite sane, he had to be taught the names and uses of many of the commonest objects. Moreover, he seemed to grow weaker instead of stronger, and after a few days the physician announced that his patient's end was near. When the old fellow was told this he called Tom to his bedside, and said to him:

"Pardner, you've done the square thing by me, and I want you to have half the traps in that cache after I've passed in my checks, and give the other half to—to—oh, God! Now I can't remember!"

Then his face brightened again.

"Oh, the letters'll tell! Read the letters and give her half of it. I'll sign a paper if you'll write it."

So a will was made, and the dying man made a mark before witness, in lieu of the signature he had lost the power to make, and the next day he died.

The miners generally believed the stranger's story of this cache to be a figment of his disordered imagination, and Tom himself might have yielded to this theory had not the physician assured him that there was a fair chance of its truth.

So Tom preserved the will, the quartz and the key, hoping that chance might sometime disclose the treasure trove if

there were any ; and a few days later he and young Cooper started a second time on their prospecting tour. This time they took a burro with them, and so were able to carry a small tent and outfit for a fortnight's trip.

By active marching they reached the lake that night, finding it slow work to get their unwilling donkey up the steep rocks at the fall, by a circuitous trail and aided by some actual lifting of the little beast. They researched the hut, but found nothing new. The dog, now fat and strong, and a devoted friend, accompanied them and betrayed most excitedly his recognition of the bivouac. Next morning they made their way up to the head of the lake, where the breadth of the gulch and the appearance of things confirmed Tom's previous surmise that this was originally the main channel of drainage.

If this were true they ought to get evidence of drift gold ; and several days were spent in panning the gravels (nowhere, however, of great extent), with most encouraging results. A few miles above the lake they found the gulch forked into two ravines divided by a rocky spur. They chose the right-hand one and lost three days in fruitless exploration of its bed and walls. Shep (the dog was a collie and they had rechristened

him) did not display anything like the joy he had shown in the advance up the main stream, and when they finally returned to the forks they could not but notice his renewed spirits. The dog was again all eagerness, and intensely delighted when on the following morning they started up the left-hand gulch.

"It looks as though his master had come down that way, doesn't it?" said Tom. "Maybe he could guide us right back to where he came from ; but he'll have to wait a while, for I like the look of that crag up there," directing his companion's attention to the crest of the wall on the left, "and I want to examine it. You'd better stay here and try to get a blacktail. Bacon three times a day is getting monotonous."

"Don't you think you'd better take the Winchester?" said Cooper. (They had brought but one rifle.) "You might hit up against a grizzly or a mountain lion. I heard one of 'em screeching last night."

"No ; I can't lug a gun. I've got my six shooter, and I'll risk it. Come on, Shep ! It's noon now, and we won't get back to supper if we don't hurry."

The dog raced gleefully ahead as the young man strode up the gulch, scanning its rugged slope in search of a convenient place to begin the ascent, and presently,



"A FROWSY GRAY HEAD AND A BONY HAND, CLUTCHING A REVOLVER, STRETCHED OUT OF THE OPENING."—P. 253.



"WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?"—P. 254.

as though cognizant of the plan, the dog turned aside and with loud barking and much tail wagging invited attention to a dry watercourse that offered a sort of path.

"I guess you're right, Shep," Tom assented, and set his face to the sturdy climb.

Half way up a ledge, covered with cedars and Spanish bayonet, made the ascent really arduous for a little way, and here the dog, which as usual was some rods in advance, suddenly began barking furiously, and capering around a small object.

"Chipmunk, I reckon," said Tom to himself, as he scrambled on, short of breath; but when Shep came sliding down, holding in his mouth a battered old felt hat, curiosity changed to amazement. The dog growled at first, and refused to give up his prize, but after a little coaxing yielded it into Tom's hands.

The old prospector had had no hat when found. Could this be it? It did not seem to have lain out of doors long, and the dog would hardly show so much interest unless his sharp nose had recognized it as something belonging to his former master. Closely scrutinizing, Tom found

tucked into the lining a slip of sweat-stained paper with a name upon it—

ARTHUR F. PIERSON,
Tucson, Arizona.

Stuffing the hat into his pocket Tom scrambled on, thinking out the meaning of the incident; and now he began to notice in this steeper place that some of the boulders had been misplaced, and here and there was a broken branch, as if someone had descended very hastily or clumsily.

"If that crazy old man came down here, and perhaps caught a second bad fall, I don't wonder he was used up by the time he reached the lake" was Tom's mental ejaculation, as he toiled up the acclivity and at last, panting and leg weary, gained a narrow grassy level at the foot of a crag "spiked with firs," which had been conspicuous from the valley not only by its height and castellated battlements, but because a colossal X was formed on its face by two broad veins of quartz crossing each other.

With his eyes fixed upon the rocky wall he walked along in the face of a stiff

breeze, until he noticed a pinkish streak upon the dark cliff, betokening the outcrop of another vein, and turned aside to climb a pile of fallen fragments at the foot of the crag to reach it. These fragments were overgrown with low, dense shrubbery. He ducked his head and was pushing into them, when suddenly he saw a huge brown body rise almost into his face, heard the tremendous growl of a grizzly, and amid a crash of bushes and dislodged stones felt himself hurled backward.

Clutching instinctively at one of the shrubs as he fell, he whirled under its hiding foliage, and the vicious stroke of the bear's paw came down upon his leg instead of his head, while the released branches snapped upward into the face of the brute, which, as much surprised as its victim, paused in its onslaught to collect its wits. An instant later Shep dashed up, and at the bear's hindquarters. Bruin spasmodically sank his claws deeper into Tom's thigh, but turned his head and shoulders with a terrific ursine oath at this new and most palpable enemy; and ten seconds afterward Tom's revolver, its

muzzle pressed close underneath the bear's ear, had emptied half an ounce of lead into its brain. A blood-freezing death squeal tore the air, and the ponderous carcass sank down, stone dead, upon Tom's body and upon the dwarfed spruce which covered it. It pinned him to the ground with an almost insupportable weight. Perhaps if the animal alone had lain upon him he might have wriggled out; but the brute's carcass also held down the tough and firmly-rooted tree, and the rocks on each side formed a sort of trough. Turn and strain as he would Tom could not free himself from the burden which threatened to smother him. Moreover, the convulsive death throes had forcibly tightened the grip of the claws in the side of his knee, which felt as if in some horrible torturing machine of the Inquisition; and had he not been able at last to reach that paw with his left hand and pull it away from the wound he would have died under the agony.

Then, as he felt the blood running hot and copious down his leg, a new fear chilled his heart. Might he not bleed



to death? There seemed no end to the hemorrhage, and what hope had he of succor? He thought of firing signals of distress, but could not reach the pistol, which had been knocked out of his hand. He spoke to the dog, which was barking and worrying at the bear's hind leg, and Shep came and licked his face and sniffed at his blood-soaked trousers. Then, as if even he realized how hopeless was the situation, he sat on his haunches and howled until Tom, hearing him less and less distinctly, imagined himself a boulder slowly but musically crunching to powder under the resistless advance of a glacier, and lost consciousness as the cold-blue dream-ice closed over his dust.

By and by he awoke. It was dark, and something cold and soft was blowing against his face. He moved and felt the shaggy fur and the horrible pain in his leg and in his right arm, which was confined in a twisted position. Then he remembered, but forgot again.

A second time he awoke. It was still dark, but a strange pallor permeated the air, and all around him was a mist of white. It was snowing fast. He closed his left hand and grasped a whole fistful of flakes. The body of the bear was a mound of white—like a new-made grave over him, he dismally thought. The snow had drifted under and about his shoulders. Its chill struck the wound in his thigh, which throbbed as though hit with pointed hammers, keeping time to the pulsations of his heart; but, thank God! he no longer felt that horrible warm trickling down his leg. He had been preserved from bleeding to freeze to death. How long before that would happen; or, if it were not cold enough for that, how long before the snow would drift clear over him and cut off the little breath which that ponderous, inert, dead-cold beast on his chest prevented from entering his lungs? Where was the dog? He called feebly: "Shep! Shep! Hi-i-i, Sh-e-p!" But no moist nose or rough tongue responded. He tried to whistle, but his parched mouth refused. Heavens, how thirsty! He stretched out his hand and gathered the snow within his reach. Then he closed his eyes and dreamed that two giants were pulling him asunder, and that a third was pouring molten lead down his throat.

But it was only Bill Cooper trying to make him drink whiskey.

He understood it after a little and realized that he ought to swallow. Then

life came back, and with the knowledge that he was no longer alone on the cold, remote, relentless mountain top, but that Cooper was lifting away the bear, and that Shep was wild with sympathy and gladness because he had been able to bring help, came courage and forbearance of his suffering. In the morning new strength came with the sunshine. The snow rapidly melted. Cooper got breakfast and Tom rebandaged his knee.

"These gashes won't amount to much, unless the claws were poisoned. You'll have to make me a crutch, and give me a couple of days to get rid of the stiffness, but then I'll be all right."

"How did you and the bear get into this scrimmage, anyhow? You surely didn't go hunting him with that there six shooter?"

"Not I. The wind was blowing hard toward me, so he didn't smell nor hear me, and I ran right on to him. Shep was not there to warn me, but if he hadn't come back just as he did, or if I hadn't been able to get at my revolver, Old Ephraim would ha' used me up in about a minute."

"I ain't a betting on one pistol shot against a grizzly, anyhow."

"Of course, the chances were about one in a thousand, but I wasn't going to die without a shot. I suppose the bullet struck the lower part of the brain."

"Yes," said Bill, who had been probing its track. "Tore it all to pieces. But what was the bear after in that brush?"

"Give it up—ants, likely. You know—Great Scott! What's that dog got now?"

Shep was coming out of the bushes, dragging a package wrapped in buckskin which was almost too heavy for him to handle. Cooper went and took it from him and brought it to the fire. It was a sort of pouch firmly tied with a thong. Running a knife under this the bundle fell apart, and a double handful of flakes and nuggets of gold and quartz rolled out.

"The cache!" Tom shouted, comprehending instantly the meaning of this. "The bear was tearing it to pieces!"

It was true. His strong feet had displaced the loosely-heaped stones, and a half-devoured side of bacon lay close by where the animal had been disturbed.

Evidently the marauder had just begun his work. There remained in the cache two more pouches of gold—perhaps a quart of the metal pieces in all, more or less pure, for all of it had been dug out of

a vein with hammer and knife point, none of the fragments showing the water-worn roundness characteristic of placer gold. Then there were a small quantity of provisions, some ammunition and a small rosewood box with an ornamental brass lock having a remarkably small and irregular keyhole.

From an inner pocket of his purse Tom drew the odd little key the dead prospector had given him. It fitted into the hole and easily turned the lock. The cover sprang open, revealing a package of letters. He lifted them out, but did not pause to read them.

Then came an envelope containing a patent to ranch lands in Arizona, certificates of stock in Mexican and other mines that Burke had never heard of, and a commission as lieutenant of artillery in the Confederate army. All these documents were made out to "Arthur F. Pierson," establishing the fact that the lost hat was really that worn by the old man, as his dog had recognized.

At the bottom of the box, however, Tom found what interested him most—a formal "claim" and description of the lode whence the gold had been taken, and how to reach it from this cache. It was written in pencil, in a very shaky hand, on two or three soiled leaves torn from a memorandum book and eked out with one of the covers.

Then Tom took up the letters. Most of them were recent and of business importance, but several were old and worn with much handling. One of these latter was from a lawyer in San Francisco, acknowledging funds "sent for the support of your infant daughter," describing her health and growth, and the care taken of her "at the convent"—all in curt business phrase, but precious to the father's heart. Then there were two or three small letters, printed and scratched in a childish hand, to "dear, dear papa," and signed "Your little Polly." One of these spoke of Sister Agatha and Sister Theresa, showing that it was written while the child was still in the convent; but the others, a little later, prattled about a new home with "my new papa and mamma," but gave no clew to name or place.

"This baby girl—she must be a young woman now, if she lives," Tom mused—"is evidently the person the poor old chap wanted me to divide with. It ought not to be difficult to trace her from San Francisco. I suppose the convent Sisters

knew where she went to when they gave her up. But, hello! here's a picture."

It was an old-fashioned daguerrotype of a handsome woman of perhaps four-and-twenty, in bridal finery, whose face seemed to him to have something familiar in its expression. But no name or date was to be found, and with the natural conclusion that this was probably Pierson's wife he puzzled a moment more over the pretty face, and then put it away.

After a few days, when Burke was able to travel, the prospector's memorandum and their mountain craft together led them almost directly to the coveted gold vein, which ran across a shoulder of the mountain at the head of the gulch, like an obscure trail, finally disappearing under a great talus at the foot of a line of snow-capped crags.

Tracing it along, they presently came upon the old man's claim marks. The stakes were lettered pathetically with the name of the old man's choosing—"Polly's Hope."

Adjoining the "Hope" Tom staked out one claim for himself and another for his sweetheart, intending to do the proper assessment work on it himself if Corbitt couldn't or wouldn't; and Cooper used up most of what remained of the visible outcrop in a claim for himself.

Returning to town their claims were registered in the Crimson Mineral District, and their report sent a flight of gold hunters in hot haste to the scene.

Tom Burke, after selling everything he could send to market to turn into ready money, departed to Denver, carrying with him documents and specimens of the gold quartz to support his assertions.

Keen men fêted and flattered him, buttonholing him at every corner with whispered advice, and many proffered schemes. But he was indifferent to it all, and anxious as yet only to hear what Marion should say.

Not a word had he heard from her directly during all the weeks of her absence, but indirectly he knew she had been a star in the local society. He had even to hunt out where she lived, finding it in a cottage near where the stately court house now stands.

He went there, after tea, with a fast-beating heart. Had she forgotten, or withdrawn or been turned away by hard-hearted parents and friends? He suspected everything and everybody, yet could give no reasons. And how absurd these

fears looked to him—how *foolish!*—when, sitting in the little parlor, hand in hand, they talked over the past, and she confided that the same doubts had worried her now and then—“most of all, Tom, dear, when I hear of this wonderful success of yours.”

“Bless me! I had forgotten it. By your side all else——”

Here the door opened—not too abruptly—and Mr. Corbitt came in, grimly hospitable and glad, no doubt for his own sake, to see this young fellow who was still true to his daughter; while Mrs. Corbitt was more openly cordial, as became her.

“An’ what’s this we’re hearin’ about your new mines? They’re sayin’ down town that you’ve struck a regular bonanza, an’ll soon be worth your meillions. But I told ‘em ‘Hoot! I’d heard the like o’ that before!’”

So Tom recounted briefly the story of the prospector’s death and his will; still more briefly his adventure with the grizzly, and how it led to the curious disclosure of the cache. Then, with no little dramatic force, seeing how interested was his audience, he described the hunt for the vein and the finding it, produced his specimens and handed to Miss Marion a mass of almost solid gold embedded in its matrix.

“I can’t promise you,” he said, as she tried to thank him with her eyes and a timid touch of her fingers, “that the whole ledge will equal that, but it is a genuine sample from near the surface.”

“Wonderful! Wonderful!” the old Scotchman ejaculated, with gleaming eyes, as Tom went on to show how regular and secure was the title to this possession. “But did ye no find out the name of the poor vagabone?”

“Oh, yes. Didn’t I mention it? His name was Arthur Pierson.”

Corbitt and his wife both started from their seats.

“Man, did I hear ye aright?—*Arthur F. Pierson?*”

“That was the name exactly. I can show it to you on the letters.”

“An’ he charged ye to give the half of all ye found to his daughter Polly?”

“Yes, and I mean to try to find her.”

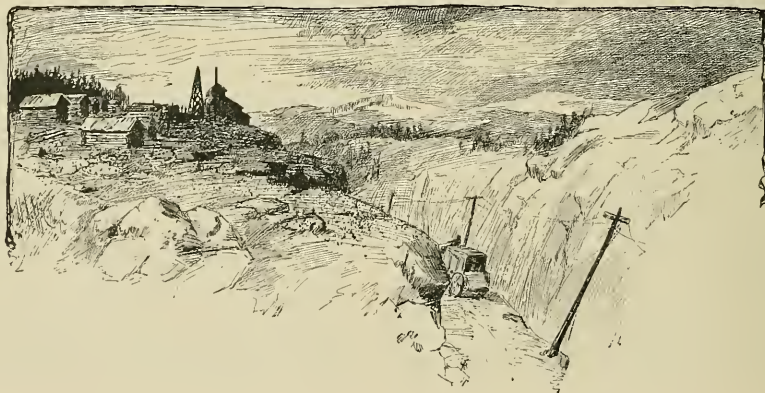
“*There she sits!*” cried Mother Corbitt excitedly, before her cautious husband could say “Hush!”—pointing at Marion, who gazed from one to the other, too much amazed to feel grieved yet at this stunning announcement. “We took the lassie when she was a wee bairn, and she would never ha’ known she wasn’t ours really till maybe we were dead and gone. Her feyther was a cankert, fashious body, but her mother was guid and bonnie (I knew her well in the auld country) and she died when Mary—that’s you, my dearie—was born.”

“Is this her picture?” Tom asked, showing the daguerrotype.

“Aye, that it is. Puir Jennie!”

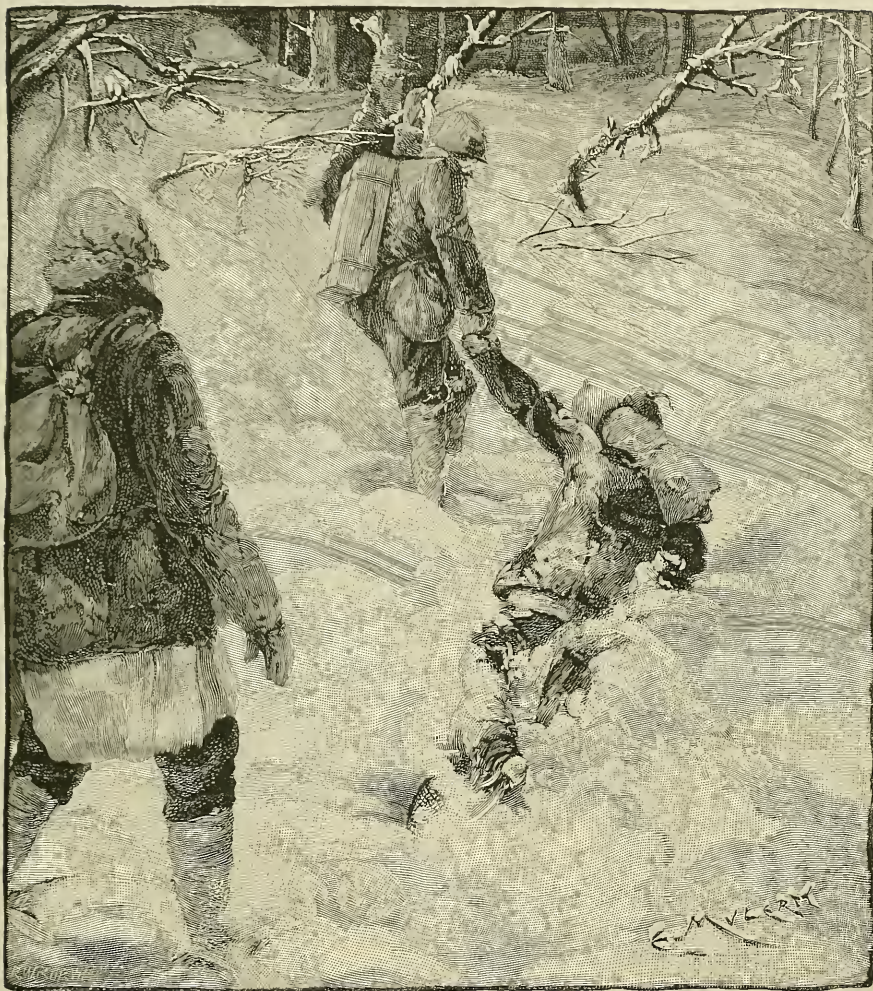
The rest is soon told. A company of capitalists was formed to work the four consolidated claims on the new vein, under the name of the Hope Mining Company.

All the next season was spent by Tom Burke in developing the property and erecting machinery. Corbitt was there too, much thawed by the sun of prosperity, but his wife and daughter remained in Denver. In the autumn, however, the ladies went East, and as the holidays approached Tom and Corbitt followed them to New York, where, on Christmas eve, my hero and heroine were married quietly in a little church up town; and his gift to her was the brooch which had attracted my attention and whose significance was now plain.



A CHRISTMAS ASCENT OF MOUNT ADAMS.

BY JOHN CORBIN.



"WE STARTED UP THE ROCKY SLOPE TOWARD THE PEAK."—P. 266.

THE Christmas recess was approaching. All the college was relaxing work, and the Scribe was sitting by his study fire taking leisure to reflect what he should do with the fortnight at his disposal. It would be pleasant enough, of course, if he went home, to hang up his stocking and to gather with his sisters and cousins about the family Christmas tree. But then there was the fatigue and exhaustion of the holiday gaiety, while the mid-year examinations were just ahead, with all the work they involved. The Scribe hesitated. Christmas was all well enough in its way, but——. Just as he was beginning to despond at the unfitness of things the door opened and the Captain stamped in, followed by several other fellows.

"I say, Scribe," shouted the Captain, kicking the snow from his shoes against the fender, "we're not going home for Christmas; we're going snowshoeing in

the White Mountains—to climb Mount Adams. Won't cost half so much; sleep nights; no Christmas dyspepsia; plenty of exercise; lots of fun. 'Christmas Skeddaddlers,' that's what we call ourselves."

"Better come; chance o' your lifetime," urged Tom the Goat, who had already achieved fame as a climber. When a man has scaled the Sierra Blanca, life seems scarcely worth living on the dead levels of this world.

Well, that is how it came about that two days later we arrived at Gorham and took sleds for the Moose River Valley.

This valley runs around the base of the cluster of mountains of which Adams is the highest. The cluster, viewed from a distance, seems but a single mountain, for the bases are massed together and only the summits are individual. Beginning in this valley and running up toward the group of summits is Durand Ridge. On one side of this ridge lies a vast gorge, King's Ravine, and on the other the deep bed of a torrent that flows from a spring at the base of the summit of Madison. The crest of the ridge is above timber line, and the several peaks beyond are bare and rocky. On the days preceding our ascent the members of our party would gather and look upward in anticipation at the desolate peaks. There was an aloofness about them, a simple majesty of isolation. There they ranged, seemingly inaccessible, on clear days bleak and forbidding, but more often hidden in cold winter clouds.

The plan we formed was to climb to a stone hut that lay within an hour's journey of the summit, to spend the night there and to set out again for the peak on the following morning.

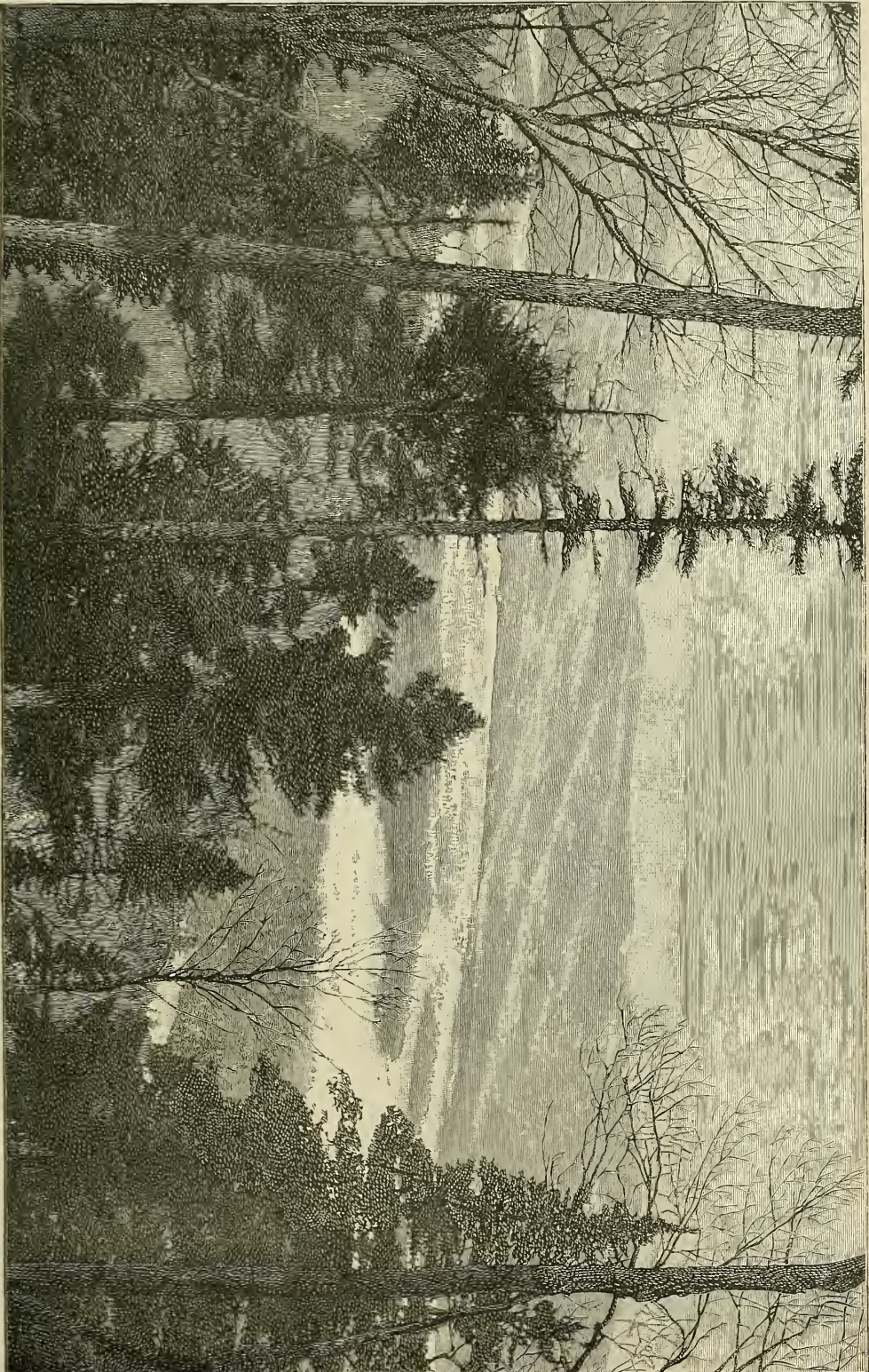
We started the day before Christmas. The thermometer registered 10° below zero, and, though we did not know it, a great storm, which was felt sooner or later all along the Atlantic coast, was brewing.

The sky was overcast with thin gray clouds, clear and soft as a smoky pearl, and after the first pink flush of day-break the sun was seldom visible. The Moose River Valley was white with drifts of snow, and on the mountains beyond patches of snow were visible among the bare trees. The wooded slopes wore the monotonous grayish brown of the defoliated forest, with the dull green of the

spruces standing out here and there. Above, and on the steep mountain sides, the evergreens predominated, and over all the craggy crests and peaks were garish with drifted snow. The winter mountains are seldom beautiful, for the atmosphere lacks the depth and color that give the summer landscape its infinite variety of charm, but they have a grandeur that merges in desolation, and a sombre permanency of mood that awakens an oppressive awe.

Our path led across the valley, straight up the crest of Durand Ridge, and though, viewed from a distance, the landscape was forbidding, the woods upon the mountain side proved very attractive. Beech and spruce prevailed, and as the snow was three to five feet deep only the topmost twigs of the underbrush were visible. At places the branches glistened with ice. Now and then upon the surface of the soft snow we saw the tracks of the wood creatures. Here were the thin spiking footmarks of a partridge, there the successive imprints of the body of a rabbit, where he had crouched at every spring. Occasionally we saw the small deep tracks of a deer, and once the soft footprints of a fox, brushed by the fur of his dragging tail. Our blood was running warm with exercise and there was an exhilaration in the crisp pure air such as in our city life we were strangers to.

For the next hour the path led directly up the side of the ridge, and was so steep that at places we had to help each other up with ropes. The air was clear beneath the soft gray sky. The clouds rode high and the view across the mountains was softer and more distinct than in broad sunlight. We were so far up that the hills below were distinguishable chiefly by the snow that lay in the valleys. As we looked out from among the dull green of the spruces, the mountains beyond were steeped in a full, rich blue, so soft and deep as to resemble a purple. The air was still, and we heard no sounds but the occasional crackling of the frost in the trees and the soft sinking of our snowshoes. Except for a stray rabbit or two the wood creatures whose tracks we had observed in the valley had not ventured so high. We had left the beeches and birches on the lower slopes. Only spruce and fir grew on the side of the ridge, and as we ascended even they became scraggy and stunted. In places the snow almost covered them, and as we passed we had an



ENGRAVED BY BURHAM.

THE MOOSE RIVER VALLEY.

uncanny feeling of walking on the tree tops.

Presently we had left all vegetation behind and were scrambling, with our snowshoes under our arms, over the rocky crest of the ridge, which, at the beginning of the third hour of the ascent, became almost an *arête*. On our left was a declivity, sloping into the bed of the torrent which I have mentioned as flowing from the spring on Madison. On our right, however, the rocks fell off precipitously into King's Ravine, which runs about a mile into the mountain side, with walls that sink a thousand feet, at an angle of 40° or more. Opposite us ran the ridge of Mount Adams, snow covered and trenched by chutes, or *coulloirs*, as they are termed, where the snow settles down into the valley from the bleak summit. Except for the peaks of Madison and Adams we had reached the highest land, and the wind blew sharply in our faces, driving the fine, hard snow into our eyes. We looked down upon the rocks a thousand feet below, then forward and upward toward the summit of Adams, more than a thousand feet aloft, whither we had determined to climb. Then we shivered and began to ask the guide if anyone had ever climbed Adams in the winter. Yes, he reassured us, it had been attempted three times and had been done twice without loss of life. In a few moments Tom had plucked up courage to wish it had never been done before, so that we might have the glory of being pioneers.

Soon we struck off the ridge down toward the hut, which was presently in sight, cold and bleak beneath the summit of Madison. This hut is situated at an elevation of 4,800 feet on a *col* between Madison and Adams, and was built by the Appalachian Mountain Club. The walls are of stone and firmly cemented. Near by is the Madison Spring, which we fortunately found slushed over with snow, and not frozen, as we had feared it would be. The scanty scrub spruce affords the only fuel. When we arrived a strong wind was blowing, and the snow was drifted high before the door. Cold and desolate though it might be, it was the most home-like thing we had seen for weary hours, and when at last the door was opened and we stepped into its shelter our eyes were fairly delighted. It was fitted up exceedingly well, considering its inaccessibility. The bunks, cooking utensils and, most of all,

the little iron range, were to our eyes marvels of luxury. It took four hours, however, to cut wood. The steel of the axe was so brittle with cold that it chipped and nicked frightfully on the hard spruce knots, and the difficulty of getting fuel increased at every stroke. Outside the cold was rapidly increasing; but it seemed colder still within waiting for the hut to warm. We had been sweating on the arduous ascent, and if we stood idle our clammy underclothes chilled us through and through, so that wood chopping was more at a premium than white-washing as practiced by Tom Sawyer. But, granting our discomfort, we had the essential—shelter; and a thousand times we blessed the enterprise and public spirit of the club that had built the hut.

That night, as the Scribe sat before the fire drying his sweater and leggings, both caked with snow, and as he hung up his long stockings to dry upon the line before the stove, he reflected that it was Christmas eve. He thought that just at this hour he should be hanging up his stocking if he were at home. Only in the morning he should find it full of bonbons and Christmas presents. He looked at the scraggy spruces the fellows were chopping up to burn and thought of the dapper Christmas tree at home, brilliant with candles and baubles, standing in the corner of the sitting room by the great fire on the hearth. He imagined his sisters dancing in evening dress. Then he shivered and buttoned tight his reefer. As a child he had always been told that Santa Claus lived 'way up on the cold, snowy mountains. He smiled to find himself reflecting that probably Santa Claus would not be at home on Christmas eve.

He awoke from his reverie of regret to find six hungry fellows shivering about him. Tom, however, who is a recent member of the Appalachian Club, was loudly bragging the perfection of the hut. He lauded the stovepipe and the chimney pot; declared the thatched spruce bunks more comfortable than spring beds, and maintained that for travelers' luxury the hut had never seen an equal. On the wall was a flat tin box marked "Register," and after we had vainly tried to warm our hands at it we discovered that it contained a book to write our minutes in. The Scribe had been created for just such an emergency, so it was voted that he record the experiences of the party. Now, the capers of enthusiasm on the part of Tom the Goat



"THE TRACKS BECAME MORE AND MORE OBSCURED."—P. 267.

found their natural reaction in his mind, and his usual veracity was perhaps somewhat impaired. At any rate it is not well to vouch for the absolute accuracy of the following extracts from the minutes of the party:

Madison Spring Hut, December 24, 1890. 5:45 P. M. — Hut not yet warm. Cooking supper. Put potatoes in pan on stove to thaw out. Froze in solid mass. 6:30—Ate supper in circle about stove. Fronts expanded with heat, backs contracted with cold; whole party warped. Goat still says: "Hut is a great institution!" Says: "What do you expect below zero and above timber line!" 7:50—Each took single blanket and crawled into bunk. Goat claimed bunk warm as pudding. Fact. Nesselrode. 8:45—Scribe froze finger nails. Crawled out to fire. Caught Captain abducting stove and carrying to bed. Called out party. Impeached Captain. At suggestion of Scribe, who presided, sentenced to forfeit blanket to man who detected abduction; also to shovel away snow sifted in over threshold. Slept on benches beside fire to protect fire. Goat, however, silent in bunk. 11:45—Frost drip from roof. 12:15 A. M., December 25—Drip still dripping. Colder. 12:45—Goat still snoozing. Rest wake at intervals and hug stove. 1:30—Suspect Goat frozen. Blamed little heat in scrub spruce. 1:45—Colder. Everybody about fire wakes up. Conference about Goat. Pretty sure Goat frozen. Decide to wake him and ask. 1:50—Goat swore. 3:45—Colder. 6:45—Dawn. 8—Breakfast. Goat crawled out. Said: "Never slept warmer." Said: "All hut needs are bell boy and barber shop." 8:45—Court martialled Goat while breakfasting. 9—Felt better after breakfast and let Goat live. 9:30—Continued ascent.

Banking up a good bed of ashes we then started without snowshoes up the rocky slope toward the peak of Mount Adams. The temperature was not especially low, but a strong wind was blowing and the air was full of fine, hard particles of drift snow. The peak was a thousand feet higher than the hut, and the ascent was considerably less than three-quarters of a mile. The storm blew furiously across our faces, the snow almost blinded us and congealed in lumps upon our unshaven cheeks. Beyond the driving snow we saw once, where the clouds had lifted, a space of whitish blue sky. Shortly after sunrise the sun loomed

forth seemingly below our level, strange and mysterious, but luminously white. For the most part, however, we were shut in by the storm clouds, and at no time could we see other land than that we were standing on. It was impossible to see more than forty feet in any direction. We had but one impression, that of utter desolation, a feeling that haunted and appalled. It was as if the whole earth were beneath us and even the sun were at our feet.

It took an hour to climb to the top, and when at last we saw the summit pole looming out a few feet ahead we were exhausted and almost frozen. We had succeeded in keeping the frost out of our faces only by constant rubbing with snow, and when we sank down to rest in the lee of a huge boulder the guide warned us anew against freezing. "When you begin to feel just the least little mite comfortable get up and stamp about." Evidently there was no solace for us. After a hard search in the snow which was sifted into the crevices of the cairn, the guide found the brass cylinder where the parchment register roll is kept. The Scribe registered the party, but could make no legible comment. As we clustered about the cairn, our backs to the wind, our kodak was snapped at us twice, but nothing could picture us as cold as we were.

At the end of five minutes we started on the descent, and here our real peril began. In going up a peak one has merely to climb and he cannot fail to reach the top, but to swerve in the descent by ever so slight a degree is to miss the course and be lost. Our compasses, aided by the sharp eye of the guide, were our only safety, for in places our footprints had been blown over and obliterated. As we hobbled downward behind the guide we stumbled and fell repeatedly. The rocks were full of crevices in which we often sank to the knee. Had anyone sunk and in the same step fallen his leg would inevitably have been broken. About half way down we came to the Gateway, a chute that points into King's Ravine. It slanted straight for about thirty feet. Beyond all view was cut off by the ghostly snow clouds, but we knew that it fell off twelve hundred feet into the ravine. "It is beautiful," said Tom; but the rest of us shuddered. There is a kind of beauty that appalls.

We turned about and pushed forward in the descent. The wind blew harder



"IT WAS FITTED UP EXCEEDINGLY WELL."—P. 264.

on our faces and the white frozen spots came more frequently. We proceeded in couples in order to keep sharper watch upon each other's cheeks, to detect frost bites. The tracks became more and more obscured and the danger of losing our path increased. However, the general slopes of the land were familiar and we pushed quickly on, stopping only to get snow to poultice our faces. When we came to the first spruce top cropping above the snow the sight was welcome enough, for we knew that the hut lay but a few minutes beyond; and at last we entered the hut and found the embers of our morning's fire still living. We were ready to throw ourselves upon the ground from exhaustion, but the order came to go into the snowdrift before the door and thaw every vestige of frost from our faces. All our garments were sifted full of fine snow and the tassels on our toques were puffy, as if they had been steamed.

While we were drying our clothes and eating the slender remainder of our provisions for luncheon, dark snow clouds were driving across the sky and the wind was rising. It was getting colder and very much darker. The storm hurtled against the hut and blew down the chim-

ney, driving sheets of fire and smoke into our faces.

We set out again hurriedly on the descent to make the path over Durand Ridge. The air was so full of snow and the clouds so dark that the last man in file could not see the first. As we neared the crest of the ridge it was impossible to face the storm. Each kept in line by looking down at the path of the man in front. The Scribe, who was next the guide, had been exposed but a few moments to the blast of wind over the ridge before his nose was frozen white. Very soon it was evident that, even if it had been possible to face the wind, no one could face the cold during the hour's climb over the ridge. We could not return to the hut to pass the night, for our fuel and provisions were spent, and the storm might last for days. However, we were forced to turn back. The guide said nothing, but when we reached the spring beside the hut he paused and looked down the deep furrow its overflow made in the mountain side. Then, with scarcely a word of explanation, he struck into the gully. He had never been down the torrent before and did not know what falls and cataracts might be in the course.

The rest of us, however, had no notion of

our peril, and it was not until afterward that we realized it. Our guide's most skillful strategy was shown in the way he impressed on our minds without alarming us the fact that we were in difficulty. Thus we kept our spirits buoyant, and as we scrambled down into the torrent bed our first and chief impression was of the beauty of the place. The sides of the ravine were steep and white, covered sparsely at first with scrub spruce and, as we descended, with various evergreens and birches. The storm was blowing furiously above, but around us in the gully the snow was falling gently and the air was quite still. The danger of perishing by cold had filled us with a vague dread. When at last we shook off the illusion our sense of security was enhanced, and while the guide and the Captain were laboring ahead to break the path we loitered, catching a vista here, a landscape there, or boyishly coasting down the steeps on our snowshoes as if on skis. Here to the right had been a land slide, and the whole mountain was bare and white; to the left, far above, we could occasionally see the rough ridge over which we had scrambled the day before; but for the most part we were shut in by the thickly falling snow.

After two hours' walk in the torrent bed the guide called a halt. His plan had been to follow the torrent to its mouth in the valley beyond; but the descent was getting precipitous at places, while on the levels the water holes were deeper and more dangerous. Besides it was growing late. The guide decided therefore to strike around Durand Ridge and then to "return in our slots," as he said—that is, in the path we had made on the ascent the day before. So we started blindly up the bank and into the forest, continuing for an hour and a half to "slab" the mountain, as the backwoodsmen say. Toward twilight the

guide, tired out with "breaking" the path, had fallen to the rear to rest, walking in the deep, firm path we made. The Captain plodded on. Suddenly a halt was called from the rear, and the guide started directly down the slope. We had struck the path of the day before, but though it had been six or eight inches deep it was covered level by the fine, soft snow. Not one of us had recognized it. If it had not been for the guide we might have wandered to our death.

When we came out of the woods into the valley the storm had passed and a northwesterly wind had cleared the sky. The winter sun was setting. The whole west was a pellucid yellow, while among the windy hilltops to the east spread a rosy sheen of blowing snow. As we gazed, the top of a distant mountain seemed washed with light, a pale apple green, strange, almost incredible to our eyes, but beautiful as it was strange. And still beyond were two mountains whose sombre bases were merged in gathering shadows, and whose snow-capped domes stood forth in the afterglow, white and airy, like great bergs floating on some dark and boundless sea. The illusion lasted but a moment. As we watched they faded into the oblivion of shadow; the sky tints dulled and saddened. The winter mountains were themselves again. Row upon row they ranged, each like the other, oppressive and unchangeable.

The storm had been the severest for many a year and we had gone forty hours on one day's provisions. The little backwoods children, who gathered about us in holiday frocks, clutching their Christmas toys, gazed upon us with dark and wondering eyes. To most of us, however, the first knowledge of the peril we had passed through came when we saw the joy with which we were welcomed home by the family of our guide.



COWBOY LIFE.

II.—THE CORRAL.

BY LARRY YATT.



Dismounting at the corral we hitch our bronchos and climb to the top rail of the inclosure, where we watch the preparations for branding. Close to the opening a fire has been lighted, near which a hard-featured old cowpuncher is examining a set of branding irons. The outfit wagons come rumbling down the road and go into camp along the bank of the Tongue River, which here broadens and deepens to noble proportions, as it sweeps northward through a broad, fertile valley.

The shadows of the cottonwoods are pointing toward the northern hills as the advance of the round up comes into view. First a score or more of cattle bob up suddenly against the sky line of a flat-topped butte a half mile away and face to the rear for one brief moment. Then they toss their heads into the air and come tearing down the slope as if they had seen the evil one. Half an hour

WHILE the chase was sweeping down the valley, Mr. Pinckney and I were galloping south along the crooked cattle trail, close to which, and eight miles away, is Cross's corral, where the round up was to take place.

When three miles out I get my first taste of round-up dust, which rises in dense clouds from a thousand hoofs; for along our whole front were cattle, running like frightened deer from the yelling cowpunchers, whose excited horses—keen for the chase as staghounds—were kept from breaking into a wild run only through a liberal use of the mustang bit.

Spurring into the flying herd, we bring up in rear of a bunch of young steers, who show us the way for nearly one-fourth of a mile of dead-level running. It is beef against horseflesh, with odds on the beef for the first hundred yards. As we overtake the steers, one by one, my pinto tries his teeth on their dusty hides, which results in a liberal display of cloven hoofs at an extreme elevation. The last of the wild-eyed creatures passes to the rear, and as we jog along to our destination we catch glimpses of the right flank of the round up, swinging rapidly inwards at a distance of two miles or more.



THE WRANGLER.



"BESTRIDE IN TRIUMPH."—P. 274.

later the hills are alive with cattle of every possible description. Away to the south we see the flank lines of horsemen swing around and meet. A wild whoop comes down on the wind, and amid clouds of dust that make Old Sol look coppery the circle closes in on the corral.

In the rear of the corral rises a steep range of red sandstone hills, from the base of which the ground slopes gently away to the river.

The last straggler had been driven in and the herd was being urged slowly back against the face of a perpendicular cliff amidst a din that was simply infernal from the hoarse bellowing of bulls as they met in the shock of combat, mingled with the frantic lowing of a half thousand cows that had become separated from their calves.

Fleet-footed bronchos darted from point to point as the struggling mass of cattle surged to and fro, watching for the slightest chance to break through the narrowing circle. Riders, covered with alkali dust from head to foot, their grimy faces streaked with perspiration, yelled themselves hoarse, as they flourished their loosely-coiled lariats aloft, or thrashed some refractory steer into submission with them.

At last the herd comes to a "mill" at the base of the cliff and the work of "cutting out" commences.

The first "cut out" is a raw-boned Texas cow of gigantic proportions, sharp, forward-curving horns and wicked, yellow-circled eyes. "Look out, boys!" shouts

Mr. Pinckney, as the ill-favored creature halts for a moment on the edge of the herd. The bronchos in her front shift their positions uneasily, as if recognizing instinctively the presence of a dangerous enemy. All might have gone well had not one of the cutting-out party, in a spirit of bravado, ridden up to the brute and with a "Step out, old gal!" dug the rowels of his Mexican spurs into her back. Quick as thought down went the ugly head to the ground, as the old Texan charged out to the front with all the vim and fury of a two year old. "Let her go, boys!" yells Mr. Pinckney, and he throws his lariat over the head of a great hulking calf that was rushing after its mother.

But our young horse wrangler—who had narrowly escaped being unhorsed by the headlong charge of the cow—eager to distinguish himself, gathered his broncho and dashed away in pursuit. As the cow went racing down the slope, with head and tail erect, we saw the youngster's lariat leap into the air, where it fouled, and, falling short, dropped squarely over the brute's tail, tightening upon it close down to the roots. Promptly down went the tail over the rope with a grip that nothing short of death or dislocation could loosen. With a wonderful burst of speed the old bovine headed up the valley, followed by the wrangler at the full length of his rope.

As cow, horse and rider disappeared over the crest of a sharp ridge Mr. Dunwick (our foreman) galloped away after them, fearful lest harm should befall the

plucky youngster. But before Mr. Dunwick could reach the ridge behind which the chase disappeared someone shouted: "Here they come!" Down the hither slope of the ridge, far to the right of the point of disappearance, we see them coming, still at a run and heading straight for the corral. As they cross the creek Mr. Dunwick joins the boy and gets his lariat over the cow's horns, and as they come up the slope a half dozen cowpunchers ride out to meet them, each in turn getting his rope around the neck and legs of the game old beast. Then the wrangler recovers his lariat, which has not slipped one inch from its original position. Half choked to death the cow is dragged back into the herd without a struggle, and our wrangler is the hero of the hour.

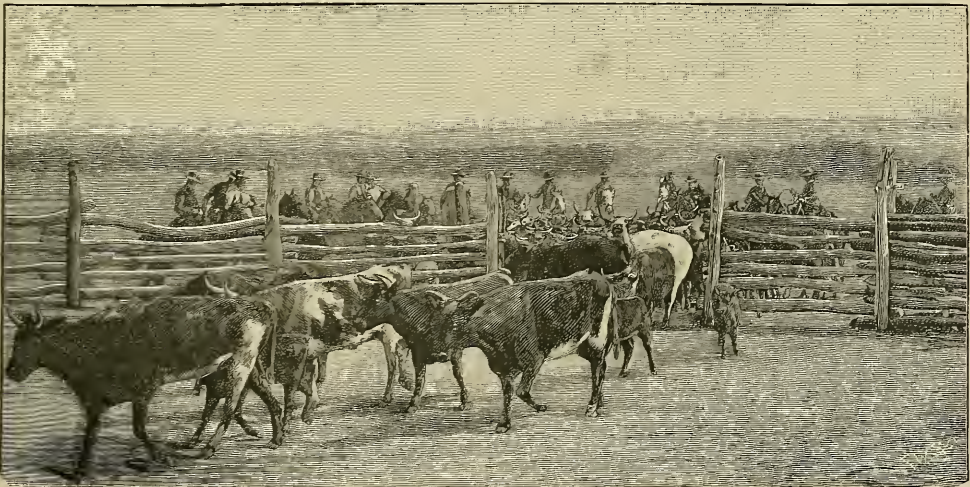
After each round up and before the cutting out begins, the herd is allowed to remain undisturbed until such cows as may have become separated from their calves during the hullabaloo of the closing in have had time to hunt them up. Whenever a cow is cut out the calf that accompanies her is claimed by the owner of the cow and receives his brand. It sometimes happens, however, that the brainless youngsters will follow a strange cow. In such cases the mother settles matters by tossing the pretender on her horns and returning to the herd, there to continue the search for the rightful but missing offspring.

When branding each outfit uses the corral in turn. Our turn comes first today. As we drive our bunch into the

pens fresh fuel is piled on the smoldering fires, where the branding irons are turning to a cherry red. I perch myself upon the highest part of the corral just as the ropers get to work.

The cattle pack themselves together as far from the fires as is possible. The roper rides into the helpless and hapless herd, swings his shortened lariat aloft for an instant, sweeps it forward and downward among the trampling hoofs, takes a turn with the rope around the saddle horn, wheels quickly to the rear and rides out with a calf at his horse's heels roped by the hind legs. Scarcely is that calf clear of the herd before violent hands are laid upon him. It requires two men to capsize an able-bodied calf and hold him while the branding iron is being applied. While one seizes the luckless youngster by the ears the other grasps the hind legs firmly. With a violent jerk of the ears the calf is thrown off his feet, and, falling flat on his side, comes to his senses to find a big cowpuncher sitting on his head. The man in charge of the after portion of the animal drops to the ground when the calf is thrown, slips the rope from the legs in a twinkling, plants his left foot just above the gamble joint of the right hind leg, grasps the left hind leg with both hands and surges heavily backward, at the same time straightening his left knee, thus forcing the right hind leg forward until the hoof nearly touches the calf's snout.

But here comes the branding iron glowing like a live coal. There is a spiteful hiss as of escaping steam, followed by



OUR TURN AT THE PENS.—P. 271.

the pungent odor of singed hair. Deep into the quivering hide goes the brand, wringing a pitiful wail from the half-suffocated victim. The knife begins where the branding iron left off, and soon the calf wears the owner's ear mark.

I didn't wait for the second. One such exhibition of cruelty sufficed. Yet the owners are compelled to practice these

ingly around when the saddle was placed upon his back, and submitted with becoming dignity to having inserted into his mouth a bit that looked formidable enough to break the jaws of a hyena. But his whole expression changed when Mr. Pinckney reached under for the cinch. Bracing himself as if preparing to listen to bad news, the brute drew a long breath



"THERE IS A SPITEFUL HISS AS OF ESCAPING STEAM."—P. 271.

methods in order to protect their property, for there are unscrupulous parties who would not hesitate to alter the brand if it were not burned deeply.

At dinner time I learned that our wrangler had been unhorsed during his wild ride of the morning, and was laid up with a badly-sprained knee joint. As the evening wore on it became evident that the boy would be unable to drive out the night herd, so it was arranged that I should take his place. That my pinto might be fresh for the morrow's ride he was turned in with the herd, and a lazy-looking broncho was brought in for my use. This lineal descendant of the wild horse of the plains answered to the name of "Grimes." Grimes looked patroniz-

and held it, his sides expanding in a manner that aroused painful apprehensions, his eyes fairly bulging from their sockets in the effort to increase his "chest measurement."

Mr. Pinckney handed the end of the cinch to a lank, leather-visaged cow-puncher and stepped aside. Passing the strap through the ring and grasping it with both hands, the man planted his left foot on that portion of the broncho's anatomy where the swelling seemed greatest and surged violently backward, when, with a deep, explosive grunt that was simply heartrending, Grimes suddenly shrank to his normal dimensions, and the strap ran through the ring a foot or more.

Among all the varied experiences of a lifetime I do not recall anything which seems better calculated to utterly destroy a man's self confidence and knock the props of conceit from under him than to find himself on the "port" side of a strange broncho, with a polite request to climb into the saddle in the presence of a camp of cowboys.

If the brute had only offered to bite or kick or make violent demonstration I should have felt greatly relieved. But there he stood, with drooping eyelids and drooping tail, masking his intentions, which I doubted not were the most malevolent.

As the boys gathered around and assisted me in getting ready for my own funeral their sympathetic natures found audible expression. "Pretty rough on a stranger," said a subdued voice somewhere in rear of me. "Yaas," came the still more subdued reply. "Wonder Joe'd allow it. Friend o' his'n, too." As I gathered the reins somebody sobbed out, "Good-bye!" I placed my foot in the stirrup like one in a dream who expects to awaken in another world. As I vaulted into the saddle Mr. Pinckney came up and handed me his pommel "slicker," advising its use as a protection against the dew and adding, "You had better start as soon as possible, as you have a very lazy mount. My daughters have been riding him for the past five years and have just about spoiled him for this kind of work." Great Scott!

The foothills were already lost in the gathering shadows as I rode down the valley to the grazing ground, distant about half a mile from camp. I rounded up the herd in a bend of the river, where the lush sweet grass was fetlock deep. Enveloped to the ears in the pommel slicker, with hat drawn down and pipe alight, I was about as snug as the proverbial bug in a rug and comfortable withal.

There is something inexpressibly solemn in the absolute stillness of the starlighted wilderness at midnight, when the mighty hush of nature is over mountain and plain.

The night breeze steals down from the cañons, swelling the song of the far-away streams and bearing the fragrant offering of the mountain pine to the lone desert dweller. Down in the dusky bottoms the garrulous cottonwood leaves are gossiping in drowsy whispers. From a dark-

mouthed coulee across the river comes the signal hoot of the horned owl. Far away in the land of clocks and steeple chimes the small hours of the morning are being numbered.

I had no recollection of having gone to sleep when I was awakened by some cold, damp thing coming into contact with my cheek. The moon had risen and the brightness of noon day was all around me. The first thing that I saw upon awakening was the white snout of Mr. Pinckney's favorite saddle horse, Jim, brushing lightly along the back of my bridle hand. Jim had been taking an early breakfast while I was snoozing, and the dew-wet grass had left his nose as cold as a freshly-caught mountain trout.

With a parting lick of his great warm tongue Jim resumed his breakfast, in blissful ignorance of the fact that a stranger was wrapped up in his master's slicker.

The "crunch, crunch!" of sharp teeth in the tender grass is on all sides, for the cowboy's horse is an early riser and always awakens with an appetite. The daylight straggles slowly up the east from behind a dark cloud bank. Brawling coyotes—those veritable tramps of the desert—slink past toward the open plain. Up the valley the camp fires spring into life and blaze cheerily in the fresh morning breeze. The sound of hoof beats and clatter of cow bells float across the valley, and through the gray light I see the other herds driving in. Our old bell horse pricks up his ears, circles around the herd at a gallop and strikes out for camp, followed by the rest of the herd. As I near the camp Mr. Dunwick rides out and relieves me of my responsible duties. "Help yourself to the coffee, pard," says old Jake, as I make my way to the fire, where the savory contents of kettles and frying pans are fast attaining a state of gastronomical perfection.

While I sip the fragrant, heart-warming beverage the sun gets up from behind the Goose River Mountains and bathes the rugged faces of the Big Horn in pink and purple light.

There are rare and delicate tints on the snow fields this morning that will never glow on the painter's canvas. As transient as the "merry dancers" of the polar light, and more subtle in blending than the flush of health, they are alike the artist's inspiration and despair.

While we were at breakfast Mr. McFlynn, in speaking of the results of his

first day's round-up work, remarked that he hoped ere long to have an opportunity of photographing a broncho in the act of "bucking," and that he should not consider his set of round-up views complete without it. When he had finished speaking a freckle-faced youngster of about nineteen summers got up and sauntered off to the horse herd, where he roped and led in a big black broncho that bore the brands of at least a half dozen different owners. One glance was quite enough to convince even a tenderfoot that this brute could be depended upon to complete the set of views. Having saddled and bridled the broncho, the boy led him down to Mr. McFlynn's wagon and sang out: "Here's your buckner, partner. Hurry up and take him while he's looking pleasant."

No time was lost in planting the camera and getting the broncho in position. "Now," said the lad, placing his foot in the stirrup and looking over his shoulder, "when I put the spurs to him you want to work like greased lightning, for sometimes he stands and bucks in his tracks, and some other times he runs and bucks. Say 'When!'"

"When!" shouts Mr. McFlynn. The boy leaps into the saddle with cat-like quickness and sends the spurs deep into the broncho's flanks. The rowels have scarcely been withdrawn when the brute throws himself forward with a panther-like spring, and, with lower jaw drawn down against his breast, dashes away toward the herd, into which he charges at full speed. Then followed such a kicking, plunging, rearing and squealing as even the oldest cowpuncher there had never seen the like of. I had given up all hope of ever seeing the youngster alive again as, in company with several others,

I ran over toward the herd, when the black broncho suddenly appeared on the opposite slope of the valley, coming toward camp at an easy trot, with the boy erect in the saddle.

This dangerous object lesson for the benefit of McFlynn called down the ire of mine host, who was well acquainted with the daredeviltry of the cowboy and his ilk, and he prohibited its repetition; but they were not to be defrauded of their fun and their pictures, too; so, to effect both without breaking orders, they made captive one of the bulls of the herd, and in half an hour were bestride him in triumph.

As it was only five miles to the next camping ground the camp followers did not hasten their departure. Mr. Pinckney remained with us, and he and I were helping Mr. McFlynn construct a camera obscura out of wagon bows and blankets, when a cowboy rode into camp and handed a bundle of letters and papers to Mr. Pinckney. "One for you" said my friend, handing me a letter that bore the Fort Custer postmark. It ran thus:

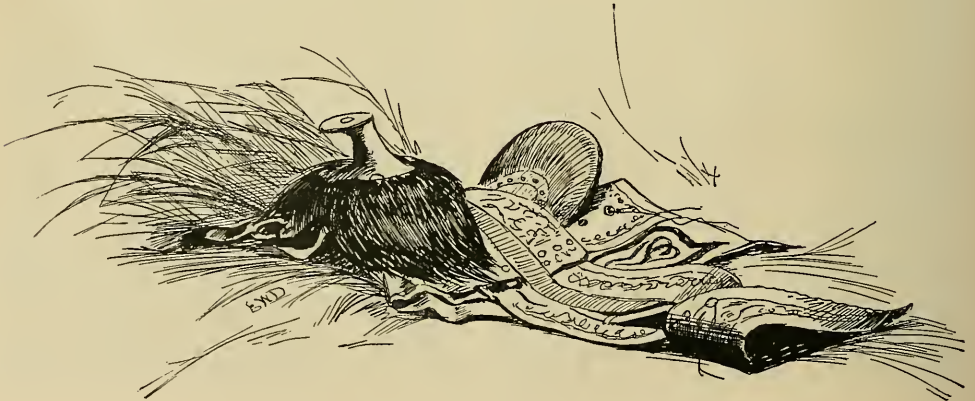
FORT CUSTER, Mon., May 15, 1890.

Mr. Larry Yatt, *At Large*:

DEAR SIR—Indians report that the snow has disappeared from the Black Cañon and that even the oldest inhabitant does not remember having seen the trout so plentiful and so extremely large as they are this spring. Smith and Jones are here from St. Paul. They go with us, you know. Have arranged to start on the 20th. Will expect you on the 19th sure. Remember me to Joe, and believe me to be

Yours faithfully, TOM PINCKNEY.

I had planned to remain for a day or two longer with the cowpunchers, but I could not possibly think of missing the trip to the Black Cañon. Mr. Pinckney saw me as far as Ohlmans, where I found a warm welcome, a good dinner and my pony in alfalfa up to his knees.





TRAINING.

INDOOR APPARATUS FOR OUTDOOR SPORTS.

BY WALTER CAMP.



TO learn an alphabet is the first step toward mental culture, and in physical training there is an a b c which must underlie all attempts toward special physical culture. Training is only a preparation. It may be but a preparation to meet the ordinary demands upon the physical system, such as everyday life presents to any

necessary. The emergency may not arise for a long time, but when it does come the man who has had no preparation finds himself unable to meet it; and this may mean, and often does, serious physical injury. A man runs to catch a train, and he never recovers from the effects of that run. This is no mere imagining, as many a physician can vouch. Then there are the more improbable exigencies where sudden action or prolonged effort may be required—fire, shipwreck, hundreds of other accidents where the man with his muscles educated and under control may escape unharmed, while the untrained man may meet physical injury, perhaps death. The busy man who still manages to devote some small attention to exercise knows the value of a clear head and steady nerves, but unless his earlier life had something in it of work or play which served to build up his physique, he finds that with maturity the increased demands of business or professional cares take so much time and attention that development is out of the question. The amount of attention he can devote to the exercise will barely keep his muscular system from retrogression, and advance demands too much. Youth is the time for develop-

boy or man, or it may be a preparation for some physical effort which shall tax every nerve and special muscles to their utmost. Personal safety must always rest upon a moderate amount of physical culture, and although such training is often undergone unwittingly, it is none the less

ment, and if that time be properly spent the mature man will reap the benefit in health and strength. This general training, extending over the days of boyhood and youth, is the preparation for the later years of rugged work, unflagging application and steady endurance.

Training has been so often maligned and spoken of only in the sense of an attempt to overdevelop the muscular strength of an individual in order that he may perform some wonderful feat or "break some record" that many a conservative man, taking the word only in that sense, does not like to hear that his boy is "going into training." In a similar fashion many a well-meaning physician has been led to speak or write derogatively of "training." And the early meaning of this word gave every reason for this feeling of suspicion and distrust. Before the tendency toward outdoor sports became so marked in this country, before amateur athletics were recognized except in a few intercollegiate contests, the term "training" was applied to the effort of bringing some debauched and drunken old prizefighter into some semblance of former physical vigor by violent purgings and sweatings, followed by rare meat diet and prolonged exercise. Upon the heels of this training came a brutal mauling and then a plunge into excesses of every kind. No wonder training acquired a bad name, for between the extravagance of dissipation and the extravagance of preparation the best constitution in the world would have been undermined, and probably, were one able to get at the statistics of all the men who went through these extravagances, one would be appalled at what would be shown regarding physical deterioration. Records showing the ages at which the most prominent champions of the ring lived bear but little upon the real truth of this matter; but even these, when prepared, too, by men interested in boxing, show only an average of forty-seven, which is altogether too short a life for picked men.

But training to-day has a very different meaning, thanks to the increased knowledge of what conduces to physical perfection, as well as to the fact that there is, in the person of the average amateur athlete, a far cleaner and better system upon which to operate.

The first grand principle to be followed is that whenever a choice between the gymnasium and the field is possible, the

latter is always to be given the preference. An hour in the open air is worth double the time spent in a gymnasium, no matter how well appointed the structure may be in apparatus, light and ventilation.

Next to fresh air comes regularity, and its importance can hardly be overrated. Regularity of hours and systematic exercise in the open air will build up the best kind of health and strength. But it is not the purpose of this article to cover the general training which, extended over years of youth and early manhood, shall perfect the physique and bring it to its best point. That is a study which needs a special article to itself, and which should be directed rather to the teachers of youth than to the boys themselves, whose only reason for indulging in sports is the pleasure they derive from them. Every properly constituted boy wants to win, and so does the young man. His especially appointed instructor in hygiene may lecture to him by the hour, and the boy will hear not a word he says, for he is studying out how he can get a new curve or make a touchdown. So the wisest plan is to admit the fact that it is not future physical development and health which is the incentive to these young men, but the present enjoyment they derive from their games and the satisfaction they find in success. These games, and the pleasure and training that go with them, nevertheless make the very best methods of producing vigorous men, and that is the fact to be grasped and appreciated by parents and instructors and made the very means of accomplishing the physical instruction desired. The professor of hygiene doesn't stand a chance against the man that can show the boy how to bat, and the boy will go through any number of motions upon the promise that such motions will make him a successful pitcher, while he will not turn his hand over to attain symmetry of physical development. For this reason it is always a great point gained if the professor of hygiene be a practical athlete, who has the tact to direct the enthusiasm and gain his results from the desire of the boys to win.

In our climate there is a season of the year when outdoor exercise is somewhat curtailed, and it is difficult at that time to persuade young men to devote enough attention to physical well being. It is then that the gymnasium has its use, but anyone who is at all familiar with school and college gymnasia knows the difficulty

of holding the attention of a young athlete, accustomed to out-of-door sports, by the ordinary attraction of pulleys, clubs and rings. He may be engaged by the "follow the leader" attraction of a class for a time, but the variety soon wears off, and he becomes listless and uninterested. Then, unless he is obliged by some rule to take part, he drops out and soon neglects to come altogether. This outlines the main purpose of the next two pages, which is to show how indoor training can assist one to become adept in outdoor sports, and how gymnasium instructors, by availing themselves of this possibility, can make the indoor work attractive to athletes generally. Inventive athletes, who do not enjoy the advantages of being near a well-equipped gymnasium, may perhaps gather some ideas which they can make of service in fitting up a vacant room with home-made apparatus.

The rowing man in American college sports has always been obliged by the exigencies of his case to rely upon gymnasium or indoor work to the greatest extent. Whether his theories are wrong in taking so long a course of training is an open question; but until questions of stroke become more settled it is probable that the college boating man will continue to begin his work in January. He must therefore have some kind of a rowing machine upon which to learn and practice the principles of the stroke he has adopted, as well as upon which to get the proper exercise to develop the muscles he will most need when upon the water in the summer. It is not many years ago that a weight attached to a rope and running over a pulley was the entire apparatus. Such a set still stands in the old Yale gymnasium, and well do I remember watching Bob Cook, Julian Kennedy, George Brownell and other men of that time, who were famous oars, pulling those old weights up a thousand times at a sitting, while many an admiring fellow collegian looked at the rhythmic rise and fall of the shoulders, and wondered whether these men would win the intercollegiate in the summer. It required a deal of sentiment in the way of anticipatory thoughts of the possible triumph in store, the greatness of a victory upon the water, to keep young men tugging away through the winter months at these weights; far more, indeed, than the present real oar and real water demand. The oarsman who pulled upon these machines sat orig-

inally upon a fixed and leather-covered seat, raised several inches above the floor. This after a few years gave place to the sliding seat which had been adopted in the boats; the pulley was in an iron stanchion, the weight dropping down under the floor. The handle was simply a crossbar at the end of the rope. This most primitive form of rowing machine had at least one merit, and that was that when a sufficiently heavy weight was attached the man who was in the habit of giving that rather vicious "yank" at the finish of his stroke would get such a recover when the slack rope was taken up by the fall of the weight as to make his teeth rattle. There were merits in these pulleys, however, and I don't doubt that Cook could to-day turn out a fairly finished crew, even with such primitive facilities. But a novice upon this apparatus, and a novice without a coach, was apt to pull himself into all sorts of shapes and pick up habits that weeks on the water failed to eradicate. When the sliding seat was first introduced, which was in boats as early as 1870, but some years later in winter seats, it lent much more pleasure to pulling these weights, and the novelty attracted not only boating men, but others who exercised in the gymnasium. In fact, one could tell them all by the black grease marks covering the rear of their trousers. The pulley and weight gave place to all kinds of pneumatic devices, springs and rubber bands, many of which are still in use, and, while not imitating the conditions of real water like a tank, they are nevertheless valuable when it is impossible to secure the space demanded for a tank.

In 1887 the rowing tank was first put into practical use in the Yale gymnasium. A description of the various alterations which have been made in this tank since that time would show the difficulties which present themselves in the experimental stage of any such work. In fact there is still plenty of room for the inventive genius to improve upon the present tanks in use at the chief boating colleges. In the main these tanks are of similar construction, each consisting of a basin into which the oars are dipped by men seated upon a row of seats in a fixed boat which divides the basin into two parts. The basins for an eight oar should be approximately sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, with the ends curved. The basin is further subdivided by a partition running through

the centre between the boat and the brim, to a point equally distant from the end and sides. This is intended to assist the flow of the water when set in motion by the oars. The end at which the bow oar sits is deeper than the other, the water through which the blades pass being about one foot four inches deep, while at the end it is a foot and a half deeper. The intent of this is that while the oar may move easily there may yet be water enough for the second stroke, as the first stroke of four oars, as will be readily appreciated, crowds the water down to the other end, and it has not time enough to go around and reach the bow again before a second stroke.

For this reason, when the bottom of the tank was upon the same level throughout, it was found that all the water would be forced aft at the first stroke, leaving the bow almost dry. The oars have been, and still are, a problem. Many plans have been tried to increase the speed of the stroke possible in the tank, but none has yet been thoroughly satisfactory. Holes bored in the blades and sections cut out have done something toward remedying the matter, but there is still much to be desired. There is another contrivance which has been of benefit to the oarsman in his winter practice, and that is the sliding mirror. This is a later addition to the rowing tank, and consists of a large mirror in a wooden frame, which is so arranged as to slide upon a rope a few feet from the side of the fixed boat. This mirror can thus be placed opposite any man in the boat so that he may by turning his head see his own faults at the time when attention is called to them. Of the other apparatus in the gymnasium the oarsman of to-day makes but little use. The old dancing upon spring boards, working leg and grip machines, has given place to long, hard runs out of doors, even in winter weather, and indoor exercises are mostly confined to special movements.

As the boating man has his tank, so the baseball man has his cage in which he can practice almost everything that he is called upon to do out of doors. With cages it is probably only a question of light and room which deters the ball player from actually pursuing a regular game indoors all the winter. In fact, by the electric light some games have been played. But in the ordinary gymnasium there is hardly room for more than a kind

of alley which the baseball men can utilize. They therefore take whatever room may be allotted them, preferably a section next to outside windows, and inclose it with a wire netting reaching from ceiling to floor except where a wall answers the same purpose upon one side. It is advisable to have one end of this cage a solid wall of masonry in order that not only the racket of balls striking against a wooden partition may be avoided, but also because the balls rebound better.

The best bottom is, of course, earth well packed, so that it may present as nearly as possible the conditions of the ball field. Where that is impossible ball men must not turn up their noses at an ordinary wooden floor, for valuable practice can be obtained even upon this. There is still much discussion, and the point has never yet been satisfactorily settled, as to what the ball men can do to advantage in the cage. The first idea of the cage was a place to practice batting in, but the bad light in many cases so interfered with this as to cause the men to abandon it. Perhaps half the men now make use of it to bat, while the rest prefer to use it only to practice throwing and picking up grounders. Batteries can, of course, use it to advantage, but when the light is not sufficiently good for the batsman the catcher will find some trouble in holding swift pitching. The longer and wider the cage the better, and whatever space can be secured, provided it be over fifty feet long, can be utilized to advantage. Those projecting it should remember that the height of the ceiling need be no great feature, so long as a man can throw the length of the cage with an average line throw. In fact, it rather improves the throwing to be obliged to keep the ball down, and this is necessary in a low cage.

The other fittings of the gymnasium which the baseball men can use with profit include the sliding spools, grip machines, rope and rings. Besides these almost any of the apparatus may be used with the idea of general development, but each of the above has a special and specific purpose. The sliding spool is a large wooden spool strung upon an inclined rope which is so taut that the spool can be thrown with considerable speed along it. The thrower, standing in a convenient position under and a little to the side of the line of the rope, places his

fingers behind the spool, and in the same manner as in throwing a ball hurls the spool up the rope. The grip machines develop the muscles of the forearm and strengthen the grasp of the hand. The rope for hand-over-hand climbing not only strengthens the pectoral muscles but has also the merit of toughening the palms of the hands. The flying rings answer a similar purpose, and a moderate use of them is by no means an unpleasant change from the more arduous rope climbing.

One of the most novel pieces of indoor appliance for baseball use was introduced at the Yale gymnasium a few years ago. It was in the nature of a sliding cushion, and was designed for the practice of sliding to bases. Its effect upon the men who made use of it was remarkable, for it gave them confidence to cast themselves headlong with perfect freedom, and as soon as they went into the field they readily plunged at the bag with all the abandon of a swimmer diving into deep water.

This sliding device, like the majority of the apparatus most useful to the practical athlete, is as yet only a home-made affair, as it were, being a stout frame some fifteen feet long and three or four feet wide, in which is tightly stretched a piece of stout canvas or carpet. The same end can be attained in a variety of ways; the only thing to be observed is that the apparatus be so constructed that a man may throw himself upon it, not only without any risk of injury, but without even an unpleasant sensation.

Football men have only recently taken to indoor practice of any kind, perhaps because their season is so short, and usually so satisfactory in the way of weather. Many football men are devotees of other sports as well, and from these derive all the extra labor necessary to keep them in condition. Moreover, the college and school fall terms begin so late that field practice is imperative at once. But with the increased rivalry in the sport there has come to more than one captain the idea that his men must follow the example of baseball and crew men to the extent of performing some winter work. For such men as this the best method to be followed is the general all round use of apparatus to a limited degree, and more particularly the various movements such as the boating men indulge in.

The football player needs general development rather than hard hands, strong arms or any overdevelopment of a part. Quarter backs can use the baseball cage to great advantage, by practicing passing there through the winter, and in wet days during the fall the entire team can do their morning practice of falling upon the ball, snapping back and catching in the cage. Their one special piece of apparatus is, however, the tackling bag, and this is really as necessary to the indoor practice of a football team as the tank is to the crew.

This tackling bag is of very recent invention, and it certainly has proven its usefulness for the purpose intended. It is simply constructed, but there are two cautions to be carefully observed, or else its usefulness is greatly impaired. These are not to have it either too hard or too heavy, for in either case it will then do more harm than good by making the men either lame or sore and, what is worst of all, timid.

An easy method of rigging up one of these bags is to take a canvas case similar to the bags used to carry a quantity of baseball bats, and have it stuffed with a mixture of excelsior and hair, with the addition of a small quantity of sawdust, until it is quite tightly filled, but not too hard.

Then sew it securely and suspend it by a leather strap at the end to a rope running up through a pulley, by means of which it may be raised or lowered. Upon this bag may be marked a space equal to the distance between the knee and waist of an average man, and the bag should be always elevated so that that space should be at a height from the ground equal to the space from the foot to the knee of a runner. The bag may be set in motion or allowed to remain stationary, and the men sent one after the other to tackle it, and from this practice, provided, as mentioned above, the bag be not too heavy or hard, even a poor tackler may in time be taught to become a sure one.

Indoor track athletics and indoor tennis are already so common as to need no description, for the former has reached the point where regular records have been established, as recognized as those carried on outdoors in summer, while the latter sport graces, during the winter, almost every available National Guard armory building.

THE HIPPOLYTE FONCÉ TRACT.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.



RIGHT Mr. Dalrymple, the senior partner of a solid firm of lumber dealers of Grand Rapids read over the epistle for the third time with evident signs of a disturbed spirit. This letter was signed: "John Scales, pine land looker and estimator." It informed the firm that five sections—3,200 acres, more or less—of heavily-timbered pine lands adjoining a small river in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan were for sale at a fair price by "old Hip. Fongshay" (Hippolyte Foncé), of whom the firm had often sought in vain to purchase; that "the old French muskrat has finally concluded to sell out, and you better nail the old fellow right off, because a Chicago firm is going to send a man up here with full powers inside of a fortnight."

"Nice pickle!" grumbled the bald-headed senior partner, walking the floor of his private office with his hands crossed behind his back. "One partner gone East, t'other never did any of our land buying; besides we can't spare him from the office. I can't go, especially in the dead of winter—kill me sure. Hang the old Frenchman! why couldn't he sell when we wanted to buy last fall, or wait till next spring? Got to have that land—must have it; exactly what we want. Who'll I send? H—m—m—wonder if I couldn't trust young Wabbleson—with careful instructions, of course."

In John Scales' letter were two sentences that struck Mr. Wabbleson's attention: "There's a crust on the snow now strong enough to bear up an ox, and if you send a man before it melts, or snows again, we can make the thirty miles to old Fongshay's and look the tract in a quarter of the usual time and to the best advantage. I shall stay here at the railroad station until I hear from you."

Acting upon this information Wabbleson took his safety bike with him; if he

could run on the crust it would save him much labor.

After meeting Scales and discussing the probabilities he went out with his wheel and ascertained that he could run with ease anywhere in the open woods, now lying under a two-foot depth of strongly-crusts snow. After the first few miles the road would run through the woods uncut, but cleared of logs and obstructions, with a smooth crust all the way. The crust was strong enough to hold a man on skates, and the cold was severe enough to preclude any fear of a thaw or sudden change.

Early in the morning Scales started. He was warmly clad, wore moccasins, carried hatchet and compass in his belt and a light rifle on his shoulder. Two hours later Wabbleson started on his wheel. He, too, was well fortified against the cold. In his belt were revolver and hunting knife, and overcoat, slippers, etc. were strapped to the wheel.

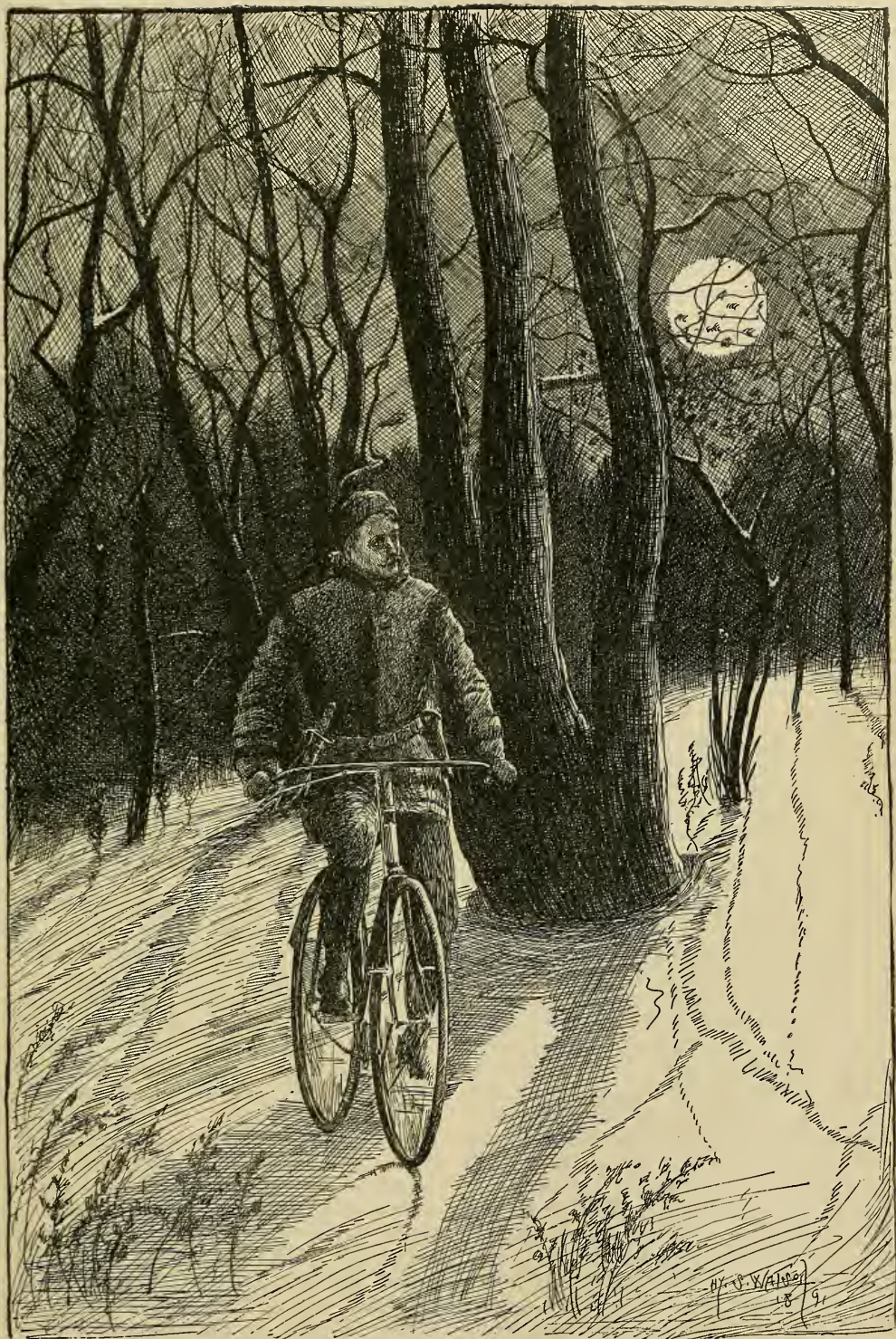
The woods were as silent and apparently deserted as they always are in winter, especially during a "crust." About 2:30 o'clock they crossed a small open rill, whose swift current prevented the ice from entirely closing, and Scales announced that they were only two miles from old Fongshay's place. While they were pausing to drink Wabbleson pointed down stream excitedly and exclaimed:

"Look there!"

Perhaps ten rods below them a large, gaunt, reddish yellow hound trotted over the bank of the brook and made his way to the water. There was something in its appearance that might well appall; its mouth slavered with ropy foam; its face was wrinkled ferociously; the tail drooped sidelong, half dragging; and the hair on its lank body was erected savagely. Luckily it did not see the men, but ran into the water and plunged its muzzle into the icy stream, while its whole body knotted and struggled in strangely difficult efforts to swallow.

"It's one of old Fongshay's hounds," whispered Scales; "but, great Lord! what ails him?"

While speaking he raised and cocked his rifle. At the sharp click of the lock



"THE MOON ROSE AND THE PINES BECAME LESS DENSE."—P. 285.

the dog jerked its head from the water and stood a moment glaring at them with an expression of face, body and attitude expressing fiendish malignity. Then uttering a horrible hoarse howl it plunged madly toward the two staring men. Fortunately Scales was a practiced hunter and a sure shot. At the crack of the rifle the charging hound rolled over and over, snarling and howling unnatural sounds, like hoarse screams, and tearing at itself and every object in reach, with demoniac ferocity. Then, its struggles having turned its head away from the men, it staggered to its feet and charged, reeling, up the bank and so away into the woods.

The two men stood and stared after it, and then turned with amazement upon each other.

"Well," said Scales, who was first to recover, "that bursts my boom wide open!"

"That dog was mad!" said Wabbleson.

"Couldn't be, noways," retorted Scales; "it's the dead o' winter; 't isn't dog days. Besides I never heard of a mad dog in the whole Upper Peninsula. Moreover I've heard that dogs never go mad of themselves; they must be bitten by some other dog or animal that is mad."

Discussing this topic the pair proceeded, constantly searching the forest about them. They were now well within the Fonce tract, and the tall pines stood all about them, shedding a dismal twilight along their road. They had proceeded perhaps a mile when they simultaneously stopped in another quick panic. Out of a thicket beside the path a few rods ahead there proceeded an unearthly noise of loud and vicious snorting screams, the like of which neither had ever before heard, mingled with the noisy trampling and plunging of some heavy animal. Then there burst out into the clear space a saddled French-Canadian black stallion, with torn halter and dragging bridle, which stood for a moment staring at them. The bloodshot, bulging eyes of the furious horse seemed to shine balefully in the shadowy light. Every hair of its body was roughened by fury. With a shrill scream of anger the creature rushed upon them; but they separated and scrambled behind big trees on either side of the road, so that the stallion plunged snorting between them, and then stopped in bewilderment. As both cowered close out of sight, after a moment or two the stallion tore away down the road with another dreadful scream, and,

dashing aside into the wood, disappeared. After the last crashing sound had died away, the two men stole together again in the road.

"That just finishes my saw logs!" Scales said, heaving a long breath.

"What do you suppose made that horse act so?"

"That stumps me; blamed French horse, anyhow."

"But a French horse doesn't act that way without some cause."

"Cause? Couldn't be any cause. Perhaps it's just his condemned French superabundance."

Wabbleson, picking up his wheel, as they walked anxiously forward presently disclosed the issue of his pondering.

"That horse was mad, too. Must have been bitten about the same time as the dog."

Scales abruptly halted. "Look you," he said, "if that's so, it's likely Fongshay's is full of mad things! Maybe the whole family are bitten and all the stock. We're running right into the devil's own nest."

"The horse was saddled and bridled; that shows that somebody is alive and sane."

"Sane! Mad as a March hare! Man alive! do you suppose any man in his sober senses would put saddle or rein on that screaming thing? I tell you old Fongshay is raving crazy this minute! We shall meet him next, and find everything broke loose at the shanty."

"Great heavens! I fear so. Come along."

"You are in a hurry to go where the least touch is likely to be death. But keep a little cool. What's become of that revolver you had last night?"

"By George! I forgot all about that! Here it is."

"Better not forget it again. Keep it handy as we go. I'll be ready with the rifle for whatever shows up. Go ahead it is."

In a few minutes they reached the cleared land lying upon the banks of the river, in the centre of which, near the river side, stood the log house and barn of Hippolyte Fonce. Some dozen years earlier M. Fonce had come to the pine woods from Canada with a cash capital of \$16,000; and, foreseeing the rapid increase in value of pine lands, had purchased the best tract in all that region. After building a log house and barn, and

clearing a few acres on the river bank, he settled down to an easy life, half spent in hunting.

About two years before the date of this sketch Madame Foncé died, leaving him as broken in spirit as if all his ambition and life purposes were buried in her lonely forest grave. Only the gentle affection and care of his daughter Julie, now a tall, charming, dark-eyed girl of eighteen, kept him from sinking into a hopelessly moody and effortless depression of spirit. As it was, he ceased all business, dismissed his men, and retired into a sullen seclusion that repelled acquaintance and denied hospitality. The situation, therefore, soon became intolerably lonely to his spirited and naturally joyous and social daughter; and it was she who had urged him to sell his tract, now that he could obtain double or treble its cost, and return to Montreal, where society and old associations might arouse him to renewed interest in life, and save her from wasting the vigor and sweetness of her young life in the wilderness.

The men approached the house with hesitating caution. They noticed, first, that no smoke arose from the chimney; next, that the front door was partly open. Entering, they carefully visited all the rooms, finding no one, and the principal room in disorder, with chairs overthrown and table askew, as if flung violently aside. Going to the barn they found two mares in the stable, who greeted them with eager whinnies. The pigs in the yard set up an impatient squealing, and the poultry flew about them with hungry demonstrations. Two cows and a pair of oxen lowed and twisted about in their stalls. None of these animals showed any symptoms of madness, and as soon as the men were sure of this they set to work and speedily furnished them with food and water. Then they returned to the house, where Wabbleson built a fire, while Scales took a pail and returned to the barn to milk the cows.

While Scales was gone Wabbleson was twice startled by muffled sounds, as of someone moving in the house. On the first alarm he stood for a minute with his hand on his revolver, listening. Hearing nothing further he started his fire. The second alarm then followed, and, after listening, he cautiously revisited all the rooms, finding nothing. Returning puzzled to the main room, where a brisk wood fire was now crackling in the stove, he sat

down to enjoy the growing warmth, when he was again startled by what sounded like a hard breathing beneath him, followed presently by a soft footstep upon the cellar stairs and a sound as of someone at the trap door. By this time his courage had returned a little; and, holding his pistol ready for instant use if necessary, he suddenly lifted the trap. Then he recoiled from the opening, more from astonishment than alarm.

A quarter-breed Indian woman stood upon the steps, armed with a hatchet, which she held swung back above her head with a threatening gesture. Her face expressed a desperate resolution; her black, coarse hair hung tangled over her shoulders; cobwebs, straw and dirt adhered to her dress, as if from some ill hiding place. Seeing Wabbleson, she stepped higher and looked about the room, as if fearful of some hidden danger. Finding that the cause of her evident fear was gone, she flung down her hatchet, grasped Wabbleson by an arm and asked eagerly:

"He gone—Monsieur Fongshay?"

"There is no one here but myself and John Scales, who is out at the barn."

"Come, you, quick! Help bring up Ma'm'selle Julie. She freeze—big cold—hurt bad!"

So saying she pulled him toward the cellarway, down the steps of which she hurried, followed by the young man. In an unused potato bin, amid old straw, they found Julie lying hidden. She was shivering with cold. Her face was streaked with blood from a wound upon her head, over which the Indian woman had bound half of a torn apron. When they got her upon her feet she could hardly stand. As gently as possible they half led, half carried her up the stairway and seated her beside the stove. Scales came in with a foaming pail of milk and the woman gave her some of it to drink, after which she softly sponged the blood from her face and wounded head and carefully brushed the straw from her clothing. Then she went to prepare a bed.

By this time the girl's shivering had abated. The wild look left her face, and the Indian woman led her to her prepared room. From behind the closed door Wabbleson heard a few sentences of inquiry and reply in French.

As soon as she had put her young mistress to bed the woman came out and began hastily to prepare a meal. While

she worked her tongue was also busy, relating in clipped English the story of the household tragedy and shrewdly advising what should be done.

About a month before one of the two hounds had been taken ill. It became first restless, then sullen, with sudden fits of fierceness. M. Fongshay had tied it in the barn. In the morning it gnawed loose from the strap and furiously attacked the stallion in his stall. M. Fongshay ran to the stable at the noise, when the dog seized and badly lacerated his hand. Then it ran out of the door and savagely attacked the other dog. On M. Fongshay following, it fled away into the woods and was no more seen. M. Fongshay did not believe that the dog was mad.

Nevertheless, by way of precaution, he repeatedly washed his wounded hand in strong brandy and vinegar. The laceration healed kindly and quickly, and they thought no more about it. But a few days before the stallion began to show signs of strange disorder. His temper had always been savage, so M. Fongshay thought more of his staring coat of hair than of his fits of sullen fury, and treated him for some distemper. Then M. Fongshay himself had mysterious flashing chills and fevers at intervals. He ate little. During the night he rose and roamed about the house, muttering to himself. In the morning he complained of a raging thirst, but when he would drink the muscles of his throat knotted painfully and he could swallow but little. He complained of agonizing cramps in his arms and chest, and took morphine in the hope of relief. Then he went to visit his wife's grave by the river side. Presently they heard him cry out hoarsely, and he came hurrying back with a wild and terrifying countenance. He went to the barn where the black stallion was kicking and screaming in a paroxysm of fury, and presently appeared bareheaded, mounted upon the frantic animal, which he had managed with overmastering strength to bridle and saddle in spite of its struggles. He rode to the door upon the snorting and plunging beast, using a sled stake club instead of a whip.

Ma'm'selle Julie had been terribly afraid of hydrophobia ever since her father's strange illness began, and was even then dressing herself to take one of the mares and ride away for help. Now she went out of the door to beg her father to come in and go to his room. The

stallion rushed at her, and as she ran struck her down upon the threshold. The Indian woman drew her in and shut the door. But as she did so M. Fongshay leaped from the horse and rushed at the door, beating it open with his club. He did not seem to see his daughter, though he stumbled against her as she lay, but he chased the Indian woman through the house. Avoiding him in the kitchen she ran out, closing the door upon him, raised the cellar door, caught up Ma'm'selle Julie and hid with her in the cellar, dropping the door after them. For some time she heard the madman raving about the house. Then he went out.

When the men came she knew they were two by their steps and voices, but waited a little to guess their character. If they were strolling woodsmen it was safer to wait and discover if they had been drinking before revealing herself and Ma'm'selle Julie.

Finally, Ma'm'selle Julie was hurt; she needed a doctor. Ma'm'selle Julie's father was gone, she feared, into the woods to die; they needed men to search for him. One of the good gentlemen should go to the settlement for assistance; the other should stay to defend the place. The gentleman who would go should take a horse from the stable and ride at once, as soon as he had eaten, and make all possible speed. Help could not come until another day at best, and they had need of it already.

While they ate they consulted. Wabbleston proposed to ride for assistance on his wheel. He reminded Scales how they had observed that the legs of the black stallion were cut and bloody from the snow crust, and that a horse could not travel thirty miles over such a road in many hours, if at all.

"True," said Scales, "and you won't get any doctor to come till it thaws, unless he be willing to come on foot, for that same reason. You can get a couple of men on foot, and maybe a woman (whom the men will draw on a sled), at the first house, seventeen miles out — that's Joe Dalzel's. Then you can go on and try for a doctor at the station; but I reckon it's no use. We'd best look at the Fongshay gal afore you start. Maybe she doesn't need a doctor, and anyway we can guess what you had better get for her."

Wabbleston knew a little about the treatment of wounds and something of medicines. The Indian woman was also versed in various simples.

The pale patient submitted to have the wound upon her head carefully examined by Wabbleson, smiling thankfully as she answered a few questions, while he dressed the hurt. Then he started for the doctor.

By this time it was dark. In the pine woods the darkness was deep and still, but the moon would soon rise and make it lighter. At first there seemed something awful in the solemn gloom of the forest, through which his soundless wheel glided like a ghost.

He dreaded suddenly encountering the fury of a plunging mad horse, or the still more awful frenzy of a madman rushing upon him through the dark shadows of the wood.

But he rapidly outrode these fears as the moon rose and the pines became less dense and high beyond Foncé's tract. With steady strength he drove his flying wheel, until in two hours' time he reached the first settler's house, and found Joe Dalzel, his wife and man willing to start at once for Foncé's upon promise of fair pay. Leaving them hastily preparing he ran on to the station, where, as John Scales had predicted, the doctor, after hearing what had been done for the young lady, refused to go, but gave some good advice for her treatment.

Although Wabbleson had already made a run of sixty miles that day upon his wheel he prepared to immediately return, an additional thirty miles. The track had been smooth, the work easy; he was but little fatigued, and the vision of the pale heiress of the Foncé tract rose before his imagination. He felt that he would best know what was to be done in case of unfavorable symptoms. Midnight found him again upon his way at a steady speed. He overtook and passed the Dalzels just before entering the Foncé tract, and had food provided for them when they arrived.

Morning found Ma'm'selle Julie so far recovered that she was able to sit up in her bed and eat, and she rapidly improved under the directions of Wabbleson as carried out by the Indian woman. With returning strength came the ever-increasing anguish of anxiety for her father. To divert her mind as much as

possible from this Wabbleson devoted himself chiefly to entertaining the patient.

Meanwhile the other men spent the day in thoroughly searching the woods. It was easy to track the mad stallion, and his body, torn by wolves, was found in the afternoon in a swamp some six miles distant. But never a trace was found of Hippolyte Foncé, though the country was searched for miles around. Somewhere in the vast forest the unhappy victim perished alone and miserably, or he may have mercifully plunged into the icy river and his body, after lying concealed under the ice until spring, been swept away into the great lake by the May freshet.

Here, then, was an end to the present sale or purchase of the Foncé tract. Nevertheless, while Ma'm'selle was recovering, Scales and Wabbleson carefully examined it and estimated its pine and the expense of getting it to market. After reporting this by letter to his firm, Wabbleson remained two weeks longer to aid Ma'm'selle Julie in preparing the probate of her father's estate, preceded by such proofs as left no doubt of his death, so that in due time she could be put in full legal possession. While attending to this business he was assiduous in his attentions to the beautiful orphan, who relied more and more upon his ever ready sympathy and his trained business energy and skill.

Some months later Mr. Wabbleson was again dispatched by the firm to purchase the Foncé tract, Ma'm'selle Julie being now competent to sell and anxious to dispose of her estate and remove from the scene of so much sorrow to join her friends in Montreal. At the end of a fortnight, during which Mr. Wabbleson had not satisfactorily reported, he received the following telegraphic message from the firm:

W. Wabbleson, Sprague Station:

Have you purchased the Foncé tract? Wire answer.

DALRYMPLE.

To which the wires returned the following answer:

Dalrymple, Grand Rapids:

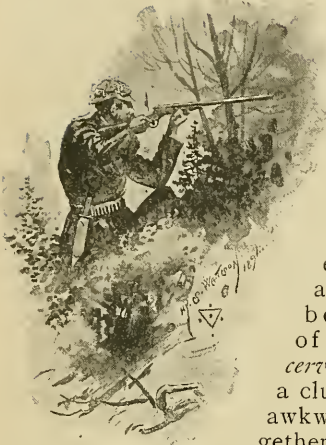
Married it this morning, and raise price twenty thousand. Wedding trip to Montreal. Accept my resignation. Full report by mail.

W. WABBLESON.



AFTER ELK IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.



WHAT grander game ever filled the sights of a rifle than a full-grown bull elk? The lordly moose, judged by size alone, may be the king of American *cervide*, but he is a clumsy-looking, awkwardly put together brute after all. Not so the elk.

Clean cut and shapely as a blooded horse, and with a beautiful lean, breedy-looking head, bearing the most imposing set of antlers ever worn by beast, he is graceful in every line, and an aristocrat every inch of him, from his hard clean legs to the loftiest tine of his wondrous dagger-pointed head gear. It would be difficult to imagine a nobler-looking animal than a bull elk during the "rutting season," when, of course, he is at his best. Every fibre of his handsome bulk then thrills with passion, and he roams free and fearless in royal pride—now crashing his immense antlers against some tree or shrub in sheer exuberance of wild spirits; anon sending his wondrous musical challenge pealing flute-like among the moonlit crags, or listening in fierce impatience for the response—be it a message of love from some coy young cow or a ringing blast, wild and defiant as his own, from some lusty rival.

The magnificent antlers of the elk, at once his crowning glory and his bane, are, in spite of their astonishing size, shed regularly and reproduced as are the antlers of the common Virginia deer. Looking at the wonderful beams and tines of a perfect head, it is difficult to realize that such antlers can be grown in a few months, but they are so grown nevertheless—formed beneath a "velvet" covering in true deer fashion, the circulation and attendant horn-forming process grad-

ually failing as the antlers approach completion. Finally the point of every tine is true tapered and the velvet covering withers and dies. Then the bull, who has for some time carefully guarded his tender head against any possible blow or injury, suddenly appears transformed. His antlers are completed and he knows it; he thrashes his head against every sturdy bush and rasps and rubs against the trees to get rid of the last remnants of the "velvet" and to properly polish his weapons. At last every point is needle-sharp, every inch of antler brightly polished, and rivals must look to themselves, for our hero will straightway a-wooing go. He cares not a rap whether he meet rival or sweetheart first—in fact he's just spoiling for a row, and he generally gets into one in amazing brief time.

When two evenly-matched bulls run foul of each other during the "rutting" season a desperate conflict is sure to follow. Fierce snorts of defiance and great eyes blazing with wrath proclaim the coming tourney; then follow lightning-like charges, rapid sparring of opposing points, clattering of antlers, thrusts, feints, retreats and mighty pushings and plungings—perhaps for hours. Should courage fail one of the champions it is extremely difficult for him to get away safely. He must keep his head to his foe, for to attempt to turn would invite a charge that would probably land half a dozen bayonets in his intestines or lungs. Not infrequently in these mad combats the opposing antlers become hopelessly interlocked and the gladiators both perish miserably. This is one case in which the disadvantages of having such head gear become painfully apparent, but the real justification of my statement that the antlers are the elk's bane is found in the fact that they complete a rarely beautiful head for ornamental purposes, and a horde of miserable game butchers slaughter the animals mercilessly for the sake of the dollars the heads command.

It is a matter for the very deepest regret on the part of every good sportsman that such a noble beast as this should seemingly be doomed to extinction at no very distant day. Only a short time ago elk

were quite numerous in the Northwest and Western States and in Canada, but reckless, senseless destruction by professional hunters has so reduced their numbers that but few now haunt the old ranges.

Originally the elk was very widely distributed over the American continent, ranging doubtless from the Atlantic to the great mountain ranges of the far West, and over all the Northern States and the greater portion of what may be termed Southern Canada. I have found portions of the half-decayed antlers while shooting in Western Ontario, and I believe a bull elk was killed in Ontario about 1855. During the winter of 1876-7, while shooting in Michigan woods, I often heard of a "big buck, big as a horse, that would only trot and had horns like a tree." More than one trapper told me he had seen the slots of this "buck," and from the descriptions given, which tallied closely, the "buck" in question must have been a bull elk.

At present Wyoming probably contains as many elk as any State in the Union, the Shoshone Mountains in Northern Wyoming affording them favorite haunts, as do also many remote points in the Rocky and Cascade Mountains. A few may yet be found in the Little Missouri bad lands. In Canada their range extends westward from the eastern limits of Manitoba to the Rockies and adjacent ranges. Small bands, rendered very shy by an unsought acquaintance with the settlers, may be found in Southern Manitoba, notably about the Tiger Hills and Pembina Mountains. And some personal experience with the elk of that district may explain why the pursuit of this lordly brute is hard and uncertain work.

Near the Pembina Mountains dwelt a rugged old settler, by name Hanks, and with him dwelt a tall, wiry "Breed" hunter, called Dave, or "Injun Dave," according to taste. The adjoining "half section" to the property controlled by Hanks and his "Breed" chum was secured in the spring of '88 by a warm personal friend of mine, and the first thing he did, after getting his lonely little shack built and completing a few needful tasks, was to make a closer acquaintance with Hanks and Dave. About the next thing he did was write to me to come North and visit him and have some shooting, to which invitation I responded in person.

My host Tom was not an exhaustive

worker; he had a small annuity and was quite prepared to enjoy wild life in bachelor freedom for a few years, and let other folks improve his land in value by improving the land all round it. I have a dim, hazy idea that perhaps his family sent him up there to help him curb a chronic inclination to kick over the traces and seed down city boulevards with wild oats, but anyway there he was, and soon made me feel quite at home with him and with Hanks and Dave. We had plenty of field shooting until the water fowl swept southward and the "chickens" grew wild and "packed," and then our minds drifted to big game, and when the first heavy snow came we were keen for elk, or deer, or bear, or anything too big to carry.

Meanwhile we had cemented and double riveted a friendship with our sturdy neighbors, and most of our evenings were spent together after a good day's shooting. Snow had already begun to fall, and one night after a storm we heard the "click-clack" of snowshoes outside the shack, and presently Hanks entered, followed by the silent Dave.

"Fellers, I brung Dave over fur a game o' cinch, an' we kin hev a squat round fur a couple o' hours, an' if you fellers is grit fur a hunt we'll try fur an elk in the mornin'. I seen tracks ter-day back in the bush when I was gettin' out poles."

This was exactly the kind of news we were glad to hear; we were undeniably "grit" for all the hunt they chose to spring on us. We got everything in readiness, had a few rounds of cinch, and bade our guests good night with the understanding that we should meet at daylight. As they clattered out into the brilliant night Hanks suggested:

"Best put on the shoes ter-morrow; the snow ain't so deep, but it's drifted quite a lot here 'n there, an' the pools an' ground ain't froze tight in the timber. So put 'em on anyhow, an' thar'll be more dry feet, mebbe, when we strike home."

Tom routed out a lot of old snowshoe club toggerie that had seen better days, and we were able to pick out a couple of pairs of moccasins, enough old socks and two hard-looking tuques. When Hanks saw us in the morning he remarked:

"By gum, but you fellers is tony-looking cusses, ain't you now? You'd scar the horns off a bull elk clear to Dakota!"

Long Dave snickered in a peculiar non-committal fashion; evidently while saying

nothing he was doing a heap of thinking. We cared little for their opinions, as the rigs were comfortable and workmanlike enough.

Hanks led us at an awful gait, and at first we decided that the snowshoes were a nuisance, but his advice was good after all, for drifts were numerous and the broad spread of the shoes helped us over many treacherous spots. Having arrived at a range of low, well-timbered hills, Hanks explained:

"'Bout a mile yonner's where I seed tracks; you fellers best scout along that thar side, an' mean' Dave 'll take a long here. We ain't liable to get more'n five miles apart at no time an' we can meet sumwhar 'bout noon if we don't find nuthin'; but I reckon thar's kwite a druv of 'em hereabouts."

We accordingly parted, Tom and I shaping a course along the southern slope of the hills. It was not at all cold in the shelter of the moderately dense timber, and we trudged ahead steadily, keeping our weather eyes open for the first "sign." We had covered perhaps five miles when I noticed a faint trail leading over a small mound. Following this for a few yards we came to a fair expanse of clean snow sheltered from the wind, and here the sign was plain enough.

"What think you of these things, Thomas?"

"Elk tracks—bet yer life!"

"Right! Now, they were made yesterday, and perhaps we may as well hold our direction. The elk is as likely to be in one place as another—lots of feed everywhere."

"Lead on, McSwiggler; I will follow whither thou darest go," said Tom, and we moved forward, scanning every foot of ground in sight as we proceeded. Half an hour later I found many tracks certainly not five hours old, and was just going to signal Tom, when that worthy threw himself flat in the snow and pointed straight ahead. In a little opening, perhaps a fourth of a mile away, stood an elk—a great, big bull elk, with magnificent antlers, and he was looking right at me, while here and there on either side of him certain movements in the brush suggested other elks. I didn't dare flop down as Tom had done for fear of alarming the bull, so I did what was probably the best thing to do, *i. e.*, stood perfectly still and returned my animal friend's searching stare. At last the bull turned slowly,

showing no signs of alarm, and led his band gradually over a hill and out of sight. We followed at our best pace, and I will never forget my sensations as we neared the crest of the hill over which the band had walked. Here probably was the grand opportunity of a lifetime to kill a quarry fit for the gods to chase. The elks would perhaps be feeding just beyond the brow of the hill—maybe not fifty yards beyond. We slipped off our snowshoes, put on our mittens and got down on all fours. "Not a sound for your life," I whispered, and then we crawled like a couple of blanketed mountain lions to the shelter of a small clump of snow-laden shrubs, from which we could command the farther slope. Nearing this I pulled off my right mitt with my teeth, and at the same time stole a glance at Tom. "His face! ye gods, his face!" I nearly exploded with laughter. It was gray; it was seamed with agonized lines; it bore an impression which might have suited the countenance of the gentleman who solved the mystery of "The Lady or the Tiger." William Tell in the moment of his trial, nor Cranmer going to the stake—no! nor, for that matter, bluff King Hal with an attack of colic, never bore such a face as Tom's, nor showed such a blending of doubtful fear, of noble resolve and present misery. I reached out my toe and gently poked him. He fairly spat like a cat and started in one convulsive twitch that lifted him bodily an inch from the ground.

"Are your nerves all right?" I whispered. "Y-yas, they-all-ite." The words burst from his mouth like a quail getting out of briars. Slowly, silently, as fog rises, we lifted our heads above the clump of brush. For one brief instant we stared eagerly at the picture before us, and then—then I sat up in that cold-blooded Manitoba snow and asked Tom pointedly "if it just wasn't—hard luck." The elk were slowly trotting across an "open" half a mile to the west. For a moment all seemed lost, but watching them we noticed how slowly they were traveling and saw them halt at last just within the cover. Not one seemed to notice the back trail and we decided that they had neither heard us nor suspected our presence. Moreover, the ground they were now in offered, if anything, an easier approach than our first attempt. So, after waiting a bit, we donned shoes again and tramped behind the hills until directly to leeward of the band. Then we climbed



"TWO REPORTS CAME CRASHING OVER THE 'OPEN,' TWO GRAND BULLS WENT DOWN."—P. 290.

the hills, and under the shelter of friendly cover moved noiselessly and rapidly as possible toward where the band was last seen. No elk in sight; so we stole ahead through the brush about the "open" till we struck the trail they had left. Once more the tell-tale shoes were removed, and we worked along as fast as possible through perhaps three hundred yards of cover. Another and larger "open" was reached, and our eyes swept anxiously over its snowy breadth. This is what we saw: Away at its further limit, in a sort of avenue of big timber, were huddled a tumult of elks—we saw two puffs of smoke stream from a big tree, two reports came crashing over the "open," two grand bulls went down; then the remainder of the band, nine in all, streamed away over the hills, trotting as only elk can trot. A moment later the figures of Hanks and Dave bounded from their cover, and we knew that if we had enjoyed only hard luck they had got glorious game.

For a few moments we watched the survivors of the band as they crossed the open, trotting in a fashion that we knew meant covering several miles ere the speed would relax. Once they swerved slightly in their course, and the wild idea of making a dash to head them rose, only to be dismissed instantly. No use to think of them any more; they were lost.

A gray, fluffy-feathered "moosebird"—the "whisky jack," or jay of the North—came drifting silently as a blown leaf from some unknown retreat, and perched upon a twig within a yard of my nose. He knew right well that game had been killed, and had come, as his kind invariably do, to claim his trifling tribute of offal. His beady little eyes peered inquisitively into my face, and he uttered a faint cry that sounded very like "wauk-wauk," and we knew we had to walk farther than our wearied limbs would carry us comfortably.

We went over and lent a hand in making the game as safe as possible; then all started upon the long tramp to the shack, good ten miles away.

"Click-clack, creak-creak, click-clack" the shoes rose and fell in measured cadence, Hanks setting the pace and making it a corker. Through the timber, across "opens," up hill, down dale, right in the teeth of a nor'-east breeze we went without a check, until Hanks at last dropped back to fix the strings of his shoe. My feet were getting very sore, the horrible *mal de raquet* was about to claim a

victim; Tom, too, was weakening, but Dave, who had assumed the post of pace-maker, rattled us merrily along.

Evening almost, and the shack goodness knows where! Would I ever get rid of those confounded shoes? I was in agony; would that Indian brute never let up?

Dave had reached the edge of the cover bordering another "open," when he paused as if struck by lightning. I pulled up in turn, as Tom stumbled on the tails of my shoes. Hanks was some little distance behind.

"Dave! What the dev——?"

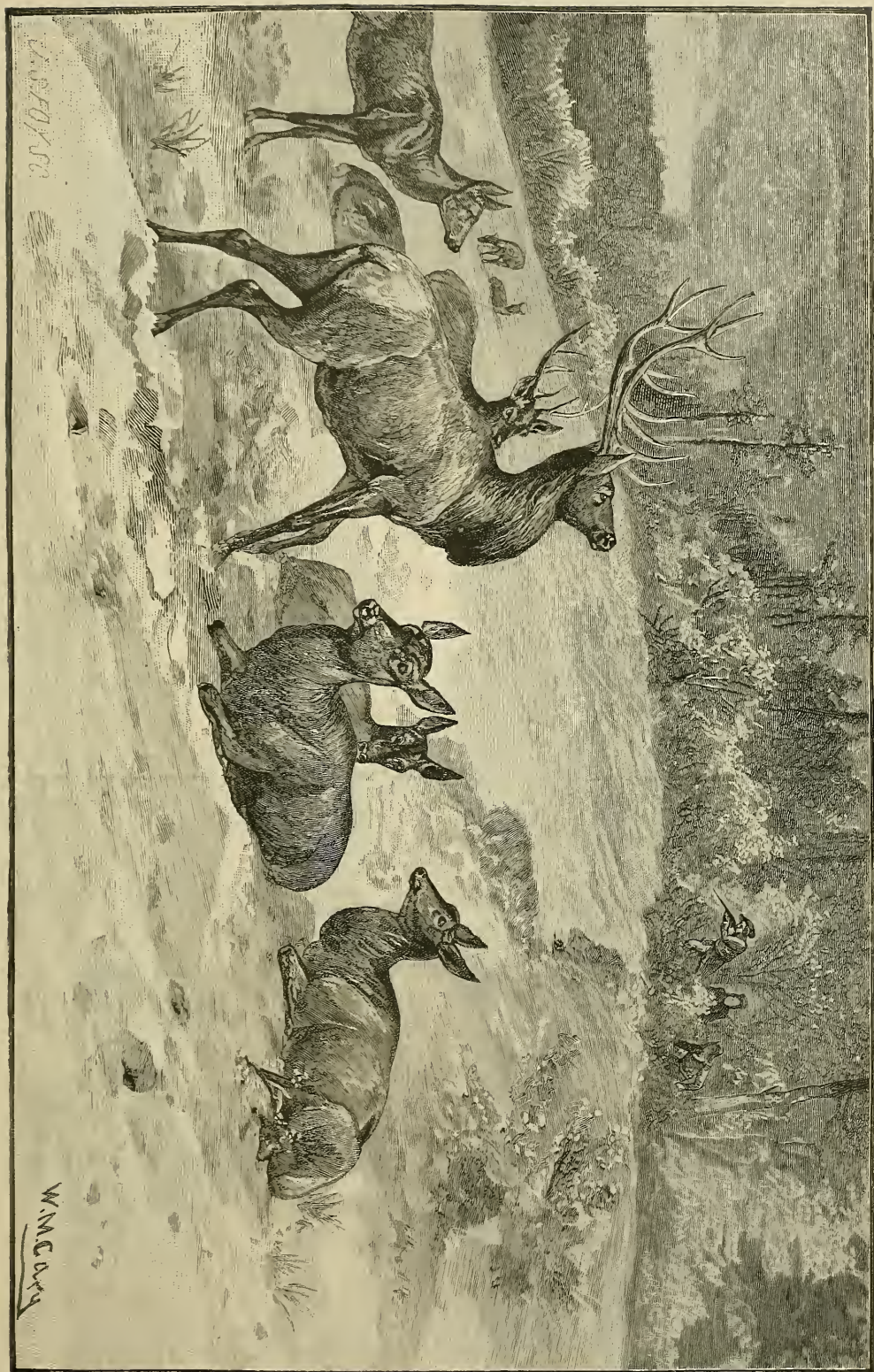
He turned his head like a flash and fairly ground his white teeth in fury. His marvelous eyes blazed like coals and his bronze face worked and twitched in every inch of its weatherbeaten surface, as he hissed "Dar um elk!—two—tree—seex—nine! Give it to um!—queeck!—queeck!"

We were right at the edge of the cover, and in the open, a hundred yards off, were the elk, two big bulls and a cow staring at us, the rest lying down.

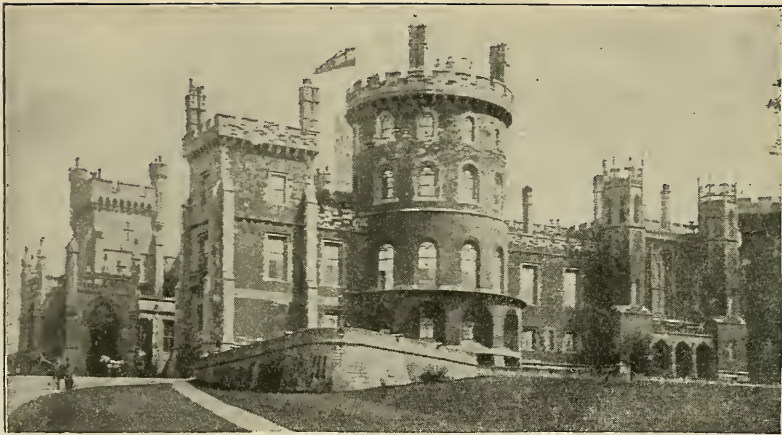
Tom's rifle exploded first, pointed heaven knoweth where; his stumble and astonishment had rattled him completely. Dave and I pulled together—Hanks was too far behind. The band, save one bull, made off at once as Dave and I dashed from the cover; we pulled up and blazed away at the bull again, as he turned and followed his band, pounding away at a big, swinging trot, but evidently hit hard.

Dave dropped on one knee, I stood up, and the repeater began to talk. "Crack-crack - crack - crack - crack - crack!" we worked the levers as fast as ever men did, the snow flew in clouds about him, but the regal brute struggled on, though he flinched repeatedly. Finally he disappeared in the cover. Dave borrowed some shells and fled like a tan-colored hound in pursuit, after saying:

"Shack jess over um hill—you go dur." I was too muscle sore for a chase, so the three of us set out for the shack. Night closed, we had fed and rested well, the clock pointed to 9:30, when we heard "click-click" outside, and presently Dave entered—the "tireddest looking" mortal I ever want to see. He was covered with hoar frost from head to foot, but he pitched a fragment of bloody skin upon my knee and sat down with a great grunt of relief, which wound up with "Got um bull!"



"TWO BIG BILLS AND A COW STARING AT US."—P. 209.



A RUN WITH "THE DUKES."

BY R. MONCKTON-DENE.

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaims a hunting morning.

FOX hunting at the present day is practically unknown over a large portion of the United States.

Apart from the dearth of foxes, the sport cannot be followed to any great extent in many localities, owing to the physical configuration of the country and to its being far too heavily timbered to admit of a cross-country burst. But fox hunting in Great Britain may be considered a national institution, so generally is the sport followed.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, M. F. H.

Almost every county in England has its pack or packs of hounds, but the *crème de la crème* of the hunting country is in "the Shires," as the counties of Leicester, Rutland and Northampton are called. These counties are the very heart of the grass country of England. The scenery has incurred the reproach of being tame; nevertheless it has a quiet pastoral beauty peculiarly its own, and its broad undulating pastures are unrivaled for the purposes of the chase.

The town of Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, frequently called "the hunting

metropolis," is the Mecca of the fox hunter. It is a quaint, sleepy old market town of some six thousand inhabitants, picturesquely situated on the banks of the small River Eye. There is nothing particularly striking about it except the fine old cathedral-like church, whose square, massive tower is a prominent object in the landscape.

The surrounding country is purely agricultural, and the succulent grasses of its rich pastures annually fatten thousands of valuable steers for ultimate conversion into that famous "roast beef" which is the pride and boast of "old England." It is the home of the fox, for whose especial benefit many quiet nooks and corners in the rich bottom lands are fenced in and given over to tangled growths of thorn and thicket, called coverts, in the depths of which reynard makes his "earth."



FRANK GILLARD, THE HUNTSMAN.

In the summer months

Melton Mowbray is one of the duller places conceivable. Nothing occurs to break its depressing lifelessness save the

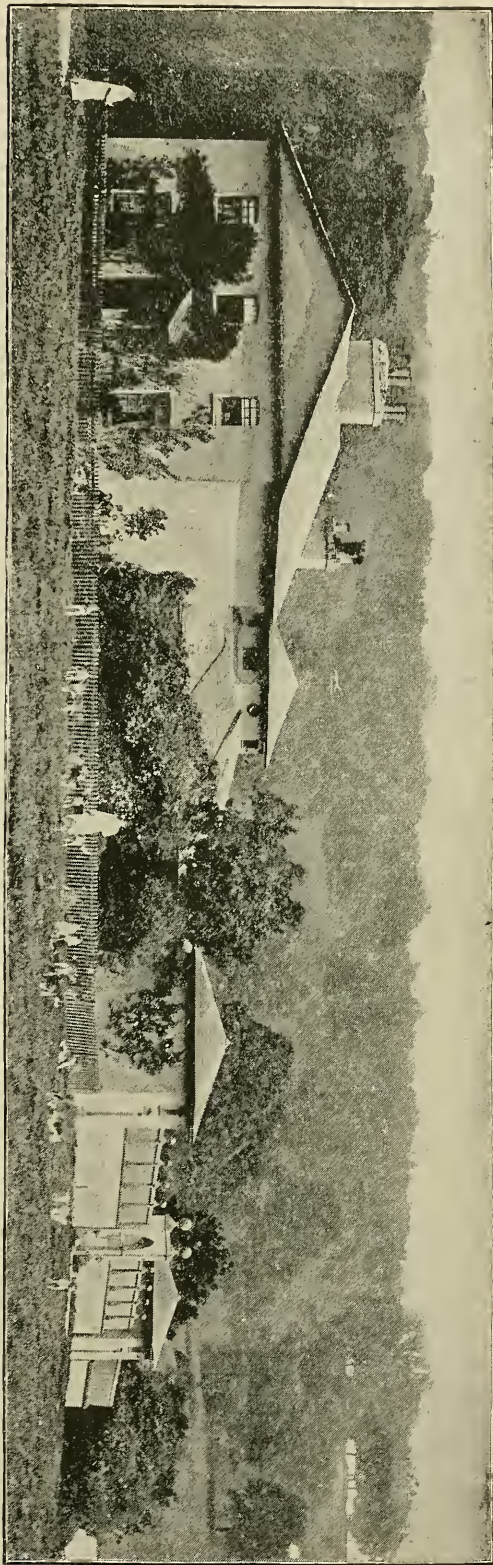
hebdomadal market day, when scores of substantial-looking farmers come into town from the country side to dispose of farm produce and discuss matters agricultural over "pints of ale" or "glasses of hot grog" in the bar parlors of the Bell and the George. But when the dull days of November come round, when the wind, whistling through the naked branches of the trees with dismal wail, suggestive of approaching winter, whirls away the few remaining leaves whose superior vitality has withstood the rude autumnal blasts; when fogs and vapors hang all day about the edges of the woods and coppices and the cheerless landscape is enveloped in a blur of misty gray; when the cattle leave the sunless and rain-sodden pastures for the warm shelter of the yards, and the birds desert the bare hedgerows for the more cheerful precincts of the farm, then the little town of Melton Mowbray, waking up from its summer torpor, assumes its liveliest aspect and is seen at its best.

For at this time the votaries of the chase, upon whose annual visits the prosperity of the town in a measure depends, begin to arrive. Hunting boxes find tenants and the big hotels fill with guests. In the early mornings superb studs, each containing from ten to twenty costly hunters, admirably groomed and warmly clothed in coroneted or crested blankets, may be seen on the roads in the vicinity of the town taking their matutinal exercise under the supervision of stud groomers.

In the hotel yards horsey-looking individuals are perpetually "gettin' up tops," brightening bits and polishing spurs in the hopeless endeavor to satisfy the exacting requirements of the gentlemen of the hunt in these particulars, while during the morning hours dapper, smooth-shaven valets are continually running to and fro with pink coats, top boots, breeches and all the paraphernalia of a sportsman's outfit.

After breakfast the streets begin to assume quite an animated appearance. Pink-coated gentlemen in spotless buckskins and immaculate "tops," fair equestriennes in natty-looking hats and exquisitely-fitting habits, vehicles of every description—the barouche, with its costly pair of grays, the gay and dashing tandem and the neat dog cart—are met at every turn, hastening to

THE BELVOIR KENNELS.





THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

the different meets. The astute and wily reynard, who all the summer has lived in luxurious ease upon the proceeds of predatory excursions, no doubt feels that, with the approach of winter, his lordly leisure is at an end.

At this season of the year he may not infrequently be seen slinking with depressed tail and furtive air through the dank grass beneath some tall hedgerow, as though his mind were full of dismal forebodings engendered by last season's experiences, or busy in recalling the exact location of some friendly drain that may afford him timely shelter in the hour of need, or in weighing the respective advantages of the different lines of country open to him to take when the howling pack invade his thorny retreat; for at any moment now his postprandial nap may be rudely disturbed by the sound of the "twanging horn" and the dreaded baying of his canine foes.

The hunting season lasts from November to April. The opening meet is invariably held at Kirby Gate, a spot historic in the annals of the chase, a mile or so from Melton Mowbray. But little hunting is done on this occasion; hounds are simply ridden to covert as a matter of form. "Kirby Gate" is more of a social function—a reunion of members of the

various hunts, who during the summer months have been widely scattered over the world in search of other forms of pleasure. Hundreds of spectators desirous of observing the ways and doings of "upper tendom," attend both on foot and "on wheels." Altogether Kirby Gate is perhaps the most brilliant assemblage of the season.

The season terminates with a couple of fashionable race meetings—the Melton Hunt steeplechases, held at the village of Burton Lazaars, a couple of miles from Melton Mowbray, and the Croxton Park races, held near Belvoir Castle, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Rutland. The "events" are open only to horses that have been regularly hunted during the season and are the property of farmers and gentlemen of the neighboring hunts. The riding is done by gentlemen jockeys, and everything connected with these meetings is exclusive and aristocratic.

Within easy reach of Melton Mowbray are four celebrated packs of hounds—the Quorn, Captain Warner, M. F. H.; the Cottesmore, W. Baird, Esq., M. F. H.; Mr. Fernie's (formerly Sir Bache Cunnard's), Mr. Fernie, M. F. H., and the Belvoir, locally known as "the Dukes," the Duke of Rutland, M. F. H., while the Pytchley, the South Notts and the Atherstone are nearly as available.

Each pack meets three times a week, the date, place and time of the meet being published in all the local papers, and the meets together form an almost continuous daily circuit.

Where a pack of hounds is not main-



EGERTON LODGE—THE EARL OF WILTON'S HUNTING BOX.



BELVOIR CASTLE FROM THE VALE.

tained by subscription it is a luxury which none but the wealthiest can afford. The father of the late Sir Richard Sutton, of *Genesta* fame, estimated his expenses in connection with the Quorn during his mastership at £10,000 per annum, and while this is probably a generous expenditure there is no doubt that the position of M. F. H., involving as it does the support of a small army of retainers and countless minor expenses, trifling in themselves but formidable in the aggregate, is a very costly honor.

The Cottesmore and Mr. Fernie's are first-rate packs, each containing about fifty couples of hounds. The Quorn was for years the crack pack in "the Shires," but the premier position is, in my opinion, now held by the Belvoir, as fine a pack as lavish expenditure, judicious breeding and experienced training can secure.

Belvoir Castle, the regal seat of the Duke of Rutland, is one of the stateliest of the "stately homes of England." It is situated on the borders of Leicestershire, about twelve miles from Melton



"BEHIND HIM BAYED THE EAGER PACK."—P. 298.

Mowbray, and occupies a noble and commanding position on the summit of a considerable eminence. The view of woodland, vale and smiling pasture obtained from its windows and battlements is one of unrivaled extent and surpassing beauty.

O'er all the boundless plain

Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent, and called the sturdy Leicestershire yeomen to the defense of their queen and country in the stirring times of the Spanish Armada.

For generations the dukes of Rutland have maintained the Belvoir hounds, until this famous pack has, as it were, become part and parcel of their inheritance. The present duke—John James Robert Manners, K. G., G. C. B., perhaps better known by his former title, Lord John Manners—is a statesman of experience and ability, and has held Cabinet positions in several Conservative administrations. In his seventieth year he succeeded his brother, the late duke, who died unmarried in 1888, and although he, like his eldest son,

the Marquis of Granby, is more of a statesman than a sportsman, he keeps up the traditions of his house, and the Belvoir pack is maintained in all its pristine excellence.

A favorite trysting place of "the Dukes" is Croxton Park, almost beneath the battlements of Belvoir. Meets at this spot are invariably attended by large and aristocratic "fields."

It has been my good fortune to witness not a few of them, and to take part in several glorious cross-country bursts over grass and plough, in the wake of the fastest pack in "the flying shires."

There is one in particular that I have good cause to remember, the more so as it was the last

time I ever rode to hounds, and now, like a mental beacon light, it stands upon the verge of that old life, illumining the present with a flood of cherished recollections.

At the close of the season of 18— I received an invitation to visit Leicestershire from an old college friend of mine, who, having an income of something over £8,000 a year, could afford to indulge in such little luxuries as shooting and hunting. His place was on the Pythley or Harborough side, but on occasions of especial importance he migrated into the Melton country.

A meet of "the Dukes" was announced for Croxton Park, and as I expressed a wish to see this famous pack again, S——, who is one of the most obliging fellows in existence, sent over a couple of his best hunters by rail to Grantham, which is about fourteen miles from Melton Mowbray and four from Croxton Park. We followed the next day, arriving in Grantham late in the afternoon, the weather giving every indication of being favorable

for sport upon the morrow. We were up betimes next morning, and, having done ample justice to a substantial breakfast, admirably served by mine host of the Angel, we mounted and rode away for Croxton Park, where we found a crowded field. From every point a more than usually brilliant company of

Fair women and brave men had assembled to view the sport. There were a couple of dukes, the noble master, the Duke of Rutland himself, and the Duke of Portland, one of the foremost sportsmen of England; an earl, also well known in the sporting world, lords and ladies galore, and a plentiful sprinkling of lesser notabilities, members of Parliament, *et hoc genus omne*, and scores of country gentlemen of more or less renown, to say nothing of the multitudes like myself

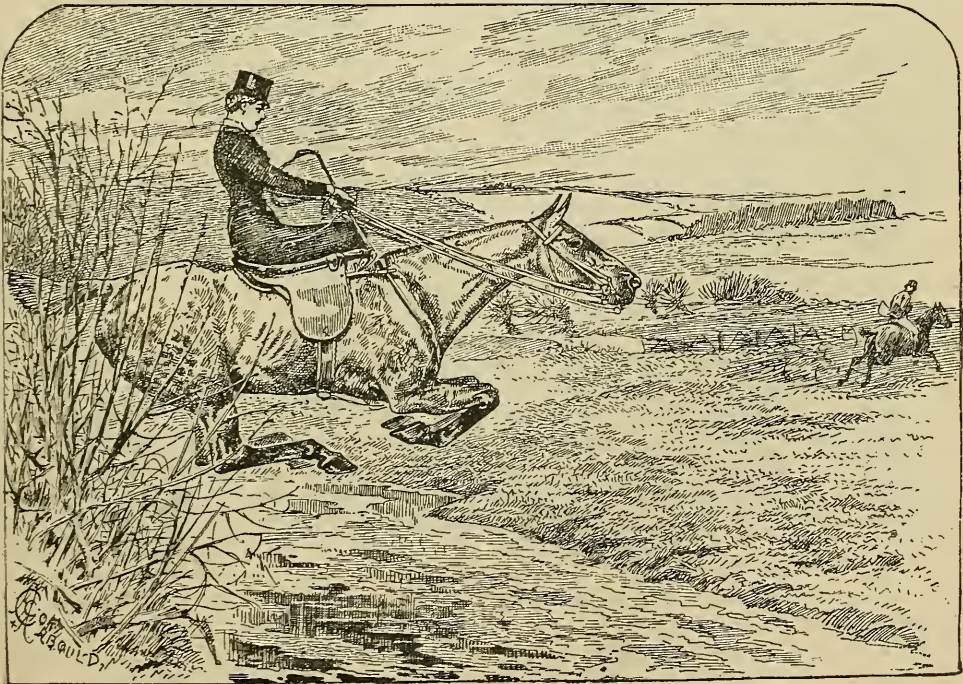
To fortune and to fame unknown.

Hard-riding farmers in neat black Melton coats and stout Bedford cords rode up on wiry, useful-looking hunters, touching their hats to "the duke" as they passed, and gathered together in knots, discussing everything from the price of corn to the probable winner of the Farmers' Plate at the approaching Crox-

ton Park Meeting. In short it was a meet to be remembered, and one that was amply convincing—if indeed conviction were needed—of the popularity of fox hunting. No need though to adduce proof of the manifold fascinations of the sport of sports. They are generally admitted, and once tasted, the one desire, like that of little Oliver, is for "more." Given a good horse, a steady nerve, a strong scent, a straight-necked fox and a fast pack, can any mundane enjoyment compare with the delights of him who follows the chase? His cheek glows with life and health, his pulses throb with augmented vigor, his nerves are strung to an ecstatic pitch, his whole being thrills with a buoyant sense of exhilaration, and black care is for once unseated as the gallant horse bears him across the swelling pastures, with reynard a field ahead and the loud music of the pack ringing out upon the keen, crisp air.

Shortly before noon Gillard, the huntsman, on his famous old gray, rode up with the hounds and received the order from the master for Coston Covert.

What a splendid day it was! Perhaps a better one for the prospects of sport never dawned. The wind blew keen and fresh from the southward, driving a faint,



THE QUEEN OF THE CHASE.

smoke-like scud before it across the dull gray sky. It was the typical day of the old song :

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaims a hunting morning,

and our hearts beat high in anticipation of a "glorious burst" as we trotted down to the covert.

Hardly had hounds entered than a loud and long "Gone away, go-o-o-ne away!" at the top end told us that reynard had been found at home. We had some little difficulty in extricating ourselves from the crowd at the covert side, and were unfortunate in making a bad start; but after the first few fences were passed the outsiders fell away and the field settled down to business in real earnest.

S—— was mounted on a magnificent hunter, with an amount of bone and sinew that bespoke plenty of speed and great staying powers, and I felt that the horse I bestrode — a powerful chestnut with a grand stride — would render a good account of himself. Owing to the bad start we had obtained, we found ourselves on leaving the covert side at the tail end of the very large field; but as I settled myself in the saddle I noticed that we were rapidly forging to the front.

There, some distance ahead, was reynard, a gray-furred old "varmint," full of guile and stratagem — the survivor, no doubt, of many a desperate run — sturdily making his way across a twenty-acre pasture, evidently fit and determined to make the pace for us. Behind him bayed the eager pack, running in a beautifully compact mass, sterns up, noses down, their deep tones blending in a swelling chorus of music that made the woodland ring again.

Away we went, making for Woodwell Head. This is one of the very best lines in the Belvoir country, and when the pace is fast he must needs possess an unflinching nerve and a good horse who would be in at the death. And the pace was fast from the very start; for the scent was good and the fox a flyer — there was everything to make it so. Faster and faster it grew, the hounds tearing across the broad pastures. Over hedge and ditch we flew, the stride of our noble steeds lengthening almost to racing pace.

Reynard, hard pressed, turned to the left for Granby Gorse, but finding the pace too hot to admit of a visit there he

made a wide detour and then bore away for Buckminster Ashes. As the pace grew hotter and the fences stiffer, empty saddles became the order of the day, and not infrequently we passed some luckless Nimrod extricating himself in a very bedraggled condition from the ditch into which he had been precipitately deposited. A stiff bit of ploughed land weeded out the last of the stragglers, and when we had crossed it there were only six of the field ahead of us — Gillard, three pink coats, a hard-riding farmer on a bay mare, and a young lady in a dark-blue habit, who had thus far ridden with a nerve and judgment that bespoke the bold and accomplished horsewoman.

After the ploughed land came a stretch of sloping pasture, bounded at the bottom by a thick blackthorn hedge, which masked a deep and treacherous-looking ditch. The pace down the slope was terrific. The field — there were only five of us now, one having refused at the last fence — were riding well together, and I felt my teeth clench involuntarily as we neared the tremendous blackthorn. Over went Gillard and one of the pink coats, side by side.

The hard-riding farmer on the bay mare and the young lady in the dark-blue habit were riding neck and neck, the former, if anything, slightly in advance. He endeavored to turn aside to enable her to take advantage of a gap, when his horse lost stride and came to grief as he rose at the fence, bringing his rider somewhat heavily to the ground. Fortunately he sustained no hurt, and his black coat was soon well to the fore again.

Meanwhile the young lady in the dark-blue habit cleared the blackthorn in splendid style, and then it came to our turn. S——'s horse, for some unaccountable reason, jumped short and landed his rider in the ditch. No bones were broken, however, and as mere bruises count for nothing in the hunting field S—— soon emerged none the worse for the mishap, though his pink coat had assumed an appearance as varied as that accredited to Joseph's. Quickly remounting he made another and more successful attempt at a spot lower down, and, thanks to a slight detour on the part of reynard, was not long in recovering his lost ground.

I have a confused recollection of feeling a tremendous jerk at my wrists and of catching a glimpse of a yawning chasm beneath me, and I was safely over. We

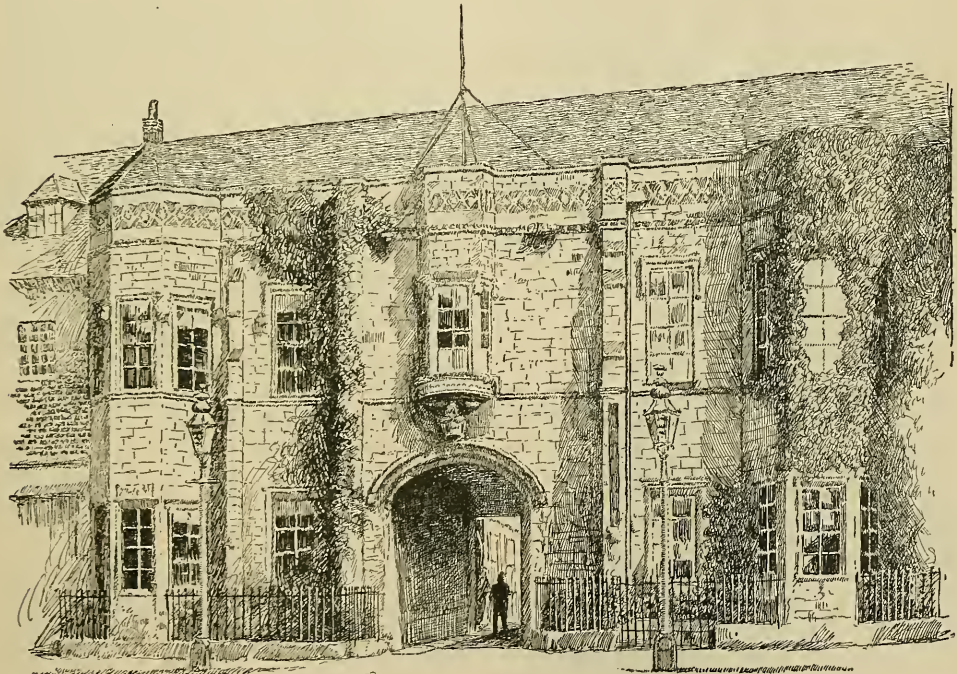
were close to hounds now, and hounds were close at reynard's heels. The old fox was beginning to show signs of distress; his tail drooped and his tongue hung out. Still he bravely raced for life, as he had often done before. Another fence, and then, in the middle of a huge pasture, he turned and faced the howling pack with lips drawn back and teeth glistening in a snarl of defiance.

In a moment more they rolled him over, and the game old "varmint" died in the open, as every fox should.

The hard-riding farmer on the bay mare, being first in at the death, became entitled to the brush, and, upon receiving the trophy, immediately presented it, as in courtesy bound, to the young lady in the dark-blue habit, who had almost gained it *in propria persona*, so boldly and closely had she ridden. The rest of the field soon began to come up and ere long quite a large company arrived at the scene of the death, everyone extending the heartiest congratulations to the hard-riding farmer on the bay mare and the young lady in the dark-blue habit. Some

little time was spent here to give the horses a breathing spell, and then, as the day was yet young, Gillard proceeded to draw another covert. But as S——'s horse, which had strained a shoulder in his mishap at the blackthorn fence, began to show signs of lameness, and as we were some distance from home, we thought it best to hark back to Grant-ham, where we arrived late in the afternoon, not a little fatigued with the exertions of the day. Having turned the horses over to the stable hands and changed our mud-bespattered hunting attire, we sat down to the excellent fare of the Angel with appetites sharpened by our long ride in the keen winter air.

And when the inner man had been amply provided for we sought a snug sitting room, and, drawing our easy chairs to the warm fireside, abandoned ourselves to the enjoyment of a bottle of rare old port and a couple of fragrant havanas, recalling time and again, before retiring to rest, the incidents of our memorable "run with 'the Dukes.'"



THE ANGEL INN, GRANTHAM.



HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE Turn-verein ball had come off, and the boys had attended it in due form. They had danced with Miss Frankenstein, Miss Himmeldeiner, Miss Rosenheimer, Miss Dopleschin and the Misses Gerhart, Ella and Minnie. "Mame" was Ella's sister. "Minnie" was a Miss Hansen. There had been plenty of beer downstairs, but everything had been very respectable and well conducted. There was no doubt at all in the minds of all the freshmen that Ella was the prettiest girl in the ballroom. In her white dress stylishly cut, her pretty ribbons, her long gloves with seven buttons, Harry had fairly lost his heart over her. He felt a strange amusement in the society of the pretty girl. She was very bright, rather gay, yet innocent. Harry amused Jack by his account of the Gerhart *menage*.

"The night I went up there to call on Ella," he said, "she introduced me to her father, a horny-handed old inventor, with the head and brow of Jove. I take it the old man is a sort of an ex-machinist. You know those fellows are always inventing something. Mother Gerhart is a large, good-looking German woman, with fine eyes. Ella gets her eyes from her mother. They are very poor. But they go to one of the most 'stylish' churches in New Haven, they say, and the girls dress—don't they?—very nicely. When I called the old man had been working at his apparatus—something in electricity Mame told me. His hands were all greasy, but he didn't hesitate to shake. A funny thing was Ella saw it

and blushed a bright red, while I coyly wiped my hand on my handkerchief. Ella seems so afraid that I will observe the evidences of their poverty. She's a great girl; she's got a good voice, and how fond they are of dancing! Even the old man, Jack; he is six feet high and a huge, kindly old fellow, well read in his native tongue, quotes Faust at you and Schiller; he plays the violin and mamma plays the old rattle piano. It is a family that has seen better days—in Berlin. Everything in the house is as neat as wax."

"Oh, by the way," interrupted Jack, "you were writing to your mother to-night. Did you—of course you told her all about the cake walk, the Turn-verein and the pleasing Gerhart family?"

Harry looked up.

"I confess I have grave twinges of conscience, but yet Ella is a very nice, honest girl; and as long as I am not especially in love with her——"

"Oh, of course then I would not mention her!" laughed Jack.

"Did you write to General Rives about it all?"

"Why, no; papa would probably imagine all sorts of things."

"Why, so would my mother."

"People at home are always so eager to jump to conclusions," laughed Jack. "Now, how it would sound if they heard all the facts!"

"Why, I consider it one of the reasons why a man ought never go to college in a place where his family lives. There are so many things——"

"Yes, so many things."

"Things which are nothing in them-

selves but jokes, fun, part of the life here. You don't want our turkey episode blazoned out in print, eh?"

"No, nor our sign steals. By the way, that gold tooth hanging out of that dentist's shop on the corner of York and Elm—I will own that golden tooth some day, shan't I, Stamp, old man, eh?"

"But about this girl. I've asked Ella to go to the 'theayter,' as she calls it, next Saturday night. Lydia Thompson, you know——"

"Oh, Harry! don't. Everyone will be there and will see you!"

"By Jove, I'm not ashamed to be seen with Ella Gerhart!" Harry spoke with some heat.

"Well, she is hardly in the set we will be in eventually, is she?"

"I don't care," replied Harry, doggedly. "I'm going to take her."

Jack was by this time undressed and in bed. He said nothing and went off gently to sleep as Harry sat up in the glow of the fire and excused himself for his growing infatuation for the beautiful shop girl.

Winter term, with its Junior Promenade—the swellest ball of the year—passed so rapidly that Easter vacation came upon them with almost a sudden surprise. There was so much to do—the recitations, the lectures, the outside fun, the balls—they went to four—the "shows," the midnight escapades, the rows with the sophs, which gradually died out in fury as the year progressed. When they came back for the spring or summer term Harry was in the third division; he had dropped from his lofty perch in the second, and the two chums were together.

"Ah," said Jack, "it is all that Ella Gerhart—give her up, Harry."

Harry drew himself up rather stiffly.

"She is one of the sweetest, most innocent girls in the world," he said. "Besides, she will be a great help to me in my German."

Jack said nothing, but as he was going over to the "gym" for a row on the weights (he and Thornton were getting up a capital freshman crew to meet Harvard in July), he merely whistled incredulously and went out. After Jack had gone a buggy drove up to Mrs. Gimly's with a fast-looking nag. Harry muffled himself up in his great ulster, for the day was rather raw and "springy," and went down and got in. The livery-stable boy handed him a little bill. "Fifty-seven

dollars!" Harry cried, amazed. "Why, this is an outrage!"

"Well, it's them 'acks, fer them balls is included, sir, an' they's at least ten buggies, sir."

And the stable boy winked.

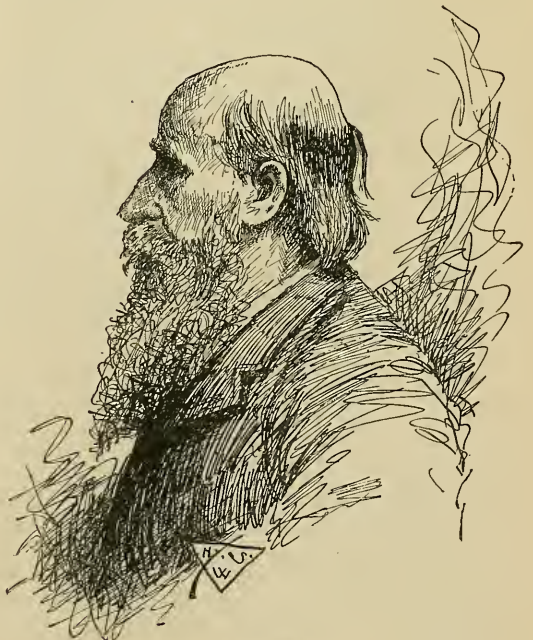
Harry drove off indignantly. He turned down Elm and out Whitney avenue. Who is that tall, pretty young girl in red ribbons waiting on the path so expectantly? Ah, what a charming complexion! She is rather stylishly dressed, too. She has little feet and little white hands, ungloved. Our hero gets out and gallantly helps her in, and they drive away together into the sandy lanes toward Lake Whitney. She is very happy. She laughs and "giggles." She has implicit trust—and rightly, for is not Harry one of the finest fellows in all Yale College? * * * A half hour later, if one could see them, along a side lane, the horse is walking and her pretty head has fallen upon his shoulder.

"And will you always—*always*—love me as you do now, Mr. Chestleton?" (Faintly.)

"Always; but of course you know——"

"Oh, crickets! Look at that cow! That's bad luck, sure!"

A cow crossed their track. Pretty Ella Gerhart sat up very straight and refused to be comforted. There were tears of



ELLA'S FATHER.

anticipated calamity in her fine blue eyes.

"You're not afraid of a cow, Ella?"

"No, but it's a sign. Oh, Mr. Chestleton! you don't *really* care for me."

"I swear I——"

"No, I ain't one of your kind. I know it. I ought never to have met you. I ought never to see you again. Never! never!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her, and the buggy drew out of the long winding lane into the high road. They trotted home in time for his afternoon recitation, at which Harry made a dead flunk. He would do anything for that girl, he thought. Once or twice the crazy idea entered his boyish mind that he would leave college and marry her.

CHAPTER XX.

Harry soon had his afternoons well taken up with his nine. He practiced them every day at running, throwing and batting. One day the "university" played them a practice game of five innings and had a remarkably difficult time hitting his pitching. Big Guthrie and huge Murdoch each fanned the air twice! It was in the early days, when an overhand throw was first allowed. Captain Harding, after fouling twice, hit a feeble grounder to short and was easily thrown out. The freshmen almost won the game, the score being 3—4.

An old ball player, who had played and pitched years ago on the Boston Excelsiors, taught Harry to pitch and to try some curves and "in shoots" of his own device. When throwing came in Harry followed up his teaching and could curve a ball so that it was almost impossible to hit it. He could not explain it himself. He called it a "knack." Captain Harding had wanted at the first organization of the 'varsity nine to put Harry on with Jim Danforth, but upper-class politics at first prevailed.

One Saturday afternoon, fortunately, Curtis was ill and could not play. It was to be a practice game against the Amherst nine. Danforth had been urging Harding to try Harry in the pitcher's box.

"Try him, Captain Harding," said Jim. "I tell you he can curve a ball so that no one can hit it. Give him a chance. The time has gone by when we can hope to beat Harvard by main strength and hard playing."

"I'll think of it," replied Harding, and that afternoon he told Harry he could play in the Amherst game.

So it happened that Harry, who had played short stop at Andover and had really pitched only one or two games before he came to college, thus became a college pitcher. The Amherst nine was a good one that year, but it could do nothing with him. Harry struck out thirteen men during the game and was allowed to pitch the entire nine innings. Yale won, 14 to 3. The college papers came out and praised him very highly after that day. He was getting his hand in and putting on new "twists," as they called it then. Danforth coached him.

"Oh, Dan!" said Harry one day, "if we could put our freshman battery in the university nine!"

"Wait another year," said Danforth.

Meanwhile the days grew on into May and the summer term began in earnest. Somehow the various recitations seemed to grow easier, the whole college appeared to relax its tension, to grow more fond of amusement, to spend its time outdoors. The long looked for day arrived when freshmen were allowed to wear beavers, and there was in the Andover crowd a swell dinner in consequence at Gradley's. There were thirty fresh gentlemen present. The early part of the dinner was conducted with remarkable decorum; but the iced champagne was very seductive. Jack, really for the first time, quite lost his head. There were speeches commemorative of the occasion, and Jack could do nothing but sing and dance a ballet accompaniment. On the way home the freshmen marched up and sung before all the ladies' seminaries of the city and sang discordantly, too, all the old, old college songs. There were signs of commotion at upper-window blinds. A candle was lit, a few flowers were dropped out of a window and eagerly seized by the uproarious students. Those midnight serenades at the seminaries, what terrible exhibitions of student singing they were! Yet how well rewarded! "Upidee," "When Freshmen First We Came to Yale," "Lauriger Horatius," "Nelly Was a Lady," all the time-honored songs howled with a champagne fervor, yelled at the top of their young vociferous lungs, always met with the never-failing appreciative response from the fair inmates. Perhaps they were well disposed in favor of the night howlers. The "fem sems," as they

were called, evidently required a very low standard of musical ability in their student admirers.

Then came, too, in May the election into the sophomore societies. Harry and Jack were elected into Delta Beta Xi, while Thornton and Coles went to Phi Theta Psi. There was at this time about as much difference in relative rank of the two soph societies as there is between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. They have since met an untimely death by judicial decree. The tremendous secrets which were hidden beneath the Greek letters shall never be revealed by this pen! Nor shall the grip be divulged, nor the terrific initiation, nor the sacred penalties be dragged forth into the light of common day.

CHAPTER XXI.

The sensation of spring term in boating circles was the return of Ad or "Bob" Clark, as he was familiarly called, with the English stroke "in his pocket." He had spent three months in England, coached by boating celebrities of the London Rowing Club and by old 'varsity oars at Oxford. It was really to be an event in American rowing annals. The new stroke was said to be a novelty and to introduce a new principle. College boating affairs were at such a low ebb (even little Williams pushed the nose of her shell ahead of Yale the year previous at Springfield) that Clark was at once empowered to select his own crew and to test the new stroke for all it was worth. There were plenty of detractors and plenty of "kickers," but Clark fed on adverse criticism. He got together a crew which would obey him absolutely. In fact he compelled them to obey him by first thrashing each member of the crew. Then he went to work teaching them the intricate English stroke. His perseverance was marvelous. The crew learned his stroke in less time than any crew had ever "got together" before. There were no coxswains in those days and the crews were composed of six, with the bow oar doing all the steering with his feet. Such was the general distrust in college, however, that the freshmen were put in the hands of Hamm, a professional trainer from Pittsburgh. Bob Clark said nothing, however, and even his enemies and detractors admired his quiet pluck.

The two crews, 'varsity and freshman, went to their training table about the middle of May. In those days—days so far back, O undergrad, that they date before the days of the new boathouse—the barn-like structure across the street fence, the steamboat wharf near the bridge, had only two lofts in use. In the upper loft were stored the antiquated boats of the old Yale navy. High on a beam was nailed the name of the first raceboat owned by Yale in 1843, called *Pioneer*, Yale, No. 1; near it was the outline of the old Yale boat *Excelsior*, which won many a race from the New Haven oyster men in the early fifties. In those days they rowed from Schem's Head to the old wharf at New Haven. The shape of the old eight-oared *Shawmut* and a cut framed in oak hung near a dusty window. The *Shawmut* had stern sheets for six passengers, and the captain's seat at the extreme stern of the boat was elevated above the gunwale, so that he could overlook the heads of his crew and spur them on to victory. There was a picture also of the *Osceola*, of eight oars and thirty-six feet long, which raced from the years 1847 to 1853. The picture of the *Augusta*, another eight-oared craft, contained beneath its frame a short and simple history.* The boat was clinker built of red cedar with boxwood ribs, copper fastened, and cost when new \$300, but was sold to '52 for a supper. She was wrecked one windy afternoon in 1853 off Crane's Bar while being towed with a load of straw toward the shore of Fort Hale, where the crew, dressed in white togas and with garlands of flowers on their heads, were intending to offer her as a burnt sacrifice to Neptune.

The old boat house had no modern arrangements for "showers," and it was the custom of the crews (hardy young rascals) to jump into the salt, brackish water off the float after rowing, as early as March. It never seemed to hurt them. On clumsy racks were hung the 'varsity six-oared shells, of the "shell period" from 1864 to 1870, and the revered craft of '65 and '66, used by the famous "Wilbur Bacon" crews of those years, warped now and out of shape. At one side were some further old cuts and memorabilia on the walls. Among them an account of the "Prize Regatta of '56, the prize an elegant boat lantern." The distance was

* For which we are indebted to Mr. Bagg's "Four Years at Yale."

three miles, and the *Transit* covered it in 21m. 12s., with the *Nereid* second in 22m. 4s., the *Nautilus* and *Wa-Wa* third and fourth. The *Transit* was of the scientific school, with six oars only. There were several old regatta posters in frames of those old times "afo' de wah," when races of sharpies, rowboats and all manner and kind of craft enlivened an afternoon on New Haven harbor. Near by hung a list of old raceboats, commencing with the *Atlanta*, 1850; the *Excelsior*, 1852 (six oared); the *Shawmut*, the *Phantom* (five oared)*, the *Halcyon* (eight oared), purchased from Harvard, and the *Undine*. In those pleasant old days (our grandmothers remember them) "the devotees of Mercury had boats consisting of forty feet of quarter-inch plank, brought together at each end, carrying nothing but the crew and two boat hooks, gliding swiftly past with its ambitious load. The

claims of Venus are not to be despised, however, and the broad, velvet-cushioned, prettily painted barges of the earlier day go struggling after, laden down to the water's edge with their fair burden of New Haven's fairest."

By the middle of May boating life was well started. Clark went ding-dong at his 'varsity crew, introducing several new little points of coaching they had taught him at Oxford. He took them far up the Quinnipiac, afar from the maddening crowd of student and town onlookers, who used to congregate on the old bridge and criticise the crew as Clark stroked them out around the oyster stakes and so on up the river. The crew did not look promising, and the rowing wiseacres shook their heads.

"We're trusting a good deal to Clark and his new-fangled ideas," they said. The fact that Yale was a "tail end" the year previous was one reason why Clark was allowed more freedom of action than he otherwise would have had.

* From a list in the Yale Literary Magazine of June, 1857. The writer adds: "That larboard bowsman must have been a Hercules!"



"HER PRETTY HEAD HAS FALLEN UPON HIS SHOULDER."—P. 301.

CISCO FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

BY ERNEST W. CHUBB.



FROM the evening sky the light was fast disappearing as I stepped from the train at the little Wisconsin station of O—. The mercury lacked but a few degrees of the zero mark, so I buttoned my warm coat more closely around my throat, drew on heavy gloves and prepared for the usual

three-mile ride out into the country. Upon the farther side of the track stood the conveyance which had been sent for me, drawn by old Jake, who was impatient to be off. Soon we were speeding merrily homeward along the smoothly beaten highway.

I had been invited to spend a morning with two mutual friends in their cisco shanty upon the then frozen waters of beautiful upper Nashota Lake, and was told to be on hand not later than sunrise. Long before the first signs of approaching morning were made manifest the clock broke forth with a rattle and a roar that brought me out upon the floor in a twinkling, and a moment later I was endeavoring with a pillow to stifle the thoroughly frenzied alarm, that the entire household might not be aroused. Donning my warm suit I descended the creaking stairs, carrying my foot covering in my hands. A bright fire was soon roaring in the kitchen stove and a pot of coffee shortly after puffing out its fragrant breath. A step was heard upon the frosty walk outside, and I admitted S—, who had called for me and whom I soon had seated at the table devouring cakes with an astonishing rapidity and in a manner highly inconsistent with his opening remark that he is not "at all hungry, but will just sit down and drink a cup of coffee" with me. Half an hour later we were tramping eastward, where the first uncertain streaks of dawn were be-

ginning to show. The morning was sharp and frosty, with not a breath of air in motion, and as we proceeded rapidly on our way we speculated as to our probable success. S— was sanguine and said fifty; I, less confident, claimed half that number.

As we neared our destination it grew lighter. Down a steep and stony hill and across a tiny trickling stream spanned by a diminutive but picturesquely arched bridge of stone, with the glorious lake lying close upon our right, we went. Thence upward we clambered and shortly found ourselves walking along a narrow ridge bordered on either side by a heavy tangle of second-growth timber. Once more we descended to the level and at last stood close upon the southern shore of the upper lake. Peeping here and there through the narrow and scattering fringe of trees between us and the shore, we saw, out a furlong or more from the rocky banks, an irregular group of diminutive houses. Some clustered together in a neighborly manner, while others stood alone at a distance. From the roofs of a few projected rusty lengths of stove pipe, and from two or three of these thin columns of white smoke curled upward into the crisp morning atmosphere, indicating that the fishermen were already at their posts.

Tackle was soon overhauled and put in readiness. "It's going to be a good morning for our work," observed M—, as he closely examined his decoy, an artificial minnow some six inches in length, loaded with lead and trimmed with tin fins bent in such a manner that, when lowered into the water with a line, by means of measured jerks the decoy described wide circles, darting rapidly through the water. The fish are attracted by the swiftly-moving object and approach the open hole. Three or four lines with baited hooks were prepared, and S— and I did the fishing, while M— manipulated the decoy. We drew near the open hole as M— lowered the line through the limpid depths down, down, hand over hand, foot by foot, until it was but a mere speck to the eye and finally disappeared altogether. A few moments later it touched the weedy bottom in

about fifty feet of water. Now M— commenced the task of bringing the decoy to the surface. At first the strokes were strong and slow, sending the minnow in wide circles to attract the attention of any passing fish. The seconds lengthened into minutes, while the silence remained unbroken, except by the swish of the line through the water or the occasional cracking of the ice field. It was fast growing lighter and the water beneath us had assumed an indescribably beautiful shade of green. As the sun rose higher objects could be seen at almost incredibly great depths, and ere long a luminous reflection below warned us of the approach of our decoy and with straining eyes we scanned the water below us.

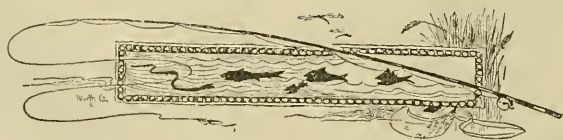
Suddenly there came in view first one, then two, and a moment later two more shadowy forms. The decoy was accordingly worked in narrower circles, to hold the fish as they moved to and fro, seemingly tireless, ever on the move, now forward, now backward, yet gradually nearing the surface. "What beauties!" we whispered, as their silvery sides flashed for an instant. One especially large old fellow attracted the attention of both S— and myself, and each mentally resolved to effect his capture if possible. "Now try the hooks," muttered M—, and softly we obeyed. Three, four, five, six feet of the silken line were lowered, and a moment later our hooks were within the circle produced by the decoy and only a few feet from the moving fish. "That will do," said M—, and instantly two of the smaller fish approached the tiny baited hooks. When within six inches of them there was a moment's hesitation, then a sudden dart forward, and obeying M—'s instructions we struck quickly but gently, and a few seconds later were unhooking our first prizes, after which they were dropped into a canvas bag hanging conveniently close by.

Once, twice and thrice our decoy sought the weedy bottom before it brought up more fish; but finally, when almost in despair, and as the decoy neared the open

hole, there slowly drifted across the space below us a truly patriarchal cisco. There was scarce a motion of fin or tail as he came into view, slowly working his enormous gills and glistening in his silver coat. Every individual scale on his form seemed to stand out in bold relief. Almost in reach, and yet we dared not move for fear of alarming our visitor. Slowly he passed from our line of vision, but feeling he would return we lowered our lines, and, sure enough, once more he floated diagonally across through the pale-green water. Even if he took either one of our hooks, would the frail tackle stand the strain? It was evident that the test would be made, for a pause ensued on the part of our guest. After an instant's hesitation between the waiting hooks I gave mine a gentle little movement, and he took it with a rush. Striking just firmly enough to set the barb I prepared for the struggle.

Forward and backward he surged, then downward, and I allowed all the line I could spare to run out. At the first sign of a pause I drew in rapidly hand over hand. Five minutes later he was completely exhausted, and I had no difficulty in bringing my prize up through the hole. And what a beauty he was, as with distended eyes he lay quivering and gasping, resplendent in scales of silver and gold, eighteen inches in length, and weighing after our return home two and one-half pounds. We were so occupied with our work that we could scarcely realize how time had passed until the mission bell indicated the hour of ten. No fish had been seen for some time, and we stepped outside, glad once more to catch a breath of pure fresh air. It was a typical winter morning. Nature seemed in a joyous mood, for every little twig and branch was gaily decked with its filigreed wealth of silvery frost that shimmered and scintillated until our eyes turned away from the dazzling effect.

Our morning's sport was over, but we had thoroughly enjoyed a most satisfactory experience with that most delicate of lake fish—the cisco.



HORSEBACK SKETCHES.

JANUARY RIDES.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.



When icicles hang by the wall.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE impressive stillness of the winter is upon the earth. January has locked the brook's violin in a case of pearl; the deep bass viol of the river murmurs unheard 'neath its crystalline cover, and there are fetters of silver to hold in even the cataract's thunder and diamond-starred blankets to muffle its organ tones. Over vast fields the snow spreads noiselessly its soft coverlet and our horses gallop through the quiet streets unheard.

Strangely still are these January rides, except for our ripple of conversation and laughter. The birds which haunted the country roads have long since sought the summer land; the bobolinks which once carolled in our northern meadows are revelling in the Carolina rice fields; robin and bluebird have sought a balmier clime; the tiny yellow warblers that flitted across the green orchards, as if the golden dandelions had taken wing, have gone long since; and the Baltimore oriole, once whistling joyously from the roseate tops of the apple trees, is now flitting through the orange groves of the South. Where the grass and buttercups waved over the cosy homes of the ground bird the snow has deeply drifted, and forsaken nests, once screened from view by a wealth of foliage, now cling desolately to the bare boughs.

Mine is the song of an empty nest,
sings Hal, pointing to one half filled
with snow, and I respond with Miss
Phelps' lines:

There is no sadness in the world,
No other like it here or there—
The sadness of deserted homes
In nests, or hearts, or anywhere.

But the birds have not all deserted us. The despised English sparrow is not the only one who braves our New York winters. In the autumn the snowbirds come to us from the far north; they are familiar little creatures and come confidently into our door yards for food, and will allow us to bring our horses quite near before they fly away.

We often see in our January rides a flock of snow buntings sweep luminously across the sky and descend upon the withered weeds, scattering the seed in showers on the snow and running to pick it up with much bustle and chatter.

In the pastures that skirt the woodlands the hardy black-capped titmouse, with his restless head and familiar "chickadee," gleans the oily seeds of the wild sunflowers that stand out brown and withered against the snow, or in the woods darts about the pine and spruce trees with nuthatches and creepers, in whose company he is often seen.

When the day is mild enough—and there come days when a June sky, blue as a forget-me-not, smiles upon a world with the breath of October in its veins—we ride to the woods and watch the nuthatch pass spirally round and round the beeches, peering curiously beneath the lichens for the eggs and larvæ of insects, or we listen to his hearty "quank, quank" from the bleak, snowy woods. Here, too, the little downy woodpecker braves the rigors of midwinter and taps cheerily upon the leafless trees, the blue jay sounds his harsh alarm cry at our approach and the crows hold winter caucuses in the tall pines. If chance favors us we may meet a flock of pine grosbeaks, a golden-crowned kinglet fluttering the bright feathers of its crown, or a tree sparrow singing as cheerily as when May broke into music.

Squirrels look out at us curiously, and by the borders of streams we may see the footprints of the muskrat or perhaps in overhanging branches catch a glimpse of some sleepy owl.

The snow is January's characteristic charm. In December it is often late and falls lightly, but poorly covering the bare, brown earth, and its purity may become dinginess in February thaws; but there is scarcely anything more impressive than its January loveliness as we ride to some distant upland, whence we may look over unbroken miles of vast level snow fields, white, restful, spotless, perfect. A feeling of isolation comes to us. In summer we might turn off from the road and, unless there were formidable fences to bar our progress, canter across these fields, green and golden with their grasses and buttercups. Now to reach that point, seemingly near, we must ride two miles around by the beaten road. This soft carpet of snow will never hold our weight, even though a glittering "crust" has formed. It is as if a miniature ocean had widened between us and the coveted hill.

One cannot wonder that poets have sung again and again of the snow, for it is unique in its beauty, and the silent falling of the snow flakes is one of the most poetical phenomena of nature. What wonderful forms are theirs — crystalline stars that might shine in the firmament of Fairyland — pearls that a mermaid might deign to wear! Or are the snow flakes themselves stray elves from the Ice King's palace? One could well imagine them so as they hasten down, singly, in crowds, languidly, impatiently, gently, as in benediction, or whirling madly in a furious storm, yet ever with matchless grace. What suggestions they bring one by contrast with widely different things, by likeness with things akin! We remember the sweet warm woods blue with violets, as we bring our ponies to a standstill on the edge of a familiar grove and peer in through the trackless aisles; we know that under the thick drifts of the marshes the cowslips are spinning their gold. These flower-like flakes remind one of the field daisies; they hint of the lilies of the valley in the garden and the strawberry blossoms in the meadow grass, and while riding past old orchards in a lazy fall of snow one could almost fancy some magic had crystallized the fruit blossoms into snow flakes.

The meadows and lawns passed in

January rides present a striking contrast in their whiteness to their summer brilliancy, yet there are delicate suggestions of color in even the whitest of new-fallen snow. The wind-ruffled surface has faint grays and elusive blues which deepen where the sharply-defined shadows of tree and shrub stretch across it. The crystalline crust formed by sun and frost has the clear water blues and greens that merge into each other, and the sun flashes into light a million fleeting, vanishing jewels — emerald and sapphire gleams, the red radiance of rubies, the topaz's yellow glow and the opaline lustre which blends them all.

Against the snow the brown, dead weeds, unnoticed in November's dullness, reveal undreamt-of beauty; the dark trunks of trees intensify the snow's whiteness, and the evergreens keep the secret of the summer in their loyal hearts.

A rider takes much note of the sky in a season of bare branches and hidden vegetation, when there is little to intercept the view or distract the attention. Well worth observation it is, for, though its coloring is less brilliant than that of summer, it is infinitely varied and lovely.

The sky picture does not vary much during the day, though at times fleecy clouds chase each other over a groundwork tinted like a robin's egg; the prevailing tint is neutral, on dull days white or pale gray, or the sun struggles through only to retire in a cloud of snow. The next day he is still hidden, but shines faintly through a veil so white and transparent it dazzles the eyes; then there comes a day when you fancy that the sky would be blue if the wind had not blown the color out of it, and at last the sun shines radiantly in a setting of pure azure.

Merry, merry rides are these January ones! No day dreaming on horseback with the mercury falling steadily to zero! Swift gallops past the skaters on the pond, past children coasting on the hills and through the village streets, where sleigh bells jingle cheerily. What merry music they make while the gay cutters dash back and forth! When the new year chimes peal forth joyously from the steeple, the sleigh bells fling back a gay response and our horses bound over the frozen roads in a swinging gallop that harmonizes with the happy bells, the world seems goodly and fair and "the lines fallen unto us in pleasant places."

SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN. *



CHAPTER VII.

THE PORTRAIT.

"A shadow came and lingered where the sunlight stood before."—*Anna Katharine Green.*

THERE was a delightful breeze blowing through the conservatory that reached neither the library nor drawing room in the stately town house occupied by Mr. Ormsby and his charming niece. Surrounded by the glory of tropical flowers in every color that nature can improvise and combine, Virginia sat with Lützwow beside her.

His visit had already lengthened itself beyond the time usually allotted for a first call, but the conventional had died an untimely death, if it had ever existed, between these two. Virginia, in a gown of

amber crêpe, had rarely if ever appeared to better advantage, and the young Hebrew was forced to take his emotions well in hand to prevent an outburst of that love which he felt to be the master sentiment of his life. But the time was not ripe, he told himself repeatedly, and he must wait.

She was swinging idly, dreamily, in the hammock of Delight. He was upon the bridge of the vessel of Hope, gazing about with the practiced eye of an experienced skipper, lest there be a tiny cloud upon the horizon that portended danger, if not doom.

"Halstead tells me that you are an orphan, Miss Ormsby," he said, gently taking from her hand a rose bud that she was rapidly mutilating, and transferring it to his buttonhole.

She could not see that he had grown a shade paler as he spoke, but she heard the tremor in his voice, an effect which she believed due to his sympathy for her.

"Yes," she answered, the still living grief apparent in her tone. "It is hard to be fatherless, doubly so to be motherless. My life has been very lonely, though Uncle Jack has been good to me, so good! They tell me I am light and frivolous of disposition, but I am not that. The world would neither care nor understand if I should wear my heart upon my sleeve. It is not interested in my sorrow, but only in my joy. After all, what is there censurable in that? Every soul has sadness sufficient of its own without lamenting over the sorrows of the rest of mankind. It is best—is it not? What a dreary, tear-stained vale it would be if every man wept because of his neighbor's woe."

"But," replied Lützwow, "what a hard and cruel world if no man extended the hand of sympathy to his fellow sufferer. What an assemblage of hypocrites we should be if everyone believed it a requirement of earth to conceal all in his nature that is most genuine, deepest, truest. Am I hard upon your unconsidered expression? Forgive me! I love to think of you as an inspiration of honesty in all things, the symbol of truth. I do not mean that I would have you ad-

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vertise your emotions ; but be natural, be yourself in spite of what the world may think. It would hurt anyone who loved you to know that your associates believed you light and frivolous, because your manner belied your heart. But—I beg your pardon ! I forgot that I am a comparative stranger to you.”

“Continue to forget it ! There are so few who speak earnestly to me. Uncle Jack never finds fault. He believes me perfect, I think, and truth is wholesome sometimes.”

“And you will let me speak it to you, forgiving me if I am occasionally harsh ? You must remember that with the permission goes that promise of friendship I would not have you accord without thought, lest you withdraw it at a time when its possession had become a necessity to me. Do you think you know yourself and me sufficiently to give me that now ?”

He was looking at her earnestly, in a truth-compelling way. She hesitated a moment, then extended her hand frankly.

“I shall be grateful for a sincere, a real friendship, if I am to have yours in return,” she said simply.

Lützow pressed her hand for a moment, his face coloring under embarrassment.

“If we are pledging strict truth, each to the other,” he exclaimed, hesitatingly, “I am afraid I shall have to acknowledge that I do not believe in the kind of friendship we are promising between woman and man. Plato spoke more or less than the truth. It is non-existent. One or the other will be indifferent, or one or the other more than a friend. I should be, by silence, acclaiming a falsehood if I failed to say that I cannot give you the coldness of Platonism, because it is already too late. If my sincerity is to cost me what I value most highly—the happiness of being received by you—even then I cannot regret it. Prices greater than life itself have been paid by us for conscience’ sake.”

“And do you think I do not honor you for that ?”

Was it remarkable that he should misunderstand her meaning ? He had referred to the persecutions to which for two thousand long, bitter years his race had been subjected for conscience’ sake, and he thought she knew. Was it strange, then, that her words should fill him with wild joy when he believed her to intend to convey that she honored his people

for the oppression they had endured so bravely, so uncomplainingly ?

There was the moisture of gratitude in his eyes as he lifted her hands and pressed his lips upon the ends of the dainty fingers. Still holding her firmly and looking into the beautiful eyes that did not now fall beneath his ardent gaze, he opened his lips to tell her how he had feared that Christian prejudice against the Jew might stand between him and the happiness of which he had scarcely dared to dream ; the words were hovering upon his tongue of pleading that sometime she would allow him to ask her to become his wife—not now, but in the time to come when he had proven himself worthy, even as Jacob was proved worthy of Rachel, if needs were : the passionate words of entreaty for some hope for the future were struggling for utterance when a footfall aroused him.

He dropped her hands, and had barely time to assume an indifferent posture when a servant entered.

“Mr. Halstead is in the drawing room, Miss Ormsby,” he announced.

“Very well !” Then when the servant had vanished : “I had not the remotest idea of its being time for him. He is asked for dinner. Won’t you waive the ceremony of a more formal invitation and remain as well, Mr. Lützow ?”

“Thanks, not to-night. I am afraid I could not bear my part in the lightness of a dinner conversation. I should not have detained you so long.”

“Should you not ?” she asked with a half-saucy, half-enigmatical smile.

They had both arisen, and once again he had taken her hands.

“I may come again,” he whispered so earnestly that the meaning underlying his words was peculiarly apparent.

“I hope you will !” she answered, her eyes meeting his but for an instant.

He followed her to the library, his thoughts chaotic under the tumult in his heart. He paused beside her before a portrait that occupied the space above the mantel shelf.

“It was my mother, painted the year before she died,” Virginia explained, her voice lowered reverently.

It was the face of a delicate, refined woman, so fragile, so aristocratic, so thoroughly the *grande dame* in every feature and detail that Lützow seemed unable to remove his gaze from the lovely, high-bred countenance.

It was not the beauty of the pictured face that appealed to him so strongly, for it was less brilliant than that of the girl beside him, but it was the grace, the culture, the spirituality that told him the unmistakable story of gentle birth, of ancient lineage, of pride of bearing. The girl of to-day may, through association and surroundings, receive a veneer of culture expressed in physiognomy and manner that is deceiving to a life student of genealogy, but the earlier generation received its personality from progeny. It was *grande dame* by birth and never by association and education alone. Lützow knew that.

Neither was he slow to recognize the unostentatious pride with which Virginia looked upon her aristocratic ancestress, and another portrait was pictured upon his mental retina. It was of a woman, short and rudely stout, with a coarse but honest face, an unrefinement of manner that had often jarred upon his loving heart. The difference touched him to the quick.

He murmured some words of conventional admiration, he scarcely knew what, and as quickly as courtesy would permit he left the house.

The hot air of the street oppressed him to faintness. He walked rapidly, neither seeing nor hearing the bustling confusion about him. Pedestrians were unseen. The driver of an express wagon was forced almost to throw his pair of horses upon their haunches to prevent knocking him down, yet he still went onward unconsciously, heedless of the volley of uncomplimentary epithets that was flung after him for his carelessness.

Lützow suffered the misery of contrast tearing into brain and heart. For the first time in his life a feeling of mortification for his mother tormented him. He loathed, cursed himself for it, yet there it was like a defying spectre, refusing banishment.

Was it for this end that he had learned to love a Christian?

He groaned aloud as reason cried out to him of his helpless sin. The Jew's treasure store, his home, was already invaded. The sting of ever inter-loving with a Gentile had entered his life, poisoning the very root of that care-free, independent happiness that he had so long enjoyed with his dear, devoted old mother as his companion.

And then the thought of Virginia came

surging up over all like the billows of a tempestuous sea of passion that washes every trace from the sands of mentality. He would not give her up, he told himself, with nervous insistence that grew to dogged determination. Other Hebrews had married Gentiles; why should not he?

He shivered. The damp hair clung about his brow heavy as a nightmare. His soul seemed freighted with his own unrest. He strove to put it from him, but it surged back with the next convulsive movement of a valve of the heart. Then he realized, with a feeling almost of stupidity, that the old, sweet life was gone forever. The page was closed; the volume thrown aside! Would the new life contain sufficient to compensate him for the loss of the old?

He could not answer his own query. He was too honest a man to deceive himself with a lie.

CHAPTER VIII.

MOTHER AND SON.

There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

When Lützow rose upon the morrow there was an undefined feeling of shame at facing his conscience such as he had experienced in his boyhood when remembering some unacknowledged and unpunished offense, but he tried hard to heed it not. He entered his bathroom and leaped into the cold plunge his servant had prepared, emerging with a feeling of renewal of spirit or regeneration of courage infinitely grateful to his feverish soul. He dressed himself hurriedly, knowing that he was already late for breakfast, and ran with almost boyish lightness downstairs to the dining room.

His mother as usual was there before him. She kissed him tenderly as he flung himself into his chair opposite her own; and then she, too, sat to perform the office that she had done from his childhood, simple, yet so necessary to her daily happiness—pouring out his coffee. His conscience was bitterly aroused, yet as he lifted his eyes a renewed shiver passed over him, too strong for repression.

Mrs. Lützow had not slept. Fretting over a premonition that some danger was hovering over her beloved one, she had sat at the window until she saw him

mount the stoop that night ; then, fearing his annoyance, she had concealed herself, but even after she had retired the sleep she craved would not come. Her eyes were heavy and a trifle inflamed, her naturally coarse face was swollen, her hair was not arranged with even its accustomed care—which was never great—and the wrapper she wore was soiled and untidy.

Once again in mental comparison Rudolph placed that face and form beside the one in the gold Florentine frame in John Ormsby's library. He strangled a groan as his head fell upon his hand.

She observed the gesture, and the gentle heart quivered under the emotion that convulsed it. For the first time in her life she was timid in presence of him to whom she had given birth. She wanted to say something, but the words died in their inception. The chasm of feeling was too deep even for thought to bridge.

She tried to swallow her coffee, but it choked her, and she gave it up in despair. The silence was oppressive to her, and, feeling that she must break it in some way, she looked at him appealingly as she gently said :

"Rudolph, it is late, dear, and you are not dressed for the street. Have you forgotten what day it is? It is the—Sabbath !"

She spoke the last word with reverence and emotion, and Lützow colored deeply.

"Yes, I know, but I—I shall not go out this morning."

An expression of pain contracted her eyes.

"Why?" she asked.

"I have a number of letters that require attention and——"

"Won't to-morrow do for that?"

"No ; they have been too long neglected now. I had a telegram from Proctor last night. He tells me that Burgundy is very lame, and he fears will not be ready for the big race next week."

There was positive relief in the strained eyes, but it was only momentary.

"And that has distressed you?"

"I think I had forgotten it."

"But Burgundy was your favorite."

"It is never safe to set one's affections on a horse. They are such uncertain things."

She arose and took a seat nearer him, watching him for a time in painful silence ; then, when he would have risen, she placed her hand upon his arm.

"Rudolph," she said, her gentle old voice quivering under emotion, "how have you changed, my dear boy! Or does the fault lie with me? Have I fallen short of what I used to be when you came to me with all your troubles, small and great? I know I am only a simple old woman, my son, but every energy of my life has been expended for you ; every thought of my heart has been given to you. Am I, unconsciously, altered so strangely that you can no longer give me your confidence? Oh, Rudolph, have I ceased to be your mother?"

He turned from her half petulantly and stood up.

"You are making a mountain out of a molehill, mother," he exclaimed, endeavoring to veil his true feeling under a short laugh. "Everyone is out of sorts more or less at times. The best way is simply to let one alone until he has sulked it out. Men are very much like horses in that respect."

He had tried to speak lightly, but the effort was so palpable that it cut her to the heart. She went up to him, and lifting her arms placed her hands upon his shoulders.

"I am not like some women," she said tremulously. "I have never had a number of children between whom to divide my love and my life, but all has been given to one until that one has become the very root and branch of my being. If I could suffer and see him happy I should do it uncomplainingly, content in that I had served a noble purpose. But to see him undergoing a sorrow which, for the first time, I cannot share—Rudolph—can you not understand what it is to me? Yesterday you were first in wildest glee, then fitfully depressed. Last night it was almost three when you came home. This morning you meet me with a sigh. My son, can you think that I am so blind to your interests as to believe that you are simply 'out of sorts'?"

He laughed, but with less mirth than before.

"I never knew you to be like that before, mother."

"And I never knew you before to meet my questioning with a falsehood. There! Don't start and look at me as if I had bitterly wounded you! Do you fear to hear the truth from your mother? Ah, Rudolph, I should be a greater coward even than you are if I failed to speak out now! Do you think you can conceal an



"IT WAS MY MOTHER, PAINTED THE YEAR BEFORE SHE DIED."—P. 310.

emotion of your heart from my watchful love? Four days ago, only four little days, you met again a girl, a Gentile, who had made an impression upon you even as a child. Since then—how have you changed?"

A slow flush had gathered in his cheeks. His eyes held a cloud-veiled flash of lightning.

"And even if that were true, what then?" he asked hotly. "Am I to nurture and cherish in my heart a prejudice that never should have existed?"

She shrank back as if from a heavy blow, recovering with an effort.

"Not you!" she gasped. "You have no prejudice, neither you nor your race. The bitter, cruel, hateful prejudice is against you. Do you think that the love of this girl will be great enough to compensate you for the shame she will cause you to feel for your people? Do you think that the oppression, contempt and contumely with which the Gentile has visited the Jew for ages are to be instantly eradicated because you love a Christian? Ah, Rudolph, think! The white heat of youthful love may cause her to believe that she can forget what your people are, but youthful love will not last even so long as youth itself, while prejudice, sucked into the Gentile through the mother's milk, grows with years and lasts with life. Do you want your hearthstone turned to a curse? Oh, Rudolph, before it is eternally too late, think what you are doing! When the glamour has worn away contempt for you will take the place of affection, because you are a Jew! She will loathe and despise your people, because they are Jews! Your race cannot be the friends of her friends, because they are Jews! The fault will not be yours, but hers—hers and that of her people, in whose eyes we are not the chosen but the accursed of God. In the past what did they to us? They shut us up in ghettos, submitted us to every humiliation, and made of us a race marked for the scorn of men, robbed us of our lands, stripped us of our rights to think, slew our children and drove us forth as outcasts. And would they not do the same thing again, think you? Yet, in spite of all we have endured, we stand to-day a monument unto ourselves. Where are the Babylonians, the Spartans, the Athenians and all the nations that were powers in their own generation? They exist in history alone! We are the genuine aristocracy of the

earth, the chosen of God! They have refused to receive us, and therein is shown one of the favors of God, in which He has preserved us from amalgamation and ultimate extinction. I tell you that the prejudice stands to-day as it did in the old time when Henriques Nuñez betrayed his brethren. Unless you are willing that your whole future should be draped in the san-benito of past decades for the sake of a few months of alloyed love, I charge you give it up! For your own sake and for hers, give it up!"

Not once had Lützow attempted to interrupt his mother, but had listened almost fiercely. When she had ceased speaking he turned from her coldly, almost sullenly.

"You are distressing yourself uselessly," he said heavily. "I have not asked Miss Ormsby to be my wife, and there are reasons why it is doubtful if I ever shall. You presume too much when you take for granted her acceptance of me, even could I ever—so far forget myself."

He stalked from the room without resistance from her. She stepped back and watched him go quietly, watched in silence while her heart ached poignantly. She listened until she heard the door of his room shut him within; then she sat down and allowed her arms to fall inertly across her lap. Her shoulders drooped forward as if the burden of her mental anguish weighed too heavily to be borne upright.

A cold dew stood upon her brow, and after moments of motionless yielding she lifted her hand wearily and brushed away the beads that came again. Her eyes were fixed vacantly upon the open doors of the untidy buffet. It was not an attractive picture that she formed; but is sorrow ever attractive?

"Our God and the God of our fathers," she murmured in Hebrew, using the liturgical words, "save him! Is he to lose the heart of a Jew—the power to rear the Deliverer of our race? I must find a way to move him! Why is he not imbued with the soul of his father, even as the Cabala teaches is possible? Must I see my child an alien? or hear the wife he cherishes revile the race that gave him birth? I am not unjust to her, this girl whom I do not know! It is always so—always! She may be pure, she may be holy, but she is not a Hebrew! She is apart from us. She can never be flesh of our flesh, soul of our soul. There will be

a division at his hearthstone unless he forsake the teaching of the Talmud, and Rudolph could not do that! He could not! He is a Jew!"

She had lifted her arms as her excitement grew, a flame of passionate earnestness seeming to lick out from the dark, strained eyes. At the conclusion of her monologue her arms fell forward upon the table and her head sank upon them in an attitude of deepest dejection. For many minutes she remained so, then lifted her head. The excitement had vanished. A cold, ashen gray had settled over her features. She was calm—as death is calm.

CHAPTER IX.

BETROTHED.

Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine?
—*Longfellow.*

John Ormsby's countenance was an exact contrast to the unclouded twilight that followed the day of brilliant beauty when he entered the library where he knew he should find his niece.

The room was lighted more by the electric light of the street than by the shaded lamp in the corner, but it was sufficiently illumined for him to see quite clearly the white-robed figure that arose eagerly to greet him.

"How late you are!" Virginia cried, kissing his cheek when she had embraced him after the manner of her Southern countrywomen. "I thought you would never come! Now tell me quick, there's a dear old boy! did Hartland win the match? But I know he did!"

"Well, you're wrong, then, this time!" returned Mr. Ormsby, just a trifle impatiently, as he flung himself wearily into a chair. "Hartland was beaten. He led for the first mile and an eighth under sufferance, but Hamburg absolutely walked away from him at the finish."

"What a shame!" she exclaimed, all the pretty expectancy having died from the lovely face, leaving it clouded like a reflection of his own. "Who rode him?"

"McFarlan. Oh, there was no fault to find with the riding. It was all the con-founded temper of the brute. One can never count upon him for anything. If he wants to win he'll do it, and if he doesn't there is nothing that will make him try.

Hamburg could have held him safe from the start. You lost your twenty-five," he added with a half-amused grin.

"I don't mind that," cried Virginia, making no attempt to conceal her vexation, "but I do hate to have him beaten, particularly when I know that he is almost as good as anything that runs and infinitely better than that great coward, Hamburg. I confess to being greatly disappointed! If it were not the second time since the Garden City Handicap I should not so much care, but he ought to have beaten that mare last Saturday. It was considerable of a loss to Mr. Grey, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but I fancy Grey thought as little of that as you do of yours. I am out a tidy pile, I can tell you!"

"Really?"

"It seemed that it would be a very one-sided race. Hartland beat Hamburg so easily the day of the Garden City Handicap that we all thought it would be almost a walk over. Lützow and Halstead both backed him heavily, though I don't think Dick usually risks much on the favorite; the odds are not tempting. I have an idea that a certain pair of black eyes had more to do with his loss to-day than any very well-established belief in Hartland's invincibility."

"Dick Halstead? Goodness, Uncle Jack! I'm afraid Bloomingdale will be opening its doors to you next. Why, I've known Dick since I was a little girl, and have absorbed the conviction that he is too indolent to trouble his head over the decision of whether any woman's eyes are black or blue. Fancy Dick Halstead's betting on a horse because he happened to be any woman's favorite!"

The merry laugh never sounded less pleasantly to John Ormsby than upon that occasion. He frowned slightly.

"His constituent elements are the same as those of any other man, I imagine, and I've never found one yet that some woman could not influence," he answered dryly. "A man may be like the Rock of Gibraltar in his convictions against sentiment, but the right woman will knock them as high as Gilderoy's kite when she applies the nitro-glycerine of her witcheries to him."

"But I have never tried my blasting powers upon Dick, I assure you, Uncle Jack. I should as soon undertake to erect a tower of Babel, and that without mortar. Don't let us talk about Dick, but come back to the horses. You have

not told me how Gertrude ran to-day in her race."

"Badly. She did not seem able to run at all. Finished something like sixth."

"Then you must have been a heavy loser?"

"Very, and combining it with Burgundy's losing the handicap yesterday, I feel like a bank ready to close its doors."

"I am so sorry."

"Under ordinary circumstances I should care little, but matters have been going

a gentleman. I want his opinion on certain things I have in contemplation."

He kissed her hurriedly and left the room. She stood looking after him for a moment, then went to the corner and turned up the lamp. She lighted another that stood near the centre of the room, then carefully drew the shade, pausing with her hand still holding the cord, a smile touching her lips tenderly.

"I wonder why Uncle Jack thought I should object to his coming?" she murmured, considering the subject without seriousness, but laughing at his blindness in the depth of her own heart. "I wonder if he would think me 'curiously and groundlessly prejudiced' if he knew how glad I am? Yes, I think he would, for I am prejudiced—in your favor—Rudolph!"

She hid her laughing, blushing face as if to conceal it from her own heart for a moment after the admission and the whisper of that name, then she went to the conservatory and gathering some flowers—orchids such as she had worn upon the evening of his "return into her life," as her girlish romanticism clothed it—she fastened them upon her bosom. She had just re-entered the library when a servant announced:

"Mr. Lützow is waiting, Miss Ormsby."

She murmured something as she passed out to enter the drawing room, where Lützow stood looking moodily from the window, concealed from the street by the fine old-lace drapery. He heard her footstep and went forward, a flush relieving the unusual pallor of his face. She paused in the centre of the room, extending her hand to him after the manner of conventional welcome, but he took them both and held them closely.

"I did not intend to come again," he said, his utterance a trifle hurried from excess of emotion, "but fate was stronger than I, you see; for when your uncle asked me to dine I had not the strength to decline. I hoped I should not see you for even one moment alone, yet here am I thanking God this first minute that I am permitted once more to touch your hand."

"Was it quite right of you to intend that after our pledge of friendship?" she asked, unsteadily. "I expected you—before!"

"Your generous kindness is the greatest cruelty!" he exclaimed, his eyes filled with terror at his own impetuosity. "I do not believe that you would lead me



PAUSING, WITH HER HAND STILL HOLDING THE CORD.—P. 316.

wrong with me of late and I hoped to pull out a few thousands this week, instead of which I have backed the loser every time.

"By the way, I asked Lützow here for dinner to-night. He went home to dress. You don't mind my bringing him to dinner, do you, Ginsie?"

"I mind? Why should I?"

"No reason at all, dear, only some women are so curiously and groundlessly prejudiced, and you are the mistress here, you know. He is a clever horseman and

to the brink of a precipice, then laugh as you saw me fall, but my own rashness will send me there. A week ago I met you, one might say for the first time, yet how has life changed for me since then? I should not dare tell you!"

There was nothing but hopelessness in the tone. He was not trying to read her countenance, though his eyes were fixed upon her face yearningly. He had made up his mind that he would not see her again; he had given up all thought of uniting their widely diverging lives, yet when that invitation came his courage had deserted him, and he accepted it like the man who struggles against temptation and while struggling yields.

"A week!" she repeated, laughing into his earnest face—laughing that she might conceal her nervous timidity. "Why, although Rome was not built in a day, it was destroyed almost in an hour, was it not? A great deal may be done in a week. Think of it! God made the heavens and the earth and all the worlds of stars, the beasts of the fields, the fowls of the air, man and woman——"

"And love in six short days," interrupted Lützow, earnestly. "It did not require even that time then to create the master effort, for he fanned it into life by a single breath into the hearts of the first man and the first woman. It was the touch that perfected creation. Adam and Eve loved when they saw. Is not, therefore, the purest, the only real love that which is God-given on the instant? Virginia, I—— What am I saying? I beg your pardon! I should have known better than to risk a passion like mine in your presence. I have offended you!"

He had dropped her hands. He half hoped she would say that he had offended and so close his lips forever, yet his inconsistent heart leaped with wild joy when he heard the tremulous laugh that the most stupid would have known was struggling against nervous tears.

"You have not offended me," she said, in a tone so low that his straining soul

scarcely heard. "Is love an insult—or a glory?"

The last word was a whisper, yet he caught it and clasped it to his wistful heart. He took a step nearer and, taking her hands in his again, drew her to him.

"A glory when reciprocal," he cried, hoarsely; "a curse when denied its mate! Virginia, I dare not ask my question. The words are tearing my soul, yet I am too great a coward to give them voice. Speak to me, dear!"

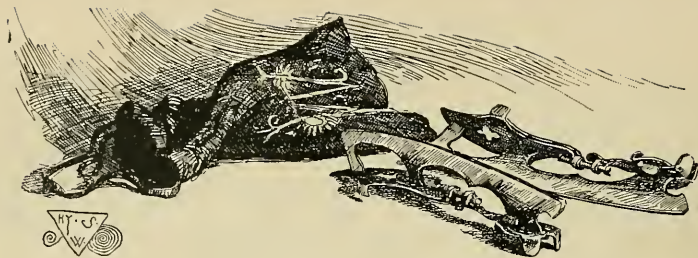
The sweet eyes drooped. She did not resist the arm that she felt steal about her shoulders.

"A man does not deserve that for which he will not ask," she said softly.

His arm closed about her swiftly. An intoxication like that from wine leaped in his veins. He strove to speak, but his voice ended in a swirl like the wind. He lifted her chin with his palm and—their lips met.



"HER ARMS FELL FORWARD ON THE TABLE."—P. 315.



A WINTER IDYL.*



In icy bonds stern winter holds the deeps.
In snowy mantle wrapped the landscape sleeps.
'Neath the chill blast the torrent silent drifts,
And the pale sun thro' gloomy storm-clouds rifts.

Then from his secret lair comes Cupid forth,
Fur clad, steel shod, he speeds him from the north.
With rimey breath and frost-bespangled curls,
On his old mischief bent, he deftly whirls.

Ne bleakest days, ne piercing coldest nights,
Ne creaking surface e'er the rogue affrights.
With silent sinuous stroke and sparkling eye,
He sees the merry skaters gliding by.

Quickly he spies where he can play his part,
Chuckling he notes where he can plant a dart ;
With eager chase and child's simplicity
He joins the throng and shares the passing glee ;

Marks soon his quarry, his victim singles out,
And "lord of misrule" leads the merry rout.
Twangs then the flight of his all-piercing shaft
And hides its echoes in a glee'some laugh.

The maiden coy, the target of his skill,
Sees the sly rogue and half divines his will.
With startled hope she turns th' expectant eye,
Fearful to stay, yet seeming loath to fly.

Beware, sweet maiden, of that elfin boy !
T' ensnare the virgin's heart's his greatest joy !
Tho' winter, vise-like, holds the buried flood,
In glowing circles flows the heart's young blood.

Ere the red orb sinks to the snowy waste,
His work is done, his fire-tipped arrow placed.
Th' awakened sense yields to th' encircling chains,
And conquering love its fluttering victim claims.

* See Frontispiece.

CHARLES TURNER.



WINTER PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.



UNDER THE WILLOWS.

IN my article on "Instantaneous Photography" in the January number of *OUTING*, 1890, I briefly described some of the simpler methods by which snow scenes and other winter pictures might be photographed; but no illustrations were given at the time, nor, indeed a very complete treatment of the subject, for space was extremely limited. I have lately received from England some very beautiful specimens of winter photography by David J. Scott, of Cambridge, which have enabled me to take up this interesting subject once more and treat it more fully.

These English winter photographs, of which we reproduce two, by permission, for the readers of *OUTING*, are especially interesting to American photographers, for they show a phase of winter which we of the United States rarely, if ever, see. We have beautiful snow effects in this

country, broad masses of white, rendered more vivid by contrasts with bare boughs and tree trunks; we have glittering frost work after a thaw and the return of colder weather. But the commonest aspect of winter in the colder parts of this country is, perhaps, that showing trees, branches, boughs and twigs laden with fleecy whiteness; meadows and hilltops deeply covered in a soft mantle of down, and the fences and well curbs, roofs of farm houses, barns and outbuildings alike overladen with the same beautiful garment of winter. This is an aspect of nature, especially affected by the landscape painter, very difficult to adequately reproduce with the camera.

The English winter presents a different set of pictures, if we may judge by these and other photographs which we have seen. There the climate is milder, there is more moisture, and as a consequence

there is delicacy to the frost work which is quite unknown on this side. It is the result of freezing the pervading dampness. We see not so much actual snow and ice as a frozen atmosphere, and the gentle winter mists, as a medium through which we see them, render these scenes all the more delicate and soft. These scenes are easier to transfer to the dry plate of the photographer, though cultivated judgment here, as elsewhere, will assert itself in the finished work.

American winter pictures in nature possess strong contrasts on the one hand, very difficult to satisfactorily preserve in the photograph without undue harshness of effect, and on the other a monotonous evenness almost equally as difficult to successfully photograph; while English winter scenes go to another extreme, being very much easier to photograph in a satisfactory manner than to paint. We are happy to have examples of both English and American photographs to illustrate this article.

The English pictures were both taken in the University of Cambridge. We see in them the particular softness and delicacy previously spoken of which characterize so many English photographs.

The picture on page 321 shows us the New Court of St. John's College, looking across the River Cam from Trinity College grounds. This picture is a striking example of the effect which the atmosphere has on frost work. The large tree to the right appears much more distinct and presents greater contrasts than the more distant tree in the middle distance, for we are compelled to see the latter through a greater amount of haze. This effect is made all the more vivid by the young tree in the extreme foreground to the right, which appears to be covered with snow, so distinct does the hoar frost on it come out in the photograph. The river bank also in the foreground appears to be covered by snow, though in reality it is only coated with hoar frost; while across the stream the same amount of frost appears more frost-like, seen through the intervening mists.

Our illustration on this page is somewhat similar to the first in general effect, and we can discern the same difference between the frost work on the trees in the foreground and those in the distance which is so striking in the other illustration. This is the bridge at Trinity College which spans the Cam, and the camera is looking



TRINITY BRIDGE.

down stream. In accordance with the old custom we find the inevitable weeping willows at each end of the bridge near the river's brink. We have not the delicate reflections in this picture, however, which characterize the first illustration, since the stream both above and below the bridge is covered with a thin coat of ice. Directly beneath the arches, where the water is protected from the atmosphere somewhat by the bridge structure, we can trace

1886, a slow plate being used, and a developer rather strong in alkali, so as to overcome as far as possible the tendency toward extreme harshness in this picture. The result is not altogether unpleasant, though the photograph is not one which would technically be considered very excellent; for there is not much detail apparent in the darker portions of the scene, the trunks of the trees, the little frozen brook, and the middle distance.



ST. JOHN'S NEW COURT, FROM TRINITY BRIDGE.

a slight reflection. Here the water is the last to freeze and the ice never takes on the strength which is to be found on the open parts of the stream. As a consequence there is always danger to the inexperienced skater, who heedlessly rushes along over the open and under bridges alike, ignorant of the fact that the ice is always much weaker beneath the bridges than on the open parts of the river.

Our illustrations of American winter scenes may also fairly be taken as types.

"Under the Willows," from a negative by the writer, shows the strong contrasts which so often characterize winter scenes in the vicinity of New York. The negative was taken by me on February 22,

But a greater truth to nature is obtained by these very so-called defects, and truth to nature is what we should aim at first and all the time in landscape photography. The original of the picture exists, or did exist, on the outskirts of Montclair, N. J. I say did exist, for in the rapid material growth of this beautiful suburb such scenes are fast disappearing.

Both the other American illustrations are White Mountain pictures, and are excellent specimens of the different types of winter pictures which we have been considering. They were made by an expert photographer who prefers that his name should be withheld.

"Fairy Frost Work" belongs to an en-



THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEERS.

tirely different class of winter pictures. In it we find little or no contrast, but a universal softness almost equally as difficult to photograph. This picture is full of "frost feathers," which Dr. Wilson so beautifully describes in his "Mount Washington in Winter."

"Young Mountaineers" shows how, by introducing figures in a snow scene, a monotonousness may be overcome. The snow is so very soft and lacking in detail in this picture that were it not for the dark figures of the young mountaineers a rather uninteresting photograph would be the result. As it is we have a winter picture full of interest and beauty. The boys are returning from their winter hunt in the woods, and bring with them the substantial evidence of their success.

As it may not be convenient for all the readers of this article to refer to the practical directions as to development, etc., given in the previous article referred to, it will be well in conclusion to briefly recall some of the more important things to be borne in mind. And first, a word as to the best time of the day for photographing winter pictures.

A time should be selected in the morning or afternoon for photographing bright snow scenes, so that the light illumines the picture from one side or behind the camera. Thus will be obtained broad shadows which will give some contrast to an otherwise too monotonous view, and this will also considerably reduce the intense light. The developer may be full strength for such a scene, as the exposure

will be very short, and rather more of the pyro or developing agent should be used than of the alkali or the accelerating element.

When the picture in nature is full of strong contrasts, exactly the opposite course of action must be pursued. An obscured day should be chosen for the photographing, or a time selected early in the morning or late in the afternoon when the light is very soft. The exposure given to the plate in the camera may then be prolonged and a weak developer employed to evoke the image on the plate in the dark room. Now we should use rather more of the alkali than of the pyro or other developing agent, for we have to overcome strong contrasts, and so should strive for softness in developing the plate. Such a plate may be properly developed by adding to the normal developer two or three times its bulk of water, thus reducing its activity and prolonging the process. It will not be necessary to prepare a developer especially for winter pictures. It is better to retain the formula which one is accustomed to, simply modifying it, as has been suggested, to suit the varying circumstances of the different subjects.

The prints should be made on a plain surface paper, such as bromide, platino-type or ferro-prussiate paper, and the tones should be in accordance with the subject of the picture, cold grays and black, rather than the warmer brown shades. They should be mounted on plain white, pearl or gray cards.



FAIRY FROST WORK.

THE ACTIVE MILITIA OF CANADA.*

THE NORTHERN LAKES FORCES.

BY LIEUT. JOHN H. WOODSIDE.



THE pioneers of the militia of Northern Ontario watched the great struggle going on along the Mason and Dixon line with more or less indifference, but when the American war was over and the clouds of a Fenian invasion began, in 1866, to spread along the line of Canada's frontier they suddenly awoke to the fact that here was a matter in which their interests were at stake.

Through all the rugged Northern Peninsula, washed by the waters of Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, the hot Berserker blood awoke and throbbed to the roll of the alarm drum, and the peninsula yielded a harvest of armed men, as if the sparsely-settled northern counties had been sown with the fabled serpent's teeth. Towns and villages were alive with drilling men, and in the larger towns the streams of companies united into battalions, which were sent forward to Sarnia, Windsor and other threatened points on the western frontier.

The Thirty-first Battalion of Grey, the Thirty-second of Bruce, Thirty-third of Huron and Thirty-fifth Simcoe Foresters were among the many corps which came to life at this period, and were typical of the whole class. Their ranks were largely filled with the sons of the Canadian, Scotch and Irish settlers, who were redeeming that wilderness of maple and birch, ash and elm from its virgin solitude. Beside the young clerk in the town store and the muscular machinist stood the hardy young axeman fresh from the rough farm. They were of the same material that constituted Michigan's splendid battalions which rendered such signal service to the North in the years of the rebellion.

The Thirty-first Battalion of Grey County was one of the first to take the field, and was sent off by wagon and railway to Sarnia, where it remained on duty for several months. This was a position much threatened by the Fenians, and the force gathered there, to the number of about five thousand at various times, was constantly kept on the alert.

By the time these battalions returned home after the Fenian scare had subsided the men had acquired the steadiness and discipline of veterans, and by their attachment to the camp and uniform perpetuated the life of some of the organizations, which under other circumstances would have soon died out.

Among these is the Thirty-first, a company of riflemen from Leith village, all marksmen and mostly all brawny Scotchmen. In the same battalion is a company of Potsdam Grenadiers, standing in height from six feet to six feet six inches in their stocking feet. Lieut. Col. George F. Brodie has commanded this battalion for nearly twenty years.



LIEUT. COL. S. W. RAY,
ALGOMA RIFLES.

* The two previous articles in *OUTING* on this subject will be found in January and February, 1891.



LIEUT. MCLENNAN, NO. 2, SURGEON BECK. CAPT. M. N. GARLAND.
 LIEUT. JOHN WOODSIDE, NO. 1 COMPANY. LIEUT. MC LAREN, NO. 2 COMPANY.
 CAPT. S. SMITH, NO. 2 COMPANY. PAYMASTER A. L. RUSSELL. LIEUT. COL. S. W. RAY.

GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE NINETY-SIXTH BATTALION, ALGOMA RIFLES.

The Thirty-second Battalion of Bruce, always a well officered and disciplined force, was famous for its charging cheer and the steadiness of the companies in a rush upon the enemy. It has produced some good officers. Old Captain Morton, of the Tara Company, "as gallant an old Irish gentleman as ever stepped," died a soldier's death in the first fight at Duck Lake in the rebellion of 1885.

The Huron men, with their roving, adventurous spirit, made fine soldiers, and the Thirty-third was not behind the others of the north. The Thirty-fifth Simcoe Foresters saw service in 1885, when half the battalion, under Lieutenant Colonel O'Brien, united with the Twelfth York Rangers, and were stationed at Fort Quappelle and Humboldt, to guard the line of communication with General Middleton's column, operating against the rebels along the Saskatchewan River.

Turning our attention westward we find

on the western end of Lake Huron and along the north shore of Lake Superior one of the most recent organizations in the Canadian militia, the Ninety-sixth Battalion, Algoma Rifles, with its headquarters at Port Arthur, at the head of lake navigation. This is the only military organization in the vast district of Algoma, and companies are scattered from Gore Bay on Manitoulin Island, Lake Huron, 460 miles east of headquarters, to Rat Portage, 300 miles to the west.

The companies, though widely scattered, are so situated that they can be quickly transported by either rail or water whenever it may be necessary to concentrate the battalion. Other towns planted in the district promise soon to add to the strength of the regiment.

Attempts had been made at different periods to form a battalion in Algoma, but it needed the excitement of the rebellion of 1885 to crown the efforts with success.

Mr. S. W. Ray, of the banking firm of Ray, Street & Co., joined the first company and was made captain, and three years after rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel, the youngest and one of the ablest of that rank in Canada. He was ably seconded by his lieutenant, now Major T. H. Elliott.

The first drills of the embryobattalion were performed under difficulties. No. 1 Company finally devised the novel plan of going into camp and drilling in the mornings and evenings, the remainder of the day being spent by the soldier boys at their regular citizen duties.

The staff is as follows: Lieutenant Colonel Ray, Port Arthur, commanding; right major, T. H. Elliott; left major, A. Carmichael, Rat Portage; adjutant, Capt. J. A. Kobold, Rat Portage; paymaster, A. L. Russell, Port Arthur (formerly of the Governor General's Foot Guards, Ottawa); surgeon, Dr. Beck, Port Arthur.

Recruited as it is among the hardy sons of Algoma, men used to roughing it on land and water at all seasons, her miners, prospectors, surveyors, axemen, fishermen, all well used to the handling of heavy craft or birch bark canoe, the

axe and the rifle; men practiced in long tramps over rough roads or through trackless wilderness with snowshoes and heavy packs; ready hands to erect the rude tepee or the substantial log hut; the Ninety-sixth bids fair to rank high among the useful frontier regiments of Canada.

A splendid rifle range, up to 1,000 yards, opened up by P. A. Rifles, is made good use of by the battalion rifle association. It had a strong team in the League matches of 1890, winning sixth place, which brought a beautiful trophy cup to the regiment. Some high individual scores were made during the matches, very little surpassed by any in the contest.

The individual members attending Ottawa in 1889 reached as high as first, third and fifth places in matches during the contest, Paymaster Russell, who, with his brother, W. W. Russell, was well known on the Ottawa ranges some years ago when small-bore rifles were in vogue, having a "possible" to his credit in the extra series Martini match at 800 yards.

While I consider that in the matter of dress the Canadian militiaman has noth-



LEAGUE TEAM OF NINETY-SIXTH BATTALION, 1890.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF P. A. RIFLE CO., 1886, CANADIAN MILITIA.

ing to complain of when placed alongside his blue-coated neighbor, in the matter of arms he is deficient. The Canadian has to content himself with the somewhat antiquated successor to the "Brown Bess" of glorious memory, the snider Enfield, with its ample proportions and capacious throat, using the out-of-date cartridge with loose foil shell, likely to be found quite harmless after a night's drenching if intrusted to that most necessary of modern field articles, the thimble belt. Some remarkably accurate shooting, however, has been done with the clumsy-looking piece up to 600 yards. Compared with his lightly-equipped neighbor in the States, the Canadian militiaman, armed for a match, is a walking arsenal, with two rifles, vernier wind gauge, barrel cooler, etc.

It is to be greatly regretted that the Dominion Government does not sufficiently see the importance of having an annual drill for every battery, troop and battalion. The efficiency of the Canadian forces, now amounting to about forty-five thousand men in all branches, would be greatly improved by regular brigade drills

each summer, and the enthusiasm of the volunteers would be stimulated by the recurrence of these camps of instruction.

In closing this sketch I feel that I must give honor to an institution which is doing a good work in raising the militia of Canada to a higher state of efficiency, "C" School of Infantry, established in New Fort Barracks, Toronto, under the command of one of Canada's leading military men, Lieutenant Colonel Otter.

As the law makes it compulsory to hold a certificate from one of the schools before confirming an officer's commission, the immediate and vast benefit to our militia of having three trained officers at the head of each company and a thoroughly qualified staff with each battalion must be apparent.

"C" Royal School of Infantry accommodates from twelve to fifteen officers and men each course of three months; and the officer or man going there for a lark finds out his mistake very quickly. Steady work and close application to the numerous books placed in his hands are necessary to win the requisite marks to entitle

him to the coveted papers necessary to hold a position of trust in our militia force. Officers receive pay at the rate of \$1 per day and rations, out of which are taken their mess expenses, but the non-user of tobacco or wine generally has a few dollars coming to him at the end of the month. The men receive 50 cents per day and rations. Each one receives free transportation to the school, but there is no allowance for the trip home unless successful in winning papers, which of course means staying the full time.

Arduous as may be the work in the drill sheds and on the wide expanse of common, few officers who have passed a course but look ahead eagerly for the time when they shall have another three months to devote to military duties.

The "Old Fort" and the "New Fort" are the names which respectively designate the abandoned quarters and the new group of fine stone buildings half a mile farther west on the shore of Toronto Bay. Both the old and the new quarters are close to the shore, which rises at the latter place to a sodded lawn, on which are planted two heavy smooth-bore cannon mounted on ship gun carriages. Through the weedy embrasures of the old earthworks peep the muzzles of a dozen small old smooth-bore ship guns. All these are said to be of the spoils of Sebastopol, and in their day flamed against the stubbornly defended trenches and wooden walls of the British besiegers.

In 1886 the Government of Canada became aware of the necessity of an additional school for military instruction in Ontario, and selected London, in the western portion of the province, as a suitable site. The extensive and imposing three-story brick barrack in the form of a huge [] dominates the crest of a slight eminence, and affords a charming view of the young "Forest City," as London the lesser is called. The force here, as at

Toronto, is composed of one company (D) of the permanent infantry force of Canada, and with the non-commissioned officers of the school of instruction it makes up a body of about 100 non-commissioned officers and men. Lieutenant Colonel Smith, who wears the medal and clasp of 1885, is in command. His staff is as follows: Surgeon, M. J. Hanavan; captains, D. D. Young, R. L. Wadmore and R. Cartwright, and Lieut. S. J. A. Denison. They turn out well-trained officers and men from this institution, which is a proof of capable management. The officers of the Thirty-second and Thirty-third battalions acquire their training in this school.

The Canadian volunteer asks for no hotel comforts while performing his annual drill. His hardy nature rejoices in the simple equipment of the camp. He sleeps with his nine comrades in a circular tent, in a pair of blankets, laid on clean straw, sometimes on the bare ground. His accoutrements cling to the centre pole by a mathematical device of simple form. His food is cooked in iron pots and pans over a fire in a hole in the ground, and

is well seasoned with ashes and dust. It is of the plainest, most substantial quality, served in tin plates and cups. The willow-bark tea cheers his soul and strengthens him for the hard, steady drill, buttoned up in a strong, heavy red coat, drawn closely by a belt and cross belts. He cheerfully submits to the restraint of a soldier's life, all in return for the honor of serving his country when called upon in time of danger.



MAJ. T. H. ELLIOTT,
ALGONIA RIFLES.



P. A. RIFLE CO., 1886.



A CHRISTMAS EVE SWAN SHOOT.

BY J. C. BLISS.

SHOOTING swan by night may seem hardly the correct thing in the estimation of many, but we fowlers of the wild and "feathery" West do not scruple to occasionally obtain under cover of the night what we cannot always acquire by the light of day. And so, at a friend's suggestion, it came about that he and I decided to put in a night after swan before they left us, perhaps forever.

It was in the early eighties and in Oregon that this deed of darkness was perpetrated. It had not been a good year for duck; the home-bred fowl (wood duck and mallard) had been pretty well "shot out" before the winter rains set in, by which the water fowl of the great Northwest are so innumably augmented. And as these rains were very late in coming that year, our shooting so far had been considerably below the average, hence our nocturnal visit to the sanctuary of the swan.

Six or seven miles from Portland, on the Oregon side of the mighty Columbia, runs an immense piece of bottom land, known locally as the Columbia slough; and dotted here and there, at frequent intervals, along this bottom are numerous ponds and lakes, every one of which, in turn and season, is well tenanted with wild fowl. To the lakes, growing in the greatest profusion the succulent wapitou (a bulbous root of acorn shape and to the fowl of Oregon what the wild celery is to those of the Chesapeake), come the swan and canvasback, and, indeed, almost every other kind of water fowl, although only the swan and deep-water fowl of the canvasback species are able

to dig the bulb from its tenacious mud bed, two to four feet below the surface. The other fowl (widgeon principally) ride gracefully at anchor close by the spot where some hungry canvasback has recently disappeared, and when it comes to the surface with the hard-earned spoil it is frequently only to be pounced upon and robbed by the thieving horde of shallow-water pirates waiting, hungry and alert, on the surface.

Cygnus Americanus also contributes materially to the levying fowl around him. His head and neck will disappear, followed soon after by a rocking motion of the body, as he excavates with his powerful feet the mud holding the precious root below. Lots of little tidbits thus freed from the bottom rise to the surface, to be immediately seized by the numerous tribe that follows in his wake.

One evening in December, 188— (the night before Christmas), a farmer friend of mine, owning a milk ranch on the Columbia slough, drove to my home in East Portland and invited me to "get my gun and about a dozen shells and go with him to 'Old Dave's' place on the slough, for a whack at the swans." I had been duck shooting that day already, but I never refuse a good offer to shoot wild fowl, so long as I can keep an eye open or have a leg to stand on. So getting back again into my long rubber boots and donning a couple of flannel shirts, my shooting jacket and overcoat, and taking a .12 gauge and twenty-five shells loaded with No. 3 shot, I jumped into the cart and we were soon on our way to the river bottom.

The "Old Dave" referred to was then a wealthy man, but a man, nevertheless, whom I have heard attribute his start on the road to wealth to the first piece of real estate he purchased from the sale of wild fowl that fell to his gun when land was cheap and ducks were plentiful. The lake we were bound for was known as "Old Dave's," from his monopoly of its shooting at the period referred to.

Half an hour's drive brought us to a long muddy lane leading to the lake in question. Presently the pony clattered over the log bridge spanning the last slough, and pulling up in a fence corner we threw a blanket over his steaming loins, and left him to a heap of hay and his ruminations.

My friend (whom we will designate as P.) had a .16 bore and No. 1 shot; not a gauge most fowlers would advocate for use on swan, but one that did good service nevertheless.

We first walked down to the lake's end and inspected the boat. It seemed to me like a much weather-beaten and frail old craft for two men to put out in, and so I expressed myself; but P. laughed at the idea, assuring me that, even if we did swamp, the deepest place in the lake was less than three feet; whereon I parenthetically added, "Deep enough, with twelve inches of mud added, to get thoroughly wet in." However, after caulking some of the seams with contributions from our handkerchiefs, we put off and pulled quietly through the many necks and loops of the lake's chain into the lake proper.

Presently P. ceased rowing, and, listening an instant, remarked "D'y'e hear 'em?" Yes, I heard them; from away over in the bend of the lake, toward the timber, came, clear and distinct, the resonant call of *Cygnus Americanus*. "Now," said P., "tell you what we'll do. We'll pull ashore here, and I'll run and take a stand just this side the cottonwoods, while you scare 'em out. And, see here"—he added, emphatically, just before stepping from the boat—"if you hear me shoot have everything ready to pull out the moment I get back; for the hired man at Sunderland's will be down with a gun, sure, when he hears the shooting. Don't scare 'em out till I whistle," and he disappeared in the night.

It was now about ten o'clock; a peculiar night, not dark exactly, though no moon was visible, although she must have been riding high somewhere behind the

fleecy, quick traveling clouds. Away across the lake could be heard the calling, flapping and splashing of the fowl we sought. A little breeze was stirring—the only element of the night that caused P. to steer for the cottonwoods, his instinct, born of that breeze, telling him, almost to a certainty, how the birds, upon being disturbed, would fly. The only other sound noticeable was the barking of some dogs from where a solitary light twinkled on the distant hill.

Ten minutes perhaps had passed, when a long, low whistle came from the vicinity of the dark line of cottonwoods. Now, how to raise the birds? I clapped and then called as loudly as I dared, when all sounds on the waters immediately ceased, but not a bird moved. There was but one other way I knew of to lift them from the shore, a very subtle and effective method, though not advisable as a rule—simply to strike a light. The lucifer burned within the hollow of my hands, and then at its instant of extreme lightness I exposed it. A moment's quiet supervened that in its intensity was almost oppressive; then there came a clanking roar from away out in the lake, and the swan were a-wing. A few moments later and the heavy beat of their many wings fell faintly on my ears as they filed complainingly out into the night. A few moments more and seemingly out from under the dark-blue line of the cottonwoods leaped in quick succession two flashes of flame, followed an instant later by two startling reports; then "thump, thump," as two heavy bodies struck the yielding earth, telling that the little .16 bore had not spoken in vain.

I held the boat's stern right ashore, and presently I could detect the rapid swish-wish of P.'s corduroys as he hurried over the sward; then his heavy breathing became perceptible, until at last his tall figure suddenly appeared at the lakeside, and, swinging two heavy swan off his shoulder into the boat, he gasped, "Pull out," and jumped in. Not knowing—and he being too winded to explain—whether he was pursued or not, I bent to the oars and pulled as vigorously as I considered the frail old craft would stand, and was soon beyond gunshot. I expected every moment to see some outraged individual open fire on us from the bank, but we were not molested. Presently, arriving at a small patch of tuleys about the middle of the lake, we

decided to tie up there for the night; so pressing an oar into the mud we made fast, and placing the two swan in the water as decoys, we let them float whither they would, having nothing to set them up or secure them with.

An hour or more must have elapsed when we heard the beautiful call of approaching swan away off in the night. P., nothing daunted, lifted up his voice, and their answering calls came nearer and nearer. "If they come over," whispered P., "you take the leaders and I'll look after the rest." At judicious intervals P. would call, and I could not help but admire his clear, flute-like voice as it went echoing through the night. Presently P. seized an oar and, with a whispered "Look out," commenced to rock the water violently over the boat's side, "calling" vigorously the while. Passing my thumb between the hammers and strikers to be reassured of their position, I prepared myself. As P. ceased his call and commotion there came clear and distinct from the heavens above us the purring-like whistle of the deluded fowl. "Let 'em circle, let 'em circle," whispered P., "they'll come right down to the decoys if we let 'em." We could now hear the beat of their wings, and as they passed a lighter patch in the clouds overhead I counted five of the noble birds.

Another well-timed call or two from P., a cordial response, and their line was broken, and three, with wings steadily set, slanted down to the decoys, now some distance away from the boat. Two seemed hardly satisfied yet and took another turn around to my left, when, feeling that the supreme moment had arrived, I pulled on the first and as quickly as possible swung on the second, which, with a wing snapped close to the body, whirled round and round like a windmill and struck the water with terrific force within a dozen yards of the boat. Hastily reloading, I stopped my first bird as it flapped noisily along the surface of the water, and P. winged a third from away out over the decoys. In our haste to recover the game the oar in the mud was snapped at the blade, but with the remaining one as a paddle and a couple of timely shots P.'s cripple was secured, the other two gathered, and we returned to our station.

The two decoys had seemingly stranded, so we left them where they were. Only their bodies were visible, their heads and

necks being under water; but at night they were just as attractive as any other mute decoy would be, however shapely and good looking.

Deciding that no swan would come in again for a while, we lighted our pipes and made ourselves comfortable. The renewed barking of the dogs away on the hill, and the occasional hurried beat of wings as some smaller fowl hurried by, were the only sounds which broke the stillness. After the warmth and excitement had abated somewhat it seemed to get awfully cold. We buttoned our coats around us, but were soon so cold that our pipes shook between our teeth.

One of the three swan was lying in the boat at my feet and a touch of warmth therefrom seemed to penetrate my boot. Leaning forward I pulled the heavy fowl toward me, and observed that both its wings were broken. Grasping the bird by the neck I slung its body over my back; it seemed to lie there admirably. Then taking a wing in each hand I drew them under my arms and crossed them over my breast. Then giving the beautiful, boa-like neck a twist around my own I laid my gun across my knees, folded my arms over the wings and complacently awaited the result of my experiment. Soon a subtle warmth pervaded my whole body and I was deliciously comfortable. P. requested me to "take off the ghost-like apparition." I suggested that he try the idea himself, and then, as far as appearances went, we should at least be equal. I was perfectly satisfied with mine. He tried it, and although "his wings" were a trifle untractable, being unbroken, he finally "fixed" them, and ten minutes after he was snoring soundly.

It must now have been early morning—Christmas morning. The fleecy clouds of earlier night had become heavier and darker, and the moon at her highest altitude was barely distinguishable at all and shed little or no light on the darkling waters that flip-flapped restlessly against the sides of the gently-rocking boat. The warmth of my downy quilt, supplemented by the slow-dying heat of the swan's body, induced sleepiness, and, in a moment of unconsciousness, I fell asleep. How long, I know not, but my dreams were angelic. Sleep had transported me into other realms, where the air seemed filled with soft musical sounds and seraphic forms floated lightly about me. Suddenly my own garb of

snowy whiteness fell from me and I seemed to be rushing back to the "cold" earth with terrible velocity, fetching up in the boat (at that agonizing instant when annihilation seemed certain) with a start and shiver that waked me most effectually. Snow was falling in large, downy flakes, and around and above us the air was indeed alive with forms as nearly angelic in their beauty, whiteness and purity as deign to visit us here below.

Presently, from away to my right, came a clear, bugle-like call, and I knew that a magnificent bird was afloat somewhere in the air above me.

Almost like an echo to the call came another from the far left, and yet more distant bugles sounded softly over the lake. Fate had played us one of her kindest pranks, and more by good luck than anything else we had located in the best spot of all for sport under the existing conditions.

We were evidently upon their feeding grounds, and I was beginning to conjure up in imagination the pile of game we might have down and around us when morning dawned, if we only played our cards right. Reaching forward I was endeavoring to waken my sleeping companion with as little noise as possible, when a swan suddenly appeared off to my left. I could hear the beat of its wings and dimly discern its form, as it headed straight for the boat. Dropping on one knee I prepared to receive him. As I raised the gun to shoot I became conscious also of another bird approaching rapidly from behind, but sticking to the first, which I felt sure was the noble trumpeter, I pulled; then, without waiting an instant to see the result of my shot, I swung around on the other, now presenting a beautiful side shot. As I touched the trigger a body went rushing past my head and behind me, with a screech that was positively maniacal, and so close as to actually touch me with its wing. A sharp collision, a tilt of the boat, and men, guns, swan and all were pitched unceremoniously into the chilly water. I knew how it all happened, for I saw enough of it to know. Excruciatingly uncomfortable as the cold ducking was, I could not help laughing at P.'s gasping and rude awakening from what perhaps but an instant before had been the sweetest of sleep and pleasantest of dreams.

Whether he thought we had been struck by a typhoon or a whirlwind I could never

satisfactorily learn; in fact, he told me afterward, confidentially, that he imagined he was "home, and that the house was on fire." As we stood there waist deep in water, clutching our craft, consisting now of but a side, stern piece and bottom, I explained, as well as my chattering teeth would permit, the cause of the catastrophe, and requested P. to hold on to the boat while I fished up the guns. But owing to the deepness and tenacity of the mud I could not do this alone, so we two sorry-looking specimens tilted the boat until her keel was formed by the angle of one side and the bottom, then baling the remains of her out as well as we could with my cap (for P.'s had disappeared), I manipulated her from the stern, while P. stood clinging affectionately to an oar he had thrust in the mud. Steering cautiously about the "scene of the wreck," I soon felt a gun with my foot, and reaching down, until my nose was almost under water, I recovered and placed it in the boat. It was my own, but P.'s was stepped on a minute later and recovered. Then I cruised around and picked up our dead swan and the so forcibly ejected side of the skiff. Upon the latter I "laid out" the dead, and there, in the middle, looming up larger than any of the rest, and with an awful gaping wound extending across the breast from wing to wing, lay my beautiful trumpeter, the cause of our cruel collapse. With both wings broken close to its body, it had fallen from high in air an inert mass, and its heavy body had struck with resistless force the inside upper edge of the boat's side, dashing it from its fastenings; and as swan and timber went by the board on the port side, we were as unceremoniously tumbled out on the other.

Each now taking hold we waded ashore at the nearest point; then, having no further use for our craft, we cast her adrift, and shouldering our game started for the pony and cart.

Oh, how cold it was during those few minutes it occupied us to reach the farm house. Soon we reached P.'s home. Just as we dashed in the early milkman was in the act of raising a cup of hot coffee to his lips, but it never reached there; for, whether through astonishment or not, he replaced it on the table, while he contemplated our appearance with open-mouthed surprise. I meanwhile thoughtfully seized his cup and shared its hot, fragrant contents with my unfortunate comrade.

A TRIP TO THE WHITE HILLS.

BY WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

LAST year I happened to read an interesting account of a very successful caribou hunt on the east coast of Newfoundland. I had long desired to kill a specimen of this noble game and had made one unsuccessful trip to the far Northwest for that purpose. But here was apparently a sure thing. If one could only muster up courage enough to go so far, the chances of getting a caribou were beyond question. So I entered into correspondence with the author of the article mentioned, who very kindly furnished me the necessary information and a pressing invitation to join him in his annual fall hunt. Promptly accepting, the 15th of October I found myself on board the Red Cross line S. S. *Miranda* bound for Pilley's Island by way of Halifax and St. Johns.

At Pilley's Island, where I arrived in a nasty, drizzling rain, my friend met me with his steam tug, and as soon as everything was aboard we started for the head of Hall's Bay, twenty-five miles distant.

The little cabin was piled with provisions, guns, valises, blankets, etc., and as there was not much fun staying on deck in the rain we devoted ourselves to straightening out our traps, making up packs, etc. We were all provided with Labrador seal-skin boots, without which traveling is impossible in that country of wet marshes and bogs. Our party consisted of Mr. James Whyte, one of the best shots and most experienced deer stalkers in Newfoundland; his younger brother, who like myself had never killed a caribou; his brother-in-law, an experienced hunter, and the writer. On our way we picked up my Indian, Peter Joe, a good-natured broad-shouldered Micmac, who brought us the cheerful news that he had been back in the country and found deer very plenty. Caribou are called "deer" in Newfoundland, and they are the only big game native of the country, save an occasional black bear.

On we went, scattering the great loons, which laughed at us in their usual crazy manner, until we brought up at the head of the bay in shoal water. Our belongings were soon stowed into small boats and we pulled ashore to our guide's house, where our extra luggage was stored. We

now bade good-bye to civilization, turned our backs on salt water and started for the interior. The men transferred our provisions to a long dugout or canoe and poled them up the brook to our first camp at the foot of West Pond, while we shouldered our packs and footed it over the two-mile portage. It was just dark when we arrived at our log tilt, where we made ourselves as comfortable as close quarters and a leaky roof would permit.

We were up at dawn and right glad to find it clear and cold.

After a hasty breakfast we rowed up West Pond, which resembled somewhat an Adirondack pond, excepting that the trees were small and stunted. This little lake is five miles long, and is noted for its trout and salmon in the right season.

At the head of the pond, which was partially covered with ice, we went ashore and, after hiding our surplus stock of provisions, started on one of the hardest tramps I have ever undertaken. Though the distance was only thirteen miles, the going was so bad that it equaled any twenty-six miles of ordinary walking. Forging streams, wading through sticky marshes and climbing hills, it seemed as if we should never get there. Foot-sore and weary, we at last reached the big marsh, and here I had my first sight of caribou. Mr. Whyte and I were resting for a few moments, when about 200 yards off a cow and well-grown calf stepped out of the woods and crossed an arm of the marsh. As it was late and we were yet two miles from camp we concluded not to shoot, as we might only wound, and had neither time nor inclination to follow them.

The next day proved to be stormy, but as we needed venison all hands turned out. I felt too used up to go far, so watched the home marsh with my Indian, Peter Joe, who spent most of his time up a tree on the look out for deer. We almost ran on top of a doe on the way to our lookout, but unfortunately my rifle was in its rubber case and the chance was lost. Mr. Whyte was the first to return to camp with the hind quarters of a young stag, and his brother-in-law followed suit a little later, so we had meat in abundance. We remained together in this camp for

three days, during which time six caribou were killed, and more could have been shot had we wanted them, but as they were mostly cows or young bulls with small heads we did not molest them further. Our men put the venison on scaffolds built of poles, to protect it from the foxes, intending when the snow got deep enough to take it out with their dog sleds. We saw during these three days sixty-one caribou by actual count.

But my friends were anxious that I should see the "White Hills," famous for caribou and beautiful scenery, a part of the country rarely visited; even my Indian had never been there. On Thursday, October 30, Mr. Whyte and I, accompanied by our guides, started in a drizzling rain and thick fog, for eight miles more of hard walking mostly over those wretched marshes where one sinks ankle deep in mud and water at every step. From the time we left Hall's Bay we had been gradually ascending, and the camp we left that morning was 900 feet above the sea. Yet these ponds and marshes are found everywhere, on the sides and on top of the hills, as well as in the valleys. No wonder no one lives in the interior of Northern Newfoundland. I believe it would be impossible for human beings to exist in such a wet place. It is only fit for the caribou, beaver, otter and the other wild animals found there. In the afternoon we reached higher ground and better walking, but owing to the dense fog we could see nothing, and after leaving an Indian wigwam, where we "boiled the kettle," we got off our course and went several miles out of our way.

The only living things that we saw were a few willow grouse that sailed off with their wild, derisive cackle. We finally found Barney's Brook, and by following it down to the pond soon were snugly housed in our log tilt before a blazing fire.

The next morning was fair, with the wind blowing a gale. Mr. Whyte had us out before sunrise. The night had been frosty and the air was just cold enough to make walking a delightful exercise.

We forded Barney's Brook, a swift running stream, with considerable difficulty, as the water was high and the rocks slippery, and then climbed one of the numerous steep hills to get a view of the country. And a glorious view it was. Hill after hill could be seen on every side. Big South Mountain loomed up grandly on one side, while far away to the west

those curious formations called the "Top-sails" stood out boldly against the sky. While admiring this beautiful landscape, so different from the marshy country we had left, my companions were eagerly scanning the ground with their glasses for caribou.

Suddenly Peter Joe exclaimed: "I see deer!" Sure enough, there was a small herd of caribou traveling over the hills on the other side of the brook and apparently headed toward our camp.

Mr. Whyte sent me back with Lebuffe to cut them off, while he, with Peter, continued his hunt. We forded the stream and hurried back over the hill, but great was our disappointment to find, when we reached the crest, that they had changed their course and were feeding a mile away over the big marsh we had crossed the night before. To follow them seemed useless, and we wisely concluded to give them up. I watched them through my glass as they fed rapidly up the marsh and over the hill. There were several cows under the charge of a big bull, whose magnificent head stood out against the sky as he stopped for a moment on the crest of the ridge.

"Too bad," said my guide, as he closed up the telescope. "I thought we were sure of that chap; but we had better return and take up our original hunt."

So back we went and again waded through the ice-cold brook and climbed the hills beyond, carefully examining every inch of ground as we went, but seeing nothing. We walked along, feeling rather blue, and were just descending into a little basin among the knolls when I saw Lebuffe suddenly drop to the ground, pointing to our left as he did so. I dropped as quick as he did, and there, within a distance of 150 yards, stood two noble caribou close to a little pond. They were lying down when we first saw them, but they jumped to their feet as we dropped in the grass.

"Take the right-hand one; it is a stag," whispered the guide. I raised the second leaf of my sight, rested my left elbow on my knee and aimed carefully at his shoulder. With the crack of the rifle they both ran off. A sickening feeling of disappointment took possession of me as they sped away, apparently unhurt; but in less time than it takes to tell it the big stag gave a lurch to one side, plunged his antlers into the ground and rolled over dead.

It was so sudden that I could hardly believe my eyes. Lebuffe rushed up and shook me by the hand saying, "You've got him! you've got him! Wasn't that bully?" Sure enough, the big beast lay there on the grass, his white coat shining in the sun and his great antlers sticking up in the air. To say I was happy does not half express it, for I certainly thought for a moment that he was going to escape. The bullet from my Winchester had entered just back of the fore shoulder.

While Lebuffe was breaking him up and taking off his head I built a fire and refreshed myself with a pipe. We had been there perhaps half an hour, when I saw a fine stag with a magnificent head about half a mile to leeward. We tried to get ahead of him so he would not get our wind, but after a hard run he caught sight of us and we lost him. I tried a shot at him at about 400 yards, but of course it was useless. Fortunately he took a direction that brought him in Mr. Whyte's way, and he secured him. His antlers had a spread of four feet and were very large and handsome. We went back and finished our stag, placing the head on a large rock so we could find it easily on our way back to camp, and then took up our original route again.

We traveled slowly over the beautiful hills, occasionally hiding under the lee of a big boulder to escape a passing shower, but always carefully scanning the hills with the glass. We had covered perhaps a mile when I caught sight of six caribou off to my left, not over a quarter of a mile away. They were slowly feeding at the head of a big marsh which lay at the foot of the hill we were on.

I dropped quickly in the low blueberry bushes that covered the ground where I stood, and called to Lebuffe, who was a few yards ahead of me. We crawled together and held a consultation. As we were in a very exposed position and almost directly to the windward of them, we decided that the thing to do was to creep ahead until our wind would not reach them. This we accomplished after considerable hard work. It was no joke imitating the motions of a snake through the wet moss and bushes, but we dare not neglect the slightest precaution. So, though it seemed as if my back would break and knees give out, I stuck to it, not even daring to look up until we reached a clump of bushes where we were safe. Richard picked up a handful of dead

grass and tossed it up in the air; the gale carried it off in a direction that showed us they would not get our wind. The next question was how to get near them. They had fed up toward us a little, but were still fully 300 yards off; in fact, my guide had to tell me which was the stag, as I could not see his antlers. The cover ended where we were; there was nothing beyond but a few low blueberry bushes.

"What do you think?" I said to Lebuffe.

"Well, I would wait a bit; they don't seem to be in a hurry. Only be sure when you do shoot to take that big white stag, the others are all does. Suppose you try and crawl on your face a little nearer before you shoot."

By lying flat and pushing my rifle ahead of me I managed to get fifty yards nearer.

As they seemed a little uneasy I raised my third leaf, rested my elbows on the ground and blazed away.

The strong wind deadened the crack of the rifle and instantly dispersed the smoke. The old fellow merely raised his head, looked around, and went on feeding. I tried a second; he did not even look up. So much for not having sighted my rifle for long range. Just then a doe walked in front of the stag and I had to suspend my target practice. To say I was on the anxious seat did not half express my feelings. In the meantime Lebuffe had crawled up.

"What do you think; am I shooting over?" I whispered.

"Yes, I guess so, because if the bullet had struck the ground this side of them or under them they would have been frightened."

So I turned down the third leaf and tried the second, holding well up. At the report the great deer collapsed and I thought he was going to fall, but he straightened himself up and walked off a few yards with his head down.

"You've got him," said Lebuffe. "Give him another!"

With the report he cringed again, walked toward us a few feet and laid down.

We dared not move, but watched him with great anxiety. The cows, or does, did not know what to make of the proceedings, but huddled together bewildered and at a loss what to do. While their leader remained quiet they would not leave. Far down the valley we could make out another bull regarding us with great interest.

In about ten minutes the wounded stag got up and we saw that he was bleeding from the hip. I evidently had not allowed sufficiently for the high wind, so the bullet had drifted too far back.

He again walked nearer us and laid down within 150 yards. I now felt sure of him; so I sneaked toward him, but before I had gained twenty-five paces he saw me and jumped to his feet. Before he had time to run, however, I fired and he fell to the ground with a broken shoulder. He was very savage when we walked up to him, and had he been able to use his legs would have made it very unpleasant for us. Another ball put him out of his misery.

The five cows were so bewildered that they allowed me to approach within fifty yards before they wheeled and trotted down the marsh, where the solitary stag joined them. Lebuffe dressed the stag, which was a monster and evidently very old. We left him where he fell, as we had all we could carry.

Truly this was the home of the caribou. Before 3 P. M. I had killed two stags and seen twenty-one deer by actual count. We were soon back at camp, where we found Mr. Whyte and Peter Joe with the head of the big caribou I lost in the morning.

Our men worked hard, skinning and cleaning the two heads before they turned in. To secure a caribou's head requires a vast amount of labor. The killing of the animal is a small part of it. It is then the real work commences. A head with the skin on will weigh from thirty to forty pounds. It has to be carried to camp, no matter at what distance from where the beast was shot. Then it takes at least four to six hours to skin it and clean the skull and skin. Then comes the task of getting it out to civilization. Many a time our faithful men would work in their wet clothing until midnight, preparing these trophies for us.

We were surprised next morning to find the ground covered with snow and a violent snow storm raging. After an early breakfast Mr. Whyte and the two men started after my second stag, while I packed up ready for our return.

My companions returned with the head and skin of my deer and six willow grouse which Mr. Whyte had killed with his Winchester. As soon as Lebuffe skinned the head Peter shouldered the three, a tremendous load, and started back for the

main camp; Lebuffe also backed an immense pack, and away we tramped through the snow, which did not improve the walking, but caused us many a nasty tumble by covering up the holes and bogs.

It was well along in the afternoon when we reached our old log hut, where we were soon exchanging experiences with our companions.

Early next morning Peter and I made a start on our long tramp back to salt water. I bade good-bye to my friends, who were going to remain another week, and soon left far behind me the camp where I had enjoyed such royal sport.

At the foot of the big marsh we crossed the tracks of five caribou that had passed a few minutes before. The return trip found me in much better condition for traveling than when I went in. We not only covered the thirteen miles, but rowed down West Pond five miles and walked over the two-mile portage to Hall's Bay before dark.

To our horror, when we arrived at Lebuffe's house we found no one at home and the place locked up. It was quite dark, we were wet, tired and hungry and my traps were in there.

"Well, Peter, what are we going to do?"

"Well, Mrs. Lebuffe, she go visit her father, I guess; she got the key. You know Mr. Goodyear, the old man up in marsh we gave venison to."

"Where does he live?"

"Well, about two miles, maybe, round in other cove."

"Come on then, Peter; I am chilled through, let us get there as quick as possible."

So off we shoved and after half an hour's hard rowing found ourselves warmly welcomed by Mr. Goodyear and family.

Only those who have had like experience can understand how it felt to get inside of a warm, cheerful room and outside of a good supper, to say nothing of the comfortable bed, after sleeping on the ground for a week.

I engaged Mr. Goodyear to help Peter row me down Hall's Bay to Pilley's Island. After going for my valise over to Lebuffe's house, we started for our twenty-five-mile trip in a driving rain storm. Not much fun in an open boat, but we got there all right and found that the steamship *Portia* had arrived that morning. The men started right back, Peter on his way to camp for my trophies.

It had been a hard but satisfactory trip.

The only drawback was the unusually bad weather. Only one clear day the whole time the party was away from St. Johns.

The *Portia* of the Red Cross line, commanded by Capt. Francis Ash, carried me home in genuine comfort. Captain Ash, the reader may remember, was ice pilot on the *Bear* at the time of the rescue of the unfortunate Greeley party at Cape Sabine.

Should any OUTING reader feel like taking a trip into the interior of Newfoundland after caribou, the following hints may be of some value.

It must be remembered that, with the exception of the extreme southern portion, the interior of Newfoundland is a vast wilderness of marshes and barrens, entirely uninhabited and suited only to the herds of caribou that roam undisturbed over it. These deer migrate to the southern portion of the island in the fall and return north in the spring. On their southern trip they are killed in great numbers by the settlers, and many of them are allowed to rot. The law limits the killing to five bulls and three cows, but of course it is rarely enforced. Except in case of actual necessity the cows should not be killed, as their heads are valueless as trophies.

The open season commences October 1. Sportsmen should arrange to reach the coast about that time. Guides are hard to obtain and should be engaged ahead.

Condensed beef, prepared cocoa and condensed coffee had better be taken from the States, but other provisions and cooking utensils are easily obtainable at St. Johns. The Labrador sealskin boots must be bought at St. Johns. They should be large enough to wear over three or four pairs of woolen socks or stockings. The home-made stockings sold there are best for that purpose and very cheap.

For clothing nothing is better than the dead grass-colored canvas suits with a cardigan jacket worn under the coat. Warm gloves should not be forgotten and a good field glass. Also equal parts of salt and powdered alum to dress the skins with. A few simple medicines, Jamaica ginger, arnica, adhesive plaster, etc., should be taken, and the less spirits the better.

Remember, everything must be packed in on the backs of your men; so it is necessary to cut down all baggage to the smallest possible compass.

For sleeping carry a good blanket bag

wrapped up in a rubber blanket, and do not forget an air pillow.

One extra suit of underclothing and plenty of stockings, a pair of camp shoes, a couple of towels and the simplest of toilet articles are all that is necessary. Your personal baggage outside of the camp kit should not weigh over twenty-five pounds.

A light tent had better be taken to store provisions in, and no more than four in a party, exclusive of the guides, should attempt to travel together.

Rubber clothing should not be carried into the interior, as it is impossible to wear it after leaving the boat.

A Winchester rifle, or any good repeater carrying enough lead for big game, if sighted true up to 250 yards, will answer, and forty to fifty rounds of ammunition is enough, unless for a game butcher and they are not wanted.

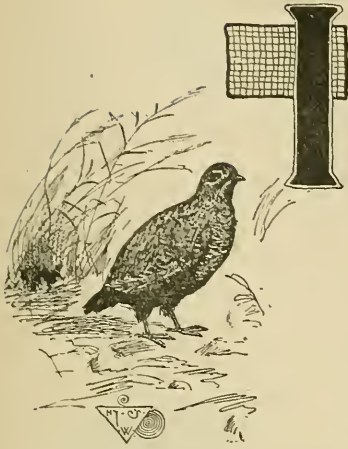
In the proper season, that is after July 1, trout and salmon are plentiful in all the bays and streams, and after September 1 willow grouse are quite common, particularly in the southern portion of the island.

The following provisions are necessary: Tea, coffee, sugar, rice, beans, onions, hard bread, prepared flour, pork, bacon, butter, salt, pepper and oatmeal; also matches and candles. In addition, a few luxuries in case of sickness, such as condensed beef, condensed milk, prepared cocoa, canned soups and pickles, may be taken. The few simple cooking utensils and the tin cups and plates necessary can be bought in St. Johns. The tea kettles must have wires or handles on top to swing them by on the "chip-lequaghan," and do not forget a good-sized piece of brown soap to wash the tinware with.

It would be well to divide the provisions into fifty-pound lots, putting a proper assortment in each, and packing them in good strong canvas bags. Then when a bag of provisions was opened it would contain all the necessary articles.

A party of four would need duplicate cooking utensils, as they would not always camp together. There is a brand of condensed coffee called the "Reindeer" brand, to be had at Halifax, which is excellent, and Borden's condensed coffee is also very good. As these are prepared with sugar and milk, it saves trouble to take them in place of ground coffee. The men are great tea drinkers, so lay in a good supply of that article.

A DAY WITH THE BARBARY PARTRIDGES.



It is autumn in Algeria. Not the season of fogs and frosts, dull gray skies and falling leaves, but brilliantly glorious weather, a bright sun and a cloudless sky, balmy air, and temperature

almost as high as a northern mid-summer. This is at the base of the Aures Mountains, but farther south still, beyond the Tell and its cultivation in the desert fastnesses of the lonely Sahara, the heat is still greater and we are glad to take refuge under the cool date palms and orange groves in the delicious oases that stud this sandy waste. But our quarry is not of the desert, although plenty of furred and feathered game will be found there to reward the venturesome sportsman—sand grouse, bustard, courser, timid gazelle, antelope and bubale, the largest of its order in Northern Africa; while in the mountains wild sheep abound.

If he cares to venture farther south into the desert and enter the country of the warlike Toureg, the panther, the cheetah and the booted lynx will furnish him with exciting sport, and the fleet ostrich will try his skill. Without going so far into the Dark Continent we can find many a good day's sport among the scrub, and the cedar and evergreen oak forests on the slopes of the Aures Mountains. Here the principal winged game is the Barbary partridge, a bird closely allied to the red-legged partridge which has been introduced into some parts of England with only too much success.

Starting with my solitary Arab companion, Achmed, armed with our guns and game bag, he with the usual long-barreled gun of native manufacture and I with a double hammerless breechloader embodying "all nineteenth-century improve-

ments," we left the precincts of the village as the sun was rising over the eastern hills, bent on devoting a day to the Barbary partridges that frequent the country here in abundance. The scenery as you ascend the hills beyond Lambessa, a small place about seven miles southeast of the military town of Batna, improves at each step, and you are soon in the midst of scrub and evergreen oak woods studded with patches of greenest turf. Higher up the hills juniper trees abound and the vegetation becomes less luxuriant. Here and there among the scrub are patches of barley stubble, among which we hear the well-known *caw-ee, caw-ee* of the Barbaries; but they are too quick for us, and the contents of my two barrels and Achmed's formidable tube speed uselessly after them.

We gradually ascend to the higher ground, shooting a brace of birds as we go from a quiet corner of the scrub. Achmed insisted on cutting the throats of these and all the birds we shot, which I allowed him to do, because every true Mohammedan is forbidden by the Koran to eat any animal that has not met its death by the knife. Up here the scenery, though bare, is full of wild grandeur. All round and above us lay the lofty Aures, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, peak upon peak and hill beyond hill. There to the northeast is the towering peak of Djebel Chellia, the highest summit of the range, and next to that the almost as lofty heights of Djebel Mahmel, covered already with their winter blankets of snow. It is mid-day now and my Arab companion spreads his long robe on the ground and commences to say his prayers. Waving his arms in the air, muttering exhortations to Allah in his native tongue, he throws himself to the ground and is lost to all things but his simple worship. While he is engaged in meditation with Mohammed let us glance at the habits of the partridges.

The Barbary partridge is a thorough bird of the wilderness, and can live comfortably in districts where most other game birds would starve. Provided there is water and a very small amount of cover it is able to live and thrive in the most barren districts. In some of its habits it resembles the red-legged partridge. Like

that bird it always tries to escape from enemies by running, only taking to its wings when absolutely compelled to do so. It is very quarrelsome and pugnacious, though somewhat shy, especially when the love season has passed.

When it is hurriedly flushed it runs quickly over the rocky ground and through the matted vegetation, every now and then lifting its head above surrounding objects to look warily around. It feeds on shoots of herbage, grain, seeds of various kinds, and in summer on insects and grubs. It seldom wanders far from home, and the same bit of scrub or mountain side that has afforded good sport one day generally abounds with birds the next. It makes its nest under a stunted bush or beneath the shelter of a rock among scrub and broken ground, merely scratching out a little depression in which it places a few bits of dead grass or herbage by way of lining. The eggs are ten or twelve in number, very similar to those of the red-legged partridge, but a trifle more richly spotted. Unfortunately the Barbary partridge is much more handsome in appearance than its flesh is excellent in quality, and it is but a poor bird for the table, being dry and flavorless.

But our ornithological observations are disturbed by the stolid Achmed loading his ancient piece, and we must be off or we shall have to run the gauntlet of chaff from the French officers in Batna at our poor bag. Among the rough ground on a hillside, which looks for all the world like a bit of Derbyshire moor without the heather, we shot several brace of birds, Achmed's wonderful tool contributing its due share to the bag. I often used to be filled with astonishment at the good shooting of these Arabs with such ungainly-looking weapons, such poor powder and large shot; but I fear they

have taken a leaf out of the Frenchman's book and prefer to wait till their bird is at rest, instead of bringing it down brilliantly in mid air.

Too often Achmed wanted to stalk the birds when I wanted to flush them; but, after all, he was perhaps in the right if a big bag is desired, for they are difficult birds to shoot and often fly like arrows from your very feet. We got one or two more birds among the cedar trees in the more open parts of the forest, Achmed being generally careful to shoot his bird as it peeped at him through the scrub—a sad breach of confidence I always thought. In some places, especially where a scrub was tall and dense, the partridges abounded, and as they always prefer to lie close the report of our guns did not materially affect our sport.

But the sun is gradually approaching the west; we have a long tramp home over rough, broken country before us, and the twilight here is remarkably short. I linger near the rocks to watch the choughs return to roost, and to bag a few stock doves among the cedar trees, while Achmed counts up our spoil—seventeen and a half brace of Barbaries, half a dozen doves and a couple of choughs which I shot for specimens. Altogether this is a very respectable account to render of a day's shooting among strange and rough covers.

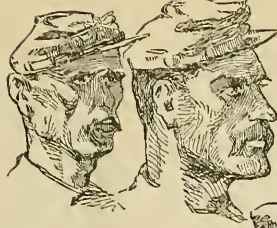
We reached Lambessa at nightfall, just as the hyenas and jackals noisily crept from their retreat among the Roman ruins, and the owls and bats flitted ghost-like round our heads, tired out, but well content with our day on the hills. My only wonder is that Constantine is not visited more by British naturalists. The climate is delightful, the scenery strange and picturesque, and game, in all suitable districts, abounds.

ACTINIC EYES.

"Now, sir," she cried, "you've had
your will;
I've posed so well and held so still
Before your lens, for you;
Do let me in the dark room go
To see the picture made, and know
Just how and what you do."

"Sweet girl," I said, "it may not be
For you to enter there with me
To learn the picture's fate.
Bright light no silver salt endures,
And hence those flashing eyes of yours
Would surely fog the plate."

CLARENCE BLOOMFIELD MOORE.



WHERE WERE THE BOYS?

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

Continued.



sive face—was: "None at all—no word about him."

If this were true, asked some of his would-be rivals for the heart of the fair Melicent, why was it that he was allowed to go in and out whenever he pleased, and alone, too, while any other fellow was obliged to first ask permission and take a companion with him? A suspicion went around until it gained the force of camp opinion that Whitby was a very crafty fellow and was using his friendship for Bell as a cloak to his amatory designs. Unsuccessful competitors for woman's affections have made fools of themselves since the world began, so it is not wonderful that a lot of the men actually signed and circulated a petition, rehearsing their opinion of Whitby's actions, with the intention of presenting it to the colonel. Fortunately, however, the colonel chanced to hear of it and informally sent

word to the men, through the orderly sergeants, to stop making fools of themselves.

An entirely new point of view was taken a day or two later, for Whitby himself failed to answer to two successive roll calls. It was not unusual for individual members of the Fortieth to be sent out alone on scouting expeditions which were practically of the nature of spying, but on such occasions the orderly sergeant would answer for them, "Absent on special duty." There was no such answer in the case of Whitby; the orderly sergeant of his company was himself an aspirant to Melicent's affections, and as he had not been notified that Whitby was outside the lines as a spy, he took great pleasure in reporting him "absent without leave." Quite a number of the men went out to the Bramingham place at the earliest opportunity to see how Melicent would take the news, and when they returned they reported that she did not seem entirely herself, and that somehow they did not feel like staying very long. Some of them took advantage of old acquaintance to interrogate certain of their officers on the subject, but there was but one answer—"Don't ask me—I don't know any more about it than you do. See if you can't hold your tongue on the subject until something new turns up." The colonel afterward said that had he not devised two or three reconnoissances in rapid succession he believed that the regiment, officers included, would have lost its brains.

Meanwhile strange stories began to be whispered through the camp that Burkitt had been heard from, though there was nothing in the news to gratify such friends as the fellow might have in the regiment. He was in a Confederate cavalry regi-

ment in Tennessee, on the Mississippi River, and was heartily disgusted with himself. When the war ended, if he lived that long, some people whom he wouldn't mention would have to suffer for what he had gone through. He admitted that he had never been much of a man, but he never would grumble again after he could get under the old colors, which he would do at the first convenient opportunity. If he could desert and get safely into the Union lines he would not dare to return to the old regiment, but the boys might feel assured that he would re-enlist somewhere and see the quarrel through. His letter had been tied to an oar of a skiff that was pushed into the Mississippi during rising water, and he calculated that it could not help be caught by Union men somewhere, for our men held the entire river from a point about forty miles below, and he had started the boat at early dusk, knowing that it would drift past all the Confederate posts before daylight. He dared not get into the boat himself, for the enemy distrusted everybody who had come from the Union side.

The sensation about Burkitt soon gave place to one far greater. One day a full battalion of the Fortieth out on a reconnaissance chanced upon a small detachment of mounted Confederates, who were engaged in the comparatively peaceful duty of foraging. The gray coats immediately began to cut loose the loads on their horses, so as to get away with as little weight as possible to carry in the chase which was sure to follow. One "Johnnie" seemed to be nervous; perhaps he had no knife and was trying to untie the ropes which held the fodder on his horse. Whatever the reason, he was many paces behind when the chase began. In the Fortieth, as in all other able mounted regiments, the best horse went first whenever anyone had to be followed in haste, so "Big" Healey rapidly passed the advance guard, gained on the lag-gard, got within easy pistol range and shouted:

"Surrender, you blank blanked reb!"

The gray coat himself drew a pistol, which didn't at all scare Healey, for didn't the big fellow already have the drop? Wasn't he ready to fire first the instant the other should begin to turn his head?

Healey's horse gained steadily; he was within six paces of the retreating trooper when again he shouted:

"Put up that pistol and surrender!"

You blanked fool, do you want to draw your rations in purgatory at dinner call?"

The Confederate put his pistol to his own head, pulled the trigger and fell, a limp figure, into the road. The advance, which reached the spot half a minute later, saw Healey with his hat off, a pale face and a frightened look, and heard him exclaim:

"Great Lord! It's Kritoff!"

He was right, and the discovery surprised everyone so much that without any orders that anyone could remember the chase ended, and nearly all of Kritoff's old company dismounted and ran forward when they heard the news. For two or three minutes there was life in the suicide; but when his eye caught that of an old tent mate he groaned, buried his face in the dust of the road and died.

"Stop this fooling!" suddenly roared the major commanding the battalion. "Keep up the chase; catch some of those fellows—even one, so we can find out when and how this man got into their service. If there's a lot of foreign-born spies in the regiment I'll find it out if I have to hang a dozen Johnnies while doing it. Forward—march! Trot—march! Gallop—march!"

The major waited until the column had nearly passed; the two last men, who on general principles probably had the slowest horses, he ordered to watch the remains of the dead deserter, and on no account to search them until further orders. Then the major dashed on and took part in the chase, but the little Confederate ponies had too long a start, and the battalion returned in an hour in a much-blown condition, bound Kritoff's remains to a horse and returned to camp.

It was reported later that a close examination of the dead man's clothing and accoutrements failed to disclose anything to warrant the suspicion that he had been a spy. There could not be a military funeral in the circumstances, and the incident threw a shadow over everyone's spirits; for, if a handsome, spirited fellow like Kritoff, who had high sense of honor, should have deserted the service—although he did not leave his post and take his arms and accoutrements with him—who that remained could be trusted? If he had deserted, why wonder any longer about the fate of the other missing men? As to Will Bell, the men thought the colonel ought to be out of patience with the amount of fooling Whitby had done

in that case without accomplishing the slightest thing. Some of the men made bold to intimate as much to Whitby, but they got so savage a look and oath in reply that they made haste to change the subject.

Except when approached on the subject of his missing friend Whitby seemed to be in higher spirits than usual, from which a hundred or two other men sorrowfully deduced that his love affair was progressing to suit him. Some of those who doubted this had to believe the evidence of their own senses a day or two afterward when in broad daylight, as a detachment of them passed the Bramingham place, Whitby reined his horse out of the column, approached the gate to meet Melicent, who was coming down the path, and who gave him a kiss for his pains as he leaned over his saddlebow. Melicent was as proud as she was handsome, and the boys knew she could not "give herself away" in that manner unless she had for ever given up the idea of taking herself back. They saw tears in her eyes, too, as the detachment went on; evidently she was dreading that an accident might befall her hero; usually someone was brought back dead or wounded whenever any of the Fortieth went out to see what was going on in front.

Whitby came back alive, however, and so did everyone else. Getting permission to go on ahead for a canteen of fresh water, one of the men, who had been born and reared in a country town of which gossip was the only industry, rode up to the Braminghams and interviewed the head of the family about the happy couple. The old man spoke sorrowfully, but without reserve. He thought it very injudicious for young people of the opposing sides to form such attachments while the war still was in progress, but Melicent had always had her own way and insisted upon it now. She had been so excited while Whitby was outside that there had been no doing anything with her, and now she was insisting upon something which would make a great deal of bad blood upon both sides, he feared. What was it? Well, he would rather not tell, but he hoped the commanding officer would kindly allow Whitby to drop out of the ranks as the detachment passed.

Bursting with his important information and the promise of more, the man hurried back and Whitby received the desired permission. He returned to camp

late in the evening, having been seen in the village talking with the pastor of a church. Next morning after roll call, before the men were dismissed, the orderly sergeants informally announced that immediately after guard mount that morning Miss Melicent Bramingham would be married to Private Whitby, of the Fortieth, at the church in the village, and that the bridegroom would be glad to have any or all of his comrades present at the ceremony.

Then there was excitement indeed; the bugle call of "boots and saddles" was nothing to it. Melicent to marry! No more changes of mind—not before marriage at least. Where would the couple live? In camp? None of the sergeants knew. Would Whitby, who seemed to be able to get anything he wanted, get a furlough and take his bride North, out of the way of reviling Southern tongues and of that young Southern captain who might run home some time on a visit and say cruel things to her, as a spirited and disappointed Southern swain would probably want to do? Or would Whitby make a home in the village for Melicent, where she would be fairly protected from annoyance? Certainly he would not dare to let her return to her father's house.

The better men, in spirits and manners, forgave any disappointment of which Whitby had been the cause and wished only that he had given longer notice of the affair, so that they might have had time to send North for suitable presents for the bride. Such of them as had money or credit hurried to the shop of the sutler or the little stores in the village and went almost crazy in their attempts to find something appropriate to the occasion. There was little time for choice from such possible stuff as could be found, for a general movement in the village street announced the approach of the bride and her family, followed and practically escorted by all the Fortieth's off-duty men. Many of the villagers had already crowded into the church, having heard the news the night before from the pastor's family; they wanted it distinctly understood that they didn't approve of such proceedings, and that they never were more surprised in the world than when they heard that Melicent had ceased to be a true Southern girl; still, if ever there was a time when a girl's old friends and acquaintances should stand by her it was when she seemed unfit to take care

of herself. There were present so many of such sympathizers that the soldiers had trouble in all finding places within the sacred edifice.

There was very little ceremony, the marriage service of the denomination to which the bride belonged being severely simple and direct. There were no bridesmaids or "best man." Whitby and Melicent sat on front seats, at either side of the aisle, until told by the pastor to arise and join their right hands. Then those of the Fortieth's men who saw Melicent's face were ready to declare to the end of time that never before had it been so gloriously beautiful—so absolutely radiant. There could be no doubt as to the earnestness of her regard for Whitby; she seemed absolutely transfigured by the intensity of her love and longing. How a hundred or more men did envy Whitby, as he stood there looking, as he always did, as if nothing on earth could disturb his serenity! They wouldn't look so confoundedly cool if standing face to face with a woman like that who was about to give herself away, and all for love.

"James Whitby," said the minister solemnly, "do you take this woman to be your wedded wife, to——"

"No."

The reply came as calmly as if the fellow were merely answering to his name at roll call. His only movement was to drop the hand of the bride. There was an audible sensation in the audience, and one trooper burst out with a remark so indignant and profane that he was at once thrust from the building by some of his comrades, though they were wild with curiosity to hear what might come next. Melicent started, turned pale and then red, as she gasped:

"Jamie!"

"Why not?" asked the minister, when he had recovered from his surprise.

"Yes; why not?" asked Squire Bra-mingham, approaching the couple and assuming a threatening attitude.

"Because she is a false woman—because she has promised to marry half a dozen men or more, all within a few weeks—promised each with many kisses, and with her arms around his neck."

"'Tis false!" roared the father.

"It is quite natural that you should think so, sir," Whitby replied. "I'm satisfied that you knew nothing about it. But if you doubt my word, look at your daughter now."

The squire looked; so did everyone else, and saw a face pitiful to look upon, so full was it of shame and misery.

"Daughter, what does this mean?" the old man asked. Melicent raised her head slowly until her eyes met her father's; then a little of her pride came back to her face as she said:

"'Twas all make-believe, father. Beside, I did it for our dear country's sake. But him——" here she looked at Whitby as she took a step toward him and stretched out her hands appealingly, "him I loved with my whole heart and life."

"Quite true," Whitby replied, as cool as ever. "I intended you should, for I knew there was no other way for me to find out what had become of Will Bell, my dearest friend, and of a lot of my other comrades. Boys"—here he faced the mass of troopers who had crowded up the aisle—"this woman is the cause of all the disappearances—desertions, from the Fortieth. She has made it her business to pretend to be very fond of one man at a time—I've no doubt that each of them made violent love to her; then she has promised to marry the happy man, whoever he might be for the time being, if he would become a Confederate. She didn't put it just that way, of course; she said that she never could think of being the wife of a Union soldier, but if the fellow would go into the enemy's lines and say he wanted to enlist in some place, always well out of this department, where his sweetheart was soon to join him, she would follow; and as she had family influence with the commanding officer there, the fellow should be detailed for non-combatant duty so he wouldn't be fighting the Union after all, and he and she would have plenty of time to be—oh, so happy! She had an assistant within the enemy's lines; I found out who he was, and a few days ago, when I was out of camp nearly a week, I did some special duty, apparently for the Confederacy, which made me acquainted with him and let me into the whole business, at which I was to help him—so he believed. I've found out where most of our deserters are; you yourself know where Kritoff is."

Whitby paused a moment and thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his jacket. Melicent had sunk to a seat, where her father endeavored to quiet and control her. Whitby took from his pocket a letter, which he held up, saying:

"This was found on the body of poor

Kritoff—you know where and how he died. Listen to what he wrote :

"If I am killed by Union bullets, as I hope I may be, I beg that the finder of this letter send it to the commanding officer of the Fortieth Cavalry, whom I ask to inform my old comrades that I never had a thought of disloyalty to my oath as a soldier until I fell under the influence of a woman whom I madly loved and whom I believed loved me. She promised to marry me if I would leave the Union service and would go with me to my own country. She did not come to the place she appointed. Later I met an old comrade, Cavendish, who confided to me that he had deserted because of similar promises by the same woman. I have succeeded, by much trickery, in being attached to troops that will operate near the post of my old regiment; my one hope is to take vengeance upon that woman; then I care not what becomes of me, honor being lost. The woman's name is Melicent Bramingham."

There was silence in the church for a moment after, as Whitby returned the letter to his pocket; then Squire Bramingham, with very red eyes and a very pale face, arose and said :

"There is no proof that Kritoff wrote that letter; but even if he did he probably did it to palliate his offense if ever he should be captured by your side. It's an outrage for a woman—the daughter of a soldier of the war of 1812—to be condemned on such evidence."

"Squire Bramingham," said Whitby, as cool as ever, yet extremely courteous and tender in his manner, "didn't you hear her own confession: 'I did it for our dear country's sake!' If you doubt it, however, there's more evidence which I have been hiding behind the boxes in the back of my hut for the past twenty-four hours. Will Bell, step forward!"

There was again an audible sensation in the church, and the soldiers in the aisle thought they saw a ghost as a pale, sunken face and ragged gray figure made its way to the space where Whitby stood.

"Several weeks ago this man was the picture of health. Look at him now! There's some of your daughter's work. He never did her any harm. The love of so fine a fellow is a compliment to any woman whether she wants it or not. But she betrayed him, not with a kiss, as Judas betrayed his Lord, but with whole showers of kisses that took the poor fellow's senses away, as anyone can imagine who looks at her. His sense of honor returned when he got away from her; he refused to become a Confederate and go to the point where she promised to meet him and marry him; he was put in prison,

he escaped and has nearly killed himself in coming back to give himself up and give evidence against her. Let her look at him and deny his story if she can."

Melicent made no movement, except to press closer to her father, who bent more tenderly over her, as if he would shield her from even the eyes of Whitby, Bell and their comrades.

"I've only to say, besides what you have heard," continued Whitby, "that she had marked me out for the same foolery and fate as the others, and she might have succeeded if I hadn't seen something in her eyes one day that set me to thinking. I began to be quite attentive to her, and she met me fully half way. I don't wonder that she wrapped the other fellows about her handsome finger—I'd have been gone, in spite of my suspicions, if I hadn't kept this poor boy and his mother in my mind the entire time. I hung off too long for her—she's human herself, and she found herself really in love with me. I never treated her in any way that was not most respectful—I defy her to deny that—but I petted and caressed her until she could keep scarcely anything from me. I let her believe that I would go over to the enemy—I made the arrangements at her own house, with the full knowledge and consent of our colonel, with the Confederate soldier who had been her accomplice in the taking off of the other boys. I wouldn't have deserted in any case, but I didn't need to, for she wouldn't let me go when the time came—she was afraid she could not get to me, or I to her, until the war should end, and she declared that she couldn't live without me. She was afraid even when I went out on scout or picket, for fear I wouldn't escape shot or capture. Finally she insisted upon marrying me within our lines and remaining here, so as to be where she could be sure of having me with her when I was off duty." Whitby paused a moment as if thinking about something; then he continued: "I determined to punish her as she deserved, for the taking off of my friend Bell, and of all the other boys, but I don't believe I could have been cruel enough to carry out my plan of doing what's been done this morning if Bell himself hadn't turned up looking as he did."

Everyone, whether native or military, kept silent; even the minister was too astonished—and interested—to protest against the use that was being made of his church. The silence seemed to excite

the woman who was at the bottom of the trouble ; for she ceased to sob, and those who were near her said afterward that she seemed to be trying to recover control of herself. Suddenly she sprang to her feet ; it was not merely disarranged hair, red eyes and reddish purple face that made her look like a fury as she half faced the audience, made an imposing gesture and shouted :

"All's fair in love and war !"

Whitby unflinchingly met the raging eye fixed upon his, and calmly replied :

"Torture isn't."

"Who has been tortured ?" the girl demanded.

"All of your victims," was the calm reply. "None of them have yet recovered."

"It's false ! Our side doesn't——"

"I didn't allude to your side. *You* were the torturer."

A scornful smile drove the fury out of Melicent's face, and she muttered something about Yankee hearts not being tender enough to suffer much. For reply she got a look that made her drop her eyes apparently in embarrassment.

"This thing has gone far enough," exclaimed the colonel, making his way to the front ; "a great deal too far. Whitby, I had no idea what game you were up to when I gave you permission to look into the desertions. It wasn't a case for personal vengeance. You should have reported all the circumstances to me, the commanding officer of this post, that I might take appropriate action. Mr. Bramingham, it grieves me deeply, but your daughter must consider herself my prisoner. I shall have to send her to department headquarters, with a report of her doings."

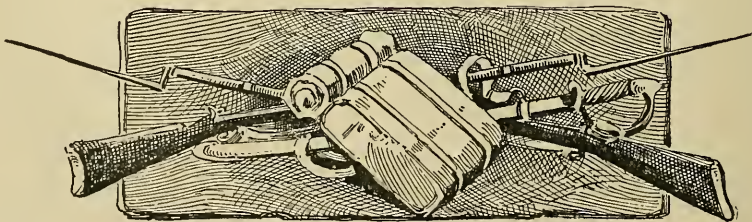
"Great God !" exclaimed the old man ; "after all she has suffered this morning ?"

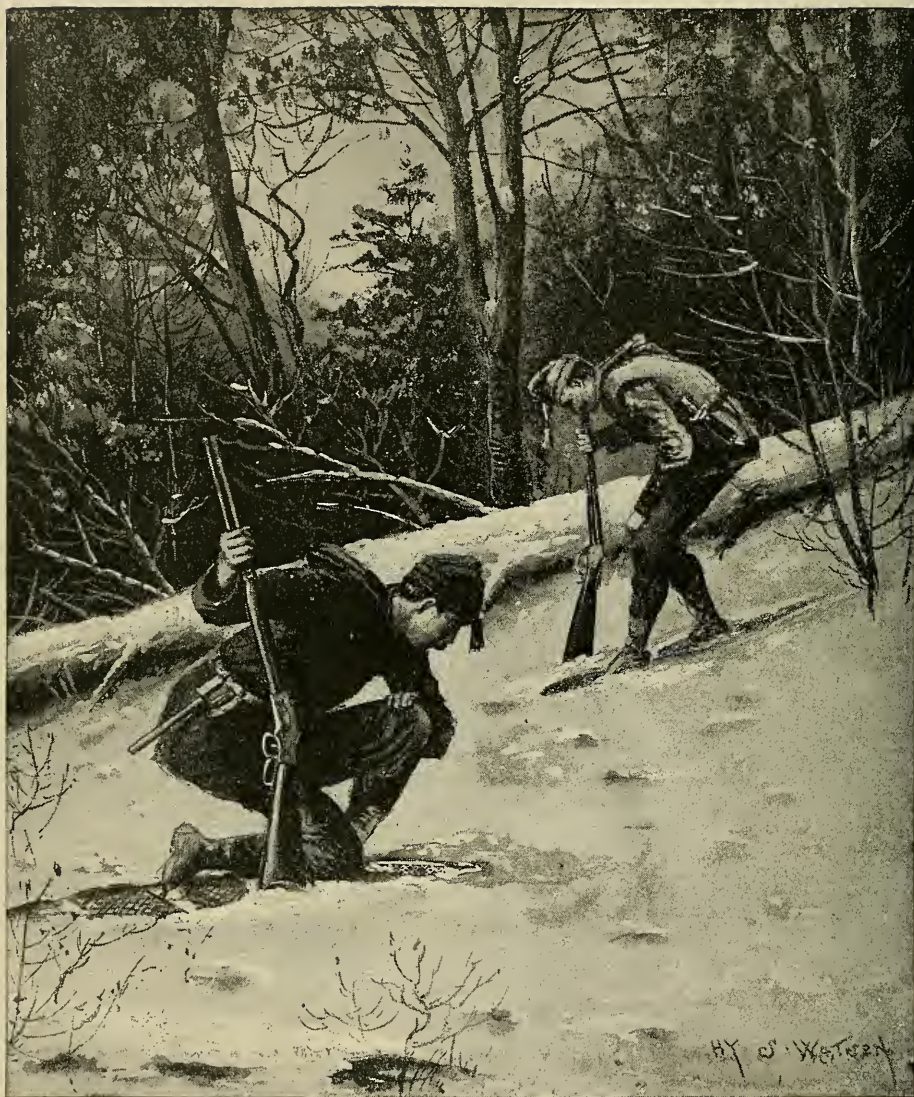
"You have been a soldier yourself, sir ; you cannot help seeing what my duty is."

The old man dropped his head ; his daughter tossed hers high in the air, and threw at the mob of gaping soldiers a glance so proud, so disdainful, that they appeared to cower under it. If she was to be a martyr evidently she was going to do full justice to the rôle. In spite of all that had happened some of the men could not forget that she was a woman and that they had loved her. Could she have known of the several fist fights which Whitby had to go through in the next twenty - four hours, she might have had some alleviation of the misery which she suffered during the trip to department headquarters, twenty miles away.

A week after the wedding day the Fortieth learned that Melicent had probably escaped trial and penalty—she had stabbed herself. The instrument was not a dagger such as many maidens—in stories—always carry in the folds of their dress, but a common army fork which was brought her with her dinner. The wound was not instantly fatal, but the surgeons expected the worst, and for a full month the reports were that she was hovering between life and death. Her apparent suffering made all hearts in the Fortieth tender toward her—all but Whitby's—and all felt relieved when they learned of an order sending her North to remain in confinement until the war should end.

One more strange incident of the affair remains to be recorded. Impossible though it may seem, after what had happened, Whitby went South after the war ended, just to see if Melicent had really died, or, if not, what had become of her. He found her alive and as handsome as ever ; he met her and there was a terrific storm of words and threats of the most cruel vengeance that mind could conceive. And yet within a month those two persons were one and lived happy ever after. Melicent was that kind of woman, and Whitby, in spite of his self control, was that kind of man.





PAINTED FOR OUTING BY H. S. WATSON.

"TAKING UP THE TRAIL OF THE NIGHT BEFORE WE WERE IN THE HABIT OF FOLLOWING IT WITH THE UTMOST CAUTION."—P. 420.

TRACKING THE WAPITI.

OUTING.

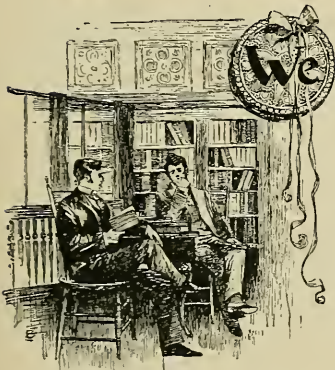
VOL. XIX.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 5.

CYCLING IN MID PACIFIC

By CHAS. E. TREVATHAN

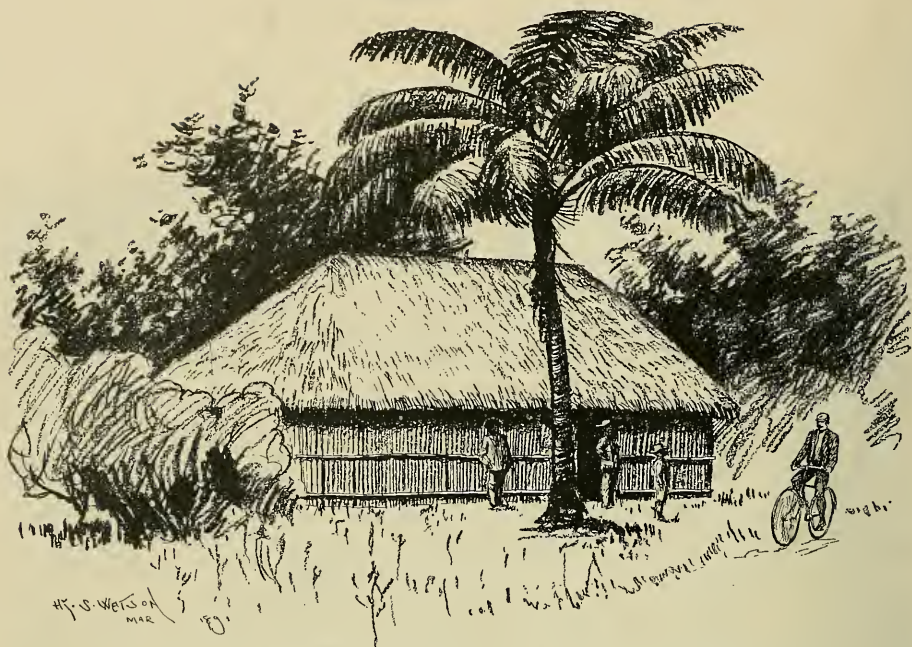


were in the library of the San Francisco Press Club on a dreary afternoon in March when the idea was proposed. Rather a crazy notion at first I thought—a bicycle tour over one of the tropical islands of the South Pacific. Jim, it appeared, had harbored the idea in his head for a long time, and had about made up his mind to go when he spoke to me. Briefly he proposed as follows: Secure a three months' vacation, get together an outfit consisting of two Columbia safety wheels, two suits of white flannel for wear upon the voyage, two wheel suits, half a dozen silk shirts and a camera, and then off to the Society Islands, a group in the Middle Pacific lying 17° south of the equator. The French have established a protectorate there, and upon Tahiti, the chief island, have built excellent roads and done other civilizing work. The islands are reached from San Francisco

by sailing vessels in an average voyage of thirty days, and to these new worlds Jim wanted to go. He had a touch of consumption and a physician told him last winter that a sea voyage and an outing in a dry climate was the thing for him.

I went home that night, slept on the idea, and three days later I was aboard the barkentine *Tropic Bird*, sailing out of the Gate of Gold. Twenty-five days of smooth sailing, blue skies, bluer waters, glorious red and gold sunsets, and all the delights that are known to the men who go down to the sea in ships, and there came a cry from the foremast head, "Land ho!" In the dreamy dusk we dropped anchor in a cosey harbor surrounded by coral reefs. Along the white beach was stretched a straggling town made up of a picturesque jumble of low, white houses setting back from rambling, tree-lined streets amid masses of tropical foliage and flowers. It was Papeete, in the island of Tahiti.

A quarter moon was rising when we finished dinner aboard, and we spent our first night ashore strolling about the town. Next morning with the coming of the sun our packs were made up, the wheels oiled and burnished and we were ready. From



"IT WAS BUILT ALMOST ENTIRELY OF BAMBOO, WITH A ROOF OF COCOANUT LEAVES."—P. 348.

the American consul we obtained a small chart of the island and a number of letters to chiefs and sub-chiefs whose lands lay along our route. From the chart we selected a road which encircled the island, following the sea all the way. The consul had told us "wherever night overtakes you, stop; you will find the natives hospitable and kind and always ready to give you a bed and breakfast." He exchanged our gold for Chili silver, the currency of the islands, and we trundled away.

Within half an hour we rolled into a native village, and from out the bamboo huts men, women, children and dogs came running and shouting and barking in such numbers that our progress was stopped and we were forced to dismount until they had satisfied their curiosity. They were tall, well-formed, athletic-looking people, light brown in color, with regular features and beautiful hair and eyes. They felt the spokes of our fragile-looking wheels, pulled at the saddles, examined our bundles and looked us over thoroughly. All the time they were uttering a word which sounded like *he-yah*, which we afterward learned corresponds to our interjection oh! Some of the men shook hands with us to express their friendliness, and on we went.

We bowled along over a white, shaded

road, smooth as the sea beach and packed hard as asphalt. It was made up of decomposed volcanic rock and crushed coral, and a better road for bicycle travel could not be devised. We were in no hurry. Thirty days were given us in which to travel 150 miles, and we had no wish to rush. Our way lay along the beach, now coming quite close down to the water, where the incoming tide rippled up to our wheels. Then at intervals the road turned inward through cocoanut groves and by running streams, clear and cool, that came rushing down from the mountains. At the crossings of these streams we found native women and children up to their breasts in the water, bathing or washing clothing.

As the sun sank low in the west we began to look about for a place to stop. Our desire was to see how these simple people lived, and when we discovered an oblong hut amid the trees we dismounted. The people came out to meet us, and we were conducted into the house. It was built almost entirely of bamboo, with a roof of cocoanut leaves, and not a nail was used in its construction, the light wood being lashed together with rope made of the fibre of the cocoanut husk. The earth formed the floor, and at intervals about the room were spread great



"WE CAME ACROSS MANY LITTLE STREAMS, WHICH WE CROSSED UPON
RUDE BRIDGES."—P. 351.

heaps of cocoanut leaves, which served as beds. There was but one room, and the only opening was the low door through which we had just come. Two men, four women, half a dozen children and many dogs made up the household.

By signs we signified our desire to eat, for we were very hungry, and the women set about preparing the meal. We watched that proceeding with interest. A fire was made upon the ground outside the hut. One woman went down to the sea and returned with a bamboo creel, from which she produced several magnificent mullet and some sea perch. These were cleaned by skinning and then wrapped in banana leaves thoroughly wet. The bundles were then shoved into the ashes. From a corner of the room another woman brought several objects which looked in shape and color like our mock oranges; these were peeled and also placed in the ashes.

While dinner was cooking Jim and I sauntered down to the sea, stripped off our clothing and plunged into the refreshing water. It was of a delightful temperature and the bath was a luxury. When we returned to the hut the meal was ready. A great banana leaf was spread upon the ground, the food was heaped up in the centre of it, and we took our seats upon the ground around it. The mock oranges turned out to be bread fruit, and a most appetizing meal we made of roast mullet, sweet and juicy bread fruit and dried bananas, washed down with the milk of the green cocoanut, one of the most refreshing drinks that ever cooled my throat. It had grown dark with that suddenness peculiar to the tropics, and we ate our dinner, holding our food in our hands, by the flickering light of the kitchen fire. It was a strange scene. Far out at sea the surf was rolling in upon the coral reef with a noise like far-distant cannonading. Behind us rose a mountain up toward the stars. We sat long in the moonlight, gazing dreamily out over the water. The natives knew that their language was unintelligible and had ceased to ply us with questions, and save for the soothing sound of the surf there was absolute silence.

All at once there arose from the depths of the woods behind us the sound of a woman's voice. It was a wailing cry, which began in a low tone and swelled in volume until it became almost a shriek, and then died away to a low croon. Twice the cry went up and then a score of voices

burst out into a melodious chant. Instantly there was a commotion among our dusky friends, and with many beckonings they led us through the tangled undergrowth to another hut, where were gathered a crowd of perhaps fifty persons of all ages and sizes. Around a small fire in front of the house was a circle of women, behind them a circle of men, and behind the men a circle of boys. They were in the midst of their chant.

We took seats upon a mat pointed out to us and listened. The song was wild and weird as any incantation of a Central African *ju-ju* man, and yet there was perfect harmony in it. Two score of uncultivated voices were singing without a discordant note. The women sang soprano and a kind of tenor pitched in a high key, while the men breathed out, rather than sang, a deep, melodious, sonorous bass. The boys in the outer circle put in a soft, subdued alto. As they sang they swayed their bodies from side to side in time with the music, and at certain periods the women gave a shrug of the shoulders accompanied by a peculiar grunt. For a time the music—and music it was—was ravishingly sweet, but one tired of it, probably because it was all sung in one key. They sang for more than an hour, and when the concert was over a huge earthen bottle was brought from within the house. It contained rum, as we could tell by the strong smell. There were signs of infinite satisfaction in the faces of the crowd as the liquid went down, the men and boys drinking first and the women after them with a too-evident relish. This much had they learned from civilization and sailors. When the bottle had yielded its last drop the people dispersed, silently taking their way through the woods, their bare feet giving out no sounding footfall from the leaf-carpeted earth. We watched them go and then strolled back to our own hut and laid ourselves down upon our bed of leaves, over which was spread a grass mat.

We arose early, took another plunge in the sea, breakfasted on fresh fish, with plantains for dessert, paid a franc for the night's entertainment, and before the sun was an hour high mounted and rolled away. We sped along over the white road, now passing the vine-embowered cottage of a French trader, now following our path through forests of bread fruit and tamarind trees, with boughs so closely interlaced as to present a twilight gloom

at mid-day. We came upon many little streams, running between banks of moss and ferns and cool from the mountain air. These we crossed upon rude bridges.

Before noon we stopped beside one of them until the heat should abate, and while we rested we appeased our appetites with some dried bananas which our friends of the night before had given us. By and by we trundled on again, and before long began the ascent of a long hill. When near the top we met a white man driving a shaggy pony to an English dog-cart.

From him we learned that a point just at the foot of the hill was Point Venus, the only place upon the island possessing any historical interest. He advised us to stop there for the night, as we could get accommodations from an old Frenchman who tended the light-house. We took the advice.

The French gentleman entertained us royally, and next day we got another early start and took a road that ran along the beach for a few miles and then turned inland, this time to thread its way through plantations of sugar cane alternating with orange and cocoanut groves. We were upon the wide domain of a wealthy native chief and before noon we rolled up in front of his residence. It was a long, low, irregular building, standing back about two hundred yards from the road, and seen through an avenue bordered by wide-spreading *borow* trees. We stopped with the intention of getting a lunch, and were rather surprised when a native who had come down from the house informed us in broken English that his master would be pleased to see us at the house. We left our wheels at the wide gate and walked up. There was another surprise for us, when a tall, dark gentleman arose from a hammock as we reached the veranda steps, and in the choicest and purest English bade us welcome.

When we were seated a native girl, soft footed and graceful, brought us cocoanut water, and then our host explained. He had heard from Papeete that we were making a tour of the island and had instructed his boys to be on the lookout for us. "Strangers seldom come to our islands," he said, "and when one does stray to this out-of-the-world place we are only too glad to give him whatever entertainment we can." We had luncheon, served on the veranda by white-robed, barefooted girls, and under the warming

influence of a good cigar our host gave us a bit of his family history. His father was an adventurous Englishman who had come to Tahiti in the early days and married a native princess. Their one child was sent to England at ten years of age, and kept in school there until he attained his majority, when he returned to the island, and upon the death of his father and mother became chief over a large portion of Tahiti. His name was Taati Salmon, the first being his mother's and the second his father's family name.

That evening we saw the native dance. It is called *oopa oopa*, and both men and women take part. It is full of grace and vigor, and the various figures are intended to portray the passions of the human heart, from deepest love to undying hatred. The women were attired in loose white dresses, with highly-colored scarfs wound around their waists. Wreaths of pure white, sweet-scented flowers rested upon their brows and similar flowers were stuck behind their ears and twined in the raven hair. The men wore simply a piece of cloth called a *pario*, wound about their loins. The music was made with two drums, the size and shape of a flour barrel, beaten with the palms of the hands, and with an instrument like a clarinet, which was blown by the nose instead of the mouth. I cannot say much for the melody produced by this queer assortment of instruments, but it certainly had an inspiring effect upon the dancers.

At the first shrill note of the clarinet the whole native assemblage broke into a smile that bespoke pleasurable anticipation, and before the orchestra had played half a bar the space reserved for the dancers was filled with swaying, sinuous forms, the women showing their white teeth in rapturous smiles, the men breaking now and then into audible laughter. The crowd sat upon the ground, looking on with intensest interest and swaying their bodies in time with the tune. Presently there was a blast from the orchestra and the ring was emptied quick as a flash. Then from out the crowd came a young woman attired all in white, and she began to dance to the slow rhythm of two reed instruments.

It was a dance of love, and she moved about the circle with a slow, graceful serpentine swing, pausing in poetic postures to beckon for an invisible lover. Then, as if the lover had come, she advanced to meet him, her face all aglow with the light of

love, then drew back in maiden modesty, then advanced with arms outstretched, then retreated, as if offended, and stood in haughty pose. Now the lover is at her feet and is begging forgiveness. She looks down upon him and half relents, then spurns him, then recalls, and finally

opens wide her arms and enfolds him. The crowd sat all this time in perfect silence, but when the climax came they burst into loud *he-yas* of admiration, and the girl ended the dance with a backward sweep of her body, bending so low that her hair rested upon the ground.



"SHE BEGAN TO DANCE TO THE SLOW RHYTHM OF TWO REED INSTRUMENTS."—P. 351.

THE SAINT BERNARD KENNELS OF AMERICA.*

BY EDWIN H. MORRIS.



TOPSY.—P. 356.

PERHAPS the earliest importation of Saint Bernard dogs to this country was that of Mr. Henry R. Foster, of New York, in 1830. On his return from Europe he brought with him Bruno and Juno, two rich orange tawny specimens, with white blaze and collar marks, which did credit to his judgment. Many were afterward imported to America which were quite unfit to compete with them.

At the time of the first bench show at New York, in 1877, Mr. Daniel P. Foster had succeeded his father, and, being determined that the position his parent had taken should be worthily maintained, he visited Switzerland and brought back a very large, powerfully-built, smooth dog named Lyon. This specimen was also orange tawny and white, which Mr. Foster says was the fashionable or rather prevailing color on the Alps at that time, and his choice of a smooth-coated dog was influenced by their superiority in what he considered the essentials, viz., character, expression and strength of limb, combined with agility and size. His efforts were rewarded, for at the show the English judge, Mr. Macdona, not only award-

ed his dog first honors, but congratulated Mr. Foster on possessing a specimen that could surpass many which were then considered cracks in England. Much was said of this event; the papers gave accounts of Mr. Foster's visit to the Saint Gothard Monastery, where he had bought Lyon. There was much romance talked regarding the wonderful instinct of this variety of dog, and pictures with monsters carrying at their throat small kegs of spirit for the unfortunate travelers lost in the snow drifts of the Alps appeared after the show. There were twenty-three specimens on exhibition, chiefly smooth coated, and some of very uncertain origin. Mr. Pearsall had brought over one from the Alps also, and at the same time imported a Swiss keeper; this dog's name was Fido, and when poor Fido got defeated the Swiss took it so to heart that he cried in the ring. He could well be proud of his charge, for he was a handsome specimen, and with Mr. John P. Haynes' Don, which took the third prize, was much admired.

The following year Mr. Foster surprised his compeers by bringing forward

* See the article "The Saint Bernard Dog" in *OUTING*, March, 1891, pp. 403-410.



BEAUCHAMP.

a new dog, Turko; with which to keep the lead, for more than one had vowed that Lyon should be eclipsed. Alp, a dog belonging to Mr. L. Collins, was relied on to do this, but Turko was too much for him, and Mr. Foster still maintained his position.

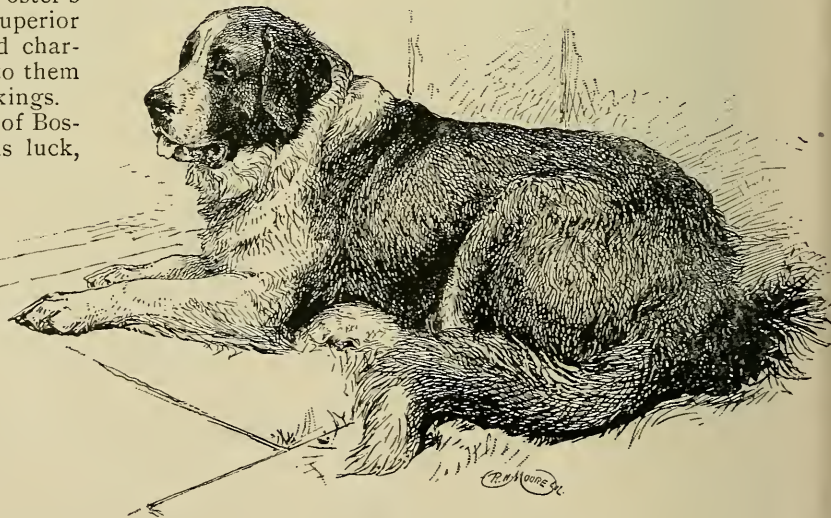
In 1879 Turko scored again at New York, and hearing that Mr. Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, had got over a pair "to lick anything New York could produce," Mr. Foster journeyed thither with Turko, and the pair which had cost the banker so many dollars, imported direct from their native country, had to bow to their superior, for Turko was again successful. Mr. Drexel's dogs were orange tawny, with much character, but Mr. Foster's dog was their superior in bone, size and character, and equal to them in color and markings.

Mr. Burchman, of Boston, next tried his luck, and got over Nemo, a large bright orange dog, well made and of good size, and at the 1880 show this dog and Turko, each winning in their respective classes, were the admiration of all. Turko main-

tained his position during the three succeeding years, when he was placed on the retired list.

In 1881 the Saint Bernard class, taken collectively, was very inferior, many being what were sometimes termed Burghunds and Leonburghers. In fact quite a number of well-meaning people, who fondly imagined that distinction awaited them as Saint Bernard fanciers, in reality knew nothing about the dogs. A Plinlimmon had not then displayed his majestic proportions on the stage before thousands of admirers, and by so doing aided in the education of the general public in regard to what constituted the true type and finer points of the breed. In passing I may mention that the lately-deceased Plinlimmon—the magnificent son of Mr. Wm. Potheary's Pilgrim and Mr. T. Hall's Bessie II.—was whelped in June, 1883, but did not come to this country until 1888.

Mr. Foster still continued his success at the exhibitions, winning in the open class with an American-bred dog named Marco. He was a rich orange brindle, high and powerful. The following year the renowned Saint Elmo came upon the scene, but Mr. Foster being ill at the time of the New York show he had to be contented to meet Dr. Sardel on his own ground at Boston, and there the son of champion Turko and Snowdrift easily defeated those the worthy doctor had relied on. This new dog was thirty-three and one-half inches at shoulders, weighed 211 pounds, was perfect in coat and mark-



PLINLIMMON.

ings, and in color was the then prevailing one, orange tawny; hence Dr. Sardel had his youngsters of the Bayard, Jr., breeding defeated by a worthy competitor.

Mr. Pope, another gentleman of Boston, decided to see what he could do in Saint Bernards, and sent to the kennel of Mr. Macdonà, one of the most noted English breeders at that time, and with Bayard, Jr., had a walk over during the absence of the pioneer breeder and importer. Mr. Pope had given \$750 for this dog, and readily got \$2,500 from the late Mr. Emmett for it. Such a price for a dog in those days was as astonishing as the announcement of the cost of Sir Bedivere, and Mr. Foster, who was then in Canada, quickly heard the news, and as quickly hastened to make good the ground lost. Saint Elmo was then prepared for the great show to be held at Washington the same year, under the patronage of the President and senators; many new arrivals from Baltimore and Philadelphia put in an appearance, all confident of the blue ribbon, but Saint Elmo not only defeated them, but robbed Bayard, Jr., of his laurels. After the show Mr. Foster was invited by Senator Holliday to take his Saint Bernard, Saint Elmo, and English mastiff, Major, up to the White House.

The dog of this year which deserved special attention was perhaps Carter, a rough-coated typical specimen, the winner of the third prize at the great Washington show, coming next to the much talked of Bayard, Jr. After this event, and the special notice of the President, Saint Bernard breeders and importers increased rapidly in numbers, and it became no mean achievement to secure the blue ribbon, or in fact any ribbon, at the dog shows, which also gained in number and popularity.

Bonivard and Beauchamp were soon seen upon the bench, but Mr. K. E. Hopf, the late chairman of the American Saint Bernard Club, came to the front with the Hospice Kennel, and with Otho, a fine orange and white specimen, given

in our picture with the child; Hector, a tawny and white smooth-coated dog, and Daphne, a tiger brindle and white bitch, did much good work for the breed for a considerable period.

Otho had some excellent points, and has been referred to by a well-known American critic as superior to the representation of Bayard which is so frequently seen, and consequently is often brought to mind in making comparisons. It did not seem to occur to anyone to inquire whether this was really a picture of Bayard, and if proved that it was taken from a photograph of another dog it would



OTHO.

upset not only the speculation of many but the value of numerous pedigrees. It is not our province to go fully into such matters here, and it will suffice to say that Otho was certainly superior to the renowned Bayard, although perhaps no picture has so flattered him that it outdoes the picture which is supposed to represent Bayard.

Otho came from world-famed stock, having Abbess, Alp, Hedwig, Hospice, Mädchen, Hermit and several other excellent specimens in his pedigree. He did much for the reputation of the Hospice Kennel.



MONARQUE.

Hector came forward at the Buffalo show, when he was placed first, afterward winning throughout the States. He was not worthy of any special praises, but was considered a superior specimen of his day, making one of the pillars of the breed in this country, and was one of the Hospice Kennel cracks. Topsy was deeply engaged with maternal duties when her picture was taken, and her stock speaks better for her than any representation. Her full cheeks, light bone, poorly-carried ears and tail and lack of character and type were happily rarely seen in her progeny.

The Hermitage Kennel also made a strong and continued effort for public favor, importing the then magnificent Leila, after she had created quite a sensation in England, while with Don II., a fine orange tawny and white dog, they contested for the smooth-dog honors, having also Duke of Leeds and Rhona in the rough division.

Mr. John P. Haines, of the Toms River Kennel, about this time paid some considerable attention to the breed, exhibiting several superior specimens, and Mr. L. Daniels, of New York city, was then coming to the front with Flora II., Victor Joseph and others.

Among the gentlemen who were owners or exhibitors of these dogs prior to 1888 we may also mention Mr. Horace E. Keifer, who had a son of Monarque (the subject of one of our illustrations). Mr. Harry L. Goodman, Mohawk Kennel, who had Carl; Mr. W. E. Connor, the owner of Fonthill Hector, a young dog that came out at the Jubilee Show in England; Mr. Wm. De Haven, who owned General Butler, a winner at Newark and Philadelphia; Mr. Geo. Jarvis Geer; Mr. F. C. Phœbus, Mr. R. J. Sawyer, Mr. Sidney P. Slater, Mr. Wm. G. Martin, Mr. W. Fulton Miller, Mr. E. H. Moore, Mr. Chas. E. Edwards, Mr. Jas. W. Dunlop, Mr. Walter Pierson, Mr. R. M. Conway, Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderfer, and many others were winners at the dog shows of this period, and may consequently be named among the pioneers of those who have bred the Saint Bernards in the kennels of America.



BONIVARD.

To be completed in March.

A SONG OF THE WEST WIND.

FROM the grand wild West I come,
With a rush, a roar and a hum.
Through the dark and gloomy forests,
 Sighing, whispering,
 Moaning, murmuring
Songs of love and songs of gladness,
Sighs of sorrow and of sadness,
Through the mighty pines I come.

I come from the briny sea.
Full of sparkle, life and glee.
I challenge the merry sea bird's
 flight,
And toss the ships on breakers white,
 Shrieking, lashing,
 Storming, splashing,
I come from the surging sea.

To the placid plains of the East
I come—on my wings a feast
Is borne, and I laugh with glee.
Come, breathe th' elixir I bear
From pine tree and ocean, where
 Blazing and glowing,
 The sun sinks to rest,
And is lost in gold splendor
 In old ocean's breast.

BERNICE E. NEWELL.

COWBOY LIFE.

PART III.—THE TRAIL.

BY BRON-KO.



CLIMBING up through the steep bluffs of the north bank of the Red River, creeping out upon the big plateau above and winding serpentine across the dark plains beyond, until lost in the blue mists which curtain the Wichita Mountains forty miles away, is the Fort Dodge cow trail, by which the cattle from Texas are driven to the West. Millions of sharp hoofs with slow, monotonous tread have cut this queer scar upon the face of the prairie. Buffalo

grass and flowers once grew where it is now as smooth as asphalt, and the blue shale and yellow clay have been trodden into a broad roadway to guide the herd in its long journey of 400 miles from Henrietta to Dodge City, Kan.

Half a dozen years ago over fifty thousand head of cattle and numerous herds of horses were driven up out of Texas by this trail and passed through or were disposed of at Dodge City, though the number was small in comparison with the immense



HUNGRY COYOTES.—P. 360.

quantity of cattle of all ages that went to the West.

Now, a cowboy is not a graduate in his art until he has been up the trail. His education has been sadly neglected if he has never taken a course in this, the highest, branch of the bovine curriculum, and gotten his sheepskin, or rather leather (leggings and jacket), and the indorsement of the boss as a master cowpuncher. Having served an apprenticeship of several years on a ranch in Southern Texas I was filled with a yearning to take a trip up the trail. An Austin cattle man accommodatingly catered to my desire by purchasing fifteen hundred head of cattle, two and three year olds, from our brand, intending to send them to Dodge City, via the trail, as a speculation. From him I got a place as puncher, and thus obtained my acquaintance with the hardships, dangers, pleasures and beauties of the Fort Dodge cow trail.

But before we could start the whole fifteen hundred head of cattle had to be counter branded or road branded, and this is hard work and plenty of it, for herds that go up the trail must have their road brand burned into their hide and registered as the trade mark of the owner.

Counter or road branding is conducted on the same plan as regular ranch branding. The beasts are driven into a series of pens, usually three, the largest holding the herd complete, from which small bunches of from ten to fifteen are cut off and run into a second pen, containing the branding chute. They are forced into this by a mob of howling, gesticulating cowboys, who slip great bars behind them as soon as they have all entered the chute. The animals so inclosed between high, narrow walls of great posts and thick plank have no escape until their backs, hips or sides have been seared and scorched by the glowing irons. After this they are ready to begin their journey on the trail.

A few days suffice to heal the wound of the new brand; the charred hide peels off, leaving the glistening X upon the hip, a distinctive identity until it passes to a new ownership, for each transfer entails a new indorsement in the flesh. Some cattle I have seen so covered with brands that they had absolved themselves from further transfer by reason of there being little or no unbranded hide on their poor bodies. I remember noticing in a herd of cattle south of Dodge City a queer, pot-bellied little dogy (a calf prematurely

weaned by the death of its mother and developed into a runt). He wore carelessly on the left side of his paunch the strange device "888,888" in addition to his road brand, probably burnt there by some facetious cowboy in a playful moment. I am quite sure this young bovine felt the distinction, for he bore himself in a most uncommon way, by which my attention was attracted to him.

Some years ago an attempt was made by a humane society to suppress this cruel practice of branding, but its efforts never resulted in the desired end and finally it died the death of most impossible reforms. The suggestion of stenciling the brand on the cattle with a pigment did not appeal to the artistic sense of the cattlemen, who, while admiring the sight of one of Troyon's cows, had no desire to emulate the great painter in using a brush on their own cattle. The practice of branding remains, and doubtless will as long as there are cattle and men to own them.

To handle a herd of fifteen hundred head requires eight men, the boss included. The cook, of course, is an indispensable adjunct. His duties are confined to the wagon and the cuisine, and he never takes part in the management of the cattle unless he is permitted to swop places with one of the herders temporarily, by way of diversion. To see this dignified person descend from his portable kitchen and assume the rôle of puncher is very amusing. He is seldom a good rider, his duties being wholly within the realm of pots and pans, and the sight of the "old lady," as the herders usually term him, on a broncho loping up and down beside the cattle, running after refractory yearlings or getting out of the way of an angry steer, is a striking contrast to the dignity he exhibits in the kneading of an ash cake or the broiling of a slice of "sow belly."

The first flush of dawn is the cowboy's reveille, the signal to commence his daily work. The voice of that stern disciplinarian, the boss, is

the first sound that breaks upon the ear of those queer chrysalis-like objects stretched upon the grass all around the camp wagon. They squirm, writhe, mutter and groan a few moments, then suddenly unfold into sleepy-looking cowboys, minus their boots and leggings. Although a puncher does not boast a pleated-front nightshirt in his wardrobe, and omits a few other little customs that his city brother finds indispensable to his comfort, he does lay aside his boots, spurs and leggings, and occasionally his coat and hat, when ready to retire. A cowboy's toilet is not an elaborate affair—in fact, the brevity of it is rather startling; to resume his boots is a matter of a moment; the nearest creek branch serves as a wash basin, and a pocket mirror and comb suffice to arrange his "butcher's curl." The average preparation for breakfast embraces that period of time commonly known as a jiffy. Then stake horses are saddled, the men in camp eat their meal, go out to the herd and relieve the last watchmen, round up and corral the horses and catch up fresh ones for the forenoon drive. The cow ponies as a rule are well-schooled animals that seldom give any trouble, but now and then one will object vigorously to beginning the day's toil. In such cases a little harmless "bucking" results, but the rider stands no nonsense, and a sharp application of the quirt speedily brings the unruly one to its senses. The herd is "strung out" by the time the last watchmen are through breakfast and have got-



"THE FIERCE CONFLICT OF TWO MIGHTY MONSTERS."—P. 360.

ten the cook and his "schooner" under sail. Cattle are never driven in a compact mass, but are strung out, as it is termed. The strong cattle naturally push to the front and take the lead, while the young and weaker bring up the rear. When a big herd is on the move it is graduated in an inverse grammatical scale: strong, weaker, feeble — these last consisting of the halt, blind, footsore and the weary, "dogies," calves, and the hoof diseased, who shamble and plod along in a sort of automatic way. The gregarious instinct and the soothing voice of the puncher urge them to cling to the herd; yet these inducements at times fail to be effective, and some exhausted creature will stop short in its tracks, and neither threats, entreaties nor blows can induce it to move on. They are of necessity left behind, and are either picked up by a following herd or make glad the heart and stomach of a hungry coyote—in most cases the latter. In fair weather the herd strings out naturally, and it is not difficult to manage the queer serpentine mass which plods along at an even pace with

heads drooped low and with an undulating motion like that of a long column of infantry on the march. The queer click, click of the multitude of hoofs and the heavy sibillation of their many breathings are broken now and again by the guttural bellow of some creature hooked by an angry fellow traveler or by the fierce conflict of two mighty monsters.

With the approach of noon, and a consequent vacuity in their stomachs, the rich green buffalo grass on the trail's margin proves too tempting for the hungry cattle, and they then become difficult to manage, and constant galloping up and down the side of the herd by the drivers is necessary to keep them in the line of march. The cook and boss go ahead to locate the noon camp in some favorable grazing and watering locality, and are supposed to have the pot boiling by the time the herd comes up.

Camp is pitched away from the trail a half mile or so to permit the cattle to get fresh grass during the noon hour of grazing. If the grass is good they soon pick their luncheon, and 1 o'clock finds them



A GRADUATE IN THE ART.

lying down or standing idly chewing their cud, awaiting the signal to move on. Again they are strung out on the trail, and follow the broad beaten track until the prairie's edge cuts the sun in half, the air grows cool from rapid radiation, and blue, smoky mists gather thick in the little valleys where the creek branches run. Night camp is then made. Ahead, gleaming from a knoll, is the camp fire, the thin spire of blue smoke rising to become a part of the mist already settling over the plain. The schooner is anchored for the night. The mules are hobbled and the cook is in his kitchen to serve coffee, bacon and ash cake to the gang of hungry punchers, who, having rounded up the cattle, staked out their watch horses, put the first watch on guard duty and laid out their blankets, are ready to encounter any culinary emergency that may fall to their lot. With coat folded in the saddle seat for a pillow, the earth and a blanket for a mattress, the sky above as a canopy and a healthy, tired frame for a narcotic, the puncher soon hears the waves of Lethe's flood lip the shores of dreamland, only to be broken by the rough shaking of the man on guard when his watch is over and a new one begun. Buckling his pistol belt around him, and slipping on his boots and coat, he is ready to ride his lonesome beat around the sleeping cattle, fighting hard all the time to keep himself and horse from falling asleep. This offense, if detected, is sufficient ground for dismissal, so necessary is it for the cattle to be continually watched that none may be lost by straying or running away. We had an example set in the matter.

At Henrietta, Tex., an extra man was needed for a few days to help hold the cattle. A big negro, who would have put the fat lady in the museum to the blush in point of embonpoint, asked for the place and got it. In lieu of boots this eccentric puncher wore an ornate pair of carpet slippers. The sombrero and flannel shirt he scorned and sported a derby and "biled" goods instead, and in other slight details evinced his lack of acquaintance with the profession. The first night he was given the last watch, from 4 o'clock to 6:30 o'clock, and he rode out into the darkness to take his place on guard around the sleeping cattle. When day broke the boss made his way to where the herd had been, and woke "Fatty" and his horse from their blissful dreams to inquire what he was doing and what had

become of the creatures he had been guarding. He earnestly vowed that he "wasn't doin' nuthin', only thinkin'," and could account for the absence of the herd only through the deepness of his meditations having blinded him to the fact that they had strung out of their own accord about daybreak and were quietly plodding their way across the prairie. With a few terse and expressive comments from the boss on the depth of his intelligence, he was put "afoot," and he and the slippers gave way to a less cogitative cowboy.

In fair weather everything goes smoothly enough with the herd, and the cowpuncher's life is one to be envied, but there are shadows across the path of even the trail driver — dark and dreadful shadows when they do fall. Storms, majestic in their fierceness, sweep across the plains of Northern Texas and the Indian Territory. Wind, rain and electricity join hands in one fierce, wild revel of nature's mightiest forces, as if leagued together to wipe from off the prairie's face that black spot of uneasy, restless creatures. The animals, crowded in a compact body and surrounded by every rider in the party, become almost frantic in their terror. These storms usually commence about sundown. Up from the prairie's rim run fiery pencilings across the mountainous cumulus banked upon the horizon's edge. A low, dull moan is constantly heard, as if some great battery at a vast distance were firing gun after gun. The air grows strangely cool, gusts of wind sweep across the ground, bending the buffalo grass beneath its breath until it undulates like green sea waves.

The sun goes down behind the amethyst mists that veil the lower sky; the clouds rise rapidly, the wind breathes louder at each breath. Great streaks of light run up the heavens, forked like the chart of some great river system, blinding the eye, followed by the deafening crash that rolls away across the plains muttering and moaning as if in anger and disappointment. The darkness of Acheron soon covers the earth and the storm is down in all its fury. At each crash of thunder the cattle make a mad rush, only to be headed off by the indomitable puncher, who, by the constant lightning glare, can see enough to distinguish his charge slipping away from him. Boldly he rides before them, shouting, singing a monotonous "whoop-a-whoop," accented occasionally by an anti-Sunday

school phrase, which serves to turn them back into the body of the herd. Occasionally a drove of very wild cattle, usually four-year-old steers, stampedes. Then all efforts to hold them are useless, and they rush wildly away across the prairie, to be found, after the storm has abated and daylight come, scattered far and wide, entailing days of work rounding them up again. Cases have been known of steers being found the day after the occurrence twenty miles away from the point of stampede. Fortunately such trials do not often take place.

Swollen streams to swim, drives all day in the rain and mud, snatches of rest and sleep on the wet ground, bad cooking, or, worse still, none at all (when the "buffalo chips" are wet), sore-backed and tired horses—such are the annoyances of the drive.

If all cattle possessed equal powers of endurance, the drive per day might be much greater than is usually the case—an average of ten miles. But as there are in every large body of cattle a great many sick, feeble and crippled creatures, the distance driven must be suited to the endurance of the least strong. When this rule is disregarded the considerable number left behind is evidence of the ill-advisedness of making forced drives.

The topography of the country through which the Dodge City trail runs is very varied. It extends through the Indian Territory, passes through the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indian reservations; goes over the Wichita Mountains, near Fort Sill, Fort Arbuckle and Camp Supply; crosses the Red, Canadian and Cimarron rivers, and finally halts at the edge of the Arkansas River opposite and a little above Dodge City, Kan. When first seen the trail appears like a narrow ribbon of white, winding away toward the north through the vast plain of green until lost in the horizon's edge. No tree or shrub meets the sight save where some little stream, fringed with a scant growth of brush, hid between the folds in the surface of the prairie, winds its way in search of a bigger watercourse. Gradually the undulations become more marked and soon the slightly rolling plain is hidden behind the big hills which line the way, dark and sombre in their garb of stunted oak. Stones of all sizes, from immense boulders to the tiniest pebbles, clothe the sides of these hills and lie in heaps about their feet, all dark and

smoky looking as if they had been subjected to the action of fire and then sifted promiscuously over these miniature mountains.

For days the drive runs through this queer, inhospitable country, out of which one is glad to escape, even to find the sand hills as a second choice. Piled in great heaps lies the glittering silica. The dazzling brilliancy of the sun reflected from these mounds of sand is almost blinding in its intensity. How and when it came there is an enigma. Yet there it is, a palpable reality to the cowboy and herd that must laboriously plod for miles on miles through it until one is almost of the mind that the historic seven maids with their seven brooms had swept all the sea sands into this corner of the Indian Territory. Over other portions of this country vast stretches of alkali desert extend. Through the Canadian River section lies one of these tracts, where for two long summer days our herd was without a drop of water to moisten their scorched throats, and our men drank, when thirst became unbearable, the alkali water in the wagon keg, almost steaming in the sun's heat and putrid from stagnation. A small pool some hundred yards away was scented by the cattle. They became unmanageable, broke wildly away, and, rushing into the water, stirred it to a thick mud, into which they stuck their parched mouths, bellowing and lowing piteously in their futile efforts to swallow the sickening stuff. The second night good water was found in abundance beyond the alkali district and in good grazing country, when each man and cow indulged in copious libations and a day's rest.

In the greater part of the territory through which the trail runs the prairie dog and jack rabbit have firmly established themselves, assisted by the screech owl, rattlesnake and the "Molly cotton tail." The two latter and the prairie dog form a trinity who sociably inhabit the same hole—not always in domestic felicity though, as the finding of two of the family in the stomach of the third frequently testifies. I have often shot the rattler from my saddle with a pistol and exhumed a part of the household from his abdomen.

Dog villages covering an area of many miles are found in portions of the trail country. Great tracts of virgin grazing land are annually laid waste by these saucy barking little creatures, who eat the grass

roots about their homes, soon making waste the fair prairie. Many a fat dog, as he sat on his house top barking a shrill defiance, made targets for our ever-ready pistols and Winchesters. Our saddle straps and harness were kept pliable and soft with the fat of these little creatures, which serves as an admirable lubricant. The queer cry of the little owls that inhabit these holes is much like the crow of the youthful chanticler. Waking in the early morning one imagines one's self near a barnyard, hearing these creatures make their weird hoot or crow. The "John Rabbit" is the ubiquitous occupant of the plain; everywhere is this big "br'er rabbit" to be seen idly lounging in the sun, taking a noon siesta with an off eye hung out for coyotes, his implacable foes, quietly nibbling an early breakfast among the dewy prairie grasses, placidly combing his whiskers with his hind foot, or unostentatiously doing a mile in a few seconds by way of exercise.

The skeletons of thousands of buffalo, victims of an indiscriminate slaughter, lie bleaching in the sun along the trail's edge in the vast prairie between the Wichita Mountains and the Canadian River sand hills, the glistening skull and the shriveled tegument all that is left by the prowling coyotes to tell the tale of the mighty race that has disappeared forever.

In June and July the prairies opposite

Dodge City, on the Arkansas River, seem one vast cattle ranch. Here the herds from Texas halt for a time. The through herds, or those whose destinations are the great ranches of the Northwest, in Montana, Oregon and Washington, stop here to allow bosses to confer with owners who have come to Dodge City by train to inspect their possessions and to make suggestions to their managers as to the rest of the drive. Other herds driven to this point for speculation graze on the prairies, awaiting a favorable offer from other speculators who come to Dodge City at this season of the year looking for bargains. Daily the herds are ridden through and inspected by keen-eyed traffickers in live goods, who, if they find cattle and prices to their taste, buy the herd, hire the old "crew" or engage a new lot of punchers and send their acquisition on to the Northwest.

With the herd sold the puncher's occupation is gone, and if not hired to follow the cattle on to the far West, he is soon ready to return to his home on a Texas ranch. With a comparatively robust pocketbook, a ticket back to Texas—paid for by his old employer—a clean shave and a flask of *eau de vie* he bids farewell to every care and cheerfully looks forward to breaking bronchos and a spring round up as his next source of income.



THE "OLD LADY'S" SCHOONER.

THE GAME OF CURLING

BY R. C. WHITTET, SECRETARY OF BOSTON CURLING CLUB.



A BONSPIEL AT THE BOSTON CURLING CLUB.



NE often hears it said that Scotchmen keep the Sabbath and everything else they can lay their hands on that is worth keeping. No one is surprised then at their laying claim to the noble game of curling as being their "ain bairn" in its rude, uncouth in-

fancy as well as through those subsequent evolutionary stages by which it has reached its present dignity and scientific perfection. And this claim has not been much called in question.

Some simple kind of ice game may naturally have been known among the Flemings and Germans, but no traces remain at the present day of anything resembling the manly winter pastime which has

stirred the enthusiasm and strengthened the nerves and muscles of at least fifteen generations of Scotchmen. That it has so ancient a lineage is no longer disputable, for since the beginning of the present century a number of ponds, lochs and ancient milldams have been drained off in different parts of Scotland, in the beds of which many of the curling implements of bygone centuries have been discovered, some of which we reproduce. A careful investigation of these "finds" has put us in possession of very interesting and valuable historical data regarding the antiquity and development of the game. Originally it was played with hard, smooth stones obtained from the channels of burns or rivers, and hence called "channel stanes," the name by which curling stones are still known.

A step in advance is observable when partly-dressed stones appear, formed high rather than broad, and having finger and thumb notches cut in the sides of the top part. Improved varieties of these stones continued to be used until the introduc-

tion of "kebbuck" shaped stones, into the upper side of which iron handles were securely mortised, and then, though not found in loch beds, came the dazzling beauty of to-day. Symmetrically formed of finest Ailsa Craig granite, polished to shine like a mirror, ivory handle, reversible, forty pounds weight, more or less, it stands confessed "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

On several of these old curling stones is inscribed the date when made and in some cases the name of the owner.

The writer's father often spoke of an "auld channel stane" which formed part of the "chimley cheek" in his boyhood's home in Cupar Angus. On it was cut the name of R. Scot, and the date A. D. 1481, and it had finger and thumb "nicks."

Now, since no such relics are known to exist in any other country, these "sermons in stones" seem to admit of but one application, viz., that the game of curling originated in Scotland, and to that country is due the credit of its constant improvement through centuries.

But while the honor of originating and perfecting the game must be conceded to Scotland, that country does not now enjoy a monopoly of it. The knowledge and love of curling have spread, as the hymn says, "all the world around," and although for climatic reasons it has failed to establish itself successfully within 35° of the equator, it has nevertheless crossed the line and obtained a firm footing under the Southern Cross on the uplands of New Zealand.

But it is in the northern range of States of the Union and in Canada that the game is most highly appreciated outside of Scotland. From Boston Harbor and the Gulf of St. Lawrence across to Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia scarcely a city or important town can be found without a well-equipped curling club. The limited space allowed this article forbids mention being made of even the names of the leading clubs in New York, Albany, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton or Winnipeg, many of them having a membership of several hundreds.

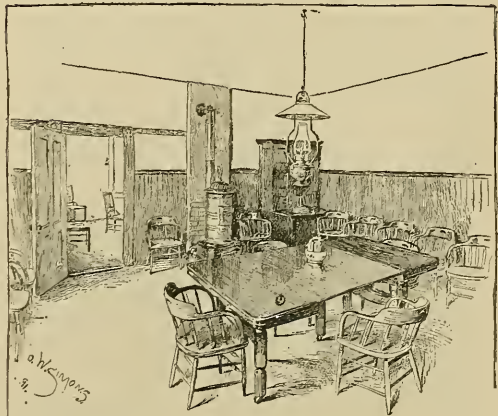
Toronto, Ont., is indeed the curlers' capital of the continent. For this distinction it is indebted to its situation, its glorious winter climate, its hardy population and to its being the political, commercial and educational centre of a re-

markably prosperous and intelligent community, among whom curling absorbs almost as much interest during the winter months as in the summer season baseball does in Boston and Chicago. To name the places in Canada which can boast of a strong curling club would be equivalent to giving a list of all the cities and principal towns. And the game has evidently come to stay on both sides of the international line. Every year brings new curling clubs into existence and adds to the membership and financial strength of the old ones. But no circumstance shows better promise for the future of this game than the fact that it is rapidly gaining in popularity with nearly all the nationalities which enter into the composition of the American people.

Several of the leading clubs are now made up largely of German-Americans, who have mastered the science and entered into the spirit of the game with an enthusiasm unsurpassed even by its Scotch champions. Many native Americans, too, are beginning to realize that this winter pastime is something to which they can turn their attention with profit, a recreation much superior to the bowling alley and billiard table as a relief and restorer to the overtaxed nerves of business and professional men.

The Boston Curling Club, a view of whose building and pond is given in this number, was originally Scotch, but is rapidly becoming Americanized, Mayor Alger, of classic Cambridge, being an active member and the young and brilliant Governor Russell a frequent and welcome visitor.

The ice on which curling is played is



"THE RENDEZVOUS FOR SONG AND STORY."—P. 368.

called a rink, and is laid off in accordance with the measurements in the rules. To insure good playing it is essential that the ice be smooth and free from lumps. In arranging for a game when no match is on, it is customary to choose sides by alternate selection, as in quoits. The captain of a side is called a "skip," and is always the last one to play on his side. The object sought by the players is to place as many stones as possible, belonging to their side nearer the "tee" than any of the other side, the count being reckoned as in quoiting. A game may be played for a number of "heads," "points" or hours, as may be mutually agreed upon by the skips before starting the play, and must be conducted in strict accordance with the following rules as issued by the Grand National Curling Club of America :

The length of the rink played shall be forty-two yards. The tees shall be put down thirty-eight yards apart. In a continued straight line with the tees, and four yards distant from each, a circle, eighteen inches in diameter, shall be drawn on the left-hand side of said line (looking in the direction to be played), and its edge just touching it. Within this circle, whether standing on the ice, or on any rest, support or abutment whatsoever, permitted by the rules, each player, when playing his stone, shall place his right foot, and his left foot on the left-hand side of the central line (the circle to be on the opposite side of the line if the player be left handed).

When a hack or hatch in the ice is used it must be behind the circle above described and not of greater length than fourteen inches, measuring from the central line. A circle of seven feet radius to be described from each tee as a centre to, and no stone to count which passes this, and beyond a line drawn across the further edge of the seven-feet circle; such stone to be treated as out of the game and put off the ice. Should this be neglected and another stone stopped against it, and within seven feet of the tee, the stone so stopped to be counted in the game. The hog score to be distant from each tee one-sixth part of the whole rink played. Every one to be a hog which does not clear a square placed upon this score, but no stone to be considered a hog which has struck another stone lying over the hog score. A line shall be drawn on the ice at right angles to the rink, half way betwixt the tees, which shall be called "the middle line." In no case shall the rink played be less than thirty-two yards.

As soon as the rink is marked off, and before beginning to play, the terms of the match or game must be distinctly stated and fixed by the skips, if they have not been previously arranged. These terms may either be that the parties shall play for a specified time, or a game of a certain number of shots or heads. Though the terms have been previously fixed, they should here be repeated.

Every rink to be composed of four players a side, each with two stones. Before commenc-

ing the game each skip shall state to his opposing skip the rotation in which his men are to play, and the rotation so fixed is not to be changed during the game. Each pair of players shall play one stone alternately with his opponent till he has played both.

The two skips opposing each other shall settle by lot, or any other way they may agree upon, which party shall lead, after which the winning party of the last end shall do so.

All curling stones shall be of a circular shape. No stone shall be of a greater weight than fifty pounds imperial, nor less than thirty pounds, nor of greater circumference than thirty-six inches, nor of less height than one-eighth part of its greatest circumference, unless the club uses iron blocks. No iron block to exceed over seventy pounds in weight. And the same rules as to size must govern the iron blocks which govern the stones. Players may change the side of their stones once during the game, but they shall not be allowed to change them oftener, or change stones after the commencement of a game, unless by mutual consent of the skips, except one or both may be broken, and the largest portion of the broken stone to count, without any necessity for playing with it more. If the played stone rolls and stops on its side or top, it shall not be counted, but put off the ice. Should the handle quit the stone in the delivery, the player must keep hold of it, otherwise he shall not be entitled to replay his shot.

Each party, before beginning to play, and during the course of each end, to be arranged along the sides of the rink anywhere betwixt the middle line and the tee, which their skip may direct; but no party, except when sweeping according to rule, shall go upon the middle of the rink, nor cross it under any pretense whatever. The skips alone to stand at or about the tee, as their turn requires.

If a player plays out of turn, the stone so played may be stopped in its progress and returned to the player. If the mistake shall not be discovered till the stone is again at rest, the opposite party shall have the option to add one to their score and the game proceed in its original rotation, or to declare the end null and void.

The sweeping department shall be under the exclusive direction and control of the skips. The player's party shall be allowed to sweep when the stone is past the middle line, and till it reaches the tee; the adverse party, when it has passed the tee. The sweeping to be always to a side or across the rink; and no sweepings to be moved forward and left in front of a running stone, so as to stop or obstruct its course. Either party may sweep behind the tee, before or after the stone has been played or while it is in motion.

If in sweeping or otherwise a running stone be marred by any of the party to which it belongs, it shall be put off the ice; if by any of the adverse party, it shall be placed where the skip of the party to which it belongs shall direct. If marred by any other means, the player shall replay his stone. Should any played stone be accidentally displaced by any of the opposing party before the last stone is played, for the first offense it shall be replaced by the skip to whom it belongs, in a position as near as possible before it was displaced; and for the second

offense by the same party the opposing party shall have the privilege of declaring the end null and void, or of replacing the stone. If a played stone is moved accidentally by any of the party to whom it belongs, it shall be in the decision of the opposing skip to replace the stone as nearly as possible to where it was before being moved, or to allow it to remain where it was accidentally moved to. No stone displaced by either party shall be allowed to be moved if it has been struck or moved by a running stone, before the claim for moving has been made.

Each player to come provided with a besom, to be ready to play when his turn comes, and not to take more than a reasonable time to play his stone. Should he accidentally play a wrong stone, any of the players may stop it while running; if not stopped till it is again at rest, it shall be replaced by the one which he ought to have played.

No measuring of shots allowed previous to the termination of the end. Disputed shots to be determined by the skips, or, if they disagree by the umpire; or, when there is no umpire, by some neutral person mutually chosen by them, whose decision shall be final. All measurements to be taken from the centre of the tee to the part of the stone which is nearest to it. No stone shall be considered within or without a circle unless it clear it, and every stone shall be held as resting on a line which does not completely clear it; in every case that is to be determined by placing a square on the ice at that part of the circle or line in dispute.

Each skip shall have the exclusive regulation and direction of the game for his party, and may play in what part of it he pleases; but having chosen his place at the beginning, he must retain it till the end of the game; but no skip, when his turn to play comes, after having appointed one of his party to take charge for him, shall be allowed after leaving the ice to go back and examine the end, but shall take directions from the party appointed by himself. The players may give their advice, but cannot control their director; nor are they, upon any pretext, to address themselves to the person about to play. Each skip, when his own turn to play comes, shall name one of his party to take charge for him. Every player to follow implicitly the directions given him. If any player shall improperly speak to, taunt or interrupt another while in the act of delivering his stone, one shot shall be added to the score of the party interrupted, and the end proceed as before.

If from any change of weather, after a game has been begun, or from any other reasonable cause whatsoever, one party shall desire to shorten the rink, or to change to another one, and if the two skips cannot agree upon it, the umpire for the occasion shall be called, and he shall, after seeing one end played, determine whether the rink shall be shortened, and how much, or whether it shall be changed, and his determination shall be final and binding on all parties. Should there be no umpire appointed for the occasion, or should he be otherwise engaged, the two skips may call in any curler unconnected with the disputing parties, whose services can most readily be got, and subject to the same conditions; his power shall be equally extensive as the umpire aforesaid.

The only point in the above code of rules requiring explanation is concerning a stone adjudged a "hog." It must be removed from the rink forthwith. The ability to play curling well can only come from long experience, a clear head, a true eye, steady nerves, considerable physical strength and constant practice against a better player. These things make up one half the outfit of an expert curler. The other half consists of a good pair of curling stones and the possession of a broom, with the knowledge of how, when and where to use it. "Soop, man! soop!" has for centuries been the doughty skip's potent battle cry. Yes, curlers, sweep for all you are worth! Many a stone, apparently destined to ignominious death on the hog score, has been taken under



"EACH PLAYER TO COME PROVIDED WITH A BESOM."—P. 367.

escort by a talented sweeper and safely landed within the "inner circle."

Curling, like the sailor's sleep, depends upon the weather, but curlers are busy men usually and cannot always wait until the clouds roll by. Besides, a rain storm turning to snow and then freezing practically ruins an outdoor rink for the season. To overcome these disadvantages the covered rink was introduced, to the great satisfaction of all curlers who are interested in matches with other clubs. The covered rink has become still more valuable since the electric light has come into general use. Many men can now enjoy a game in the long winter forenights whose business denies them the use of daylight hours. Covered rinks are usually also built with an eye to the social side of life—a smoking room for gentlemen and a comfortably furnished reception room for visitors and ladies. One or both

of these rooms command a view of the rinks.

One great point in favor of the game of curling is the fact that, so far, it has not fallen among thieves. It is an honest transaction, above the debasing influences of gate money and the pool seller.

And another important advantage in curling is that old men, young men and the middle aged can enter the lists with very nearly equal chances of success. I know a club where the two best players are related to each other, as grandfather of seventy and grandson of two and twenty, and it is an unsettled point to which of them the honors belong. In this way the game may properly be considered educative. The callowness of youth is corrected by contact with maturity of judgment and long experience, and age forgets its increasing burdens when successfully pitted against robust early manhood.

Further, in my opinion, there is infinitely more promise for a nation's manhood, spirit and muscle in curling, in which all participate, than in the so-called national game of America, wherein 5,000 men, more or less, pay fifty cents a head for the privilege of gracing the bleaching boards while eighteen professionals play for big pay to themselves and the band of speculators who own the show.

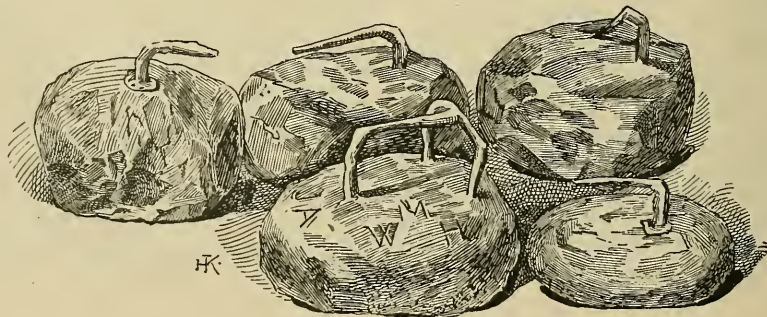
The interest taken in curling by its admirers may in some measure be estimated by considering the distances they travel to compete at bonspiels, when medals, trophies and other prizes are played for. St. Paul and Minneapolis clubs play in Winnipeg and Chicago, and teams from all these cities have played in Buffalo. These visits require, and no doubt will be honored with, return matches from teams made up from clubs in New York, Albany, Buffalo or Boston, although the round trip approaches 3,000 miles.

At these annual "meets" a spirit of

keenest rivalry is displayed between crack clubs. Each individual has come out fully equipped and determined to achieve victory for his side. Every shot is carefully considered and well laid on in conformity with the skip's instructions, whether "Inturn," "Outturn," "Straight Ice," "Teehigh," "Inwick," "Chapandlie" or "Guard." The sweepers, like ministering angels or obsequious flunkies, according to which side they are on, attend each stone on its career toward the tee; if it is weak, in helping it on by "preparing the way before it" with their brooms; if it is rather strong, leaving it severely alone and devoutly wishing that something may come in its way. At the same time the sweepers on the other side stand back of the tee, waiting till the stone touches the sweeping lines, when, with satanic glee and an energy worthy of a better cause, they help it on its way "through the ice."

Before closing I would say a word about the Boston Curling Club, or, as it might more appropriately be termed, the Boston Bowling and Curling Club. This organization was legally incorporated in May, 1890, and has now one of the finest curling ponds and bowling greens to be found in this country, either of them being large enough to accommodate five or six rinks or sets of players. The enterprise has called for a large outlay of money, but the club is well repaid by the possession and enjoyment of premises which, as now completed, form one of the most inviting places in Boston's suburbs. While a great practical success it is at the same time artistic in design and finish, as everything should be pertaining to cultured Boston.

This enterprise owes its success in great measure to the skill and liberality of Mr. R. B. Leuchars, its president. After play has ceased the club house is the rendezvous for refreshments, followed by song and story.



AFTER THE BALL.

THE frost has turned low all the lights on the lawn,
The halls are deserted by dryad and faun ;
The orchestra's ceased and the singers have flown,
And a cricket tunes forth a low note all alone ;
The trees are dismantled, their hangings laid low
Where the feet of the dancers tripped light to and fro.
Cinderella was here, for her slipper I find,
But the coach that she came in is wrecked by the wind ;
And here is the pipe that was played on by Pan,
Yet no one can tell where the shy fellow ran ;
A shawl of fine cobweb a spider has spun
Still hangs in the loom where the weaving was done ;
A butterfly's wing and a jewel of dew
Are waiting for their gentle owner to view ;
The perfume of some lovely blossom now dead
Is over the scene like a memory shed,
And only the blue arch remains over all
As fair as it was on the eve of the ball.

MARY A. MASON.

SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN. *



CHAPTER X.

A DREAM.

There comes
For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.—*Byron.*

THE dull, gray light from a clouded sky
stole through the half-closed shutters of

Virginia Ormsby's boudoir. A cold, drizzling rain that seemed to penetrate in dampness and chill to the very marrow was falling without, and, shuddering under its influence, Virginia had tried to shut the knowledge of it out by closing the windows and lighting the lamps. The radiant warmth from them was grateful, falling almost caressingly upon her head, as, with knees in her embrace, she sat upon the floor in the centre of one of the huge bear skins of snowy whiteness.

She was looking earnestly at Miss Austin, who was lying at full length on the old rose couch of satin brocaded in blue, clothed in rather a diaphanous material, her head gracefully supported by her arms.

There was a strange, wistful expression, a curious pallor, in the dark, handsome face of the Southern girl that was foreign to Virginia's. Sara Austin had observed it rather as one does who yields to a fancy than one who sees an indication of unhappiness. But the impression grew, and as the look failed to wear away, she said gently :

"What is distressing you, Ginsie? Has anything unpleasant occurred? You are not like yourself."

Virginia shivered slightly, then laughed a trifle nervously, but without amusement.

"I have been strangely depressed to-

day," she confessed, "and am half ashamed to own the cause of it. I had a dream last night, a horrible, ghastly sort of dream, and to save my life I can't shake off the influence of it. It sounds very childish and silly, I know, but the memory of it is like Mephistopheles with Faust—ever at my elbow."

"What was it?"

"I don't know that I can tell you, and yet I should like to try. It seemed to me that there was a peculiar swimbeling of the wind like a human voice in distress. It wailed in accents that I could almost catch and then suddenly it would fade away, like the last indrawn breath of the dying, leaving me grasping after the meaning as one might clutch at air. It came again and again in great, panting, soughing gasps, an inarticulate cry, and I could feel my soul tremble as if rising out of my mortality, as if the straining spiritual ear were trying to understand the unuttered words of angel or demon. Then, Puss, an incalculable grew about me that increased by degrees, until the very fires of hell seemed to burn around me. The wind continued to blow, but it was the dry, scorching heat of the simoon that blistered. The atmosphere was filled with voices, but in such confusion that no one was distinct. On one side there seemed to be wailing as of anguish, and on the other bacchanalian revelry, the shrill screams and hoarse laughter mingling frightfully. Then I heard the voice of Rudolph Lützow above all the rest in a burst of laughter that was hideous. All this time I was shriveling with the intense heat that seemed to lick me with a million tongues."

"Strange!" exclaimed Miss Austin, turning herself more upon her side and lifting her head higher.

"But not so much so as what followed. The heat and wind gradually assumed form until I felt two arms as of steel about me, pressing closer and closer, and while I was gasping for breath I became conscious of there being a demon on either side of me forcing me into a foul, black pit, whose fumes, impregnated with sulphur, seemed already strangling me. I tried to cry out, but the sound, if it ever reached the air, was drowned in a wild shriek of merriment from the debauchees, and I was impelled onward by the demoniac spirits. I turned my head to implore aid and in the background saw Rudolph Lützow, covered by a flame of crimson light, a wild, indescribably strained look upon his face

that entranced me with its fierce hideousness. He made no effort to assist me and I was then upon the edge of that chasm, bending backward to prevent being forced over, great volumes of dense, strangling, blistering smoke curling up about me, when there was a grand burst of bewildering music such as no earthly hand could produce. My stained robe fell from about me and I stood fearlessly upon the edge of that fissure in immaculate white, and gazed upward. The scene was beyond description. The glorious face of God was outlined against a fleecy white cloud, with the dazzling glory of the sun as a diadem. Behind him the three crosses arose in sombre splendor, and on his right the Saviour of the world stood, his eyes lighted with that pitying tenderness that our souls can understand but never voice. All about were angels, half concealed by downy, evanescent clouds that changed with every breath, extending their arms with exquisite sweetness, thrilling one with a delicious sense of safety and faith.

"Then I became aware that the bacchanals had ceased their orgies and had prostrated themselves upon their faces. Even the two demons beside me had covered their heads and turned from the resplendent gorgeousness of that scene. The memory of Rudolph Lützow came to me and I looked to find him. He was standing with downcast eyes and averted head, but not concealing his expression of shame and mortal terror. I uttered a gasp of agony, even there in the very face of heaven, and as I was lifted in the arms of unseen spirits to take on immortality, I awoke!"

A glint resembling fear had crossed Virginia's face, that then settled into an expression like fire when the light is dying out. There seemed to be lines drawn upon the features, like a landscape upon the mica in a stove, one outline merging into another in a peculiar, huddled fashion.

She was evidently waiting for Miss Austin to speak, but her friend was strangely silent. An uncanny sensation crept over her, and feeling that she could no longer endure it she arose hastily, nervously shaking out the folds of her gown.

"You make me feel ghoulish!" she said with a little shiver. "The patter of the rain against the window glass, the gray without, the ghastly memories—Ugh! Do speak to me! I feel as if I were going to scream out as one does in a nightmare."

"You are hysterical," said Puss, endeavoring to speak lightly. "A new phase of character for you, is it not? At least you should be satisfied with the conclusion of your dream. If one should attempt an interpretation in imitation of the expounders of old, the promise of heaven that closed the revelation should be a source of hallowed joy to you."

Virginia's eyes were bent upon the floor. Her pallor had increased rather than diminished. She stood with her hands clasped before her, trembling slightly. She did not reply to Miss Austin's speech, a fact which did not escape that astute young lady. She arose and, taking Virginia by the shoulders, looked earnestly into the downcast face.

"Look at me, Ginsie," she said seriously. "It is not entirely on your own account that this dream has made such an impression upon you. What is the meaning of it, dear?"

Virginia crimsoned. She was striving to think of some evasive reply when her maid entered.

"Mr. Halstead is here, Miss Ormsby," she said.

"I am so glad!" exclaimed Virginia with evident relief. "Come, Puss! it will be positively delicious to get away from ourselves."

Miss Austin sighed.

"Go down," she said, almost wearily. "My gown is a trifle too wrapperish to wear in the august presence of a man. I'll join you when I've changed it."

It did not require a second bidding to cause Virginia to obey, and a moment later she greeted Dick with more effusion than she usually accorded him.

"It is so good of you to come to help us through the dreariness of a day like this!" she exclaimed, seating herself opposite him. "I hate rain."

"You are too much a flower for that," said Dick, his indolent drawl more apparent than ever. "It is beastly outside. The chances are, however, that it will clear up before night, which will give the track an opportunity to dry off before to-morrow. Are you going down?"

"I think not. There is nothing special, is there?"

"Nothing except the stakes with Loveland, Sir Donald, and Samovar. Do you know whether your uncle is going or not?"

"I think I heard him say something about going to Philadelphia and leaving

you to execute a commission for him. Have you anything running to-morrow?"

"No. Father has an entry for one of the purses, a five-year-old maiden. He can beat almost anything in the stable in his work, but seems utterly to lose heart in the race. That horse has lost more money for me than any other three combined in the stable, and yet I am fool enough to squander more every time, thinking this surely is the day he will win!"

"Hartland runs next week in the Great Heat Race. Shall you go down?"

"Perhaps. I want to very much, as I have a sort of self-flattering fancy that I give him luck. Do you know whether Burgundy is a likely starter against him or not?"

"Oh, no! It is on Saturday, you know, and Lützow never races on that day."

"Why?"

"On account of his religion."

"His religion?"

"Yes. It is the Sabbath of the Jews, you know."

"The—what?"

Virginia had arisen slowly. A ghastly whiteness overspread her countenance from brow to lips. A pinched expression had grown about the delicate nostrils and in the eyes was a look of almost fierce wildness.

Halstead was startled.

He, too, arose, never removing his gaze from her stony face.

"Surely you were aware," he said slowly, "that Rudolph Lützow is a Jew? He makes no secret of it himself. What ails you, Virginia? You look so queer. If I have given any information that is unwelcome I beg your pardon."

Evidently she had heard nothing of what he had said after the first sentence. Her face did not change. She seemed incapable of motion, transfixed with stony horror; then after a minute of painful silence she put out her hand and caught the mantel shelf convulsively with her long, slender fingers. The eyes closed, but opened again with a suddenness that was surprising.

Halstead took her icy hand between both his own, and gently drawing her to a divan sat beside her, chafing her hand gently.

"What have I said to upset you like this, Virginia?" he asked tenderly. "Speak to me, dear! You frighten me."

"Are you sure there is no mistake?"

she whispered brokenly. "It is not possible that he is a Jew!"

"I thought you knew it. Everyone does. Virginia, how is it that it seems to hurt you so?"

"I am his promised wife!"

She made this acknowledgment as simply as a child confesses its faith, blind to the dull glow that darkened Halstead's face. He did not shrink from the blow she had dealt him, but bore his pain unflinchingly, realizing how much he had given and how little hope there was of his ever receiving anything in return.

"I will not deny my surprise at what you tell me," he said gently, "but I believe Lützow to be a thoroughly good fellow and worthy of any woman's love."

"But you say he is a Jew!"

"And has he committed a crime in that he is a Jew?"

"Almost!" she answered with a hysterical sob, a violent trembling seizing her. "It is the crime of past ages that has swept through all generations into the present!"—her voice rising with each word—"it is the curse for the betrayal and crucifixion that hangs over every head, banishing them as individual lepers from the land of God. It is the curse of Christ's suffering that has made them outcasts. Oh, Dick, Dick, my heart is broken!"

She slipped to her knees, sobbing convulsively. She threw her arms across his lap and buried her quivering face upon them, as she might have done had he been her brother. The motionless horror upon him was but momentary. He pressed his hand over his eyes, regained his self-control by a masterful effort, and then lifted her tenderly, placing her head against his shoulder.

"You are unjust," he said, unable to steady his voice as he should have liked. "I am surprised that you should have inherited such prejudice, when your liberal country is striving so earnestly to establish the rights of the Jew. Surely you should have the same degree of tolerance that your nation has, particularly since the Jew is more to you than to America, through your love for one. Virginia, are you listening to me?"

"Yes," she answered faintly, the lids closed over her burning eyes, her face white as death.

"Then be reasonable. I am not pleading Lützow's cause, for — no matter why, but I feel that I owe something to you and to him for having inadvertently

told you this. You had to know it, of course, but I wish that any tongue than mine had done the telling. As a matter of fact and history, while a Jew was responsible for the betrayal, they were not for the crucifixion, for they were not in political power, the country being under Roman rule. I simply take this point as a practical illustration of the injustice that has been done them—an injustice to which you are adding in this enlightened century when every man is measured by his individual worth and not by the per cent. at which his race is valued."

She was listening eagerly, but her face fell as his voice ceased.

"Have you forgotten my father?" she whispered.

"No; but is that any reason for you to condemn a race? If a Christian had caused his death should you have become a Mohammedan?"

She started up, her teeth chattering as if under a chill.

"I know that all you say is true, that you are trying to help me, and I thank you for it from the very bottom of my heart; but I can't think of it reasonably—not just yet. Oh, Dick, if you had only told me sooner! I understand that you did not know, but let me go away a while! Puss will come to you, and——"

"I beg that you will make no apology to me, Virginia. We are too old friends for that. But do not spend grief upon a trifle, child. Surely you understand the value of love!"

"Yes," she answered with sharp anguish. "The love of that Christ who willingly gave up his life for me. Can I sell my allegiance unto him for a few little years of earth? Can I give my blessed birth-right for the pottage? Oh, Dick! let me go! I feel as if I were going mad!"

He raised her hands to his lips and kissed them, an expression of wordless sympathy; then she fled away to her own room, and as she closed the door behind her a ghastly memory returned.

"My dream!" she groaned. "My dream!"

CHAPTER XI

TWIXT LOVE AND FAITH.

The beam of an electric light crept through the window and stretched itself across the floor, pale, cold and unsympathetic, failing to touch the shivering knees of the woman who crouched upon the white rug that shone with spectral distinct-

ness in the ghoul light. Her eyes were curiously brilliant, like the phosphorescent glare of the will o' the wisp, never removing themselves from an unseen object straight ahead. Her breathing was so faint as to be imperceptible, her form motionless, the very blood in her veins seeming, stagnated under a controversial monologue, with mentality as the polemic.

What should she do? That was the question with which each weary hour of the long night begun, and with which each apparently endless hour closed.

It was a peculiar situation.

Virginia Ormsby was not an active Christian; but it would no more have occurred to her to doubt the risen Christ as the Redeemer of the world than to question the reality of contemporaneous existence. To her Darwin was a huge joke, Ingersoll a nightmare, Huxley a name familiar to sight alone, and Renan a pitying memory. She believed with the faith of a little child that knows not the meaning of doubt, and in the orthodox Sunday school she had heard only the perverted story of the Jews.

Yet her love for this Hebrew was strong and growing with each hour. As the spiritual barrier arose the material attraction strengthened, until love was making a terrible fight against religion.

With all her heart she regretted the long years in which she had not given herself body and soul to the service of heaven. All those loving sacrifices of the world's Redeemer of which she had heard so much and so lovingly during the life of her adored mother seemed to present themselves with singular force upon that evening of her great struggle. That the man who was to share her life should be a scoffer at all she held most sacred, that he should refuse to listen to the commands of the Tri-unity, was something which she could not contemplate with any degree of resignation.

And there in the darkness a quotation from His words came back to her, burning into her brain like crimson coals: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers!"

She arose suddenly from her position upon the rug as if a pike had entered her soul. Try as she would she could not escape the repetition of that quotation. It went ringing madly through her brain like the sound of the bells that drove Mathias to insanity.

And then hope came!

Her love had so far overcome her prejudice that she was willing to forget his race. Might she not convert him to her own religion? His was a soul to save! And would not all the angels of heaven rejoice at that? Surely her love could accomplish it through his reason and God would show her the way, would grant her the privilege of being His humble instrument!

"He will believe!" she cried. "He cannot refuse to listen to me! He loves me and will accept the Messiah for my sake!"

And as great desire often convinces even against all judgment, she went to bed, somewhat comforted, just as the morning broke.

She did not leave her room the next day until her uncle sent for her; then she descended with all the old torture revived under fear of failure.

From the darkened hall to the glare of the sunlit room blinded her for a moment. She smiled as she spoke her uncle's name, but oh, such a weak effort! She did not see the other occupant of the room, who stood with his arm resting upon the mantel shelf, but she knew that tender, kind-hearted old John Ormsby's hands were upon both her shoulders and that he was trying to read the thoughts her soul concealed.

"Ginsie," he said, more gently even than usual, "I have been hearing a strange thing. I will not pretend that I am not deeply grieved. It is not myself, however, that is to be considered, but you, and while I stand in place of both father and mother to you, my darling, your happiness shall be the first thought of my life. Is it your wish, dear, that I should give you to Rudolph Lützow?"

Still the silent figure by the mantel remained motionless, but she had seen him. How the sight of that handsome, earnest face revived the struggle! She loved him! She loved him! And that thought strangled every other to death and extinction for the moment. The ghastly pain of her expression was terrible. She put out her hands to him imploringly. His face flushed with almost fierce delight as he came quickly forward in answer to her silent call.

John Ormsby resigned his place with a sigh, but the tone of Virginia's voice as she turned to him was so filled with passionate anguish that it cut him like a lash.

"Forgive me, Uncle Jack," she gasped. "I cannot control the outcry of my heart, and the pain is hideous! Leave me alone with Rudolph for a little while."

And he went, not understanding all the bitter conflict, but seeing her suffering and too full of sympathy to question her.

When they were alone, she felt Lützow's arms tighten about her as his lips pressed hers passionately.

"What has happened, darling?" he whispered. "Your expression frightens me! You love me still?"

The strained eyes held his in fascination.

"More than ever!" she answered hoarsely. "My whole life and heart are bound up in it. Oh, Rudolph, kiss me once more! Hold me closely to you and let me feel the wild sweetness of your love while yet there is no sin!"

He drew her to him and kissed her not once but many times, crushing her head down upon his breast in tender yearning, as if his very life depended upon his power to hold her there forever.

"Why do you speak of sin in connection with my love?" he asked at last. "Do you not know that it is as pure as heaven? Virginia, something has happened! What is it?"

"The worst! the worst!" she moaned, with unconscious cruelty. "Rudolph, I did not know until to-day that you are a Jew!"

His arms dropped from her as if he had received a shock from an electric battery. A deadly pallor overspread his countenance, superseded quickly by a dark flush. He drew himself up haughtily and was about to reply, when Virginia, painfully alive then to what she had done, sprang forward and caught his arm.

"Forgive me!" she pleaded, miserably. "You do not understand. And my words, if I had meant them as you suppose, would have been both rude and brutal, but I did not! I frankly confess to sharing the bitter prejudice of my people against yours, perhaps because of a cruel wrong I have suffered; but even if I could not now see its injustice my love for you is great enough to counterbalance that. It is no prejudice that stands between us, Rudolph, but the holiest principle of life that reaches throughout eternity."

"You mean——"

"Your religion. It is breaking my heart, Rudolph, but I cannot yield my faith in Christ as the price of happiness."

There was neither anger nor haughtiness in his expression then, but only earnest-

ness and love. He saw how excited she was and drew her down beside him on the couch, soothing her as he might a child.

"And do you think I should ever ask you to do that, little one?" he said gently, holding both her hands in one of his and passing the other lovingly over her hair. "Your religious beliefs are your own, my darling. In becoming your husband I do not seek to become your spiritual compeller. Do you think that the name Jew is synonymous with tyrant?"

She was listening eagerly, but again that warning voice cried out to her, rising even higher than the tumult of love: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

She dropped her head, and groaned audibly.

"It is not enough!" she moaned. "Oh, Rudolph, it is not enough! I should not dare risk spending my life beside one who held so lightly the thing most sacred to me in life."

"You are mistaken, Virginia," he answered earnestly. "No Jew holds the thought of Christ lightly. The man Jesus was a holy Jew whose example was a sublime poem. We honor him for his purity and uprightness, and see a favor direct from God in that he was made a Jew."

"But you do not accept him as the Messiah! You do not believe that he died that you might live in happiness and glory throughout eternity."

"No," replied Lützow gently, "because I do not believe in vicarious atonement. I have too much faith in the justice of God to believe in original sin, consequently the sacrifice of a God would have been a useless offering. God created us each in his own image with a capacity for right and for wrong, and to have held us, through thousands of ages, responsible for the sin of the first man and the first woman is not even according to our finite ideas of justice, not to mention mercy. Did the Jew Jesus do more than did the Christians under Nero, who were burnt at the stake for refusing to deny their religious faith? Did the Jew Jesus do more than thousands of other Jews who followed him when they were banished from Rome, massacred at Alexandria and butchered in Jerusalem? Did he do more than did those poor tried and persecuted wretches under Isabella and Ferdinand, backed by that infamous inquisitor general, Torquemada, and those wretched outcasts under Emanuel? They saw their synagogues burned, were for-

bidden trade, compelled to wear the disgraceful san-benito, like stripes of the penitentiary, deprived of lands and money, oppressed, massacred, banished from one country to another until they had not where to lay their heads, burned in amphitheatres as an amusement for wedding festivities and robbed of their children, all for faith's sake. Did Jesus do more than that?"

She was trembling violently, her countenance even more serious than before.

"But Jesus was and is a God!" she answered faintly.

"There is but one God!" cried Lützow earnestly, "and 'he who creates for himself more than one setteth up an idol.'"

"Don't say that! It is true in that God and Christ are one, but do not deny the Deity of Jesus!" she cried, while her teeth chattered under the chill of her mighty emotion. "Why will you not accept that, Rudolph?"

"Because in honesty and truth I cannot!" he replied sorrowfully. "I cannot apostatize even for you, my darling, dearly as I love you. I cannot play the hypocrite to God and to my own conscience."

"Have you ever tried to seek the truth?" she asked miserably. "Surely the mere fact of your having walked in darkness for all the years of your life is no reason why you should remain forever from under the radiant glory of the sun? Surely you are willing to be convinced?"

"Yes, dear, but it must be through reason alone. I know that I seem cruelly stubborn and unyielding to you, but I should little deserve your sweet love could I be false unto myself. Prove to me that Jesus Christ was the Messiah; prove to me that he saved the world from spiritual death; convince me, through my reason, that he was the begotten of God, and I shall acknowledge my error with humility and with thanksgiving."

And Hope, analogous to the living Lord, was resurrected.

She straightened herself for the conflict between faith and unbelief, her muscles rigid as iron under the almost petrifying influence of strong desire. Her eyes were lifted to his, glowing with entreaty, burning under their supplication.

"Oh," she cried, almost fiercely, "how I realize my inability to cope with the great situation in which God has placed me. He has made me see all the wasted years of my life in His own way. I am ignorant: So ignorant that I scarcely know how to

begin to prove to you a fact that shines upon my soul clear as the light of day, requiring no proof but that which everything yields; but He will help me! God the Father and God the Son will guide my weak utterance and help me to convince you of the wrong that you have done to Him who gave His life for you. Rudolph, tell me, first, how comes it that you accept one part and reject another of the Bible? How comes it that you recognize the inspiration of one passage and deny the truth of another? Can inspiration err? If so, then also can God err. We stand upon common ground in the acceptance of God; you yield the point of the miracle worked when the commandments were set before Moses; you acknowledge that God spoke in the voice of the prophets; yet you reject that which clutches it hand in hand. What right have you to do that? If it is false in the least, is it not false in all? If inspiration can err, then is not divinity a lie?"

"You argue from false premises. Divinity cannot lie; but through what passages does the divinity reach us? We must depend upon testimony accorded us by comparison of historians. We have no more right to accept Jesus as the Messiah through that than the Mussulman has to worship Mohammed. History has shown us pretty clearly that the books of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Paul were written years after the ascension. I leave it to your own intelligence, is that equitable testimony? Would you receive it even as against an offense of mortality?"

"No, not if you were correct, which you are not; but you comparatively fetter me in excluding what the Bible distinctly calls inspired writing.

"But there is corroborative testimony even from the lips of the prophets whom you accept. Does not one of them say: 'Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel?'"

"Does that declare the divinity of the Virgin's son?"

"You forget the meaning of the word, its derivation; yet it is from the Hebrew *Imanu* and *El*, meaning 'God with us!'"

"The names were all derived from something of that kind in olden times. That was in the days when people constructed the names for their children themselves, and anything that contained a reference to God was almost a blessing upon the young life."

"Then your prophet said," continued Virginia earnestly, "'He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. * * * Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.' I don't know that I have quoted that exactly, but it is as I remember it from my Sunday-school days."

Lützow smiled.

"You have quoted it correctly enough," he answered, "but you misinterpret. The prophets were not synonymous with what the ignorant believe our nineteenth-century clairvoyants to be, although the word would imply that it is so. The prophecies contain only those things that he then present promised in the very near future. But to whom has the prophet reference by the 'he' of the passage you have chosen? Just before the quotation you will find another which says: 'Behold my servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high.' Thus you see that, while Isaiah may have referred to Jesus, he did so as the prophet of Nazareth, 'the servant,' and not the son of God or a unit of a triple God."

"Even granting that to be true, and admitting that it was the prophet of Nazareth and not the Messiah to whom Isaiah referred, how do you explain that phrase already mentioned: 'And with his stripes we are healed?'"

"You are trying to make the point of vicarious atonement, but I cannot accept the thought of injustice in my God. His mercy must be as great to the individual as to mankind in general, and a deputed sufferer should not bear the punishment of sinners. It is not just, and through all ages, past and present, the God of my fathers has been that, and will be through the eternal future. After all, what reason was there for the atonement? You do not claim universal salvation because of it?"

"No! It was to free us from the mantle of sin thrown upon us by the disobedience of our common ancestors."

"Do you believe God to have been so cruel, so revengeful as that? Did not He create us in his own likeness with the power for purity or sinfulness as we chose? Why, even now, after the atone-

ment, which is the fundamental principle of Christianity, you believe that your infants are born in pollution, and without baptism the tiny soul, denied the right of voice, cannot enter into the presence of God, and that too in face of the words of your Redeemer before the atonement: 'Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

Virginia leaned forward and placed her hand upon his arm pleadingly, her eyes glazed under her anxious suffering.

"You seem to accept and reject as you like without reason," she exclaimed unsteadily. "Do not elude me now, but explain that passage in Genesis which says: 'The sceptre shall not pass from Judah nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come.' Did not Jacob speak the truth and correctly prophesy his coming?"

"No; for the lawgiver was a Roman during the life of Jesus of Nazareth. Cæsar was king, and therefore the sceptre had passed from Judah, and the prophet thereby proven in error."

She fell back weak and exhausted under the terrible struggle through which she had been passing. Her eyes closed and tears trickled through upon the pallid cheeks. Her hands were lying limp and inert upon her lap. All courage had forsaken her.

"You have allowed me to prove nothing," she moaned faintly, "because you have thrown out the testimony of those five writers whose words we are commanded to believe. If I am denied the power of speech how can I lift my voice? And if my evidence is rejected, how can I plead my cause?"

Faint and trembling, Virginia lay there, her face a ghastly contrast against the dark brown of the cushion, her eyes closed. Lützow caught her to him tenderly, pressing his cheek against hers that was wet with tears.

"Darling," he whispered, "can't you see how it has hurt me to reply to you as my honesty, my conscience have forced me to do? You would not have me deceive you even for the sake of our love; but why need we speak of these things? Why cannot you retain your belief and I mine without injury each to the other? There is nothing that could induce me ever to desecrate your belief by a single word of mine. Your convictions are, and ever shall be, your own without dictation or



"SHE HAD ARISEN AND WAS STANDING BEFORE HIM WITH HER ARMS
OUTSTRETCHED."—P. 379.

even attempted persuasion from me. Virginia, you believe that, do you not?"

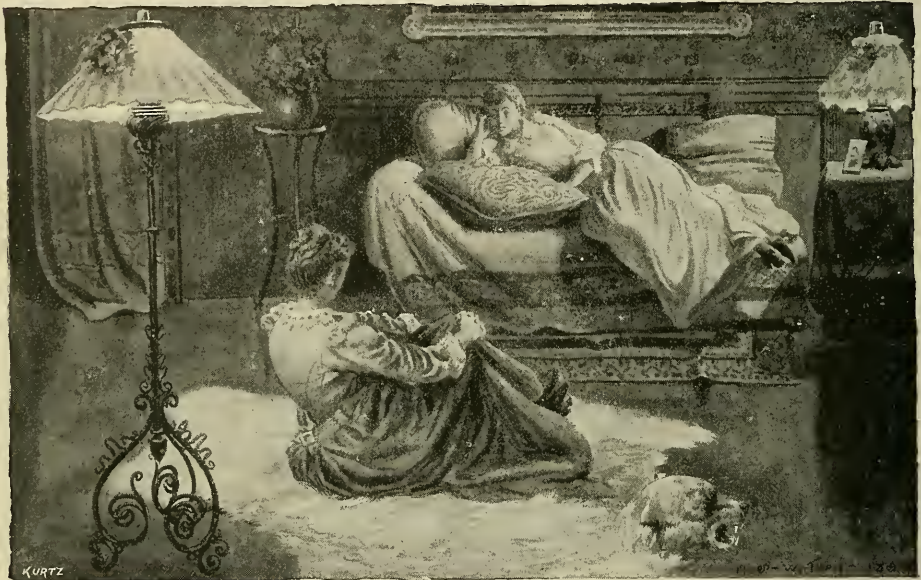
"I do," she moaned feebly, "but there is something in life higher than silence. I should feel it always, always, and it would stand like the dead wall of purgatory ever between you and my love. The whole lump of happiness would be leavened with regret."

"Is your love so weak?" he asked reproachfully.

"Weak? You are cruel!" she cried with a semi-suppressed sob. "It is as

against the Jew might have been an excuse for you, but this is not. You do not love me!"

"Rudolph!" she cried, in a tone of horror, sitting upright and gazing at him wildly under her terrible mental struggle. "Oh, Rudolph"—her voice changing to mingled pleading and reproach—"how could you! It is so bitterly cruel! If it were only my life, dear, I should give it for you gladly, but it is not! It is the eternal future of which I must think, that belongs not to me! It is the great prin-



"I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT, A HORRIBLE, GHASTLY SORT OF DREAM."—P. 370.

strong as my life! The highest, holiest duty we owe to Christ, and I have not the right to risk it."

Then in place of the doubts that had existed in the mind of the Jew as to the wisdom of his marriage with a Christian there arose a fierce determination that he would do so; that the happiness of his entire life depended on it.

Opposition acts with the same stimulating influence upon the nature of man that alcohol does upon his system, and Lützow was intoxicated with his own determination.

"It is you who are cruel!" he cried, excitedly. "You care nothing for my suffering. You withdraw your love from me without reason. Gentile prejudice

ciple which I must consider. Can't you see that we have not ourselves alone to remember? There may be others—posterity! Should those souls be Jew or Gentile? Should they be materialists or Christians? Surely we have not the right to take upon ourselves the estate of matrimony without a consideration of its consequences."

"But love does not consider. It is spiritually and materially blind, capable of any sacrifice."

"If that be true, prove it by accepting Jesus. Lift your heart to God in prayer and He will show you the way. Seek the spiritual path of the soul, and the loving Saviour will take you by the hand to lead you into the straight and narrow

way. He has said: 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you; seek and ye shall find.' Seek him for my sake, Rudolph; then when you have found Him worship Him for His own. My darling, promise me that you will try! It is my whole heart, my whole soul, that is crying out to you, Rudolph, because I love you! I love you!"

She had arisen and was standing before him with her arms outstretched, her cheeks wet with tears, her lips quivering, her beautiful eyes burning passionately beneath the intensity of her feeling—a picture that any man might have yearned to possess, so thrilling was its perfect

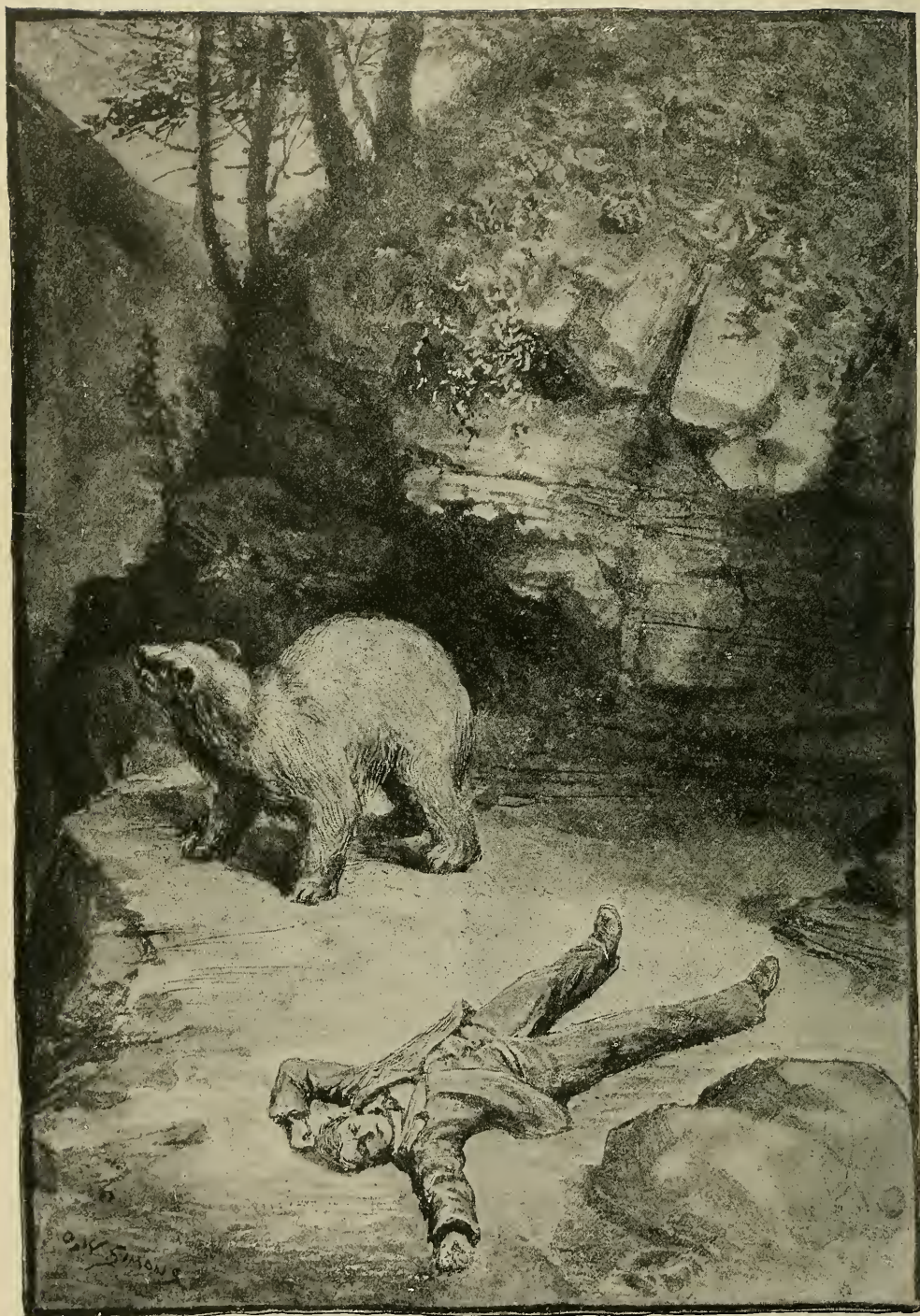
loveliness. All the reckless desire of Lützow's nature seemed aroused. He arose and wound his arms about her, kissing her lips with holy enthusiasm.

"Give me time!" he cried hoarsely. "I promise you that I will search for the truth! My own love, I will try for your sake. Let me go now. My strength seems deserting me and I dare trust myself no longer. Virginia, kiss me!"

She did as he had bidden her, and he left her hastily without another word. She fell upon her knees, burying her face in the cushion, and prayed—prayed as she had never done before in all the sweet innocence of her young life.



"SHE FELL UPON HER KNEES AND PRAYED."—P. 379.



"SCOTT WAS LYING APPARENTLY SENSELESS."—P. 382.

A BANG AT A NORWEGIAN BEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DEAD MAN'S DIARY."

FRANKLY, I never for a moment supposed when we set out on that now somewhat memorable expedition that we should as much as come within eyesight, still less gunshot, of anything in the shape of bear's flesh. Nor were we prepared to encounter game of such description; for although in our anxiety to keep clear of tourists we had been "roughing it" a good deal on the mountains—twice contriving to get hopelessly lost and once running so short of provender that we were reduced to dining on a kind of moss—yet the ostensible object of our visit to Norway on this particular occasion was fishing and mountain climbing. We were a party of four, consisting of Hannon, a big, burly Irishman, six feet something high, and great in the matter of calves and chest; Paul (so called on account of his likeness to the "Paul Vasher" of Helen Mather's "Comin' Thro' the Rye"); Scott (of whom more anon), and the present scribe.

Hannon, Paul and myself were all sportsmen of some sort, and old chums; but Scott was a bookworm and a bit of an outsider, who was more at home with the paper knife than with a gun. He was a tiny little fellow, chiefly noticeable for his stoop and his glasses; had just taken a B. A. at London, and very nearly killed himself in so doing. He and I had been up at school together, but I had lost sight of him until the week before we started for Norway, when, seeing by his pale face and nervous manner that he was sadly in want of a change, I asked him haphazard to join our party. Somewhat to my surprise he instantly assented, and hence it was that we four found ourselves sitting together in the train that runs from Bergen to Vossvangen, at which latter place we proposed to fly the madding crowd and strike out 'cross country.

Now, our hunting of the bear was in this wise: We had slept one night at a *sæter* (mountain farm), below which was a lake where we were told some large fish were to be caught. Hannon had risen before daybreak to try an early "cast," and had taken Svendsen, the owner of the *sæter*, with him, and it was arranged that the two should go on to the nearest

"station" (some fifteen miles or so distant), to obtain certain articles of which we stood in need. We hardly expected them back before evening, but they did not arrive until past 10, when Scott, Paul and myself were just contemplating "turning in," and brought the exciting story that they had seen a bear, and a large one, down by the water's edge. Scott, who ever since we set foot in Norway, had been wild on the subject of bear hunting, instantly proposed that we should sally forth then and there in pursuit. To this I demurred.

Scott, however, who is a self-willed little fellow when he takes anything into his head, was not to be balked of his Bruin, and before I had quite made up my mind what to do I found the whole affair settled. Svendsen, it seemed, knew all about bears and had shot two of them, so it was arranged that he was to be chief actor in the drama in which Scott and Paul and myself were to be spectators—spectators for the reason only that we had no weapons with us more deadly than stout walking sticks.

Svendsen looked more like bed than bear hunting, having been up since 2 in the morning, but the promise of three five-kroner pieces from Scott amply satisfied him; and after a hastily-dispatched supper we started off on our foolhardy expedition. Although it was now close upon midnight it was so light that one could see to read distinctly, and our way lay clear before us.

The bear, as Svendsen said, had, on catching sight of him and Hannon, turned tail most ignominiously and made off as fast as he could up the mountain; and up the mountain we now directed our steps. I was keeping a sharp lookout as we went along—not for the bear, as I had no expectation of seeing one, but for Hannon, who, I was convinced, intended playing one of his practical jokes upon us, and would, I expected, probably personate *Ursa Major* himself—when I saw something moving in a cleared space in front of us and promptly called the attention of the others to it. I don't think that I am more cowardly than the majority of folk, but I must confess that for a moment a

thrill of something very much like fear came over me when, in that weird Norwegian twilight, I saw—sitting upon his haunches and washing his face with his paws, very much in the way that a cat performs that operation—not Hannon, but a shaggy monster of a bear. He was still some distance from us, but well within gunshot, and without a word Svendsen raised the rifle to his shoulder and fired.

What with the beating of my heart and the smoke of the gun I could at first see nothing of what had happened, and when the smoke cleared away Bruin was gone. As with common consent, and before Svendsen could say a word to prevent us, Scott and I gave tongue in a wild yell and sprang forward in pursuit. I remember leaping from rock to rock and from boulder to boulder like a madman, Scott following closely at my heels, and Paul (so I heard after) some little way behind. Then—I can recall it all distinctly—we turned the corner of a rock and came full upon the bear, who, with his haunches close to the ground as if he were wounded, was dragging himself along by means of his fore legs. I just saw him wrinkle up his snout with a snarl (more querulous, it seemed to me, than aggressive); I saw a red light in his cunning little eyes, the gleam of some brownish-white teeth, and then it suddenly occurred to me that I didn't see how I could spare time to make further investigations, and—shall I frankly confess it?—I took to my heels as fast as I could run, never stopping until I found myself standing by Svendsen.

Then it was, and not before, that I looked back and saw Scott flying for his life along the mountain, with the bear trundling after him in a steady, business-like, but apparently leisurely way. He, however, got over the ground at a pace that I should scarcely have believed possible in so clumsy a creature. For a second or two the path led down hill, and we could distinctly see that Scott was increasing the distance between himself and his pursuer; but immediately afterward he took to level ground again, and it was only too evident that the race was over. With every step the huge brute drew nearer and nearer, and in another moment he adroitly put out his paw and tripped poor Scott up, as neatly as a wrestler trips up a bumpkin at a country fair. I suppose I

ought to say that at this point I sprang forward and ran to the rescue. Honestly, I did nothing of the sort; for not only was I fifty yards or nearly so away, and quite unarmed, but I was so horrified at the fate which seemed about to befall my unlucky companion that I stood there like one spellbound.

The sight I then beheld I shall not soon forget. Scott was lying, apparently senseless, under a vast shelf of rock which seemed to lurch forward and overhang the path like a roof. Beside him stood the bear, with his snout close to his victim, as if he were smelling or taking stock of him. Next, he turned Scott over two or three times with his paw, and then, half contemptuously I thought, rolled him along some five or six yards, as though he were in doubt as to whether he had found an antagonist worthy of his mettle. For one moment I hoped that all might yet be well, but in the next I saw Bruin raise himself upon his haunches and stretch out both his fore legs to the full, as if preparing himself for a trial of strength.

Then, just as he stooped to pick up and hug his victim, I heard Svendsen's rifle ring out sharp and clear, and I saw the monster drop Scott and advance angrily some ten or twelve paces forward to front his new assailant; but he stopped, seemed to hesitate, as if in doubt, and finally faced about to return to Scott. Those seconds of hesitation sealed his fate, for the next instant the huge overhanging roof of rock under which he stood loosened, probably caused by the vibration of the gun's discharge, swayed for a moment above his head, and then, with a rush and roar, like that of the crack of doom, toppled over and hurled itself upon him.

* * * * *

When the dust and smoke had subsided and we were able to advance in search of our missing comrade, we found him where he had been rolled by the bear, just out of the way of the landslip. He was more shaken in nerves than bruised in body, but I have received a letter from him since I began this paper and it seems that he is now nearly all right again. He doesn't, however, seem quite as eager to go hunting without a gun, and I don't suppose he will ever make another special visit to Norway for the purpose of having one more final and finishing "bang at a bear."

HORSEBACK SKETCHES.

FEBRUARY RIDES.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.*

Come see the north wind's masonry.

—Emerson.

I STAND at the window, watching the aimless, drifting snow. There is not a gleam of sunshine, yet the world seems white and soft and warm. I long to be out, for my spirits are at their lowest ebb, and everything in the house has grown wearisome.

How the whirling flakes tempt me outside, were it not for the sure horror of wet, clinging skirts! Just then a knock at my door, and Hal's voice in a mysterious whisper: "If you will put on plenty of wraps so you won't take cold, and then come quietly out to the carriage house, I will saddle the horses for a ride."

"O Hal! how delightful! I was just——"

"Hush! Don't let anyone know, or they won't let you out in the storm."

I put on heavy flannels, add an extra skirt and a jacket to my habit and step softly into the hall. Hal opens the door, while the horses sniff the outer air with evident pleasure, and leaps into his seat.

"Hurry!" I gasp, "before anyone sees us," and like a flash we are out of the yard and up the road in the midst of the white, whirling storm. The horses are wild with joy and gallop madly over the soft roads, plunging through drifts that reach nearly to the stirrups, and springing gaily into the clouds of thickly alling snow.

"Where are we going? And what made you think of it? And isn't it jolly!" I ask in the first pause.

"Oh! out in the country somewhere," responds Hal; "anywhere to see 'the north wind's masonry,'" pointing to the fantastic drifts by the roadside and to the delicately fluted surface of the snow-covered fields.

All unsightliness and unshapeliness is hidden. The rough rail fences are covered with snow; the homely buildings of these country roads are piled with soft white masses which transform the ugly lines to sweeping curves, every unsightly stump and rock is changed to a cushion of softest down, and the trees take on an added grace from the spotless

ermine which clothes them, while the snow comes restlessly, steadily and dizzily down. There is little wind and there are sudden gleams of sunshine when we see the trees outlined distinctly against the clear white sky; then again the driving storm.

Merrily we dash through it, glad to surprise the snow elves in the very secret of their wild, white witch work, glad to watch the

Delicate snow stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening
crowd

That whiten by night the Milky Way.

We do not mind the snow's wet kisses as we are borne steadily along through the drifted roads; it is not like struggling through the storm on foot, and we pause to watch the fantastic shapes which the commonest things assume. Turreted wall and battlemented tower rise before us—marvels of architecture where once were rude fences and posts—stately bridges span the silent brooks, white fairy grottoes open beneath them, and the forest paths seem the majestic aisles of some vast Gothic cathedral of whitest marble. For

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

From Lowell Hal makes an easy transition to Longfellow:

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud folds of her garments
shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow,
Descends the snow.

And I respond with the less known lines of Lewis D. Burdick:

An opal sky rests on the ermined hill;
The maple's boughs white coral clusters fill;
The pine tree's hanging cones pale, taper
fingers seem;
And in the sunlight's beam,
Like costly jewels, gleam
The alder's crystals o'er the frozen stream;
White plumes, the elm's high branches wave
and dip,

And icy beads the tiny pear twigs tip.

Before we turn homeward this wild afternoon the storm ceases and leaves

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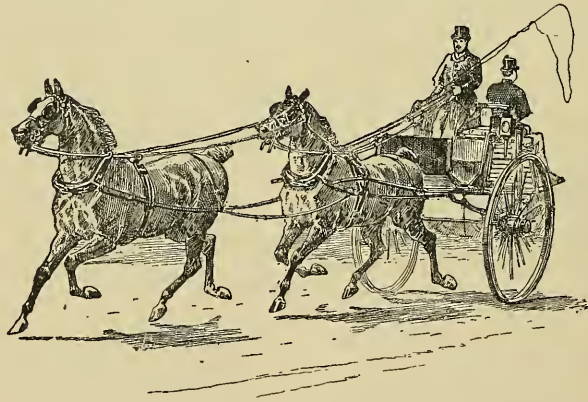
only a few flakes lazily falling through the sunless air. We pass far-stretching white thickets that seem like labyrinths of coral, and gardens where the burdened rose bushes bend beneath whiter blossoms than June bestowed; all the tall dead plants are again beautiful, and the sunflower stalks wear tall hats of snow.

In February dreams begin to break in upon the winter slumbers, dreams of the coming springtime, with its color and fragrance. Perhaps that is one reason why flowers are so beautiful and appropriate a gift upon St. Valentine's Day, because the dreariest month of the year is nearest the spring and holds the summer in its snow-covered bosom.

I took Tyler out one "Valentine's Day." It was warm, like late March; a gentle breeze rustled the dry, withered stalks of the sunflowers till they seemed like a company of toothless old crones gossiping together; in many places the ground was bare; the sky a clear sunny blue, against which the tree branches gleamed like dull silver. I knew that Earth was dreaming that day, dreaming of her brave young lover, Spring, who would soon woo her to his arms. I knew the folded buds were dreaming of the

blossoms yet to be. I could feel life stir within the dull brown earth and fancy it breaking into blossoms beneath my eyes where the snow now lay, dingy and sodden, green grass and blue violets or gold-hearted daisies gently waving. Spring had sent his sweetheart a valentine that day with his heart in it.

February rides are rare in this climate, for the month is often wild and blustering, or, if it thaws, drenching rains set in and the roads are impassable with the mud and the accumulated snows of the winter. We look forward longingly to March; though that is a dreary month, too, we can begin our rides in earnest, for they are no longer sprinkled sparingly through the month. It is because of their very rarity our few February rides stand out distinct and fair in our remembrance, some white and cold and sparkling, like the shroud of a dead lily or the casket where the snowdrops are buried; others which are dainty volumes bound in blue sky and golden sunshine and filled with stories of spring, lyrics of overflowing gutters, freed brooks and rushing mill streams, and pictures of green grass blades peering out from under the ridges of hardened snow.



THE LESSONS OF THE HORSE SHOW.

BY FRANCIS TREVELYAN.

LESS than a dozen years ago the most ardent horseman would have derided the suggestion that such a hall as the Madison Square Garden, New York, could be packed to its utmost limits for six successive evenings by the attractions even of the finest possible aggregation of horseflesh. Mr. J. T. Hyde, to whom in reality we owe our great annual horse show, can

never, in his wildest flights of ambition, have dreamed of such surpassing success. But fashion has set her seal of approval on the horse show, and in this fact lies the undoubted strength of the institution. Youth and beauty occupy the boxes and overflow upon the promenade, and the *élite* of New York society contribute many shekels to the treasury. Society

goes to "have a good time" generally, to inspect and criticise the horses a little, and to see and be seen a great deal.

Fashion is, of course, proverbially fickle, and at first sight it may seem that there is a danger of her withdrawing her approval, and were she to do so those plethoric balance sheets would surely wax lean, but despite the unreliability of the patroness such danger is not really imminent, for its dates are so chosen that it provides an excuse for a general return to town, and just as the meeting of Parliament marks the opening of the London season and the Goodwood meeting its close, so here the horse show provides a signal for the return of the tardiest devotee of society to the gay whirl of Gotham. Then again society exhibits largely, and the "sisters and cousins and aunts" of the wealthy young men who seek the honors of the show ring behind their high steppers or on the backs of their best behaved hunters like to be on hand to split their gloves if a ribbon rewards their relative's ambition. Moreover, horsiness in modified degrees is the "proper thing," and, what is more, will surely continue to be so. His stable is the natural outlet for a considerable share of a rich man's wealth, and every year the spread of a cultivated taste in matters pertaining to the horse will not only increase the competition in the show ring, but will also enhance the genuine interest felt in the exhibition. Even the fair dames and damsels who have begun by adopting the jargon of the horse, merely because it was the mode, will end by feeling a real interest in the things with which to start with they only assumed a sympathy, while, last but not least, the ever-growing potentiality of our *jeunesse dorée* points to the steady ascendancy of the horse as a means of pastime.

The "pleasure horse," as apart from the animals that earn their living, whether on the race course or the trotting track, the country road or the city street, is essentially the creature of the decade. Such a collection of distinct types as was seen at the Madison Square Garden last November could not have been gathered for love or money in the country ten years ago. Then the hackney was virtually unknown and the hunter was merely food for the caricaturist's wit. The long-tailed coach horse and the fast trotter were the medium by which people took their pleasure on the road, and a "bang-tailed"

horse was a mark of derision, as indicating that its owner was a hopeless Anglo-maniac. The "stepper" was unknown, for in the trotter beauty and style had been sacrificed for the acquisition of speed and the old-time coach horse was at best but a ponderous, unwieldy beast, only fit to drag the ark-like chariots in which the dowagers took their airing.

It would surprise a New Yorker who had not seen his native city for ten years—indeed it would be hard work to convince him that he was in his native city—were he to see the big classes of tandems and four-in-hands in the ring. So complete has been the revolution in the accepted taste in horseflesh that he would not believe the same public that had so openly confessed their attachment to the long-tailed flyers of the trotting track could have so entirely transferred their allegiance to the high-stepping, broad-backed, dock-tailed horses of which the hackney may be taken as the epitome. The climax would, however, be reached when he learned from his paper the next morning that one of these very animals, which to his "untutored" eye would probably appear so *outré*, had been sold for \$15,000, and a yearling of the same breed for \$6,000—prices which, when he had last known his native town, had been deemed phenomenal for good race horses or fast trotters.

The growth of the hackney's popularity has been perfectly startling in its rapidity, and while it is probably true that it has by no means yet reached its highest point there is no reason for wonder that it has reminded people of such ephemeral crazes as those for shorthorn or Jersey cattle. In such "booms" the "bottom dropped out of the market" just as soon as the general public fully realized the fictitious value which for the moment had been put on the stock, and the promoters were the only ones left chuckling at the fat profits they had made; but then in those cases there could be found no real justification, while as regards the hackney the case is quite different, for there is for him a distinct *raison d'être*.

The trotting mania had induced breeders to sacrifice anything or everything in order to get the highest development of speed, and any shortcoming in build, even though it amounted to an eyesore—as, for example, the great height of the quarters as compared with the withers—was tolerated so long as a speedy record seemed

to lie within reach. Naturally, a revolution of feeling was bound to come; for, be it remembered, excessive speed is not an indispensable or even an extremely desirable quality in a horse intended for ordinary road driving. The rich man may like to own a team capable of giving everyone else the "go by" in a "spin up the road," but "fast and furious" driving does not enter into the programme of most persons who wish to use carriage horses. So, too, while a pair of trotters hitched to a smart road wagon are admirable for a man, this is not the kind of turnout that pleases the lady of fashion or the modern young man of moneyed leisure. They want all the style and showiness obtainable, and the hackney is the outcome of the demand for horses of this description.

It was this which made the hackney *par excellence* the horse at the last show and its general average so high, though among the older horses none appeared that were able to dethrone the two champions of the previous year, imp. Matchless and imp. Fashion. That Dr. W. Seward Webb should have been content to pay Mr. Henry Fairfax \$15,000 for Matchless, and that Aldie, a yearling son of Matchless, bred by Mr. Fairfax, should have realized \$6,000, shows in what estimation Matchless is still held. Another of his magnificent sons is the three-year-old Berserker, owned by Mr. W. D. Sloane, and the excellence of this sire's get throughout indicates that he is just the horse to fulfill the hackney's mission in this country. He is a horse of size, fifteen hands and three inches, with grand action both in front and behind. If he is not the right kind of animal to impart style, strength and general showiness to our carriage horses and hacks it is difficult to say whence these desirable qualities can be derived.

Taken as a whole, the driving horses were far better than those destined for use under the saddle. Of both trotters and "steppers" there was a profuse and creditable exhibition, but of the hacks it is not too much to say that the average was below what it should be. In exhibiting trotting horses for road purposes Col. Lawrence Kip was notably successful, and much dispute was occasioned by the defeats his horses inflicted on Mr. Hamlin's famous mare, Belle Hamlin. Colonel Kip has in Fastrada especially a charming mare of undeniable quality and great

speed, and the completeness and workmanlike appearance of his "turnouts" greatly helped to win victories for him in classes where such points were taken into consideration in making the awards.

To attempt to criticise the individual animals would not only be impossible within the scope of a magazine article, but would also lack interest at a time when the show has become merely a matter of history. In the highly-interesting classes for tandems and four-in-hands the palm must certainly be accorded to the former, in which the competition was very strong. Messrs. Charles A. Baudouine, Sr. and Jr., appropriated the lion's share of the honors in these departments, though personally we must confess to thinking there were weak points about the decisions. Superiority of driving perhaps had as much to do with the awards as anything, and it must be said that some of the talent displayed on the box seat was not of the brightest order. If the judges did err a trifle in their decisions—and this after all is but a matter of purely personal opinion—it was through leaning a trifle too much in favor of superlative action, not backed up by strength of conformation, which would enable it to be maintained under a test of real endurance.

The jumping, having been found by actual experience to be a drawing card, was again made a most prominent feature, but it must be confessed that this department was not marked by unqualified success. In particular it is a favorable sign that New Yorkers appear to have grown intolerant of the scenes conveying a decided hint of the gladiatorial arena that are often witnessed when high jumping is in progress. In fixing a limit at six feet six inches the officials did most wisely.

What extreme heights will lead to was seen in the death of the ex-champion high jumper, Roseberry, at the Chicago Fat Stock Show on the Saturday of the week in which the New York show was held. Here was a horse, an undoubtedly brilliant jumper, repeatedly rushed at a gigantic jump, until, in his vain efforts to surmount it, he sustained such injuries in falling as caused his death within a few hours. And all this barbarity is practiced for the ignoble end of advertising an exhibition by the creation of a new record.

Even in its modified form, as seen last November, considerable adverse sentiment was evoked, and we may justly feel

proud that New York has led the way in discountenancing a brutal exhibition, palliated by no essence of real sport.

To watch unwilling and often frenzied animals being ridden at a towering obstacle, which no man in his senses would even attempt to jump in the hunting field, even though the fact of being "pounded" involved losing the run of the season, cannot be deemed an elevating recreation. The horses are nervous from the unaccustomed surroundings, and, more often than not, stiff and sore from contact with the heavy poles in previous futile efforts.

The officials showed their willingness to listen to reason in limiting the height at the last show, and the great majority of the patrons of the show would be in hearty accord with them if in the future they still further limited and restricted high jumping to such heights as are sometimes "negotiated" in the hunting field. Were it possible to have a water jump, as at the Islington horse show, it would be a most popular feature and at the same time afford a really practical test of a horse's ability "over a country." The conformation of the hall would make it almost, if not quite, impossible however to give horses sufficient space "to get up steam" enough to carry them over, and the device which is used in London of letting the horses start from outside the ring would be quite impracticable.

Of the other jumping, apart from the high jump, it is not too much to say that it was overdone, *i. e.*, that a great number of horses were entered for the competitions that had no right in the ring. Apparently everyone who owned any kind of a riding horse that had ever succeeded in clearing a hurdle thought that honors awaited it in the show ring. The result naturally was that the classes were too large, and composed to a great extent of "green" animals that not only were unable to show the requisite style over the jumps, but were in many cases riotous, so endangering both the men and horses collected in the inclosure, and the jumping, instead of affording pleasure, became tedious.

The most practical remedy that one can suggest is that the judges should be armed with authority to order such animals as are plainly out of place in the show ring directly to their stables, without inflicting upon the spectators the unnecessary farce of letting them complete the

three full circuits of the ring. The unfitness of the horses for the position in which they were placed had a great deal to do with the apparent lack of expert work in the saddle, displayed even by men who are universally acknowledged to be past masters in the art. The workman can but do his best with the tools supplied to him, and the circumstances of jumping in the show ring are such that the best horseman cannot force a "green" horse to do finished work.

One particular danger especially threatens the National Horse Show Association, and that is that, by reason of the necessity of catering to the demands of its fashionable patrons, the ornamental departments may be suffered to overshadow and in the end completely eclipse the useful. The primary and essential object of such a body as the National Horse Show Association is to encourage the breeding of all classes of horses wanted in our domestic economy, the gigantic shire horse as much as the dainty lady's saddle horse, the thoroughbred as well as the Shetland pony. The scanty response which had been made in the thoroughbred departments in former years was responsible for its being limited to one class last November, but happily this single class was preeminently successful.

The exhibition of that grand race horse, The Bard, was one of the leading features of the show, and he met foemen worthy of him, so far as the show ring was concerned, in Kinglike, imp. Loyalist, the full brother of those good race horses, Paradox, Dunboyne, etc. The quality in this department atoned for the lack of quantity, and must undoubtedly encourage the officials to arouse a more genuine and larger competition in the future. The heavy draft horses constituted, however, a wretchedly poor and scanty exhibition, and, though it is perfectly true that the industry of breeding these elephantine but useful animals is still in its infancy in this country, one can scarcely doubt but that more liberal offers would meet with a heartier response. Certainly it will be to the ultimate benefit of the association if no stone is left unturned to make its show a complete exposition of the finest horses of each and every breed that can be found in this country.

It is not to be expected that such an occasion would pass off without arousing some heartburnings, and the de-

cisions made in sundry cases met with extremely free and outspoken criticism. After all, judges are but mortal, and "even Homer sometimes nods." That every verdict given should be in strict accord with the precise merits of the case the most sanguine could scarcely venture to hope, but that there was any deliberate favoritism no right-minded man really thinks. Still, like Cæsar's wife, a judge must be above suspicion, and in order to better satisfy the captious it would be a wise move to infuse some "fresh blood" into each set of judges. To have all the judges of a variety of important classes taken from one coterie is an undoubted mistake. Experts are selected who hail from distant points in some cases, and this should be done in all. Even the man who is most bent on

giving a just decision is apt to be biased unconsciously when he knows not only the horses he is judging but every fact about their owners. There are many good judges of horseflesh throughout the length and breadth of this country, and the association should be willing to incur even considerable expense to secure their services. In conclusion, a hearty tribute of congratulation must be paid to the officials who have, by their untiring efforts, placed the National Horse Show Association upon its present footing. What they have already accomplished is a sure testimony to their enterprise, but it is no index to what they may hope to attain by a steady pursuance of the right policy. What is needed is not merely a week's amusement, but a liberal encouragement of the breeding industry in all its phases.

ANTICIPATION.

THROUGH blinding snows of winter time
The summer days as dreams return ;
I hear the shallow waters chime
By banks of arrow-weed and fern.
I live once more the peerless days
When, nature's haunts set free to seek,
We fled the city's dusty ways
And camped beside the well-known creek.

Our five white tents along the green,
Each one a little home, arose ;
Behind, the tangled thicket's screen,
In front, the meadow's mild repose ;
While ever murmuring by our side
The creek its shining length out-
spread,
And pictured in its glassy tide
Above the halcyon sped.

Among the rushes on the shore
In waiting leant our birch canoe,
Or down the shimmering reaches bore
Beneath blue heavens its merry crew ;
The slim ash paddles dipped and swung,
We watched the foam wreaths swirl and
flee,
And over all the summer hung
Its tender mystery.

From morning's gold to sunset's fire
Seemed but the passing of a bird,
Whose blithe heart bore it high and higher
Till half its song was left unheard ;
So swift the dear hours took their flight
When most we would have had them
stay ;
Day woke and faded into night,
Night blossomed into day.

The silent snows, a blinding tide,
May wrap the world in one wide sea,
But all their surges cannot hide
Green fields and shady tents from me :
In dreams they come, the camping days,
Sweet laugh and greeting sound once
more,
As when we fled the dusty ways
To camp on Gagetown Shore.

J. ELIZABETH G. ROBERTS.



COLLEGE ROWING.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF AN OLD GRADUATE AT NEW LONDON.

BY "ONEIDA."

THE impressions of an old graduate who has followed the college nines and crews of his alma mater for some thirty years with never-ending excitement and interest may not be unappreciated by readers of *OUTING*, for when, indeed, does interest in one's college victories begin to die out? At forty, fifty or sixty years? I saw an old Harvard graduate last year at New London, at least seventy-five years of age, white haired and bent, yet with red ribbons in his buttonhole and waving a red flag. His grandson had just entered college. He was still able to be jubilant over his boy's victorious crew, and will be so until he dies. When Harvard crossed the line a winner, amid the booming of cannon and the crackling "'rah, 'rah, 'rah, Harvard" of the undergrads, we heard him shout a quavering "Hurrah, Hurrah, Tiger!" just as he used to do on the Charles in 1843. Enthusiasm for one's college is a good thing, and we in America love to brag of our successful alma mater as we do of our successful business. We love to meet our opponents later on cool summer hotel piazzas and rub them the wrong way. If we lose at New London the joke is on us. We submit to harmless teasing, and say hopefully: "Oh, just wait till next year." It is a part of our interest in life.

It is curious that victories seem to go by cycles. Last year was a bad one for Yale. Harvard beat her at football, Princeton at baseball, and then Harvard won the great boat race. Has Yale grown too confident? Has she neglected any precaution? The answer is that victory and defeat come, and must come, in equal measure. Yale won for five years, without a defeat. That she did so was owing to superior boating skill. Then comes a year when Yale has to make use of raw material. Most of her old tried men have gone out into the world to work. What happens? Her captain casts about for a crew. Some men are not adapted for rowing, some men refuse to row. It asks too much of a man. This is true, and right here let me say that rowing ought primarily to be an

amusement, a sport, not work. The way 'varsity men have to deny themselves from along in December to July is going to make college rowing a bore in time. Not but that we approve of training. It keeps men in the best of health and all that, but after a year of it it's a terrible grind. It has never been worth while to start a crew as early as is done at Yale or Harvard, and it is like drawing eye teeth to get men to say they will row at all. If they do row they do so as a great "favor" to the college. Far better and more nervy, enthusiastic crews could be gotten together by May 1, for the first time, of men who have rowed on class crews in one or two races. To pick out a crew in December or on New Year's Day, and set them at work, ding-dong, pounding on weights or in a tank for six months before a race is cruelty. English oarsmen laugh at the long preparation we make. It is wholly unnecessary; it is even harmful. Last year's Yale crew was an example of everything that was bad in selecting a crew in December; very few of them had then ever sat in a boat. They were persuaded to row because they were big, strong men and great "lifters." They could lift a house. Some of them did not want to row. Mr. Heffelfinger begged hard to be allowed to attend to football only—his specialty, of which he is very fond and in which he is a capital performer. But no! they persuaded him, against his wishes and judgment, to cramp himself into a light gossamer shell, to do what he was not built for. The result was that he swung the boat out of time all the way up the course. Cook—the best of coaches—cannot get such men into form in six months, or if he does they rattle easily and get out of it in no time. It would be better for Yale to think nothing about the exact components of her crew until along in April, and then get eight tried men together, men who have acquired some knowledge of rowing or pulled in races before. What good did the long antecedent training do last year? Both crews would have done just as well to have begun in

April. One of the best critics of the crews observed the day before the race: "The Harvard crew has improved in the last four days more than in the last four months." Don't make rowing a bore to the crew. Keep it a sport. It is not mere strength which wins, it is skill and finish and enthusiasm—which are not learned in gymnasiums or tanks.

There is no substitute for actual practice on the water for the acquisition of the skill of an oarsman. Tanks may produce muscle in the localities in which the oarsman requires it for use, but the use of it, the adaptability of means to ends, can only be acquired on the buoyant, springy, natural stream. Get your men on to that every day it is not ice covered, rain or fine, no matter in what weather, and in the early stages of preparation no matter in what sort of boat, in twos for preference, and, as they say in England, "tub" your men till they handle their oar and sit their seat and their boat and row without knowing they are doing it, until in fact they acquire a mastery over details similar to that of a good pianist who need not consider where the notes are.

In this connection our university rowers would do well to consider the advantages of more frequent contests among themselves, inter-department or inter-class, whichever fits the genius of each institution best, and if they were rowed as bumping races they would have an element of contest and an incentive which no time race can possibly have. To row against time is to row against a dumb and absent competitor. To row after, or row away from a chasing crew behind you, is to add the zeal of contest in its most concrete form.

Bumping races would work well at Harvard. The river is adapted to them, and at Yale the Quinnipiac River or Lake Whitney, the most available water, affords a mile course. At the English universities each college crew is sent off an equal distance apart, one behind the other, and row something over a mile and a half. The object of these races is glory for the particular college which moves toward the head of the river and incidentally the demonstration of the best oarsmen for the 'varsity crew. The captain of the 'varsity can pick his men from the successful college oarsmen. A crew from each class, academic and scientific, and say one from the Law School, would give Yale eight good crews, and out of sixty-four rowing

men which these eight crews would afford, what an opportunity for 'varsity selection!

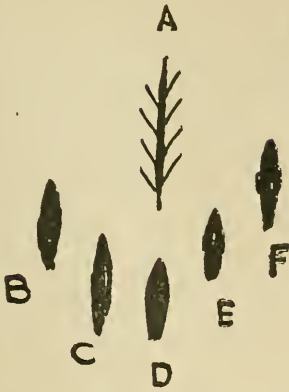
Rowing ought to be made more universal at our colleges. There must be plenty of men in both Harvard and Yale who take to the water like ducks, who have a natural gift of watermanship, and there should be sufficient regattas through the year to keep rowing men in fairly good training without tiring them out. Training a year where it results only in twenty-one minutes' racing is a waste of time and work on the face of it.

The individual merits of each member of the Harvard and Yale crews of last year were dealt with at the time in *OUTING'S* pages, and many reasons have been given by others, some reasonable, some fanciful, for Yale's defeat. In my opinion there is but one, and that is weight and strength were given too great prominence in selection.

A crew of eight men is a delicate thing to handle. One man requires long hours of work, another is nervous and easily over-trained. No. 6 or No. 7 may need no more work, he will do better on the bank at times watching the crew at practice, while No. 5 requires really four men's daily work to get him down fine. Very often the slighter men have to be overworked to get the heavy man into form and substitutes are not easy to get for this occasional work. Many a good crew has lost a race because of a lack of substitutes or a lack of knowledge of their real use. A good coach carefully watches the men who would do better occasionally in a hammock than in the boat, and he sends out his heavy men in pair oars and works them in extra hours. They kick and hate it, but if the coach is all-powerful, as he should be, they grit their teeth and do their work all the same.

There are some points of general interest quite outside the merits or demerits of any particular crew, or of this or that race, which it seems to me are worthy of attention, although they may only appear to arise out of the excuses for defeat. One of these is the question of suction, which of course includes the question of the nearness that attendant steamboats should be allowed to follow the contesting crews. Some experienced oarsmen believe that a losing boat is always retarded from one to three boat lengths in a mile on the American Thames by suction. Many Englishmen have asked us why are losing crews always so badly beaten. We answer delib-

erately because of "suction" of the surface water, for one reason.



The above diagram illustrates our statement. A represents the losing crew, and B, C, D, E, F represent five steamers which are all actively engaged in steaming along following the race, and, though warned often by the referee's boat D, still keeping close after the crews. They are drawing back the surface water and the boat A, which hardly dips eight inches under water, is continually sucked back. Old boatmen allege that for several years the referee's boat injured Harvard's craft. The course is not always in deep water, and over the shallow or eel-grass sections, it is claimed, the suction of a steamer, steered on top of a losing boat, will hold it back as if it was anchored. Last year it happened that the *Melissa*, the referee's boat, was run by Harvard and it affected Yale just as the *Unquowa* did Harvard a year before. The meaning of this is that to win a crew *must* win in the first half mile in the New London course. Both crews are fully aware of this, and it is only because Yale has outrowed Harvard for the last two or three years before the tugs and steamers have got in their work that she has passed Harvard and left her to the tender mercies of suction. The race last year was rowed up stream, with the steamboats close behind at the start. The start down at Gale's Ferry is in shallow water and the steamers cannot get in their work until near the first mile flag; hence Harvard, though always leading at the start, has been overhauled. But woe be to the crew that is not ahead at the mile flag. A steamer's getting plumb in the way of the crews is not a circumstance to "suction." The crew can swerve one side and lose but little, as Harvard did last year when a river captain who ought to be trounced

pushed into the course. No punishment is too severe for such a scam, but under the present law he cannot be punished, for he has as much right in the river as anyone. It ought to be possible to lock him up and fine him, and it ought to be possible also to do away with "suction" by regulating the distance of the steamers; but a statute is first necessary to attain this object. In England, by statute, the Thames Conservancy Commission have absolute control of the course during the race. Here we have no legal right to interfere with any old coal barge that anchors in our course in navigable waters and spoils a race. Measures should be taken to have a law passed by the next session of Congress or to bring a police regulation by the State's Legislature which will put into the hands of a river police absolute control of the river during race days. When this is done (1) the course must be kept clear; (2) the referee's boat must be kept at least a hundred feet to the rear of the losing boat, and (3) the press boat only must follow the referee's boat, and all other boats come behind the press boat. Unless this is done the crews of Harvard and Yale will have to go to Springfield. This will be a pity. New London is a great yachting station, and the combination of a beautiful fleet of yachts with their many flags, their yachting parties and the cannonading they give the triumphant crew, makes the race a great aquatic show to see. Nowhere else in the world is a boat race such a beautiful pageant. Here are over a hundred yachts booming their cannon, alive with enthusiastic friends, if not graduates, of the rival colleges, and waving an endless mass of red or blue. From the elegant Fort Griswold House on the Point, where crowds of sweet-faced girls and bronzed students have been dancing half the night, to the great railway bridge the harbor is gay with life and excitement. Springfield would be very stupid and dull in comparison. But a race is a race, and if fairness is the chief thing pageants may take care of themselves. It behooves the Connecticut Congressmen to see that a law as to the police regulation of the river be passed. It can easily be done. In other respects the Thames has many advantages. The moving grand stand is a fairly good place to see the race. There are many knolls of sand and gravel which the railway company could easily remove in ten days or so, if they chose. There are larger hills, such as Deadhead Hill,

around which a track on the riverside should be built. New London should make the river the great aquatic course of the country. It is naturally a fast course. Last year's Yale's crew is said on good authority to have made the four miles with winds and tide one evening a few days before the race, in 19 minutes 54 seconds. It was this private performance which gave Captain Cook and the Yale delegation generally such confidence. But many admitted that on rough water the crew were literally "nowhere." Perhaps the English are correct when they say that "time" is never to be depended on for a crew. "Time" one day does not mean the same time race day. On race day the Yale men were "distanced."

In conjunction with the subject as a pageant I have often heard it asked why college crews strip to the "buff" in racing. Why should an oarsman strip himself and not a sprinter or a bicyclist? It is very unpleasant for the onlookers and it is not founded on any good reason. How much better if the crew would agree to wear light balbriggan sleeveless shirts with their college colors on them. Would they lose a second in time over the course? Certainly not. Here we paint our oar blades red or blue and row nude. Even the coxswain strips with the rest. There is no need to row in dress suits, but there should be seemly clothing. How it has come to be the fashion in America to adopt the prizefighter's "buff," I do not know. Old prints show us Yale crews of '52 in white uniforms (college colors were not chosen until 1865). It is to be hoped that the crews of 1892 will make an effort to remedy this custom. We are proud of your muscles, O 'varsity oars, but, with our wives and sweethearts, we prefer to see you clothed and in your right minds!

The general accommodations at New London last year were good. Those of us who devoted a week to idling at the Fort Griswold House at Eastern Point enjoyed the gaiety of the week at its best. Next year Yale will, as usual, centre at the Griswold House. Old classmates will meet and shake hands on the broad piazzas which overlook one of the prettiest marine views on our coast. What continued interest there is in this busy harbor! Here flashes past one of Herreshoff's smart little steamers; there goes the new Government vessel, the *Vesuvius*, with its three pneumatic guns at its bow. Here is one of the crack cutters darting by, with its

decks crowded with "swagger" girls in red and blue. The very air is keen with excitement. There are plenty of college fathers, mothers, sisters, aunts and cousins. There are plenty of other people who care not for the races, but who love the delicious liveliness of the great aquatic week—the stir, the fun of it. We were all landlubbers the rest of the year, but we are all watermen at New London. We roll in our gait, we hum airs from "Pinafore," which is sung by a company of amateurs, appropriately, the night before the race, at the opera house. We live on the water, talk boating and recall old boating days. There is a dispute between us. Is a girl prettier in her yachting dress or in a ball costume? We insist she is at her best in her charming white yachting cap, her gold lace, her blue and white flannels; *certainly* she never looked prettier in her life than when she (in red) fairly danced about to the imminent peril of her life (for she would go overboard were she not so light and dainty) when she saw her Harvard crew dash away with a lead and victory again perching on the crimson banners of Cambridge. My dear old college grad, you cannot do better than to take the girls down to the New London race week. Go down and stay through the entire week from Sunday to Sunday. Take in the beautiful sea pictures before you. Sit a little back from the crowd. Let the girls "go it" if they want to. There is dancing in the parlors of the Fort Griswold every night. There are plenty of handsome, sun-browned cavaliers, mostly in sailor-like flannels. They are "just off the yacht" and white flannel prevails. Let the girls go and have a good time. It is the great aquatic week of the year, and—ah! well, we have lost our heart to one of some other fellow's sisters for the thirty-third time.

There is plenty to do. If one is an old oar he may visit the "quarters" and be invited to dine with the crew. It is something like feeding. It overpowers one. Huge chimes of beef disappear off the table like magic, and great pitchers of milk, tobies of ale and loaves of stale bread are quickly devoured. Here be hungry men, their brown skin like satin, their eyes clear and white like porcelain. It is forty "feeding like one." At the head of the Yale table sits the great coach, Captain Cook, and to-night the table is graced by Mrs. Cook, who frequently spends race week at the Fort Griswold House while her husband is up the river with the crew.

One is speedily aware that there is a supreme authority here in control. It is Captain Bob Cook *solus*. He is the hero of many races. He won in 1873, over eleven college crews, at Springfield. The papers made great fun of his English stroke that year up to the day of the race; after it he became *the* authority. In 1884 Yale fell away from his teaching and in 1886 came back to him again and won five years. He is not paid for his work. He is well to do and has a large business, the Philadelphia *Press*, to look after. He coaches the crew *con amore*. His work tells. Yale's crews of 1887 and 1888 were as finished as those of the London Rowing Club. They outclassed anything on our waters. They would have walked away from Oxford or Cambridge. The crew of 1889 would have beaten Oxford. We have this on authority of men who have seen the crews. Oxford and Cambridge are not anxious to row us because they have, they say, everything to lose and nothing to gain. It is Harvard's attitude to Cornell over again.

In 1888 Yale had means to go to England. A graduate offered to pay all expenses, but the crew were tired with their seven months' training and refused to consider it. Harvard went to England in 1869 and lost by reason of overtraining and bad management. Cook's great Yale four at Philadelphia, in 1876, practically won from the London Rowing Club's four, but were outjockeyed on the turn. The London Rowing Club were so badly pumped in the race that they were beaten next day in slow time by the Albany crew. Full credit was given by the papers to the Yale four at the time. It was the best college crew that ever sat in a boat.

It is high time we had an international race in this country. We believe that it would be possible to begin now and arrange for a race with Oxford or Cambridge at New London for 1892. In the meantime New London should procure its "Thames Conservancy" and then it could guarantee a fair four-mile course. What excitement there would be! Let the pleasant June race week be filled with interesting events, a general regatta of the fresh-water colleges. The Harvard-

Yale university race could be set for Tuesday and the English race for Saturday. There should be a yacht race also one afternoon of the crack forty-six footers. The coming of an English crew would be a great aid to the rowing here. They would bring over the latest points. London oars would swarm over here. They may be assured of fair treatment and the greatest amount of hospitality.

The time generally mentioned in connection with an international race is August, but that is entirely out of the question. In the first place it would not be fair to bring an English crew into the heat of an American August, a heat to which they are entirely unused; in the next place it would require that they, as well as the American crew, should remain in training beyond their accustomed period. No, the natural and convenient time for both parties is the time when the inter-collegiate races are now usually held.

This would of course find the home crews in their best condition. We shall see on a moment's consideration that it would equally well suit either English university crew, and I say either university because the race ought not to be arranged for one or the other crew specifically, but for such one of them as won in their own inter-university race in the spring of the year of the race. It would be absurd to challenge Oxford, say, in the fall to row a race next summer, when in the spring of next year she might be beaten heavily by Cambridge, or vice versa.

But to return to the question of time and how it would suit either English crew. Each university gets its representative crew into training on the assembling of its students after the Christmas vacation, say by the end of January. They race in London at a varying time, mostly between March and April.

The individual members of each crew then go back to their respective colleges and row up to the middle of June, each in the crew of the college in which he happens to be an undergraduate; they could therefore then immediately afterward, being in good condition, reconstitute themselves into their university crew and come out.



WINTER SMELT FISHING.

BY CLAYTON J. KINSLEY.



THE stranger in the city of Burlington, Vt., whom that perplexing and irritating of all things, a late train, has compelled to linger about the Central Vermont depot, would be quite likely to wander carelessly out upon the railroad company's wharf, whereon is located the handsome club house of the Lake Champlain Yacht Club. And should his enforced stay occur in the winter after the lake had frozen over, his attention would doubtlessly be attracted to the numerous little wooden buildings scattered about at different points inside the bay. An inquiry of one of the many ice harvesters lounging about the docks would elicit only the laconic reply, "Fishin' shanties," and further interrogation would be required to gain the information that the buildings were constructed for the purpose of catching smelt, that delicious little fish which finds its way in large numbers from the inlets and bays of the Maine and Massachusetts coast to the markets of the large cities, where it is especially in demand during the Lenten season.

The American smelt, *Osmerus viridescens*, is properly a salt-water fish of the salmon family, which ascends the rivers in the fall, and returns, after spawning, to the sea in the spring. The fact that specimens have been caught in Lake Champlain during the summer is evidence that the fish has there, as in Lake Winnipiseogee and other New England lakes, taken up a permanent habitation. The Lake Champlain smelt ranges in length from four to ten inches, and the largest will weigh in the vicinity of nine ounces. The body is long and slender and covered with scales, which on the belly and sides are of a silvery white. The flesh is rich and tender, and the bony structure so fragile that the entire fish, minus the spinal column, can be eaten without inconvenience.

Here smelt are taken exclusively with hook and line, and no attempt to catch them is made until the lake freezes. The fishing houses are of all sizes and shapes; some are quite well made, while others resemble nothing so much as a huge dry-goods box. Sometimes they are constructed on runners, so as to be hauled over the ice from place to place as "fisherman's luck" changes. The largest shanty contains room for four fishermen. In each corner of the floor is cut a round hole about a foot in diameter, and when the shanty is located the vigorous use of an ice chisel for a few minutes continues the aperture through the ice to the water beneath. In the centre of the single room is a small coal stove, with its pipe extending through the roof, and the amount of space to be heated is so small that the occupants manage to keep warm in the most severe weather.

The tackle is unique, but it answers the purpose admirably. At the end of a fine silk line is attached a lead sinker, weighing about two ounces. A foot above the sinker and some eight or ten inches apart are two small gut hooks. The line is wound upon a wooden reel, which is by far the most curious part of the fisherman's outfit. It consists of not only a reel, but rod as well, and can easily be carried in the owner's pocket. Selecting a piece of one-inch pine about ten inches long and two and one-half wide, the fisherman proceeds to whittle from the first four inches the reel, similar to that upon which the followers of Isaac Walton have for years wound their lines. The other six inches of the strip of wood are cut down to the size of an ordinary lead pencil, and extending from the end of the reel constitute the rod, into the end of which an ordinary carpet tack is driven about half way to the head.

The hooks, having been baited with small pieces of fresh meat, are dropped through the hole in the ice and the line paid out until the sinker touches the bottom. A foot or more of line is then taken in, a couple of turns made around the tack in the end of the rod to hold the line and everything is in readiness for the hungry smelt. The fish at times appear almost ravenous, and are caught as fast

as the hooks can be rebaited. After the first unfortunate smelt finds its way out of the water the eyes and the solid piece of flesh between the gills, called by the fishermen the "throat latch," are used for bait. The eyes can be easily taken out of the fish's head with a hook, but the fisherman is usually in too much of a hurry to use a knife, and in the case of the throat latch bites it out with his teeth. Quite frequently a yellow perch comes up through the hole in the ice, occasionally a stray pike is added to the day's catch, and at night the programme is varied by substituting a heavier line and fishing for ling. Sometimes when the hooks drag on the bottom they are taken by the proteus, a fresh-water lizard about a foot in length, and the harmless though somewhat repulsive reptile is hauled into the shanty, to the utter consternation of the fisherman, who considers its appearance a sign of bad luck.

During the winter the employees of the Burlington lumber mills, which at that season of the year run on three-quarters time, build shanties and by selling their catch from house to house make a few extra dollars. Several years ago the State fish commission hired two men to catch smelt alive and distribute them in the small lakes throughout Vermont, in the hope that the Green Mountain State might in the distant future add to its many industries that of putting up *imported French sardines!* The two fishermen made a good thing out of it, but Vermont sardines have not as yet appeared upon the market.

Catching smelt for the sport there is in it may appear to be an inroad upon the domain of the pot fisher, but when the shortest month of the year comes round and one's rod has hung on the wall since the last of August, "anything for a change" is the word.

It was late in the afternoon when, bundled up in heavy overcoats, for the mercury stood only a few degrees above zero, we left the Queen City of Vermont to the north of us and drove out upon the long level stretch of road skirting Shelburne Bay. A ride of three miles brought us to one of the most noted dairy farms in the State, where we were given a hearty welcome. Here the long winter evenings have dragged even more than in town, and for one break in the monotony the youngmen of the family built a smelt shanty, which they located on the ice just

at the mouth of a small brook running through the farm. It was in response to an invitation to spend an evening upon the lake that we were there.

After supper, two with common market baskets and two with lanterns, we made our way across the rolling meadow to the lake. The shanty was a large one, built and furnished with an eye to comfort, and we were soon seated in the four corners with lines in hand waiting for a bite. "Waiting for a bite," when one is seated beside a warm fire and is privileged to laugh, crack jokes and make all the noise he pleases, without fear of frightening the fish, has its advantages over an open boat, with the blistering sun decorating the spot from which a collar button, on the following day, will raise the cuticle.

Luck appeared to be with us, for hardly had the hooks been raised from the bottom to keep them out of the maw of the ugly ling when the smelt began to take hold with a snap and vim not expected from so small a fish. Sometimes, as a struggling victim was hauled up through the twenty feet of water, the rapid motion of the other hook attracted the attention of a second fish swimming near the surface, and a "double" was added to the basket.

The smelt evidently move about in schools, for there were half hours during which all attempts to take fish counted for naught, but the dull periods were always followed by a renewal of activities, and the man who had just taken the floor in an attempt to outlie the fellow on the other side of the stove would be suddenly interrupted by a tug at his line, which necessitated a prompt return to business. Half after 10 o'clock found the two market baskets nearly filled with the silver-sided fish, and after dumping the fire and securely locking the door we returned to the house. Our livery horse had evidently been counting on a full night's rest, for it was with decided reluctance that he submitted to being led out of the barn and harnessed for the second time. With a cheery "Good-bye," our friends tucked in the buffalo robes about our feet and drove on in silence for some time, but the stillness was at last broken by one of the muffled figures, who had been apparently deeply wrapped in contemplation of his own gigantic shadow upon the crusted snow, remarking: "Say, Jack, all the fun in the world doesn't end with the summer, does it?"

THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD.

BY LIEUT. W. H. C. BOWEN, U. S. A.



FOR over three centuries the State of Connecticut has had a militia that it may well have been proud of. Since the days of our forefathers, when the armed men of the struggling Plantations, with their flint-lock "musquets," or the still more ancient "match-lock," powder horns and shot pouches, were compelled to keep constant watch on account of the treacherous Indians, to these stirring times of railroads, telegraphs, electric lights, breech-loading arms and metallic ammunition the militia has kept pace with all the improvements, and it is to-day one of the best organized, best drilled and best disciplined State forces in the country—its military laws and regulations, its organization and equipment being modeled after the pattern of those of the United States. Each succeeding commander has found less and less to criticise, and more and better material from which to mold the perfect soldier.

We find in 1635 the first permanent settlements in the State, and in 1638-9 a constitution adopted. By 1646 a "Body of Laws" had been compiled, which were

thoroughly revised in 1672 and printed during the following year. In these laws three full pages are devoted to "military affairs." Let us read a few passages from these interesting old pages: "That the Militia may be so managed as may best advantage the Publick Weal and Safety of this Colony it is Ordered by this Court" (which was the General Assembly) "and the Authority thereof; That all Male persons of the age from sixteen years of age to the age of sixty [here follow certain exceptions] shall bear Arms * * * and every Male person within this Jurisdiction above the age of sixteen years, shall have in continual readiness, a good Musquet, Carbine or other Gun * * * fit for service * * * with six Flints to every Fire-lock, and three Fathome of Match to every Match-lock * * *: But if any person be not able to provide himself Arms or Ammunition, through his mere poverty, if he be single, he shall be put to service by any one Assistant or Commissioner, to procure him Estate to purchase Arms with, and his Master shall finde him Arms during his time of Service * * * shall be Trained at least six times within the year."

From the foregoing we see how essential the old pioneers considered it to have a well-armed, well-trained body of troops to depend on in case of hostilities. Penalties were imposed for failure to attend drills, for failure to keep arms in good condition, etc., and any magistrate was empowered to punish. It would be tedious to go into all the details of "ye olden tyme," and I will therefore quote sparingly. One thing, however, particularly struck me in these old laws, and that was that the sergeant major was a commissioned officer and had command of "all the Regiment of souldiers within his County," although at this time there were no regimental organizations, nor till many years later. For every sixty-four "souldiers" there were allowed a captain, lieutenant, ensign and four sergeants; for thirty-two "souldiers," a lieutenant, an ensign and two sergeants, and where there were but twenty-four "souldiers" they could have but two sergeants.

Up to 1739 the militia was organized simply into "train bands" or companies of men, raised by the several towns and counties, more for self protection than anything else, although they could be called out by the Governor and used for the general good; to wit, it is enacted that "the Governour for the time being is the General of all the military forces within this colony, but when we shall have occasion to send forth an Army against an Enemy the General Court may

vided into forty-seven companies. Several of the new regiments were little better than the old "train band" or company. The drilling of the militia during this period was something fearful to contemplate, "every man for himself" being the general system, but it seemed to work well, for the Louisburg campaign of 1745 showed what strength there was, and how well the authorities could depend upon the fighting men of New England.

The grade of brigade major—almost

SURG. GEN. HENRY HUNGERFORD COL. WM. E. A. BULKELEY. COL. WM. C. SKINNER. ASST. QMR. GEN. COL. H. C. MORGAN.
ASST. ADJT. GEN. COL. GEO. M. WHITE. COL. HENRY S. REDFIELD. COL. JAMES T. FAIRMAN.



QMR. GEN. WM. E. RUDD. GOV. MORGAN G. BULKELEY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF. PAYMASTER GEN. WALLACE T. FENN.
ADJT. GEN. ANDREW H. EMBLER. MORGAN G., JR. PRIVATE SECRETARY AUSTIN BRAINARD.

GOVERNOR AND STAFF.

appoint some Commander-in-chief for that service until the Forces raised shall be disbanded." Many minor changes were made in the laws from time to time; for instance, the grades of colonel and lieutenant colonel were created in 1722, but there were no regimental organizations until 1739, when thirteen regiments were ordered, numbering 3,480 men and di-

synonymous with our inspector general—was established in 1759 to further facilitate the handling of the militia, and some time later we read of the appointment of a major general. Many changes took place in succeeding years by the organization of new regiments, the adoption of new laws, etc., until in 1774, the period immediately preceding the Revolution,



COL. C. B. ERICHSON, FIRST REGIMENT.

we find the military spirit in Connecticut at almost fever heat. Town meetings were held, contributions of money and provisions were voted, and "committees of correspondence" were appointed to circulate all news of importance. As early as May

of that year the General Assembly adopted resolutions requiring the selectmen of the towns to provide a double quantity of "powder, balls and flint." In September towns were required not only to keep up their stock of ammunition, but all "train bands" were to attend to their "exercises."

In January, 1775, the entire militia was ordered to muster and drill at least once a week. On April 19, 1775, occurred those ever memorable and famous skirmishes of Lexington and Concord, which precipitated the War of the Revolution. On the 20th the news was circulated throughout Eastern Connecticut by men on horseback, and reached the southern and western parts of the State during the next day. The men of Connecticut hastened at once to the relief of their friends in Massachusetts; they left hurriedly, without waiting for orders; they left by ones and twos and hundreds, organizing as they marched, their drill and discipline, practiced early in the year, standing them in good stead. The Governor ordered a special meeting of the Assembly, which took place on the 26th, when measures were taken to ratify officially what had already been done privately and by individuals. Over four thousand Connecticut militia marched "for the relief of Boston in the Lexington Alarm."

Immediately following this Connecticut and Massachusetts set on foot a movement for the capture of the old fortress at Ticonderoga, in order to obtain control of Lakes George and Champlain. The expedition was successfully commanded by a native of Connecticut, Ethan Allen, who marched into the fort side by side with the afterward infamous Bene-



COL. GEORGE HAVEN, THIRD REGIMENT.

dict Arnold. Referring to the capture of Ticonderoga the Massachusetts Provincial Congress acknowledged that "the affairs of that expedition began in the colony of Connecticut." The General Assembly took active measures to raise men and

money for the war which everyone now knew was just begun.

Up to July 3 eight regiments, consisting of about seven thousand four hundred men, fully officered, armed and equipped, under command of one major and two brigadier generals, had "taken up arms" for a term of ser-



COL. JOHN B. DOHERTY, SECOND REGIMENT.

vice not to exceed seven months. As yet they were State troops only; but they, together with others from Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, formed the nucleus of the "Continental Army," and when their term of seven months was up they, with few exceptions, re-enlisted. Washington took command of these troops in person on July 4, 1775, officially announced as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, CAMBRIDGE, July 4, 1775.

"The Continental Congress having now taken all the troops of the several colonies, which have been raised, or which may be hereafter raised, for the support and defence of the liberties of America into their Pay and Service they are now the troops of the United Provinces of North America; and it is to be hoped that all Distinctions of Colonies will be laid aside, so that one and the same spirit may animate the whole, and the only contest be, who shall render on this great and trying occasion, the most essential Service to the great and common cause in which we are all engaged."

From this time until the close of the war Connecticut troops took part in more than thirty-two battles, assaults, engagements and affairs, including Bunker Hill, Long Island, the retreat from New York, Trenton, Princeton, Saratoga, and at last, that glorious conclusion, the siege and surrender of Yorktown.

Connecticut contributed 31,939 men for the war (more than from any other State

except Massachusetts). Washington, in general orders, issued some time during 1782, spoke of the Connecticut troops as "composed of as fine a body of men as any in the army."

Among the names made famous during the Revolutionary War the following were a few of those from Connecticut: Ethan Allen, David Wooster (who had first entered the service in 1741), appointed one of the three major generals from the State, Joseph Spencer and Israel Putnam, both of the latter also major generals. Benedict Arnold went out as colonel, but early in 1776 he was promoted brigadier general; he fought "with distinction" at Saratoga, where he was wounded in the action, yet this man proved traitor, and deserted to the enemy September 25, 1780.

Among the list of distinguished names in command of Connecticut troops occurs that of Lafayette, who, in 1780, commanded for a time the brigade composed of the First and Second Connecticut.

In 1780 the number of Connecticut regiments was reduced to five by consolidation, and so remained until near the end of the war, when they were further reduced by consolidation to three.

Perhaps it would prove interesting to our readers to know what pay and what food the troops had in 1775 and how they were dressed. The ration was fixed as follows: Three-quarters of a pound of pork or one pound of beef, one pound of bread or flour, three pints of beer to each man per day—beef to be fresh two days in the week—also half a pint of rice or one pint of Indian meal; six ounces of butter and three pints of peas or beans each man per week. Soldiers on fatigue duty were allowed one gill of rum each day, and at no other time. So reads the law; we must believe, therefore, that that portion of the army from the "Nutmeg State" was a sober and abstemious lot of men, for how could it be otherwise when the law was so strict? Again we read,

SERGEANT. CAPTAIN BISHOP, A. D. C. CHIEF TRUMPETER. SERGEANT.
MAJOR WILLIAMS, INSPECTOR RIFLE PRACTICE. CAPTAIN KELLOGG, A. D. C.



MAJOR BROMLEY, COMMISSARY. MAJOR INGALLS, INSPECTOR. LIEUT. COL. PORTER, SURGEON.
MAJOR BURDETT, ENGINEER AND SIGNAL OFFICER. BRIG. GEN. WATSON. MAJOR HUBBELL, QUARTERMASTER.

"The practice of treating or entertaining by persons chosen to office" is forbidden. The ration was further swelled by the addition of milk, candles, soap, molasses, vinegar, coffee, chocolate, sugar, tobacco and vegetables in season subject to the order of general and field officers. After the troops became Continental the ration, as authorized by Congress, was not as

Wethersfield Company "wholly in blue turned up with red." Individual officers provided themselves with uniforms, but their rank as a rule was distinguished by different colored ribbons. Most of the men who went from Connecticut in 1775, and constituted the "Colonial" or "Provincial" force, remained and re-enlisted in the "Continental Army." Regiments



CAPTAIN FOWLER AND ONE GUN, BATTERY A.

liberal, either in quantity or variety, as the colony allowance.

The monthly pay of officers and soldiers was established as follows, and varied but little throughout the war :

Major general	£20 equal to \$100.00	
Brigadier general	17 "	85.00
Colonel	15 "	75.00
Lieutenant colonel	12 "	60.00
Major	10 "	50.00
Captain	6 "	30.00
Lieutenant	4 "	20.00
Ensign	3 "	15.00
Adjutant	5 10s. "	27.50
Quartermaster	3 "	15.00
Chaplain	6 "	30.00
Surgeon	7 10s. "	37.50
Surgeon's mate	4 "	20.00
Sergeant	2 8s. "	12.00
Corporal	2 4s. "	11.00
Fifer and drummer	2 4s. "	11.00
Private	2 "	10.00

In addition to pay the following allowances were made : "To each private and other enlisted man, one ration ;" to each officer, "rations according to rank."

The troops of 1775 from Connecticut were generally without uniforms. A few exceptions were noted, such as the

were re-organized, deserving officers and non-commissioned officers were promoted, and new recruits received, but the number of regiments and total number of men remained about the same in 1776 as in 1775. Up to the beginning of 1777 the enlistments had been, first for seven months, and second for one year. Now came a change. The "Continental Line" was organized, and men enlisted either "for three years" or "during the war ;" large numbers of the old troops re-enlisted. Connecticut's contribution to the "Continental Line" consisted of ten and one-half regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry and five companies of artillery.

The "Recruiting Instructions" are still well worth careful perusal and contemplation.

"You are immediately to enlist into the service of the United States of America, all able-bodied men, who are willing to enter into the service, on the following terms, viz.:

"First, You are not to enlist any but freemen, able of body and under the age



BRIG. GEN. E. S. BOSS, COM-
MISSARY GENERAL.

deserters from the army of the king of Great Britain, or persons of a disaffected or suspicious character, the American service having suffered greatly by the desertion of such persons.

"Thirdly, You are to enlist to serve three years, or during the continuance of the present war between Great Britain and the American States, unless sooner discharged by proper authority.

"Fourthly, The men by you enlisted are to be subject to the rules and articles for the government of the army, published by the Congress the 20th of September, 1776, and are to sign those articles.

"As an encouragement to such persons as shall enlist into the above service you are authorized to engage, besides the pay and provisions now allowed,

"First, That every soldier shall upon being approved by a Major General, a Brigadier General, or Colonel Commandant of a Brigade, and some Surgeon, be entitled to a Bounty of Twenty Dollars, and a suit of clothes, which suit of clothes shall be given annually.

"Secondly, He shall also be entitled to One Hundred Acres of Land at the expiration of his term of enlistment, and in case of his death, in the service, his representatives shall be entitled thereto.

"When any person is enlisted you are, as soon as convenient, to take him to some person duly authorized by the above articles to administer the oath therein prescribed.

"To encourage the brave and spirited to enter into the service, the General promises them all the plunder they shall

of fifty, carefully avoiding all persons laboring under lameness or other defects of body, prejudicial to the service; if any such or boys are brought in, the officer enlisting them will be chargeable for the expense they may be to the public.

"Secondly, You are not to enlist any



MAJOR AND BRIGADE INSPECTOR
P. H. INGALLS.

take from the enemy, to be equally divided among the officers and men, according to their pay.

"Given at Head Quarters, 17th day of Dec., 1776.

"By his Excellency,

"GENERAL WASHINGTON."

From this time till May, 1782, we find nothing but praise for the Connecticut men; but in that month a few non-commissioned officers and privates attempted to incite the whole body to mutiny. The plot was discovered and one of the ring-leaders was executed. Thus ended the only act which would cause a blot to rest on the fair fame of the Connecticut line during the whole war.

At the time of the French alarm in 1794 a body of 5,882 of the Connecticut militia was detached for active service "if necessary." The necessity did not arise, and in 1806, at the time of the English embargo, a draft of 3,420 men was made of the Connecticut militia, but was not called for, although held in readiness until 1809.

From the end of the War of Independence until about the time of the war of 1812 the militia of Connecticut was composed of "all able-bodied men," the regularly drilled companies (which I must truthfully say were drilled very *irregularly*) being the old train bands. The State officers by law consisted of a captain general (the governor), a lieutenant general and a brigadier general, with a brigade major to each of the eight brigades. The officers were uniformed in "blue coats faced with red,



MAJOR ISAAC BROMLEY, BRI-
GADE COMMISSARY.

lined with white, white underdress, white buttons and blue worsted knot on each shoulder." The men wore "white frocks and overalls," the light infantry being distinguished by a black feather tipped with red worn in the hat.

In the war of 1812 the Connecticut



BRIG. GEN. THOS. L. WATSON.



CAMP SPORT.

militia furnished ten thousand men and officers, besides one hundred and forty-six officers and two thousand men who served in the regular army. The uniform and arms changed, of course, but the reputation of the Connecticut contingent was ever of the best. In 1813 the total militia was 12,582, all active, no "enrollment;" these were divided into four divisions, each of two brigades, each brigade averaging fifty companies, which made the companies rather small, and rendered the whole top heavy and difficult to handle. so in 1815 we find another change; the number of regiments was fixed at twenty-five, ten companies to a regiment; the number of divisions was reduced to three and the brigades to six. There were five regiments of cavalry, four troops to a regiment, fourteen privates to a troop; think of it! Then there were a brigade of artillery, two regiments of light and two of heavy, and twenty companies of riflemen, each attached to some regiment of infantry. During the latter '30's the militia was designated "the Flood-Woods;" earlier they had been called "rag-tag-and-bob-tail" as a term of ridicule by the general populace.

The organization as above continued

till 1847, at which time the cavalry and artillery were practically nothing. During all these years there were few regular drills—we might say none. The companies met but twice a year, and the regiments once a year for parades and inspections. These training days were nothing more nor less than general picnics, and at this time both drill and discipline were at a low ebb; in fact there was no discipline. Let me give one instance. I quote: "In the summer of 1840, pursuant to the orders of Brig. Gen. D. B. Hurd, the men assembled on the green [every city and town in Connecticut has a common, or square, or park near the centre called the "green"] to make choice of a commander [company]. They came provided with pitchforks, broom handles and axe helvcs; blacksmiths with their sleeves rolled up and wearing their aprons, farmers in their roughest dress, and everyone else who could spare the time dressed in working clothes and bent upon having some rare comedy. But General Hurd was on hand equally determined that there should be some regard for law and order. In voting the men passed through between the sides of the old hay scales. For nearly two hours they had their sport, voting for all

the incompetent 'characters' of the town they could think of. At last, much to his own surprise, and theirs too, Mr. — was elected, to the satisfaction of the general." Much more of the same nature could be written, but this is sufficient to show how little discipline there was in the militia at this time, and how great had been the decline of the "military spirit."

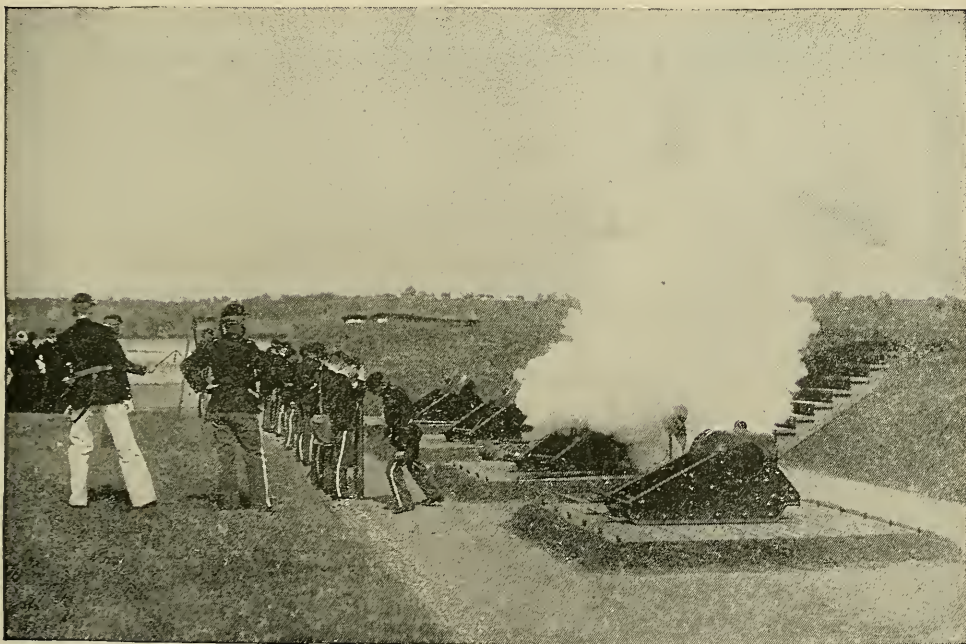
The Mexican war of 1848 not being one "to enforce the laws of the Union, to suppress insurrection" or "to repel invasion," under the law the militia, as such, could not be ordered out. Consequently the President made a call for twelve-months troops — volunteers. The people of Connecticut seemed at this time to have lost their old ardor for military duty and failed to respond to the call with their old-time alacrity. We find the names of but fifty-three officers and 626 enlisted men from Connecticut in this war, and these served in the regular army. Some few enlisted and joined the one regiment which alone represented New England in Mexico, and which joined General Scott.

In 1847 the militia of Connecticut had attained its greatest number, although I doubt whether its 53,191 were as well able to cope with danger and hardships as that smaller number by 20,000 which in 1775-83 had represented its State in

the struggle for independence. It now had 960 companies, divided into six brigades, of whom 1,704 were riflemen, 1,575 artillery, 508 heavy artillery and 692 cavalry.

Realizing the need of a radical change, the General Assembly during this year disbanded all ununiformed companies and many uniformed ones, and reduced the active militia to one division of two brigades, four regiments to each brigade. In 1850 the number of companies was again reduced, the whole active force being 2,904, and in 1852, 2,045.

In 1854 much time and attention was given by the General Assembly to the matter of the "Military Force" within the State. After a long preamble reciting the different acts of Congress regarding the militia there were placed upon the statute books laws, composed of ninety-two sections, which, if they had been complied with, would have been the means of organizing a first-rate military force; but these laws, as well as those passed in 1855, 1856, 1857 and 1859, were practically a "dead letter," and in Connecticut as well as in other States it required a Bull Run to demonstrate that zeal and patriotism alone, even when united with Spartan courage, cannot make the soldier.



IN THE EARTHWORKS.

To be completed in March.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND ATHLETICS

BY W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

First Paper.



FINISH OF THE 440-YARD DASH.

IN my article on instantaneous photography about two years ago * some attention was given to the application of the camera in depicting close finishes on the racing track and in photographing athletic feats in general, but the aim and scope of those articles did not permit of as extensive a treatment of this subject as its interest and importance undoubtedly deserve.

In no department of photographic work has the camera made greater progress than in its ability to distinctly portray the quickest actions of objects moving before it. The apparatus for this purpose has been so much improved, the sensitiveness of dry plates has been so greatly increased, and the methods of developing the quickest exposures have received so much attention by the experts, that it is now possible for the instantaneous photographer to accomplish results which were unattainable even two years ago.

It is therefore entirely fitting that this

subject should again be presented to the readers of *OUTING*, especially at this time, when interest in all out-of-door sports and recreations is reviving. In this article, then, and in the one which is to follow, we shall consider that phase of instantaneous photography which is devoted to the depicting of athletic feats. We shall give specimen illustrations by Mr. John C. Hemment, the leading photographer of athletic pictures in this country, if not in the world, with descriptions by him of just how these wonderful achievements of the camera were accomplished, and something about the personality as well as the working methods of this expert photographer, who was himself a record-breaking athlete before he became a skillful instantaneous photographer. He photographs all the leading athletic events, the great intercollegiate football and baseball matches, the hare-and-hound runs, walking, running, and jumping contests, and, in short, all athletic feats of any importance.

* December, 1889, and January, 1890.

We have said that Mr. Hemment was a record-breaking athlete before he became a photographer, and this is strictly true; for even yet the records which he made in England in skating quarter and half a mile distances have not been lowered, though he can no longer claim the championship by reason of not being able to accept the various challenges which have been sent him. In long-distance skating he has been scarcely less successful than in short distances, when only nineteen coming in third in a ten-mile race with Paulson, the Norwegian, and Phillips of Montreal. He has also made records in short-distance walks and has won medals enough in his various contests to fairly cover the breast of his jersey. He has by no means given up all active participation in athletics, though his absorbing interest in photography as a means of depicting athletic feats has kept him off the track for the most part during the past few years.

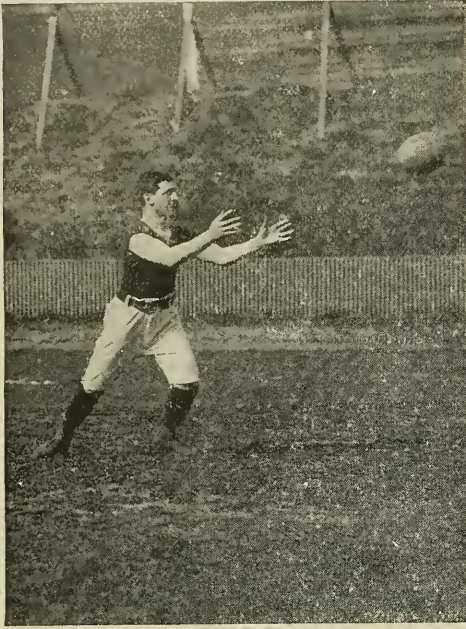
It was through his love of athletics and all manly out-of-door sport that Mr. Hemment first became interested in photography. He had often been struck with the difficulty which judges encountered in trying to determine the winner in particularly close heats. It occurred to him that an instantaneous photograph of the

finish would, in all such cases, be a reliable means for determining just who the winner really was, and accordingly he began to experiment with a camera to attain this desired end. But let us hear in his own words just how it all happened.

"I took up photography seven years ago as a means to determine the real winner in all close athletic contests," he says, "my first camera being a 5x7 'Waterbury,' which I used on a tripod. With this excellent instrument I photographed different events in athletic games, races, etc., and the attention of the press was attracted toward my work and many requests were received by me to be allowed to publish them. I naturally allowed this to be done, without receiving any compensation, of course, until the demand on my time became so great that I decided to accept the suggestion of my friends and to charge the bare cost of photographing in every case where my work was used. Some of my pictures showed that what had been considered 'dead heats' were really not *dead* at all. In fact, my photographs proved, what I had long suspected, that there was in reality no such thing as a 'dead heat'; and having been so successful in catching distinct pictures of close finishes, my photographs naturally



THE PROSPECT HARRIERS.



A RUGBY CATCH.

came to be looked upon as very valuable in deciding the result of all close contests.

"The demand for them grew to such an extent that I found I should either have to give up my regular business and devote myself wholly to the photographing of athletic and sporting events or else give up photography. Circumstances occurred which decided me in favor of photography, and I at once adopted it as my profession."

Mr. Hemment soon found that his tripod camera was not suited for the quickest work, especially in photographing close finishes, and he accordingly devised an ingenious hand box, which he has described as follows: "I first had a special shutter made by Prosch and attached that to the box, which the Scovill & Adams Company constructed for me after my own designs. This box was divided into two compartments, both compartments being fitted with identical lenses. The top lens acts as a finder by reflecting glass, so that I can watch the moving objects from start to finish or the hurrying figures in a football, baseball, or lacrosse contest, and know that when I release the shutter on the lower lens the subject occupies the same relative position on the lower plate that the image on the reflecting glass of the upper lens indicates to me. My camera is very simple, though somewhat larger

than the average hand camera. It has never failed me when the plates used were all that they should be."

To understand Mr. Hemment's love for and skill in all athletic sports we have to go somewhat further back than he has taken us. John C. Hemment is an Englishman by birth and has led an active life in the open air. He was born in a little place called Benwick in Cambridgeshire, and went to a country school there until he was ten years old. He then went to Peterborough and attended a college for three years. He was then compelled to earn his own living and commenced as an errand boy in a retail draper's shop in Peterborough. His active spirit, however, soon led him to London, where he secured a position in a wholesale house and learned the art of cutting and designing children's clothes. At sixteen he was traveling as assistant to one of the proprietors of this establishment. In this way he traveled over the whole of England.

"When I was about twelve years of age my uncle entered me in the skating races for boys," says Mr. Hemment, "and I could soon outstrip any of my fellows, and often the men. When I was seventeen I made my records for quarter and half mile distances, winning the championship of England. My first long-distance race



WILLIAMS BREAKING THE WORLD'S RECORD.

was at Washington Park, when I was only nineteen. I used also to enter the walking matches at the different country fairs in England and made a mile in 8m. 15s. when a mere lad; but I came from skating stock and from a county which has turned out a great many champion skaters, walkers and runners."

In October, 1879, young Hemment arrived in this country on the *Germanic*. But let us again return to Mr. Hemment's own account. "After making myself acquainted with the ways of this country," he says, "I got a situation in a wholesale clothing house as cutter, and soon became very successful in the business. I took up a new system of cutting which had been invented by an Englishman, but not

of his most interesting racing and leaping horse pictures. They have never before been published.

On page 408 we give a picture of "Princeton rushing the centre" in the Princeton and Manhattan game last fall, in which Princeton won, as we all remember. So distinct is this picture that we can easily recognize several of the players. There are Janeway and Cash, both old Princeton players, and Riggs, of the present team, perfectly recognizable, and yet the picture was taken so quickly that every arm and leg of the rushing men is seen to be perfectly sharp and distinct.

Another interesting football picture is the professional English player of the Rugby game depicted in the act of catch-



HARES LAYING THE TRAIL.

completed. This I worked at until I had it perfect and could cut thirty suits as easily and quickly as I had been cutting two before. But this led to so much jealousy on the part of the other cutters that when my favorite partner retired from the firm I left also and went to a larger house in New York city. About this time I took up photography, and you know what I have done since then."

And now a word or two as to the photographs which illustrate this paper. The negatives which were chosen by Mr. Hemment to illustrate both articles are from his very best and were selected from an immense collection to represent, not only the field of athletics proper, but also his wider work akin, including two or three

ing the ball. What could have more action than this, and yet what could be more distinct? In making such pictures a knowledge of the game or sport depicted is of course necessary. Mr. Hemment says that it would be impossible for him to bring out the characteristic features of the game or sport if he were not entirely familiar with them. "Often have I raced about a football ground as excited as any of the players, almost like one of them, in order to catch a particularly interesting 'scrimmage,'" he said.

The finish of the 440-yard dash in the intercollegiate games at the Berkeley Oval last year (page 404) is a remarkable instantaneous picture. The three leaders, though running at a terrific pace, are

photographed so perfectly that every feature is distinct and each is caught in the attitude which shows more faithfully than anything else could the exact positions assumed by the three runners. The representative of the Yale Athletic Association is winning.

The view of the 'cross-country run of the Prospect Harriers (page 405) is an interesting picture. It shows a crowd of "limit men" taking the hill. The run is at Bay Ridge and occurred last March. It is a handicap run, the Harriers starting at intervals ranging from five seconds to eight minutes, and there are representatives from various clubs to be seen in the crowd, though the figures are so small. The smaller picture of the same run (page 407) shows the "hares" going up a hill to lay trail. In making this picture Mr. Hemment's running powers were also brought into requisition, and he had a camera to handicap him. He made several photographs of the run, hurrying across from one point to another to cut off the runners as they swung around, and thus succeeded in making pictures of the various stages of the run.

"There are some things really very remarkable about that little picture," said Mr. Hemment, when he handed it to the writer, "for by an oversight it was pho-

tographed with the smallest diaphragm in my lens. I had been using the small stop to make portraits of the runners before the start when I had plenty of time, and in the excitement of the start I forgot to replace them with larger stops. I therefore scarcely expected to get anything out of the instantaneous exposure made with the same diaphragm which I had employed in a prolonged 'time' exposure; but by means of my progressive system of development I have succeeded, as you see, in obtaining really as good a negative in the one case as in the other."

Another running picture, which will interest the readers of *OUTING* especially, is the finish of the 120-yard hurdle race, in which H. L. Williams of Yale, the champion hurdle racer of the world, is breaking the record. The hurdles were three feet high and the time was 15 4-5s. Mr. Williams is shown in his best form taking a hurdle. Is it not a magnificent sight?

In the following paper on this subject we shall take up Mr. Hemment's methods of work, describing just how he makes his wonderful instantaneous photographs. We shall also describe in detail the specimen photographs which illustrate the second paper, telling how they were made so that photographers in this branch of work can improve their own working methods.



PRINCETON RUSHING THE CENTRE.

To be completed in March.

UNCLE DUKE'S "B'AR" STORY.

BY LILLIAN GILFILLAN.

I 'LOWED ez mebbe you uns ud like ter hear thet thar b'ar story. I reckon it's ten year this December since it all happened. I war a-livin' up in thet house on th' edge uv th' corn fiel' 'long side th' branch, an' ef it 't warn't fer thet b'ar I'd be a-livin' thar yet, 'stead uv a-settin' in th' warm corner uv Jim Ladd's fireplace.

I 'low ez yer knowed Jim didn't hev no great sight uv worldly efacts when he married Becky Crabtree; I don't reckon his daddy war able ter do much fer him, 'ceptin' 'lowin' him the use uv thet yoke uv ole steers uv his'n.

Thet war afore they moved th' mill out'n th' holler yander, so it war right handy fer Jim ter haul his logs ter, an' he jes' worked hissef plumb nigh ter death a-gettin' up thet leetle log house uv his'n, an' a-plantin' fruit trees an' sech, an' all summer Becky worked jes' ez hard a-berry pickin', tendin' her truck patch an' a-peddlin' up ter th' station.

An' in th' winter time when Jim war a-makin' dish shelves an' a-puttin' some new splits inter th' bottoms uv them ole chiers his daddy give him, Becky war a-peccin' quilts an' a-spinnin' cloth fer dresses. Waal, in th' spring they war married an' went ter live in ther house on th' side uv th' mounting, out'n no neighbors, 'ceptin' me, fer a mile or more down th' cove.

Thet war th' spring I war tuck so bad with this misery in my back an' afore summer I war so cript up I warn't no 'count whatever.

One mornin' jes' ez I war a gettin' up from afore the fire whar I hed been a-eatin' a snack uv breakfast, Becky walked in, lookin' ez fresh ez a fiel' uv early corn, and sez:

"Uncle Duke, I 'lowed I'd come in an' see how you war an' rid up a leetle fur yer."

I h'ant never been used ter wimen folks, an' I could'nt git th' consent uv my mind ter set by an' see every thin' pot out'n its nat'ral place, so I reched my stick an' out'n sayin' nothin' I riz up an' went out under th' big gum tree.

It warn't long afore Becky kem out with her bucket on her arm, an' sez:

"Good-bye, Uncle Duke. I reckon I'll

be a-gittin' along ter th' berry patch yander."

I sed, "Thank yer, Becky. Don't yer come no more ter tend ter me. I 'low you's got a plenty ter do 'out'n a-doin' thet."

Yer see, I didn't want ter be pestered with her fixin', yit she was so obleegin' ter everybody I didn't want ter 'fend her by axin' her ter stay ter hum. Waal, when I went in an' seed how piert things looked, I jes' wished I'd a-kep' my pipe in my mouth 'stead uv a-jawin' her. Spite uv my sayin' time an' ag'in fer her ter rest when her own work war done, she kep' a-comin'. I 'lowed she seed how much I enjoyed havin' things liken white folks lived in the house.

I 'low she war jes' ez bright an' happy thet year ez enny woman in the cove ez hed a plenty.

An' summer an' winter she 'peared ter be always a-workin'.

Waal in th' middle uv March leetle Jim kem, and I reckon thar warn't no two happier people in th' world. They war proud uv thet baby, an' no mistake.

The fust time I seed Becky arter it war born, she pulled a leetle hand out'n from under th' kiver an' sez:

"Uncle Duke, some day thet leetle han'll chop wood fur his mammy."

Waal, it did'nt look much like handlin' an axe thin.

Thet summer she use ter roll th' baby up in her daddie's ole army blanket an' take it with her berry pickin' an' peddlin' an' everywhars; it 'peared like she didn't think its weight nothin', un' she'd go 'long th' road talkin' ter it like ez ef a baby four months ole knowed ennythin'. With th' money from her berries she bought th' winter clothes—mostely things fur th' baby an' flannel shirts fur her man—'peared like she thought th' cold wouldn't tech her.

It war th' last uv th' next June thet th' twins war born. This time Becky didn't seem ter git 'long so piert—jes' lay still an' pale like, an' a lookin' at the baby gals sad an' pityin'. I reckon she war a wonderin' whar th' warm winter clothes they'd need by' an' by' war ter be got from. It warn't in reason ter 'spose a

woman could tote two babies an' do much at pickin' berries.

Jim worked ez hard ez enny man could, but his ole mare died jist at fodder pickin' time, an' he couldn't do much out'n a critter, so a right smart uv his crap war lost. Becky didn't seem ter get strong ez she did afore, an' her sister up an' left her sooner 'en she oughter. She seemed tar be kinder mad all th' time ter think Becky had gone an' hed twins, an' she didn't keep her 'pinions hid. I reckon Becky warn't sorry when she went back ter her man.

Ez I war a-sayin', it war ten year ago this December, an' a right smart uv snow on th' ground, when Becky came by my house one mornin' ter ax me ef I'd go down an' watch th' fire an' leetle Jim fer a spell. I seed she war lookin' anxious like, an' I axed her what war th' matter

"Jim went a-rabbit huntin' yesterday evenin'," she sed, "an' he ain't kem hum yit; I reckon somethin' hes happened ter him, an' I 'lowed I'd go an' see. The babies ez both asleep an' I speck ter be home afore long."

She went on up th' mounting path a-makin' fur the top, a-holpin' herse'f over the sleek places with that hickory stick uv her'n.

I went on down ter th' house an' found leetle Jim a-noddin' afore th' fire. It war about'n th' time he always tuck his nap. Pretty soon he war ez sound asleep ez ef he war on th' biggest feather bed in th' cove, 'stead uv jes' his mammy's cook apron under his little yaller head.

I pot on a fresh log an' was mighty nigh asleep myse'f when one o' th' babies waked up an' cried a leetle.

Somehow I got th' cradle in an awk'ard place acrost a plank ez war all warped up an' th' churnin' back an' fore waked up th' t'other 'un. She jes' lay thar a-lookin' fust at me an' then at her leetle sister, kinder onsartin whether ter cry or not.

By an' by I thought I'd help her back ter sleep, so I tuck her leetle han' an' tried ter pot her thumb in ter her mouth, but thar warn't nobody knowed enny better thin that thar baby thot she didn't want no thumb feedin'. I got up an' went fur some milk, fust a-lookin' out'n th' door ter see ef Becky war a-comin'.

Seen' ez thar warn't no sign uv her nowhar, I 'lowed I try ter feed th' young uns, becin's th' both uv them war a-doin' ther best at cryin'.

They didn't seem ter take much ter my feedin'; I reckon thet war 'cause I didn't set th' milk afore th' fire fust, an' somehow it 'peared like th' milk most in general went down th' outside uv ther necks; an' Annie (that war th' little un) kept a chokin' tell I had ter take her up. Jes' ez soon ez thet leetle critter got whar she could look 'round an' sense things, she 'peared quite satisfied.

I managed ter git t'other un (Fannie) out'n the cradle. They jumped an' twisted tell I thought I'd die uv the misery in my back, but whin I pot them down they yelled like hallelujer!

'Peard like they'd kept me a-dancin' a powerful long time, whin I heerd voices an' I 'lowed Becky war come, but it turned out ter be Mitch Pendergrass an' Sonk Levan, with some rabbits an' ther guns. They hed stopped by ter git warm.

Whin they seed me a-settin' thar nussin' two babies ter onct they bust out larfin'. Fannie hed holt uv my left year an' the leetle hair I hed on my head. Annie war a-sittin' on my knee a-gazin' at Sonk an' Mitch, a-wonderin' why they war a-larfin'.

"I 'low, Uncle Duke," sez Sonk, "ez yer've tuck ter larnin' nussin' late in life. It shows yer pluck ter commence on two ter onct. Whar's Becky?"

"She air gone ter look fer Jim," sez I. "He went out a-huntin' last night an' he ain't never come hum this mornin'. She war oneasy 'bout him an' went out ter look fur him. 'Lowed ez she'd be hum afore this."

Mitch went ter the door an' looked out an' thin comin' back ter th' fire, sez he:

"It's arter twelve o'clock, nigh ez I kin calkerlate. Thar seemster be a big black cloud a-hangin' over th' Top.

"Becky ought'en ter be out in no sich. I reckon we'd better be a-movin'. Mebbe Jim's happened ter an accitent an' she's a-tryin' ter help him by herse'f.

"She's plucky, *she is*."

"Waal," sez Sonk, "Mitch, you give Uncle Duke a lesson in baby feedin' (the father uv ten ought'n ter know somethin' bout'n thet business); I'll tote in enough wood ter burn a spell, an' thin we'll light out'n hyar an' hunt up Becky an' Jim."

Arter Mitch's learnin' me ter hold th' spoon un' ter warm th' milk an' ter pot in sweetenin' me an' th' babies got on fine. Soon I hed them both sleepin', kivered up ter th' years, an' th' cradle sot in a warm place. Then I began ter feel

powerful hungry, an' leetle Jim, though he ain't sed nothin', hed been a-watchin' thet thar spoon an' milk cup while I fed th' babies, an' a openin' his mouth long side uf them.

I skun one uv Sonk's rabbits, an' it warn't no time tel th' corn bread war a-cookin' in th' bake pan an' th' rabbit a-jumpin' up in th' grease.

Arter dinner Jim set on my knee jes' ez quiet, never axin' fer his mammy onct, an' thim babies slept on jes' like they knowed they war twins an' ther mammy gone. Pretty soon it began ter get dark an' th' snow war a-fallin' ag'in a leetle. Jim went ter sleep an' I pot him ter bed. The time 'peared ter go powerful slow arter that, an' I began ter nod.

It must have been eight o'clock whin voices in th' yard waked me. I opened th' door an' Mitch called out :

"Stir up the fire an' give us a leetle more light. Thar ain't no bones broke, but Jim don't feel egsactly piert."

They brung him in an' his face war jes' ez pale an' he looked powerful weak. Most of his coat war tore of'en him an' th' blood war a-droppin' from a place in his arm. Becky looked plumb wore out, but th' fust thin' she did soon ez Jim war on th' bed war ter lean over th' cradle an' sez :

"Uncle Duke, war my babies good?"

"Jes' ez good ez two leetle angels," I sed, spitin' th' fact th' side uv my head war pretty sore from ther pullin' an' scratchin'.

She helped ter git Jim's arm wrapped up an' him warm in bed, an' thin began ter get supper, like nothin' hed happened out'n th' common. Whin I seed how pale she looked, I sed :

"Jus' yer git out th' plates an' I'll tend the fire. I 'low arter cookin' fer nigh thirty year, I kin git a snack yer can eat."

It twarn't long until another rabbit war in th' pan an' th' coffee a-boilin'. Jim looked up whin he smelt the cookin' an' sez :

"I reckon we'll hev a little bigger meat fer to-morrow."

I war jes' ez curious ez enny ole woman, but everybody war so tired an' hungry I didn't ax anny questions.

Becky war a-sittin' in a low chier afore th' fire with leetle Jim on her lap a-warm-in' his leetle feet in her han'. I could see th' tears war a-chasin' each other down her face.

Mon ! but they did eat. Jim, too, and

I had ter git th' cold meat left from dinner ter hev enough.

When they hed got up from th' table Sonk sed :

"Mitch, your wife'll need you with all thim chil'n ; I 'low you'd better be a-goin'. I reckon I'll stop hyer ; step by an' tell Sallie ter hev breakfast early, an' tell leetle Lular pappy'll be home in th' mornin'. You hev th' mules ready early ; I am afeard uv th' varmints a-gittin' Becky's game."

Arter Mitch war gone an' things picked up they told me ther story.

'Pears like thar warn't no trouble in a trackin' Becky up ter th' top, an' they found her a-tryin' ter work Jim out'n a hole in th' bluff.

Th' night afore, jes' ez Jim war a-makin' fur hum with his game, he hed run agin' a big b'ar. He up an' fired, but missed, it bein' most dark. The b'ar war on him afore he could load agin, an' makin' a pass at him with its big paw, knocked th' musket out'n his han's an' bruck it plumb in two. Jim hed jes' time ter make up a saplin' an' Mr. B'ar set down under him ter bide his time.

He sot thar a long spell, an' it war most midnight, nigh ez Jim could tell, whin the b'ar made off an' lay down, seein' Jim warn't willin' ter come down an' be et. Waal, Jim decided thin he would come down an' run fur it, 'lowin' a hot chase war better'n freezin' up thar. So down he clumb an' lit out, Mr. B'ar arter him. Jes' ez they struck the bluff path the b'ar got so near thet it riz up an' grabbed him. Jim bein' quick got away, leavin' Mr. B'ar most uv his coat ter 'member him by, but in backin' away he wint too far an' fell inter a crack in th' bluff. It warn't very nice fallin', but the crack warn't over four feet deep an' full uv leaves at the bottom, so bein' out'n the wind they made a more comfortable place ter spend th' night in then th' saplin'.

Pretty soon Jim hed occasion ter know he war hurt some.

The bar had tore his left arm right smart an' in fallin' his face hed got skun up dreadful. Th' b'ar walked up an' down, a-smellin' down thet crack sorter much like, but by-an'-by he went off a leetle an' lay down, I spect arguin' with hisse'f thet Jim would come out'n th' hole liken he did out'n th' saplin'.

Jim wrapped up his arm the best he could with a piece uv his shirt sleeve.

It war daylight when he waked an' th'

fust thin' he seed war th' head uv thet thar b'ar a-lookin' down at him.

He knowed it war'n't no use ter hol-ler, so he jes' lay thar thinkin' 'bout Becky an' th' babies an' leetle Jim—wonderin' ef she'd think he'd quit her.

The thought uv Becky's thinkin' enny bad uv him made him groan with a new kind uv pain, an' whin he moved a leetle he fainted away. I reckon thet war jes' 'bout'n th' time Becky got thar, fer she said she heerd a groan down in thet hole an' thin all war still. She war jes' a-goin' ter call whin she spied thet b'ar a-lookin' down inter th' crack.

'Bout ten foot to th' left uv whar Jim war fust the mounting breaks away, leavin' a pres'pus uv forty foot or more, but thar's a leetle ledge at th' top whar you kin look inter thet crack in th' bluff.

It war fur thet leetle ledge the b'ar made jes' ez Becky halted. When it clumb down she made sure it would git ter Jim (she war sure he war in thet crack), so she fol-lered quiet ez she could, an' th' snow bein' soft kept th' b'ar from hearing her—until she war right behind it—whar it war leanin' down over th' edge a-tryin' ter git inter th' crack. 'Fore it could turn on her she gave it a powerful push with her hick-ory stick, an' being so fur over an' so heavy the b'ar lost hisse'f, an' down he went with a crash into th' underbrush.

Becky 'd gone too, only her dress war caught in some bushes an' thet saved her.

She couldn't do nothin' but lay on th' ground an' rest a spell, thin she crawled ter th' edge an' looked down ter make sure th' b'ar war dead.

Hearin' Jim groan agin she got up an' went ter him.

He war clean gone in' a faint agin before she could get down ter him. When she got him to again she gave him th' flask uv milk she hed brought.

She worked with him ter keep him warm, but she couldn't do much, th' place war so narrow. It seemed an age before he got so he knowed anythin', an' she had made up her mind ter leave him an' go fur help whin Sonk and Mitch got thar. An' 'twixt 'm they soon got Jim out an' laid him on the ole army blanket I hed sent, an' they axed Becky how come he thar. She told them what she knowed, but they wouldn't believe about th' b'ar until she showed them whar it lay. Whin Mitch looked over an' seed fur hisse'f he

jis' sed 'By Gosh!' an' runnin' back to whar he could scramble down made down th' side like a coon. Sonk war about ter follow, when he stopped an' turned ter Becky, tellin' her ter see ter Jim till they could come up agin. He give her a bottle uv applejack out'n his pocket, which he said he carried fur snake bite. Becky never said nothin' 'bout'n snakes most in general stayin' in th' ground in winter time, but gave a little of the liquor ter Jim an' tuck a leetle dram herse'f.

I reckon ef it hadn't been fer Sonk's snake medicine, they both a-been down sick from th' cold an' wet.

Ez soon ez th' men could git a good kiverin' uv snow over th' b'ar ter keep wild cats from pesterin' it, they kem up an' took up th' ends uv Jim's blanket ter fotch him hum. It war slow work, th' path bein' steep an' narrow, an' Jim heavy, so it war eight o'clock afore they got down. Waal, th' next day they got th' bar down, an' mon! he war a big'un.

They skun him an' put th' meat up fur sale at th' store. A young fellar from th' North ez war a-stayin' at th' station give Becky \$12 fur th' hide, ter take home ter his gal, I reckon.

The meat sold well, an' altergether I reckon Becky never seed so much money at one time afore in her life. She wanted ter divide with Sonk an' Mitch, but they wouldn't hear to it, an' she couldn't make them tock nary cent. Afore th' week war out she went ter th' station an' bought shoes an' warm clothes fur all an' enough ter last two winters, an' soon Becky's fingers war busy. She made some red flannel shirts fur me, 'cause she sed they be good fer th' misery in my back.

An' whin I sed my fire hed been out a week an' I'd eat enough uv other folks' corn bread an' coffee, Becky up and sed:

"I 'low ez yer'd better stay, Uncle Duke; I've got a sight uv sewin' ter do an' yer got ter be so handy with th' babies I can't hardly spare yer."

Arter thet we jined corn fiel's an' next year war a powerful good one fer craps an' fruit.

I tended th' chil'n while Becky went fur berries and did her peddlin'.

We ain't a-gettin' rich, but we has a plenty, an' I don't reckon we air got anythin' in a worldly line to ax th' Lord fur he ain't already done give us.

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XXII.



SUMMER days were drawing on apace. Harry was very busy with his freshman nine and Jack with his crew. Harry pitched several games on the 'varsity nine, but so far upper-class favoritism prevented his becoming

the regular college pitcher. Danforth kept gaining steadily in favor, as the fine plays he made at second base were often what the reporters called "phenomenal."

The event of importance about this time was the giving out sopho. society elections. Freshmen were expected to set up a spread to their upper-class friends in their rooms. The Gimly gang combined together to make a bowl of very deadly punch for the sophs, and as well to set up cigars and ice cream. The ingredients were suggested by Nevers, whose mild and benevolent purpose was to repay the sophs for their trouble by enabling them to get very drunk on mighty little liquid.

He meditated a punch consisting of a bottle of brandy, a bottle of whiskey, a bottle of gin and a bottle of champagne, no water, one lemon and a cake of ice!

"See here," protested Jack, who was now in strict training, "we don't want all of Delta Beta Xi and Theta Psi roosting with us all night! Why, they'll never be able to get out into the street alive, man!"

Jack was pledged to

Phi Theta Psi, owing to an "accident," as he called it. The chums could have gone either way they chose. But Bixby had got him to pledge his way. "It wasn't a pledge exactly," said Jack, "but I'm not going to ask him to let me back out. I'm awfully sorry. Harry, we'll still stick together sophomore year."

Harry, who was feeding Stamp dog biscuit, looked at his chum a moment.

"No, I want to room across the way with David Alum and 'Aunt Sarah.'"

"You know Davy and she are now already well on in senior year studies and contemplate entering the theological school and taking up Hebrew next year. Why, the young dig is all brains and horn buttons. He'll be a somebody some day, when you and I, Harry, are merely trying to live within our income."

"Oh, I know better! Valedictorians



"HIGH UP AT HER WINDOW, LOOKING OUT UPON THE NOISE AND CONFUSION, SAT 'AUNT SARAH.'"—P. 418.

always use themselves up in college and are good for nothing else afterward. I am very thankful that I'm not one of them."

"No—ahem! There would be no more strolls with pretty Ella Gerhart, eh?"

"Ella is a good girl."

"I saw her at the ball game last Saturday with Brown; she watched you pitch as a cat does a mouse. She seemed so proud of you, Harry."

"She comes out there very often—with her sisters, sometimes."

"I know. Going in Granniss and I were together. We met Ella. I introduced him. He was awfully taken with her. She's a great coquette. She saw he was mashed on her, and she used her fine eyes with great effect. Look out, Harry, he'll cut you out!"

"Granniss is such a great, good fellow I should be sorry; he's so in earnest."

Jack went to the window.

"Then, even if I am Theta Psi and you Beta Xi, we'll stick together, eh?"

"Yes, Jack."

"And you still—you still love me?"

"Yes, Jack. I love you *still*," replied Harry, laughing.

Out of the purest fondness for each other, the liking the one had learned to have for the other's good qualities, they put on the gloves and sparred a couple of rounds. They were pretty evenly matched and were quick on their feet, dodging, feinting, striking and retreating. When they got well warmed up they didn't seem to notice how much noise they were making. Chairs went over, the lamp fell with a crash—it was nothing. At it they went, hammer and tongs, in friendly desire to make the other "quit" first. There came a knock at the door, but they paid no attention to that. The knock came louder, but Jack merely called "Come in, if you dare," and sailed in with his left, catching Harry under the chin, when —

Holy Moses!

The door opened, and Professor Gracher, *in persona non gratissima*, stood there, umbrella in hand, thunderstruck.

It was never the way of the faculty in those days to pass over anything lightly, to be amused at the dazed attitudes of the two boys, to pretend that it was all proper enough. No, indeed! It was *de rigueur* to show rigor. Professor Gracher secretly was enjoying the spectacle immensely, but his outward manner was all censorious in a high degree. He frowned,

and turned to Mrs. Gimly, who was standing behind him.

"She's been to see him at last!" said Jack, and he hurriedly slipped off his boxing gloves.

"This is study hour," observed Professor Gracher, grimly, in the doorway. "I was passing and I thought I heard a noise; it sounded like a thrashing machine—like two thrashing machines. Rives, you and your room mate, Chestleton, must report to me at my study—you know where my house is—next Thursday, at 6 p. m. I will see what can be done—er—come prepared to take tea and spend the evening—er—er."

With that Professor Gracher hastily departed. They thought they heard him chuckling as he went downstairs.

Jack sank back on a chair. "Well! you may knock me down with a feather!" he laughed.

Mrs. Gimly came running up again as soon as the kindly old professor had gone. "Now don't go for to lay no blame on *me*," she said anxiously. "I didn't fetch him in, though the good Lord knows I has occasions. No, I don't mind your thumpin' now. The long vacatin's soon a-comin' an' I won't hear no sound then—and it'll be lonely for the poor widder and her orphing child. An' if he expels you both you can't say as I done it, Mr. Rives or Mr. Chestleton, for, as Samantha says, you've acted as gentlemen should, payin' your way like honest young gentlemen, an' I hain't had no reason to find fault with you ever."

This was a long speech for Mrs. Gimly, and Harry, knowing she feared exposure as to her methods of extorting money from her lodgers, immediately put on a long face.

"We are summoned to Professor Gracher's study next Thursday," he said, "and he'll ask us, and we'll have to tell everything."

"Oh, don't be the ruin of a poor widder and a fatherless orphing! Don't tell Professor Gracher!"

"What do you think, about what do you judge, we ought to be paid for our silence, eh, Harry?"

Jack put his boxing gloves on the nail over the mantel where they belonged and turned to conceal his laughter.

"I should judge it was worth about \$10," said Harry, soberly.

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, I haven't the money! I'm a poor lone widder as

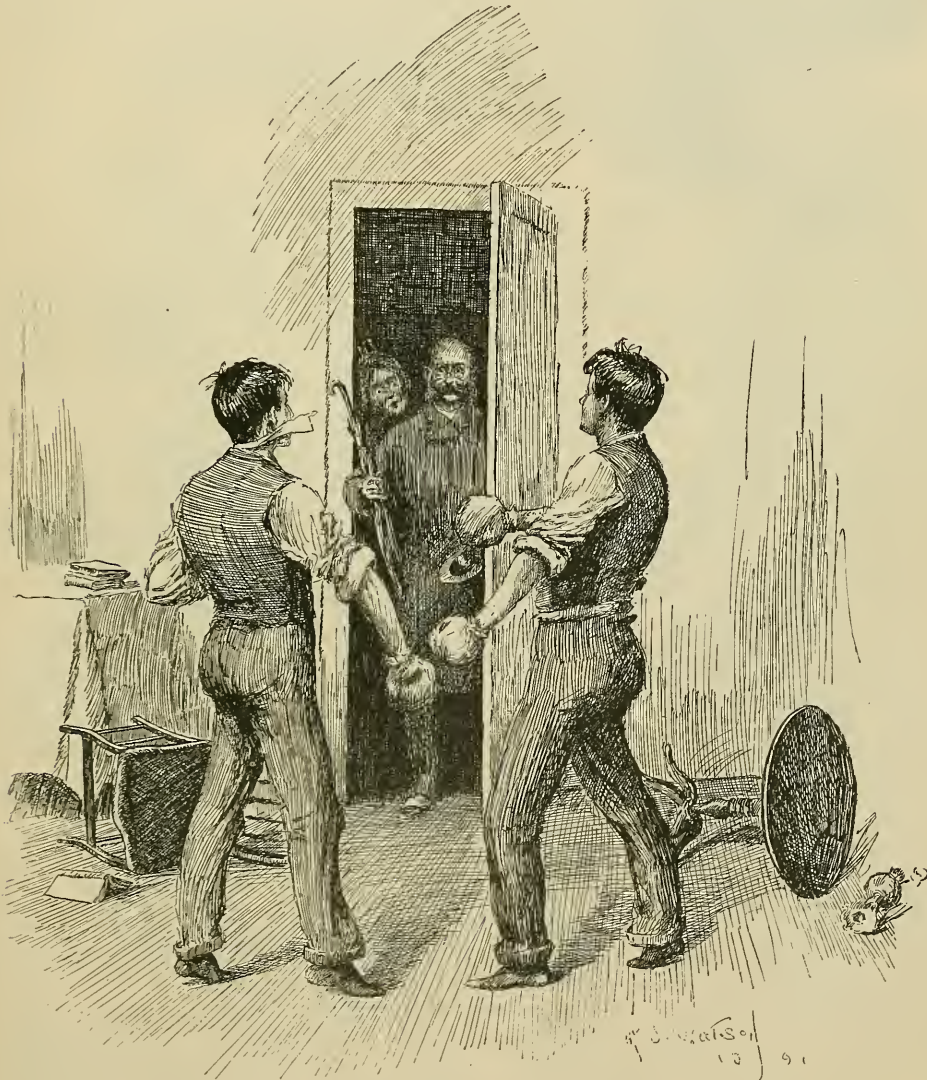
CHAPTER XXIII.

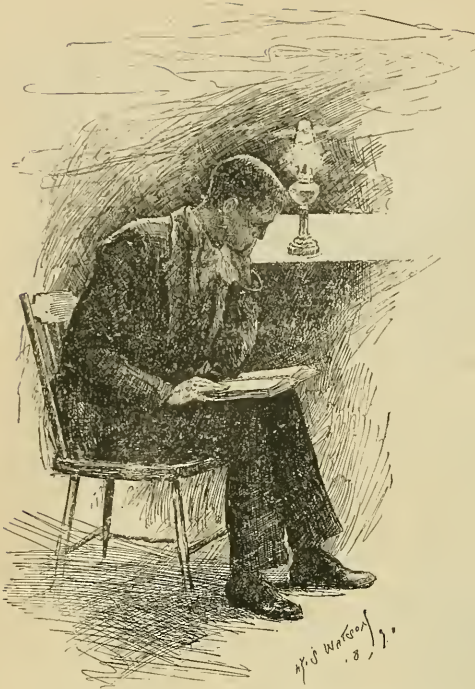
keeps boarders, though it's a hard life an' full of thumpin's overhead and noise, except when ye are at recitation or asleep, mostly."

"In consideration, Mrs. Gimly, of your being a 'widder,' and in consideration of Samanthy, we will remit the \$10 on your agreement, no matter *what* we do, *never* to go and tell Professor Gracher."

"Indeed I will not. Indeed, sir ——" Mrs. Gimly rose. They each shook her hand by way of league and covenant, and she went downstairs a sadder if not a wiser woman.

So it was with feelings somewhat relieved that the "Gimly gang" prepared to receive their sophomore friends on "election night," the day following. Mrs. Gimly did not now come up to ask for a reasonable degree of quiet. She it was who now feared Professor Gracher's awful discipline! The tables were turned and Nevers proceeded to compound his fearful "combination" punch to bring confusion upon the hated sophomores without a qualm. It was the custom at





DANFORTH, AMID ALL THE CROWD AND SMOKE, WAS
POURING OVER A JEVONS "LOGIC."—P. 416.

that time for Beta Xi and Theta Psi, with their soph thirty, headed by a big headlight lantern (Diogenes searching for an honest man!) to search out the freshmen, as it were, and finding them (with all preparations and a bowl of punch, cigars or a basket of champagne in readiness) at their studies, to confer upon them the glorious election to the soph societies.

As the classes averaged then about one hundred and twenty-five, and not more than forty were elected in each society—about the same number that entered Phi U and D. K. E. in junior year—it was not considered in college a very great privilege to get in, but an outrage to be kept out of a sophomore or junior society.

Almost all the freshmen congregated in Harry's large room, awaiting the onset. Nevers had had some assistance in concocting his punch, and one or two freshmen were already very talkative. A large china bowl, with a cake of ice in it, occupied the table in the centre of the room. On closer observation the cake of ice was seen to be floating in a dark amber colored liquid. As the punch gave out Nevers and Steele stood ready to replenish it out of a tin canister. It meant very little to Harry and Jack, who were in

training. Each tasted a little of the stuff, and Jack suggested an addition of a bottle of Jamaica ginger.

Then, as always with the modern student of an American college, where two or three are gathered, the talk fell upon the prospects in baseball and boating. Everyone in the room said it was a shame that Harry was not allowed to pitch on the 'varsity as a regular thing. Jim Danforth, who, amid all the crowd and the smoke, was poring (poor fellow, he worked hard enough to stay in) over a Jevons "Logic" in one corner, called out:

"If he pitches I'm going to catch, and where would Harvard be?"

"Seven runs ahead on the last half of the ninth!" laughed Jack.

Dan returned to his "Logic."

Presently they heard in the distance—it was now about 10 o'clock:

Phi Theta Psi! Caw! Caw!
And oh Phi Theta Psi!
Most glorious band
In all our land
Is, oh! Phi Theta Psi!

How the fine song reverberated up the empty street under the elms! What a thrill it brought to our freshmen, waiting behind their redoubts of punch and cigars!

Then up the street in the opposite direction came another chorus:

And Theta Psi had better hence,
Do da, do da;
For Beta Xi has got the fence,
Do da, do da day!
Oh, we're bound to sing all night,
We're bound to sing all day,
The glories of our Beta Xi
Forever and for aye!

Then the tramp, tramp of many heavy feet. Thornton and Jack looked out, and then everyone was pell-mell at the windows. They saw two great locomotive lamps approaching.

"Here they come, boys!" cried Thornton, "both singing—and there ought to be a fight, but there won't, because rows are only between classes."

They heard cries of "Put out that light, freshie!" and presently both societies were gathered on the sidewalk before the Gimly house.

The leaders and some of the others were in fantastic outlandish costumes, high-pointed white hats and masquerading in long coats and knee breeches. The Theta Psi leader was in a long duster, and

seemed to tower high above all the rest. Each society was singing their songs at the top of their lungs and trying to smother the other. There was, however, no scuffling among them, and only a friendly rivalry. But night was made hideous enough with the combined efforts and stentorian lungs of the valiant sophomores.

Presently the committees of each society ran up, singled out their freshmen, gave them their election in as formal a

manner as possible and a hearty grasp of the hand. Then the fun began. The doors were opened and about sixty men came tumbling upstairs. They had already visited several freshmen dens and were in a pretty fairly "happy" condition.

Coles and Nevers ladled out the punch in tin cups and gobiets, and the innocent "sophies," and not a few juniors, began to feel very happy. They hugged each other, hugged freshmen and swarmed all over the house. When Thornton went



up to bed that night he found Simpkins, a junior, asleep on his bed. When awakened he begged that Thornton would not write a letter home about it. And Thornton made him very unhappy by telling him that the faculty had concluded to expel him instantaneously. The effect of the punch was to first render them foolish and then completely insane. There ceased to be any class distinctions—freshmen hugged and danced with juniors and shouted for Beta Xi and Theta Psi with the utmost desire to do the square thing by each. When things were very mellow with Beta Xi and the first supply of the Gimly punch was getting in its deadly work Theta Psi's crowd came booming and singing up the street. Nevers renewed his punch bowl and made ready for Theta Psi's attack. On they came, their leader dressed up in a high white hat, a long veil and linen duster. They had captured a bass drum somewhere and had no hesitation in beating the terrible thing right into the house and up the stairs. Such was student life, dear mothers and sisters, and we would draw a veil over the jovial scene in Harry's room.

When Jack thought they had had enough of it he started the cry of "*Faculty! faculty!*" but not with the result that he expected, for the sophs, who were old hands at the game, dove, most of them, into the bedrooms and under the bed. Jack's little 6x10 room must have held fully twenty fellows, packed sideways, lengthwise, under the bed and on it. Harry's room was made a retreat for as many more. A few jumped out of the second-story windows upon the soft flower beds of Samanthi's geraniums. Gradually order was restored out of chaos and the two rival societies—half the members were already *hors de combat*—proceeded in some sort of array to give out further elections down the street.

High up at her window, looking out upon the noise and confusion, sat "Aunt Sarah" with her nephew, David Alum. The two societies passed their house without a recognition. There may have been a secret longing on the part of Miss Alum to join in the fray and be one of the boys, but David looked down upon it all with supreme contempt. "I cannot understand their paucity of intellect. They have so little brains that they are willing to let them be 'stolen' away without a protest. Oh, why will students forget their privileges in this great institution

and devote their valuable time to these tomfooleries?"

"I suppose it's a part of college life and always has been."

"Then in the new Yale that is to be I hope the custom of these annualsprees will be abolished."

"I fear the new Yale will be different," sighed Aunt Sarah, "but boys will always be boys. David, I—I wish you were given an election. I—I think it's a perfect shame. David, I could cry."

"I am supremely indifferent. But I will let them hear from me yet. I intend to take every first-class honor at Yale from this time forth!"

"Davy, Davy, don't be too sure! Sometimes I wish that you would smoke."

"Smoke? Waste my time over tobacco and cigars? My! aunt, what can you be thinking of? I have a future and a name to make. You know we are poor. Would you have me like these fellows, howling like dogs along the street?"

"Well, I wish you had more knowledge of the world."

"I live in the ancient world."

"But we are with the present."

"I'm not. I glory in the fact that I am a contemporary of Plato. That is the era when I *would* have lived! Ah, those glorious days!"

"Yes. They drank in those days, too."

David moved away a little.

"Those feasts of Venus, David!"

David colored. "Very natural times of festivity. Times of mirth. They were not gross. Look out and hear them sing! Beta Xi and Theta Psi, foolish societies for foolish boys to waste their foolish time. The faculty ought to abolish all this sort of thing. It's absurd, it's costly, it's—it's——"

A knock at the door. Enter a sophomore, not intoxicated, who with a business-like dispatch says:

"Mr. Alum, I offer you an election to Delta Beta Xi. Do you accept?"

Aunt Sarah jumped to her feet. "Yes!" she cried, delighted, before David could get the words out of his mouth. "Certainly he will."

"I'm sorry an election cannot be offered to you, Miss Alum," said the sophomore, dryly. "Then I understand your nephew accepts? Beta Xi always has the valedictorian."

"Well," said David, flattered by the election. "I—I think it's very foolish, but I accept gladly!"

WAPITI OR ELK HUNTING IN MANITOBA.

BY CERVUS.

IN the days when countless thousands of buffalo ranged over the northwestern portion of this continent, Pembina, on the boundary between the United States and Canada, was the rendezvous of the half-breed and Indian hunters from the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Starting at this point there is a range of hills many miles in width from east to west and extending northwesterly as far as the Duck Mountain up near the forks of the great Saskatchewan River. The Assiniboine and the Pembina rivers wind through these hills; there are valleys of meadow land where the sharp-tailed grouse breed; lakes and ponds where the geese and ducks congregate; bluffs of scrub and heavier woods of birch, poplar, oak, balsam, etc., where the ruffed grouse, moose, wapiti, deer, bear, wolf, wolf, lynx and fox have their habitat.

The Pembina River cleaves the southern portion of the range in a deep valley, the upper and widest rim of which probably stretches four miles from side to side, at an elevation of one thousand feet above the water. The present river flows in a channel about one hundred yards wide, in the centre of a valley, evidently the old bed of a broader river, about a mile in width, but now overgrown with alder, willow and coarse grasses. All through the region are muskegs or bogs, as well as elevated plateaus and rolling prairie, and, before the strong hand of advancing civilization had changed the face of nature, here were all the conditions favorable to the production and maintenance of game.

When the earth was many hundreds of years younger than it is now these hills formed the western boundary of a lake whose waters rolled over the site of the present city of Winnipeg, and in fact over nearly all the country from Lake Winnipeg as far south as St. Paul.

When I reached this region in 1882 the buffalo had vanished, but all the other game was there, though not to the extent which characterized the country during its earlier history. Though very fond of sport I knew little of hunter's craft or the chase of such game as the wapiti.

The month of December was selected

for my début in these hills, and the point was near their eastern boundary, where a band of about twenty wapiti or elk, as they were called, sought food and shelter. On the day of my arrival four Sioux Indians, a remnant of Sitting Bull's band, who had taken refuge in Canadian territory, had also invaded the district, with their ponies, squaws, papooses, tents and other impediments, for the purpose of trying conclusions with the wapiti.

Taking up my quarters at the cabin of a settler convenient to the woods in which the elk were supposed to be, after a good night's rest I started in the early morning to look for the game, the exact location of which was neither known to me nor to the Sioux.

I wonder if any of your readers have ever tramped over a Manitoba muskeg? The long grass growing in the soft, spongy soil is a non-conductor of frost, and the winter winds pack the snow on the surface so firmly that the whole weight of the body must be thrown on one foot before it breaks through. To do this the other foot must be lifted out of the cavity in which it is buried; then down you go with a jerk, the process being repeated at each step and the only variety in the exercise is an occasional immersion in the water, which never wholly congeals owing to the protecting grass already mentioned. I had enjoyed (?) one such experience, but this time wore snowshoes.

On these I toiled along as best I could until nearly sunset, but saw no signs of the wapiti nor of the Sioux, though I had heard the yells and shouts of the latter as they mustered for the hunt in the gray dawn. At last I wheeled in the direction of home, and shortly afterward surprised a large covey of ruffed grouse on some oak scrub. Resolving to secure a few of the birds, I commenced pumping lead rapidly with the 44.40 Winchester which I carried, and, after decapitating several, returned home. That night, with one of the settler's sons, I visited the Indian camp, and there learned that they proposed giving up the hunt, because, as they alleged, at the critical moment when one of their party was stealing upon wapiti the latter were

startled by my fire. This was untrue, as we afterward discovered from the tell-tale impressions of their moccasins in the snow nowhere in the proximity of the hoofprints of the game. But the Sioux had been within sound of my rifle, and the real reason for their decision was an Indian hunter generally wants the woods to himself, that he may hunt in his own way, and they had some reason to conclude I was a reckless hunter and likely to frighten away the game.

A little reflection convinced me that when pursuing such large animals the "proper caper" was to let the small game alone.

Sure enough the next morning the four bucks, with all their worldly possessions, took their departure. Then for three days we explored the woods in every direction, far beyond any spot where the footprints of the Indians showed, and on the third day fortunately discovered the "yard" of the wapiti. And what a sight for an enthusiastic sportsman was there! In many places we could travel some distance continuously stepping from one resting place or bed into another, while trail after trail wound in every direction as far as the eye could reach up and down the hills and through the scrub. From the "sign" a novice would think the elk were there in hundreds, but as near as I could afterward judge there were only about twenty animals in the yard. It did not take me long to discover that the fresh trail was the most likely to form connection with its author, and from the fact that the sign was always visible and the elk invisible, though my range of vision often extended half a mile, I inferred that most of this sign was made at night or in the early morning and that as the day advanced the wapiti sought the seclusion of some thick hazel scrub and briars impassable to any white man without his making sufficient noise to alarm the game.

Taking up the trail of the night before we were in the habit of following it with the utmost caution, until just as a tangle of hazel and other scrub was entered a prolonged whizz and rush would greet my ears. Following a little further I would reach the spot where the wapiti had decided to receive visitors, and then the main trail where all the animals converged to run on in single file. If the whole band broke away they generally kept on about a mile in advance, and when I stopped

they obligingly halted also, but by some mysterious instinct were always able to keep well out of sight. If only one or two were surprised and detached from the main herd after running about half a mile or so, they generally cut across an open glade in the woods perhaps a quarter of a mile wide, and then kindly halted just within the cover of the scrub on the far side and there awaited further developments. When following the trail I innocently appeared in the open, the elk, watching on his back track, evidently noticed something in my appearance he did not regard with favor, for he would make a few vigorous bounds and then settle down to his long, swinging stride, and I generally found that one such experience was sufficient to satisfy his curiosity. This was the story that the hoofprints told, for it must not be inferred that the elk were sufficiently condescending to allow me to witness all these manœuvres.

My experience on one occasion was somewhat different from the foregoing. In the evening, after an all-day chase, I caught sight of the band about four hundred yards away on the summit of a thinly-wooded hill. The shooting was across a valley; but the difficulty lay not only in the great distance, but in avoiding collision with the trunks of trees which could not be distinctly seen in the bad light.

I fired at the leader of the band, but even as I hurriedly adjusted the sights of the rifle to the range, the keen eyes and acute ears of the noble fellow had turned in my direction, and the only effect of the shot was to materially expedite the movements of the whole family.

Three weeks passed by, and success had not crowned my efforts nor had my enthusiasm abated.

Experience having taught me something as to the habits of the game, a plan was laid to circumvent them. Taking up the trail of the night before one cold, stormy day, I followed it until the open space appeared, with the trail leading directly across it. I then halted suddenly, as if another step would have carried me over a precipice; the elk trail in that position was dangerous ground, and I cautiously left it and circled to leeward, keeping in the cover of the scrub with my weather eye bearing on the far side of the glade in the direction in which the elk had gone. Presently I sighted one of the great wapiti. His head was down, and quietly he nib-

bled at the grass still piercing the snow. He suspected no danger. Far as he could see along his trail nothing appeared. He fed broadside on about one hundred yards away. Kneeling in the snow I opened fire. There was a strong wind blowing and the air was intensely cold. Owing to the atmospheric conditions the explosion sounded only faintly, but there was a sudden spring and a few bounds took the wapiti out of sight in the woods. But the bullet had penetrated both lungs, and about one hundred yards farther on the great beast fell. Grand, noble, majestic animal that he was, even as his prostrate form pressed the snow, now crimsoned with his blood, it gave evidence of the vigor and power, the emphasis, so to speak, of the life I had taken away. The next season I revisited the old stamping grounds, but only two living elk

remained. In a pocket of the hills the hungry progeny of an Indian hunter were sucking the marrow bones of two others but recently killed, and during the preceding spring Indian butchers had reduced the gallant band to these pitiable proportions. Starting to hunt the two remaining animals I got a shot at the smaller of the two as his quick slashing stride was carrying him through some thick scrub. The bullet caught him on the flank, but he was able to keep out of my way all day, and on the next morning I found him skinned, dissected and entombed under the snow. I had not yet seen the wily redskin, but here was his handiwork. By the laws of the chase the meat belonged to the Indian.

The sole survivor of this unfortunate band detected danger in time and left the locality forever.

TRAINING.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

BENEFICIAL athletic training is nothing but a building-up process of the nerves and muscles. Every man starts with a certain quantity of each, and if he wishes to add to his supply he can easily do so by judicious treatment. The main questions with ambitious athletes are what shall I eat, how often shall I practice, how much shall I take, and how am I to know when to stop. These are pretty hard questions to answer, for men vary so in the amount of exercise that they can take.

In treating this subject my intention is to show that a method of healthy body training can easily be followed by the average business or professional man who has athletic propensities. The great drawback to most essays on athletic training is that a mode of life is advised which is too far out of the way of a man's ordinary routine to be followed with comfort or even success. The average amateur can afford neither the time nor the inconvenience to train the way a professional would. College men, as a rule, train very much as professionals do, for they have the time and generally the enthusiasm. When a man's training becomes irksome it does him no good, for the state of his mind prevents his system from being built up.

The ideal training is the kind that is taken with no especial object in view, for there is no fear then of its being overdone, and the amount of physical work a man can take with profit is a question that can be solved with a little experience by himself in a better way than others can do it for him.

The first question generally asked concerns the diet. Novices imagine that before one can get strong food eaten by average humanity must be given up, and only stale bread, underdone meat and a little water or tea be taken. They are given this idea by many who are known to have had no practical experience, but who are always willing to give advice. When I first commenced taking part in competitions nine years ago I had been given exaggerated notions about diet, but it did not take long to see that the inconvenience did not pay. For two weeks previous to a certain contest I denied myself of water, and even went so far as to take only half a cup of coffee for breakfast. I had a continual thirst and this made my meals unrelished. At the contest my performance was not so good as I had expected, and this rather discouraged me. I then went back to the normal fare, and drank all the water, milk, tea or

coffee I wanted, and, continuing gymnasium practice, I improved very rapidly. Since then I have never varied my diet in the least, with the exception of the meal just previous to a competition, when a point should be made to take only plain food.

To sum this question up I will say that the diet is not important enough to think of, and anything that is usually on your table will do. If one made athletics a business it might pay to have special dishes of plain cooking served, but the difference in the effect between any dish that could be prepared and the ordinary fare would be so slight that one is better off without the inconvenience. After exercise the throat is apt to be dry, caused somewhat by the increased breathing with your mouth open. The temptation then is to pour down fluid enough to deluge the supposed thirst. If you wait a little while you will not be so thirsty as you thought you were, except in hot weather, when you may be continually thirsty. It is not considered good to drink much of anything, for a great deal of fluid deadens one so. However, eatables and drinkables are of little account as compared with exercise and rest. There is no doubt about the benefit that can be derived from the proper usage of the muscles irrespective of diet, and the more they are properly used just so much more will one become impressed with the fact that they will stand much more than one had expected of them, without trouble.

The object for training being to solidify one's muscular system, it cannot fail to be profitable to seize nearly all opportunities met with in the daily routine for any exercise that will make one strong and enduring. The only way that one can improve physically is to have his exercise and his ordinary daily duties not conflict, and although outdoor recreation needs daylight, the gymnasium does not. It is safe to say the average amateur is through his evening meal at 7 P. M. He may then for an hour and a half remain comparatively quiet, for it is not well to work hard, either mentally or physically, immediately after eating. Visiting a gymnasium at, say, 8:30 P. M., gives one ample time to collect himself and get a little rest after his day's work. One cannot fail to be handicapped to a more or less degree if he is hurried or worried in finding time for exercise. On this point alone the gymnasium has a great advan-

tage over an athletic field in universal popularity, and the number of men who take exercise would be largely increased if places for that purpose were more convenient to them.

The increase of interest in all kinds of sport and pastimes has had a noticeable effect in furnishing easy means for participation in such things, but the day is still very far off when the average business man will find time to do anything requiring preparation such as visiting a gymnasium is known to necessitate. So many incidents and duties prevent one's taking what might be considered a proper amount of physical recreation, and the mind is not allowed to dwell on a two-hours' pastime in a gymnasium or on a field. Then, after a while your muscles, if they were once strong, will lose their vigor, and you are apt not to care whether you exercise or not. If one is working hard during the day, and feels like keeping quiet in the evening, it would be foolish to take physical exercise when energy had been spent in other ways. I have always followed the rule that exercise should not be taken unless one feels like it, and for general health it is a pretty safe rule; but you must not mistake a slight indisposition to exercise for a genuine fatigue. Everyone knows that after a hearty meal, or drinking too much of anything, the very thought of exercise is distasteful, but several hours after one might gladly relish some physical work.

The best examples of good results of athletic training are those who take general work. Men who do this cannot, as a rule, make a great record at a special event, but they are stronger and last longer than those who let certain portions of their bodies go to waste, simply to build up a part used in their favorite event. The secret of getting strong and active is to tone the muscles with exercise, and then to have plenty of nervous energy to back them up, so to speak. There is no earthly use in big muscles if there is no nervous strength behind them. Having big muscles but no nervous force is like a perfectly-constructed boiler with no steam, and there are plenty of cases of men who have more than the usual enthusiasm continuing their athletic practice when they have spent all their steam. They then feel weak and often wonder why it is that they do not improve, or even do as well as formerly, especially as they say that they are taking regular

practice. This is a state called overtraining, or staleness, and nothing but rest will cure it.

The bad results of overtraining are, as a rule, exaggerated, for although there are plenty of cases of temporary staleness, they are made so by the fact that the subjects feel weak and their performances being thereby prejudicially affected they gradually grow disgusted and stop exercise.

I have seen that happen often, but it is safe to say that overtraining as a rule corrects itself, for very few will have enthusiasm enough to continue practicing for an event when their performance at it grows worse at each trial. Sometimes a man will be stale for one event and perfectly fresh for some other. This is not a case of spent nervous force, but simply a sign that the particular muscles used in an event were overworked and needed rest. Temporary fatigue is very much like overtraining in effect upon one, and it might be called the first symptom of staleness, for if much daily practice is still taken with the thought that one is doing what is right, vitality will become impaired and it may take weeks or months of rest to feel as good as formerly. Three or four days of non-attendance at the gymnasium or on the field when one has temporarily overworked muscles will generally put him right again, especially if he is in good condition.

Just enough gymnasium work, but not too much, will make a man active, strong, vigorous and enduring. His system will become used to diversified work, and many kinds of exercise can be tried at a moment's notice. Healthful exercise not only builds up those muscles used, but it attracts just so much extra energy. A man may visit a gymnasium and use pulley weights until he acquires large biceps and triceps. He will become strong in the arms, and his general physical tone will be raised. Those muscles which are being given such healthful treatment pay their share of energy into the total muscular system. Imagine nearly every muscle on a man's body paying a proportionate share of energy. What would be the result? Just so long as the man continued building up or nursing all of his muscles, he would be so stocked with energy that he could expend a huge quantity on a certain day and be thoroughly recuperated the next day. People would call him indomitably tireless, unusually enduring,

most hardy or vigorous, and use other similar terms.

If a man who was so built should devote his attention entirely to a certain branch of exercise he would have all this energy to draw upon for use in his specialty until the many unused muscles should deteriorate, when they would cease supplying their accustomed share. These muscles having been once developed would continue contributing energy for some period after neglect was shown them. Continued lack of use would make them flaccid, and they would comparatively waste away. They might not decrease so much in size, but their vigor would vanish.

The next question is: What better way is there of getting the entire muscular system in a state to attract or furnish energy than indulging in general athletic or gymnasium work? If athletes were better acquainted with the functions of the human body there would be little discussion whether all-round exercise in winter injured proficiency in a special exercise during the summer.

Many amateur athletes claim they can do better performances in summer if they lead a life of physical idleness during the winter. The subject is open to a great deal of discussion, and if amateur champions of the present day are taken as examples it must be admitted that prominent field athletes do not show proficiency in gymnastics. There is a great difference in physique between the typical athlete and the gymnast. The former does considerable leg work; the latter is better developed above the waist. It seems pretty hard to combine good arm-and-leg development and yet have the athlete able to be as prominent in one line as in the other. Admitting that before an athlete can become prominent in a certain branch of exercise he must be a specialist, still nothing has been done toward determining whether varied exercise will in the end not make a man a better specialist than if he started right from the beginning to devote his attention to only one set of muscles. If this question is ever solved satisfactorily to athletes or gymnasts, then it may be expected that more uniform opinions will be found; but as it is now a certain prominent athlete favors gymnasium work during the winter, and an equally prominent athlete speaks just the reverse.

My own experience is this: I soon

learned that athletic excellence was simply a question of having plenty of energy. It does not seem to make so much difference how you exercise, but care must be taken to have a great stock of reserve force, and one must keep himself in a condition that enables him to recuperate quickly after expending a lot of energy. It has always been a great relief to me to drift around in a natural way, after the evening meal, to the gymnasium and play with the different apparatus until I grew tired, and then go home and get nine hours of solid sleep and feel the next day as though I were supplied with so much extra energy. If I did not get as much sleep as I wished I would feel it by not wanting to take any exercise until the strong feeling came to me again.

The great point in acquiring any kind of athletic ability is to be able to stand a great deal of work. Well-developed muscles all over the body are sure to put a man in this enviable condition. Frequenters of gymnasiums find themselves growing strong and hardy before they know it. The fact that they try different kinds of exercise renders their becoming noticeably fatigued all the more remote; and the more exercise they take the more they seem to want, until they begin to overdo, when reaction sets in and they must rest or go slow again. It is well known that a man can tire himself in one branch of exercise much quicker than if he worked considerably harder in several branches. For instance, suppose an athlete were learning to sprint, and he commenced by practicing starting; after half a dozen starts, say of thirty or forty yards, the muscles of his legs would tingle with fatigue. If he should stop and take some exercise on the horizontal or parallel bars he would rest his leg muscles, and the change of the scene of increased blood action, from his lower limbs to his chest and arms, would be most beneficial for the general circulation of the blood. Fifteen minutes of diversified arm and chest exercise may make him feel like practicing starts again, and he may take half a dozen more trials without feeling any more fatigued in the legs than he did at the end of the first half dozen. If he took the full dozen starts at once without being used to the exercise, he would not only feel it very much at the time, but the leg muscles would be in a state of

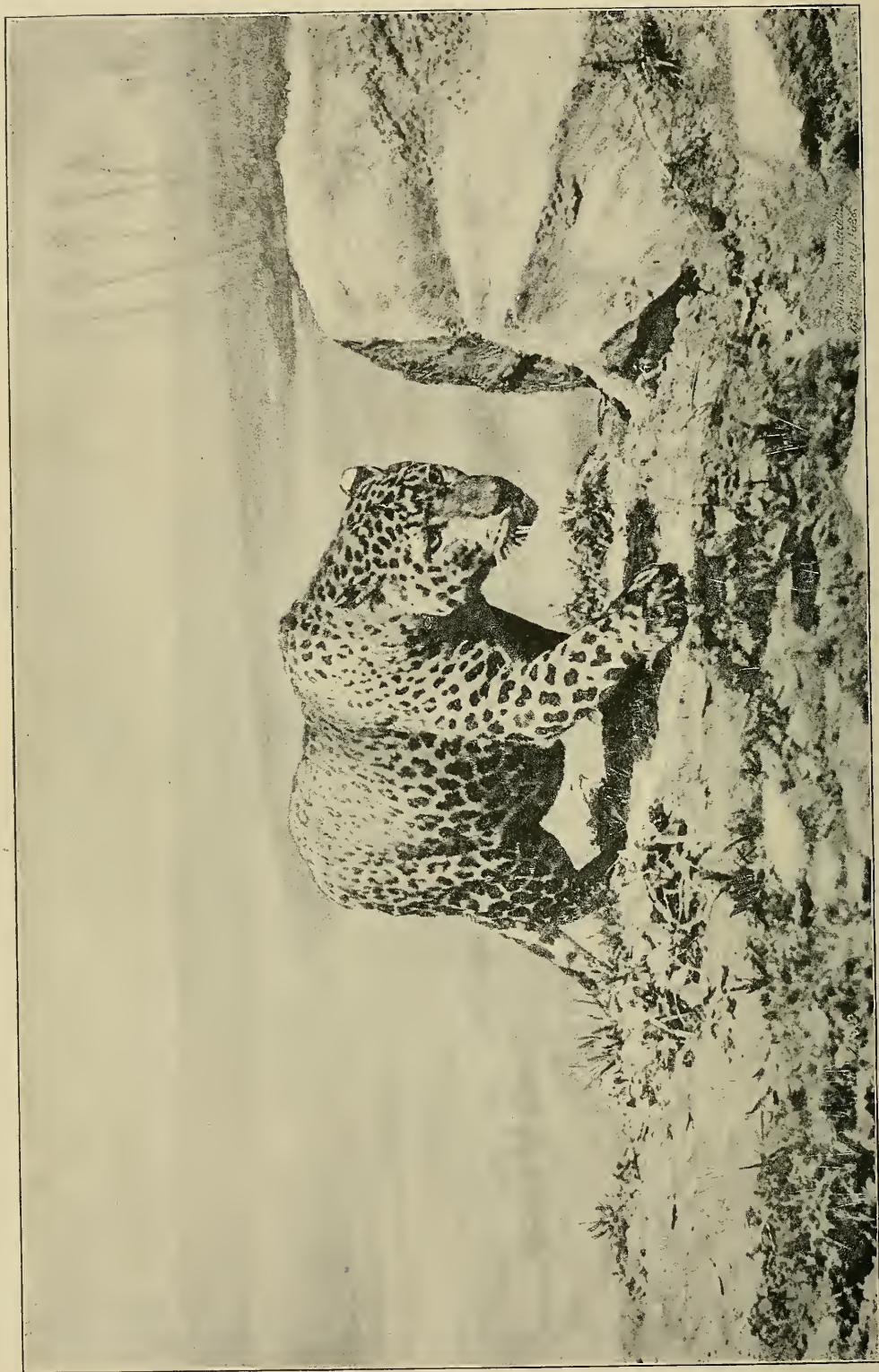
unusual soreness for some days afterward, or, worse than this, some sort of strain might occur which would render exercise in the near future impossible.

Growing strong and active is merely cultivating the muscles as far as the nervous system will permit, or so that both that and the muscular system are equal to each other. This condition is called the balancing point, and, having reached it, if you keep on exercising in the attempt to develop your muscles further you will pass the balancing point and become stale.

If, on the other hand, you fully realize that you are in as good condition as it is possible with you, and feel timid about doing too much, and ease up in your practice, you will then fall back down the path which you ascended. A man should learn to be his own judge in these matters, for he can easily tell how he feels. I will mention some of the feelings, from my own experience, that an athlete will have from being on either side of the balancing point. One sign, which can be called lack of training, is that the athlete has a feeling of heaviness and inability to get around easily and do what he may be trying to do. He also has no confidence in himself and feels utterly at sea, and will be stiff after practice.

Too much training is accompanied with the same lack of confidence and heaviness, with a perpetual fatigue and thirst and a dull pain in those muscles which have been most used. Which ever side of the balancing point an athlete is on the result will be the same, but it is safer to have too little practice than too much. Do not exert yourself in practice, but leave the effort for the competition. In this way you give the muscles the necessary work without tiring them. This is the main point for thought, and if well understood will solve the question of how much exercise one should take. Plenty of light work is far better than a little heavy work. Three or four times a week is considered often enough for most men to practice, but it all depends upon the amount of exercise taken at a time. So long as a man feels well and strong it will not matter if he is taking hard practice every day. In extremely hot weather one should not train much, but the same advice about feeling like exercise will apply then as in ordinary weather.





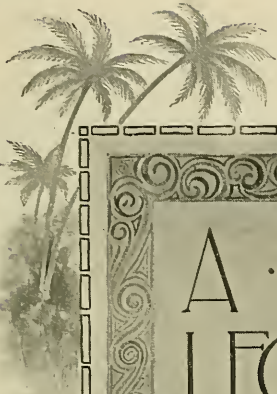
"IT WAS THE LEOPARD SKULKING ALONG."—P. 420.

OUTING.

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OR, WILD SPORT IN CEYLON.

BY F. FITZ ROY DIXON.

THE leopard, erroneously termed "cheetah" in Ceylon, is found throughout all parts of the island. Its range extends from the very seashore, where its tracks may be seen on the sand left smooth by the receding tide, to the summits of the highest mountains. The sweltering expanses of the low country, burning in the intense heat of the tropical sunlight, or the cold, damp fastnesses where the mist-laden monsoon sweeps over the higher altitudes of seven and eight thousand feet, alike find favor with the handsome but treacherous spotted cat. In spite, however, of its ubiquity it is rarely met with, possibly because of its nocturnal habits, which, combined with a great natural cunning, save it but too often from

a well-deserved fate at the hands of eager sportsmen. In the coffee districts a wandering leopard will do a great deal of damage, sneaking from one place to another, picking up a goat here or a calf there, and even venturing up to the bungalows and carrying off dogs, sometimes under the very eyes of the owners.

The coffee trees of Ceylon, being always trained to grow in low, thick bushes, afford the most perfect cover imaginable, and, aided by the dusk, a leopard can defy detection and creep right upon its unsuspecting victim, which often disappears unaccountably without leaving any trace to indicate its fate. The very thought of a leopard is so terrible to the poor unarmed native that he will seldom attempt to rid himself of his foe,

but rather try to evade future attacks by removing the cause of temptation.

It sometimes happens that in the low country, where the population is sparse and game not over abundant, a leopard will take to haunting a particular village and carrying off anything and everything that comes in its way, to the dismay of the inhabitants. Often it will from sheer laziness prefer stalking the village flocks to carrying out its true habits as a striker down of game. When once it has acquired this bad custom it will follow it until there is nothing more to steal or it has been trapped or poisoned by the outraged villagers. Consequently, when such a state of tyranny prevails, it means misery and abject fear for the people, until at length, after numberless talks and arguments, perhaps the headman's favorite heifer is killed. After a bigger palaver than usual it may be decided that something really must be done and the services of some neighboring Moorman who spends his time in hunting be secured. He will rig up a bait with a couple of guns pointing to it, with the requisite strings attached to the triggers and to the bait, and then one fine night, all being ready, the villagers will sit up and listen, and possibly before day-break hear a double report. The leopard will be found in the morning on the ground, with its beautiful hide mangled with a couple of handfuls of buckshot, for these traps are generally set meant to kill the terror. And then peace will once more reign over the land, and mothers will tell their children of the terrible "pilli" that used to carry off their goats and cows when they themselves were little, and it will become the by-word of the place and be quoted as a bogey to frighten the bad children with. And this will go on until another leopard appears and finally meets a like fate.

One sultry afternoon I arrived at the Government rest house erected for the use of travelers at a place called Chinnakkollum, in the northern province. It was a poor district as far as agriculture went, and I had traveled for days without seeing so much as a patch of paddy or korakan. The soil was composed of a white sandy surface, which afforded a scanty herbage. The scrubby bushes that grew here and there were thorny and tangled and consisted of rattans, with but few trees of any size.

Now and again a very wide expanse of country would open to the view, and

the beds of the dried-up watercourses bore numerous tracks of deer that promised well for sport, if one only had the time to wait for it.

The Government rest house was situated on a very unfrequented road, so that when I arrived the whole village, numbering possibly some forty or fifty souls, turned out to see who this Thoray was that had come to their out-of-the-way part of the world.

After a bath and an excellent breakfast of spatch-cock and curry and rice, I seated myself in the shady veranda and enjoyed a quiet smoke and a survey of the surroundings.

In a few moments the headman, accompanied by nearly all who could walk or crawl, approached and with a profound salaam laid at my feet the usual offering of some limes, eggs, oranges, etc. After the usual exchange of compliments, and after I had replied to the many questions which the Tamil native invariably asks you in that part of the country, I in turn began to put him through his facings by inquiring after the condition of the crops and the herds. The crops, I learned, were not up to much, and the herds had been reduced to nothing. A leopard was haunting the place and was carrying off three and four goats a week, and unless the Thoray, who was doubtless a great sportsman, would rid them of this infliction they would all die and be buried, and then what would happen?

All this sounded very terrible, but knowing the native power of exaggeration I thought it well to make a few more inquiries, and soon became satisfied that the people were getting afraid for their lives.

"For what shall we do?" asked the headman. "Our women are afraid to go to the well for water; our goats dare not browse in the scrub, and the herbage is not very good for them, and they are daily becoming less. Our children dare not leave their mothers' side. There is plenty of game," said the wily headman. "The Thoray is doubtless fond of shooting. Stay here a little while. There is plenty of deer to be got, and if the Thoray would like to take away the gratitude of a people who would be his servants, his slaves for ever, let him but slay this thieving pest."

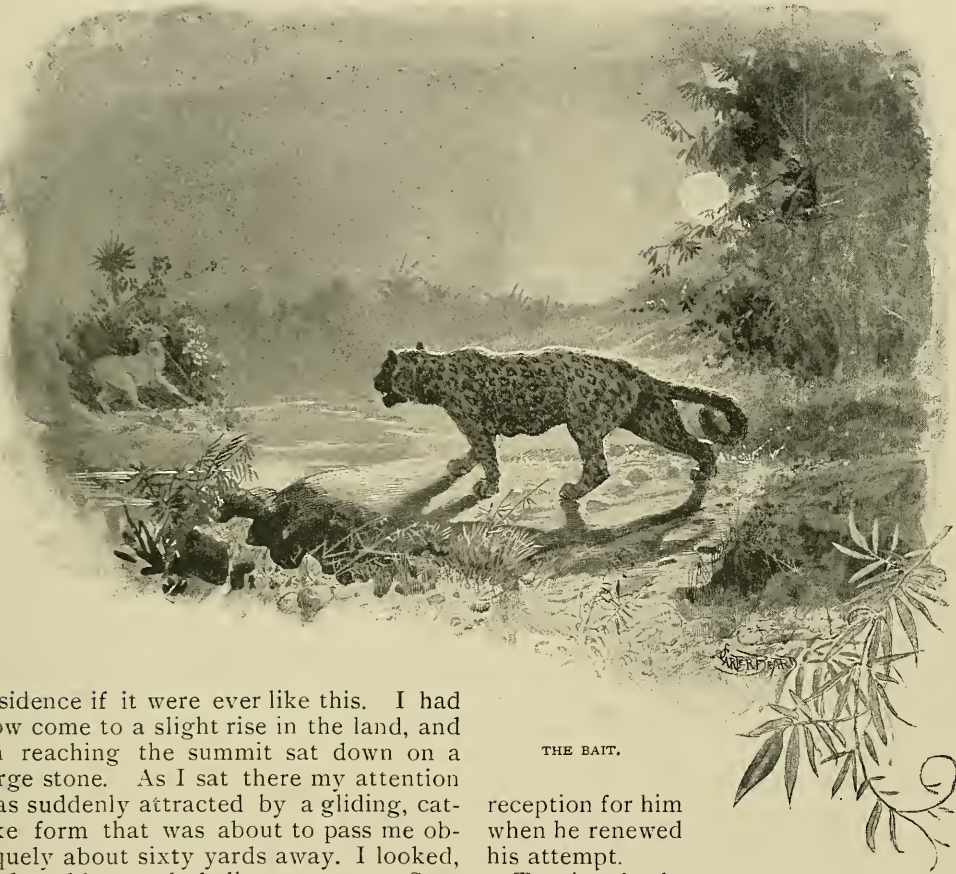
Though not feeling very certain of bagging the leopard, I promised to stay over a couple of days and see what could

be done, and the headman departed with his followers.

That evening, about an hour before sundown, I thought, as it was then fairly cool, I would stroll up the road and see if I could bag a jungle cock or some pigeons. Accordingly I started, taking my gun and half a dozen cartridges loaded with No. 8. For about a couple of miles I walked on, smoking, thinking how pleasant it was always at this hour, and how delightful Ceylon would be as a place of

shot cartridges I could do nothing, so continued watching for what would happen next. The animal evidently thought itself undetected and gradually turning round retraced its steps, creeping almost on its belly until well away, when it resumed its ordinary pace, a sort of slinking jog trot, and was soon lost to view.

I realized that I had intercepted my poaching friend in a little expedition that he had cut out for himself, and I felt well pleased, as I should be ready with a warm



THE BAIT.

residence if it were ever like this. I had now come to a slight rise in the land, and on reaching the summit sat down on a large stone. As I sat there my attention was suddenly attracted by a gliding, cat-like form that was about to pass me obliquely about sixty yards away. I looked, and could scarcely believe my eyes. Sure enough, it was the leopard skulking along, evidently bound for the village. As I watched I forgot that my form was outlined clearly against the sky, being on the crest of the hill, but the animal saw me and stopped instantly, sinking slowly to the earth and remaining motionless. So completely did its color match the herbage that had I not seen the act of concealment I would never have suspected anything lay hidden there. With only

reception for him when he renewed his attempt.

Turning back, I reached the rest house about dark, and after dinner and a couple of cheroots retired to rest with the determination of being up early the following morning and taking a tramp in the direction I expected to encounter the marauder.

Before daybreak my boy awoke me with the customary shout of "Sar ! sar ! five o'clock, sar !" the oft-repeated cry that we know only too well in a country where it is customary to be awakened

every morning, and jumping quickly up I dressed and, after swallowing a cup of coffee and a piece of toast, started off as the sky in the east was beginning to turn from crimson to gold. I had previously arranged to have the lad who herded the goats attend me, as I thought I could pick up more information about the country and the habits of the leopard from him than from any of the men; and I was not wrong, for he turned out to be a bright, intelligent lad, who thought that accompanying a Thoray on a shooting expedition was about the acme of bliss. When I announced to him the route I had decided to take he exclaimed at once that it was from the direction of the distant piece of jungle, as I had noticed on the previous evening, that the leopard invariably came.

For rather more than a couple of hours we marched steadily on, not uttering a word, except in a low whisper, walking as well removed from the open as possible, and taking advantage of every clump of scrub as a shelter for our line of march, so that we might have cover from whence to observe each new vista of country. At last we reached a place where the herbage was more luxuriant, and the tracks that I noticed here and there made me look keenly ahead for deer. Nor was I disappointed, for presently we came to a small plain, on the far side of which rose the jungle for which I had been heading, at the edge of which lay some huge boulders partly covered with creeping vines and grass. Standing behind the shelter of a clump of thorns I unslung my glass and prepared to take a careful look, and as I was raising the telescope to my eye my little companion pulled my sleeve, whispering in accents tremulous with excitement:

"Marn, Thorealay, marn!" (Deer, sir, deer!) Following the direction of his outstretched arm, I pointed my glass toward the boulders, and there I saw what the boy's keen sight had detected. Crouching in the shadow of a big rock was a spotted deer—a stag with a fine head—and beside him was a doe, while close by a fawn bounded gaily about. As I gazed at them the stag suddenly leaped to his feet and ran out from the shade under which he lay and began looking around with pricked ears and distended nostrils, evidently suspicious of something. What could it be? We were too far away, and, besides, there was

not a breath of air to betray our presence. Still wondering, I searched the vicinity with my glass, but could see nothing. Presently, happening to direct my gaze upon the rocks, I discovered the cause of the alarm, for there stealing forward, moving almost imperceptibly, was the leopard, endeavoring to get within springing distance of the trio below.

It seemed to me that the distance was too great, and so it proved, for though the leopard made a splendid attempt it failed. As I watched I saw it gather itself up into a heap for a spring, and the next instant it launched itself like an arrow from a bow at its quarry. But the doe's maternal watchfulness averted the impending disaster, and with a mighty bound she was off just as the brute was in mid air, and, followed by the fawn and the stag, was well out of reach when the enemy touched the ground. Foiled though it was in its first attempt, the leopard made a couple of terrible springs after the fleeing deer. For the moment I thought it would overtake them, and it was with a sense of relief that I saw it turn off and bound into the jungle, into which it disappeared.

"Appah!" exclaimed the little herd lad, as he watched the scene in astonishment. "It was just like that that it carried off the goats."

"He won't trouble your goats much longer," I replied, "for we'll kill him to-night."

I was now quite decided as to what I should do. The leopard was evidently hungry, having been twice disappointed of its dinner—once when I headed it off on its way to the village and now again when it had missed its spring. I felt sure that it would visit the fold at the village that night and determined to be ready for it.

Accordingly, without showing ourselves, we went back to the village and I prepared to receive company.

About 150 yards from the village was a small pool of water at which the cattle drank and to which, judging by the tracks upon the margin, wild pig and even deer came occasionally. It struck me that if I were to tie up a goat near this water, to which it was probable the leopard would come to drink, I should have a fair chance of getting a shot. The trouble was to get a good position from which to watch. After trying several places I finally had a little platform erected in the branches of a tree which grew upon the

margin and from which I could command a good view of the whole pool.

That evening about dark I had a white goat brought and tied to a strong stake close to the water's edge.

I had purposely chosen a nanny goat with a newly-born kid, which was, of course, left at home, so that her bleating should give notice of her presence.

All being ready, soon after dark I mounted my perch and commenced my watch. I had a double Express rifle, .500 bore, and I felt sure that I should be able to give a very good account of myself if I only got the chance.

The night was somewhat cloudy and the moon, which was just past the full, gave a strong enough light when not obscured. Anyone who has sat up in a little platform such as I occupied will know how miserably uncomfortable it is. I had taken the precaution of bringing a rug to sit on, but as I had to remain on the *qui vive* the whole time I did not dare attempt to make myself at all easy. Slowly the hours went by. Gradually the sounds of the village died away. The gleam of the fire stick or brand with which some native lighted his way, passing from one hut to another, ceased and all was still. Only now and again some pariah dog raised a melancholy howl.

The goat, which had at first kept up a loud demonstration in disapproval of the turn that matters had taken, had quieted down, too. Only now and again she would give a bleat, as she thought of her lonely little kid.

Once she evinced marked signs of discomfort, and I thought that the moment had arrived, but it was only a pig that came into the water and after wallowing in the mud for about half an hour disappeared into the gloom.

Midnight passed, and now and again I could hear the cry of the nightjar or goatsucker, and occasionally a bat or flying fox would flap heavily across the sky. Time dragged on slowly.

A breeze sprang up and the moon was getting low. Owls began to hoot in the distance, and I knew that it must be only some two hours now to dawn. I was very tired, and oh! how stiff. I remember I was even meditating getting down and stretching my legs, wondering how far such a course would imperil my chances. I was in the midst of a big yawn, when, looking across the pool, I saw the goat had risen to her feet and

was frantically tugging at her tether, endeavoring to escape. In an instant I was wide awake and peering into the gloom, for the light was growing less every moment.

What could it be? I strained my eyes and suddenly I saw standing between me and the goat, about forty yards away, a dark form which I had no difficulty in recognizing as the leopard. There it stood, perfectly motionless except for its tail, which it switched from side to side.

I put up my rifle, and, as I endeavored to get aim, realized how dark it was. A faint light showed the streak of platinum on the breech sight, and, aiming steadily at what I supposed was just behind the point of the shoulder, I slowly pressed the trigger. As the smoke cleared away I saw that the ball had gone true, for the leopard was on the ground. Suddenly, however, it seemed to revive and bounded into the scrub.

Feeling confident that I should find it in the morning, I descended from my perch and, untying the goat, took it to the bungalow and tied it up to the veranda, after which I turned in for a short sleep.

Soon after daylight I was up again and after breakfast prepared to follow up the tracks, being accompanied by the little herd boy, who now looked upon himself as my proper attendant, and by half a dozen men to act as beaters in case the animal should be hiding in the scrub.

I went to my tree first of all and thence to the spot where the leopard had been when I fired at it. There was no difficulty in finding the exact place, for the ground was well scratched up where it had struggled on being hit, and the blood showed that some large vessels had been lacerated. Following the tracks led us about a quarter of a mile, clear of the low bush and into an open plain about a couple of hundred yards across. Near the middle of it grew a clump of dense jungle composed of rattan and prickly pear, just as nasty a place as anyone would wish to have to enter. I felt sure that we should find the beast in this, and sure enough the tracks led straight to it. Walking completely around it, I ascertained that they did not emerge from the cover, and was satisfied that so far at least we had done well, and that we had caged our bird, though how to get it out was a problem we had yet to solve. A leopard under ordinary circumstances is an awkward customer, but one that



THE VICTIM.

is wounded and in an impenetrable bit of scrub is doubly so, for it can learn by

hearing and sight all that is going on outside, while its attackers are completely ignorant of any tactics it may attempt to execute.

So it turned out with me, and after waiting a little while to see if it was at all inclined to leave its retreat I sent off one of the men to the village to bring back as many of the idlers as he could get hold of and all the tom-toms in the place, as well as such of the pariah dogs as could be prevailed upon to follow. I was determined to make it get out of that by hook or by crook.

In about half an hour I had three-fourths of the villagers about me, and with tom-toms and horns and all sorts of instruments for making a row with, such as usually play a conspicuous part in any festival. Posting the musicians along two sides of the brush, I took up a position on

the other side so as to command it, and at a given signal they commenced a most diabolical noise. It struck me that if anything would make a leopard move this would. At the same time the boys urged the dogs into cover, and in a very short while we heard a lively scrimmage going on. The dogs were baying it, though evidently from a respectful distance. Presently there came a yelp and a dismal howling, and a poor cur came forth dragging with him a lacerated leg that showed the effects of a rap from the leopard's paw.

The din went on, but all to no purpose, so I stopped it and thought of another plan. I knew that the densest growth was on the outer edge and that could we only cut away a portion of this we should probably be able to see something through the tree trunks and trailers, which were comparatively free of leaves for some distance up their stems. Accordingly, I set half a dozen men at work with bush knives, which the native knows so well how to handle, and in a little while we had a passage cut, penetrating into the gloom of the clump, through which we could see the trunks of the trees rising up like pillars. The next step devolved upon me,

to go in and find out where the beast was. I must confess that I felt far from comfortable, but, screwing up my courage, I was just about to enter when a shout and a great tonguing from the entire pariah pack told me that the game had become alarmed at our movements and had broken cover.

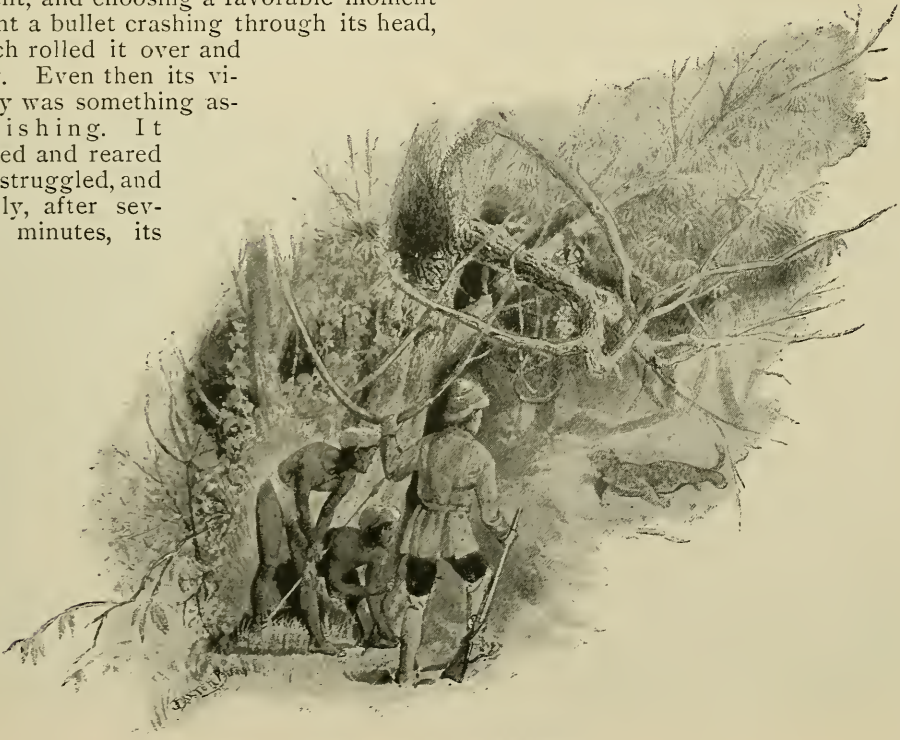
Off we ran then in the direction of the sound and found that the dogs were congregated round some high grass, a stone's throw off, where it had taken refuge at the foot of some white-ant hills. Now we would have him! And in a few minutes we were up at the place and surrounding it. Then the villagers once more set up their shouting and blowing of horns and beating of tom-toms until the row was deafening. And at last, all at once, with a prodigious bound, the leopard scrambled to the top of a big ant hill and stood there, confessed in all its beauty.

How handsome it looked then! Standing there as on a pedestal, its yellow and black spotted hide shining in the bright sunlight, switching its tail from side to side, opening and closing its jaws, casting looks of defiance on us all, I thought I had never seen anything so striking before. However, this was no time for sentiment, and choosing a favorable moment I sent a bullet crashing through its head, which rolled it over and over. Even then its vitality was something astonishing. It leaped and reared and struggled, and finally, after several minutes, its

strength seemed to exhaust itself and its efforts became less and less, until at length there was nothing but a little muscular twitching of the tail to indicate the immense power that had so shortly before animated that beautiful body. Then this too ceased, and we knew that it had made its last spring.

Upon examining the body I found that my shot of the previous night had broken the near foreleg just at the point of the elbow, smashing the bone into a hundred splinters. The moonlight had proved deceptive, as I had fired a little wide of the mark. The second shot had entered the head at one ear and had gone out on the opposite side, carrying away a portion of the skull with it, showing the terrible effect of the expanding Express bullet.

There now remained nothing but to remove the skin, which was carefully done for me after the body had been carried in triumph to the village, where it was duly admired by all the women and children, while the pariah dogs kept up a chorus expressing their disapproval of the whole proceedings. The carcass was then drawn off for the jackals, which probably feasted not for the first time at the expense of the marauding leopard.





Concluded.

BY CHAS. E. TREVATHAN.

THE scene at the native dance was one ever to be remembered. The long, low, dimly-lighted building, the bronzed, handsome and excited natives, watching with the thrill of intense interest the perfect dramatic action of the première danseuse, the power of the weird, yet to them soul-stirring, music could not other than impress us deeply; for here, away in the solitude of an isolated island in mid-Pacific, unknown even as an existence for thousands of years and even now cut off, almost literally, from all the world, so that the very echoes of it come only in intermittent and uncertain tones, were all the elements in which the highest form of civilization has through all ages expressed itself—music and drama—and all the play of passion and the flow of soul which the highest artists in all ages have depicted. In no so-called civilized society in the world could a more perfect representation have been given than was rendered by this simple native girl with no accessories such as, in no small degree, aid the efforts of even the most gifted dramatists among us, and with no tutelage save the tradition of a secluded race. That she needed no graces except such as bountiful nature had endowed her with was evident, for no more graceful posing, more charming modesty, or powerful passion could have been depicted than that which it was our good fortune to be the witnesses of.

The loud *he-yas* of admiration at last ceased or were merged in the general hum

of a loquacious criticism and vivacious conversation, and we were about to leave this audience of satisfied and excited spectators when we were asked in the most politely pressing manner whether we would not stay to see another exhibition of the native talent in the shape of a war dance, this time to be executed by male artists of local celebrity. It would have been ungrateful, indeed, to have denied these kindly folk the pleasure they certainly appeared to take in ministering to ours, or to rob them of the excuse which our presence gave for an addition to the ordinary programme, and one which we were assured would give the audience an opportunity they much appreciated, and so we gladly acceded. Nor were we disappointed, for a greater contrast could not have closed the festivities. Only two men took part in the dance and all that was graceful and musical in the first dance was grotesque and hideous in the second, but strange and uncouth as the figures were the natives seemed to enjoy it even more than the dance of love. To us it did not so much appeal, but then the symbolization was on a subject with the action of which we were, of course, not so well acquainted as the natives were; whereas the plot of the love dance appealed to an experience as universal as the human race, whether its outer cuticle be that of the South Seas or the fairer children of the northern zones.

We left this happy native gathering with mutual good will and wended our way home by the seashore. The moon

had just risen, silvering the gently-lapping waves, curve upon curve, and throwing into deep shadow the feathery forms of the tropical foliage, and far into the night we watched the starlit splendor of the southern sky.

That night we slept upon a European brass bedstead, which seemed sadly out of place amid its primitive surroundings, and next morning had a refreshing plunge in the sea and enjoyed the luxury of a shave by a native barber. At ten o'clock we marched off, attended by fifty or sixty natives—our host's retinue—and sat an hour in church. The building was of bamboo, whitewashed until it looked like a little mound of snow setting back among the cocoanut trees. The service was conducted by a white-haired priest, to whom the natives paid the courtesy of a strict attention. When the service was over we returned to the house and spent the afternoon in pleasant converse with our host. He related to us the history of the islands, the legends and traditions of their simple people and the habits and customs of their daily life. The one passion of the native, he said, was fishing, and he proposed that we remain with him on the morrow and he would take us out for a day on the water. We agreed, and that night were again entertained with music and dancing by a score of native girls.

We were awakened an hour before dawn. A hot breakfast, as civilized in its nature as our host could make it, awaited us, and when we had put that away we started over the water to the reef, a mile and a half off shore. A half-dozen lusty fellows pulled our whale-boat at the rate of six miles an hour, while three native canoes—long, narrow crafts, with outrigging—sped along in attendance. These canoes had a prow sharp as a knife and cut the water with hardly a ripple. They were propelled by means of broad-bladed paddles and two men would spin one all around our whale-boat with six oars. Arriving at the reef the boats were anchored by tossing overboard a heavy bow line and grapnel, and the fishing tackle was produced. It consisted of lines of ordinary seine twine and Limerick hooks, ranging from No. 2 to No. 8. Fresh fish, cut up in small pieces, was the bait.

The water was clear as crystal, and looking down into seven and eight fathoms one saw hundreds of fish of every size, shape and color, moving listlessly about amid the brilliantly-tinted coral, like so many brightly-plumaged birds in a tropical wood. The moment a hook went down into the depths there was a rush for it, and we could see the large fish crowding the small ones away and snatching the bait. There was no weary



OFF TO THE FISHING REEF.

waiting for a bite. One grew weary only with the baiting, but then with every bite one drew in a big, plump fellow, game to the bone and ready for a fight. Sea perch seemed to be most numerous and they bit ravenously.

With four lines we caught over a hundred before sunrise. The specimens would have made a magnificent museum collection. Some of the smaller ones were striped lengthwise with the exact colors of the rainbow; others bore a beautiful golden tint; some were vividly green and some were blue as the sea. I caught one ugly fellow with a head like a toad and a catfish body covered with long quills much resembling a porcupine. We saw hundreds of a kind of mackerel, some of them two feet long, with bodies no larger than a walking cane. They would not take a hook, and when one was dropped near them they would dart off with hardly a perceptible motion, yet with such rapidity that the eye followed them with difficulty.

At night we saw the natives fish after their own style. As soon as darkness settled down a score of canoes started for the reef. Upon the bow of each canoe was a pile of stones, upon which was a fire of cocoanut leaves. One man sat just behind the blaze and another sat astern with a paddle. The man in front was armed with a long spear made of bamboo and tipped with bone. The light attracted the fish in great numbers and each lunge of the spear brought one to grief. The fish thus caught are larger than those landed with the lines, and they are smoked or dried and sold to the dwellers inland or hung up in the houses for rainy days.

We could not longer impose upon the hospitality of our host, and the next morning we set out, leaving the house amid the cheery good-byes of the natives, some of whom ran after us for a long distance to see what manner of horses we bestrode. Our road took us away inland to the base of the mountain range, and we trundled along by beetling cliffs and overhanging rocks, vine covered and dripping with water from numerous small springs. Now and then we saw the openings to great caves under the bluffs; caves that, from the traditions of the natives, were in days long gone the dwelling places of their ancestors. High up above us towered a peak, seen at intervals through a heavy mist, which had

the shape of a kingly crown, and when we stopped a native and asked him about it he told us that the name meant a kind of head dress. Our friend had told us that it was the crater of an extinct volcano, and we determined to see it at closer quarters. Our new acquaintance, who spoke English slightly, assured us that the ascent could be made, and that for a small compensation he would pilot us. I doubted Jim's ability to stand the climb, but he seemed to think he could, and we posted off to a hut near by and prepared for the journey.

Before daylight next morning we started, two natives accompanying us, one carrying a water jug made of shark skin and the other a bag of dried bananas and smoked fish. For five hours we toiled upward without a rest, and still the peak seemed no nearer to us. It grew warm in the middle of the day, and we stopped beside a stream, where we lunched from the contents of the bag and refilled our jug. Then, upon a bed of moss and ferns, we slept until three o'clock in the afternoon. The sleep was a tonic more potent than any drug, and when again on the way we made more rapid progress, and near sundown we were not more than a mile from the top. The natives wanted to stop there for the night, but we urged them to go ahead and pushed on. The timber line lay below us, and the only growth before was the guava bush, which grew so thickly that we were greatly aided in steep places by clinging to it and pulling ourselves up by it. That last mile consumed two hours in the ascent, but at last, in the midst of a starlit night, we stood out upon the level top of the ridge, gazing over the edge and down into the bowels of that awful inanimate creation of nature which had its being before history was born.

We stood upon the one level part of the lip of the crater. All around us were deep fissures, sharp crags and irregular gorges. In the half light all was vague and indistinct, but in the eastward there were signs of coming brightness, and as we rested on the rocks the moon climbed up from the sea. The silver orb rose higher and higher and the grandeur and sublimity of the spot came out. Shafts of light shot down into the cavern far below us and brought to view the intricate shapes of rock and rift which made up the sides of the crater. There were tall columns, rising like monuments from the bottom.

One huge mound with its turrets and towers looked like a great feudal castle, and another like some old cathedral.

Through moonlit windows one half waited to see ghostly figures of kingly retinues passing through the grim corri-

silence so utter and absolute as to deaden and benumb one's senses. It gave one the peculiar impression that he could hear the stillness. From a negative it became a positive quantity, just as much an actual thing as sound. One always



"A NATIVE BEAUTY."

dors or walking with sedate step down dim aisles to altars carved and shaped by the fantastic fancies of time and season. But there were no ghostly figures nor any other moving thing save ourselves. Over all there hung the silence of the dead—a

thinks of silence as a condition of perfect rest; here it was. The woods on a June day are said to be "alive" with sound; this mountain top was "alive" with silence—silence and solitude.

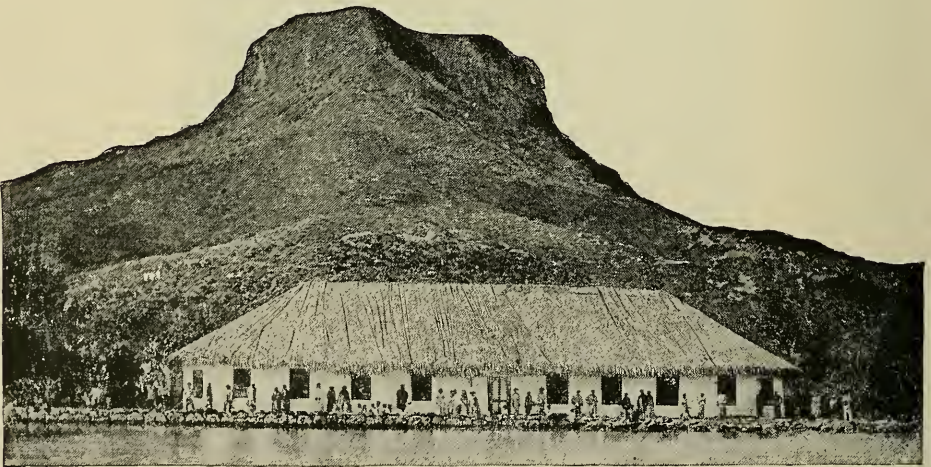
Our guides, tired with their climb, had

thrown themselves down upon the rocks and had drifted away into other lands, but we stood wrapped in silent contemplation of the scene. It was weird, it was strange, it was unearthly. The fires of Hades had here played at pitch and toss with the things of which worlds are made, and they had builded a throne. The moon came almost overhead as we watched, and at last its rays penetrated to the very bottom of the pit. Every change in the direction of the light brought out some new wonder, some fresh delight to the vision; but tired nature began to assert itself and we were forced to sleep for a time, as we wished to see the crater by sunrise. Upon a bed of stone and covered by a calico *pario* we slept.

We were awakened as dawn was breaking. All the grim and ghostly figures of the night had disappeared, and in their stead the rocks and crags took on different garbs and shapes as the light increased. Finally the sun peeped above the far distant sea, then rose rapidly into view, and the gray gave way to gold, and the palaces, the dim cathedral aisles of the great pit took on a brighter hue, and we knew that we stood in the presence of nature pristine and pure, where no hand of man had entered in to mar with the despoliation of civilization. Fascinating as was the scene we did not tarry long, but ate the remainder of our fruit and turned our faces toward the green valley lying far away below us. Going down

was much easier than climbing up, and by mid-day we were upon level ground, and shortly after reached home, weary and footsore, but happy in the idea that we had stood in the presence of one of the grandest things in a grand world—a dead volcano.

That night we slept with our guides and on the morrow took the road again, covering twenty good miles before noon. We stopped to lunch with some natives who were washing clothing in a mountain stream. Every mile now was carrying us farther away from civilization, and the curiosity aroused by our wheels, which at first caused us much amusement, was becoming annoying. Time and again we were stopped by people on the road, who insisted upon inspecting our rigs. Within the next two days the road began to get bad. At several streams the bridges had been washed away and we were ferried over by natives, who took us upon their backs and waded across. Under such circumstances our progress was slow, and some days we covered not more than fifteen miles. We did not hurry. Whenever an opportunity was presented we stopped for a day, and we had a good chance to study the native character and habits. The strongest trait in them is kindness. Courtesy is religion with them. Their doors are ever open and their tables always spread, and any passer-by may stop and be welcome. They will go any length to do you a favor and ask no recompense. At one place we saw some beautiful speci-



THE NATIVE CHURCH.

mens of pearl shell, and expressed a desire to get a pair. The next morning we saw a man go down in ten fathoms of water and bring up a pair weighing five pounds, and the only thing he asked for his trouble was "thank you," or, as the natives say, "haerani."

The Tahitians seem to be as much at home in the water as upon land, and the children just able to walk tumble about like inflated rubber balls in water deep enough to drown them. One day I spent the whole afternoon throwing nickels into the clear water and watching the little dusky rascals diving for them. It seemed to me that they would stay under water a full minute. In diving for pearl shell the natives use no diving apparatus whatever, going down and searching for shell in fifteen fathoms of water. I saw a schooner which had sprung a leak undergoing repairs at Papeete. There was no dry dock for her to go upon and a dozen natives scraped her hull and found and stopped the leak, working all the time under water.

For fifteen days our journey was one of uninterrupted interest. We dined upon strange, unheard of dishes, eating raw fish steeped in lime juice and crunching curious-looking little apples, that when eaten in abundance made one dizzy and drunk and gave one a regular champagne "head" next day. We drank a peculiar, vinegar-like wine, made from oranges, and a villainous rum made from sugar cane. Now and again we had a spell at fishing, spearing great bull-headed catfish with a bone-pointed gig, hauling in Tahiti herring with a home-made trolling spoon, made of a No. 4 hook and a piece of pearl shell, and watching the natives drag in nets filled with shining beauties, which rarely escaped through the meshes of a seine woven of the fibre that forms the outer shell of the cocoanut.

One time only did we essay a hunt. Wild chickens are the only game found in the island. Some years ago a lot of chickens were imported from France and distributed among the natives. The greater portion of the shipload of fowls wandered off into the guava bushes on the mountain sides, and in the course of time wild chickens were as plentiful as seagulls. We borrowed a muzzle-loader from a white man and took a trip up in the bushes for chickens, but we had not the craft of the native hunters, and we made so much noise scrambling through

the brush that, if there were any chickens on that side of the mountain, we did not catch sight of them.

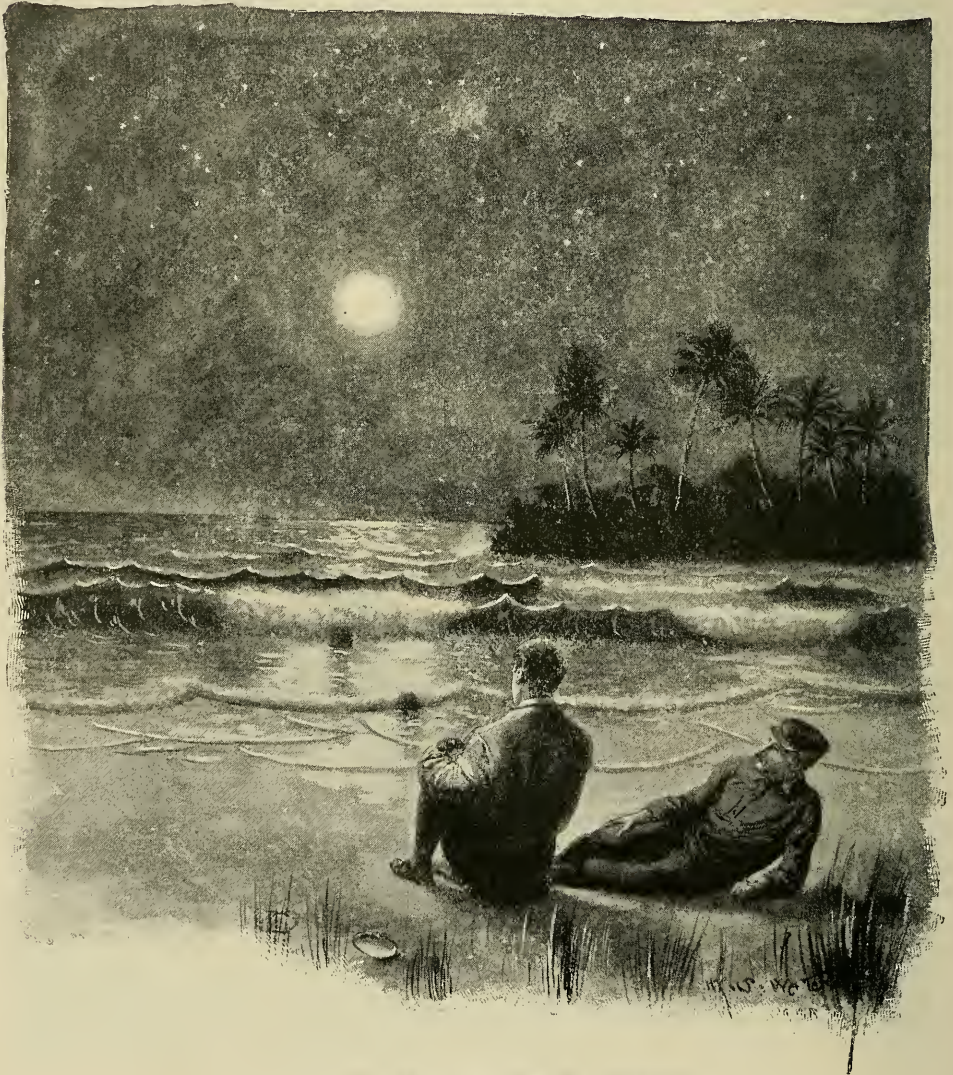
By this time our clothing was sadly in need of repair, from our excursions into the bushes, and two spokes were gone from my front wheel. The heat began to tell on our vitality and the sun upon our complexions. We were brown as the oft-quoted berry. Jim's nose, always inclined to redness, was radiant in coloring. The road was rough on this side of the island, and when the mail stage, which makes the circuit of the island once in two months, came along we took passage and viewed the scenery from a comfortable seat behind a couple of shaggy ponies. When the conveyance set us down again it was upon the sandy beach road, smooth and hard, and the second day thereafter we rolled into Papeete.

All along the route wherever a subject presented itself Jim had unslung his camera, and he spent the two days given us before the sailing of the vessel in developing and cataloguing. I got into a suit of white flannel, exchanged my helmet for a tennis hat, whose gay stripes enraptured the natives, resurrected our stock of novels which we had brought from civilization and spent my time reading and lolling about the ship's deck. At last the lines were cast off from the little dock, the sails bellied out with the cool breeze which came down from the hills and we bade Tahiti a long good-bye. For there is little probability of one's having twice in a lifetime a conjunction of circumstances which call for and permit the indulgence in a journey of which a month's voyage out and a month to return are two components. Yet in all deliberation I say to any knight of the silent wheel who has the leisure, and who is desirous of laying in a lifetime lasting picture, do as we did; go to the South Pacific, take your wheel and camera, circumnavigate Tahiti, live among its delightful people, participate in all their simple habits and pleasures and join in their pastimes and their sports. If you do not return with increased vitality, with undying impressions of a beauty beyond description and with inexhaustible material for fireside and club gossip for months, you will indeed be unimpressible and lack the stuff of which wheelmen should be made.

We touched at a number of smaller islands, taking on cocoanuts, oranges and pearl shell, and thirty days later the an-

chor chains rattled down in San Francisco Bay. The trip was over, but it was a good one, a great one. We had been where Romance must have had birth, where Poetry, the poetry of sea and sky, of rugged mountain and darkened vale, of primitive people and their simple ways, might well have been born. But it is not of the poetry and the romance of this tropical trip on wheels that I think in these after days. It is of the delightful sense of conquering new lands with the silent steed—and of the fishing. Ah, that

fishing! It is worth an article in itself. And Jim? By the time we were home again I had a dim remembrance that he was sent away to avert possible consumption, and now his ruddy face shone with the brightness and cheerfulness of a new dollar. He was even rash enough to defy all the laws governing invalids, and actually started editing "telegraph" on a night desk, and now and then I see him speeding over the park roads upon the same old wheel that carried him through the tropics on wheels.



"FAR INTO THE NIGHT WE WATCHED THE STARLIT SPLENDOR."

THE SAINT BERNARD KENNELS OF AMERICA.



A SNAP SHOT AT THE GRASMERE KENNELS.

THE reign of the present canine king—the rough-coated Saint Bernard—in America began in 1882, when a typical specimen, Hearn's imported Monk, was shown, and from that year the popularity of the breed has steadily increased. Monk was a good enough specimen to win in England, but he was a light-colored dog and not altogether attractive. Mr. F. W. Rothera, of Canada, who brought out the great Otho, was third with Priam.

Before the show of 1883 was held there were several accessions to the ranks of Saint Bernard breeders, the most important being Mr. Rodney Benson, of New York, who made a clean record. His Bonivard beat Hearn's Monk, but by condition only, for the latter was a physical wreck and died a few weeks later. The judge on that occasion had to face the difficulty of deciding whether or no condition should carry the day. In equal condition there was no question as to Monk winning, and we must remember that Bonivard had just arrived from England, where he was well up in the front rank of winners. Bonivard lacked size, but for coat he had

never been excelled, and he was a dog that "grew upon you" the longer you looked at him. Mr. Benson also showed Cæsar, Ursula and Regie and beat Mr. Haines' team for the Kennel prize. Since that show the roughs have always had the lead.

Mr. E. R. Hearn was the next fancier to invest in high-priced dogs from England. He had previously got the giant Rector, which Mr. Emmett bought from him for \$4,000, and Mr. Benson, not caring about being beaten, got Mr. Hearn to add Bonivard to his string and thus win six firsts at New York in 1884. Rev. Cumming Macdona came over here that year with a kennel of dogs, the best being Caliph. He sold nearly everything he brought out, but they were never seen again on the show bench. We had now reached high-water mark, and there was a lull for a few years in Saint Bernards. The rule of putting a dog in the champion class which had won a first prize draughted the good ones so fast out of the open class that it was only by importations the quality could be kept up, and

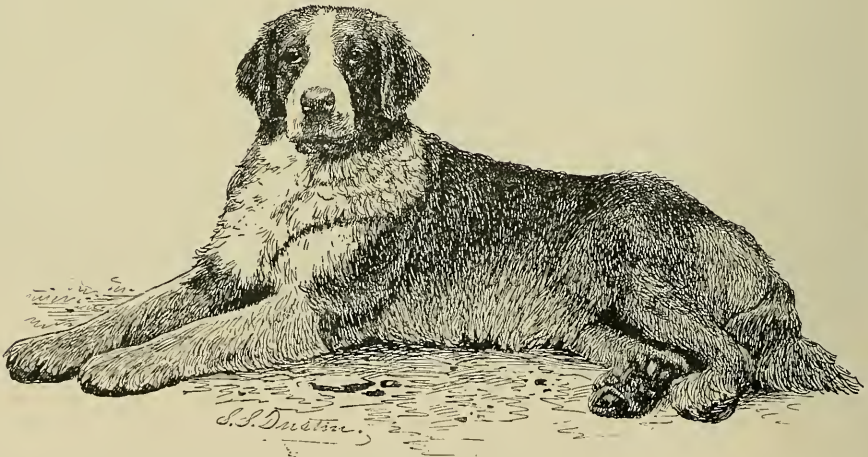


DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

importations were not now so frequent as they had been. The result of this was that in 1885, after Duke of Leeds had won the champion class prize, we came down in the open class to St. Elmo. First Choice, placed second, was a better dog, but even he had a greater claim to notice than his appearance, and that was the fact of his being out of Bessie II., the dam of Plinlimmon. Breeders of those days were not the stud-book students they are now, or the name of First Choice would be found in the pedigrees of the present day. In the absence of anything new and startling in the matter of St. Bernards at New York in that year, it is worthy of notice that in the prize list appears the name of K. E. Hopf, whose maiden

success consisted of a commendation card for the imported smooth-coated bitch Bel-line II.

No great change occurred until 1888, when Centaur was brought from England, a grand-headed and well-proportioned dog that had done good work there for the well-known breeder, Mr. L. C. R. Norris Elye; also, a very well-marked and beautiful bitch, named Carrette, a daughter of the wonderfully typical English crack champion, Save, and another English champion, Queen Jura. Carrette took the blue ribbon at the Philadelphia show of 1888, and she was bred by Mr. Sydney W. Smith, who was the owner of the great Plinlimmon and the breeder of many of the finest specimens. Another of this gen-



LADY EVA.

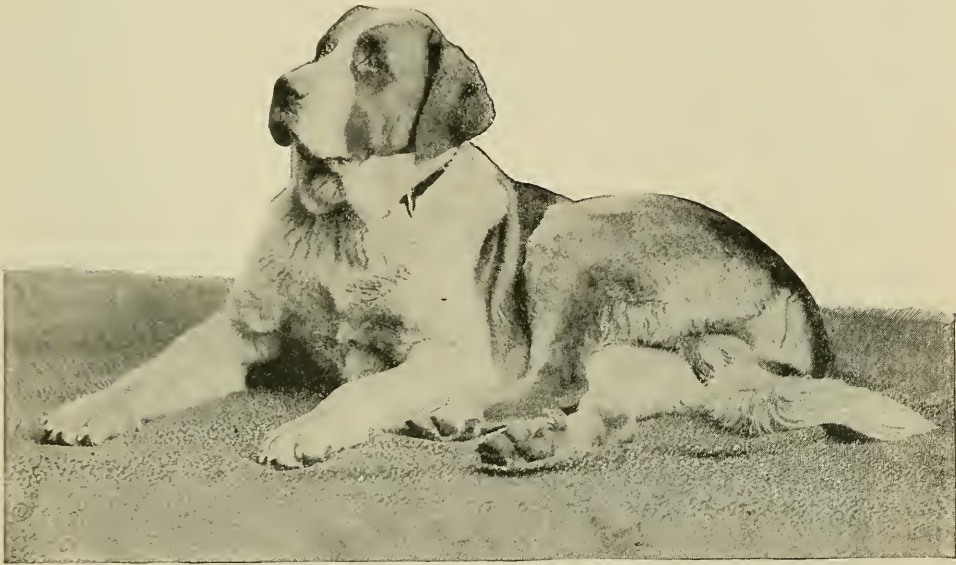
tleman's breed, named Lorna, and a pup of the Plinlimmon strain, also belonged to this importation.

It was not long after this that the Oakhurst Kennel secured Burns from the same source; another English crack, Ly-sander, followed, and then came Ben Lomond for the kennel of Mr. E. H. Moore, where Carrette had eventually found a home.

The renowned Plinlimmon soon followed, Mr. Emmett, the actor, having secured him at the phenomenal price of \$5,000, but his new owner would not place him on the show bench, and also

Champion Merchant Prince by Sequa, and there was considerable interest awakened across the border. Many of the cracks from the States were sent to the shows given at the leading cities, but the Canadians were far behind the Americans in their enterprise and admiration of this grand breed. There are many who will even now argue that the black Newfoundland, so fond of water and so hardy and of native origin, is good enough for them.

There was even a strong desire to surpass the old country, and much talk of being able to win with American-bred Saint Bernards in England. Mr. Sears



THYRA.

declined to allow him to be of benefit to the stock then in America.

Mr. John Marshall had in the meantime sent for Lady Flories, Mr. F. Hall had his Princess Mona, Mr. Crowell brought over Manon, the Hospice Kennel had La Duchesse, the Wyoming Kennel had a grand array of females, including Lady Wellington (used by the Duke of Wellington, whose portrait we give), and Lady Aveline, which Mr. Sears afterward reinforced by the importation of such bitches of renown as Plevna and Jael.

Canada could at this time point to the Pottersburg Kennel, devoted to the breed. Mr. W. H. Auld had secured a son of

had Plinlimmon, Jr., Mr. E. H. Moore had Ben Lomond, Miss E. H. Cushman had a fine young dog in Donald, the Elmwood Kennels possessed a good one in Beauchamp, the Hospice Kennel had still a better one in Hector, Mr. Chas. T. Barney gloried in his fine youngster Nevis, bringing him on to New York in 1890 to take first prize, after having won second at the same show in 1889 and first at Boston. Mr. Thomas Burke's Duke of Sparta was considered a nice dog, Mr. W. Euche's Roland was much liked, and there was a host of very promising youngsters coming on; but this would not satisfy the ambition of American breeders, so Mr. John Poag sent over for a celebrated smooth-

coated specimen named Watch. The price in this instance did not reach the amount paid for Champion Plinlimmon by a few hundred dollars, but still \$4,700 was considered "a lot for a dog." Not many months after all those interested in this fashionable breed were startled by the sudden announcement that the dog which had succeeded the old crack Plinlimmon in England, Sir Bedivere, admittedly the finest specimen extant, had been bought for America, and when it was learned that Mr. E. B. Sears, of Wyoming Kennels, was the fortunate owner he was the recipient of congratulations from far and near.

Among other strong supporters of the breed may be reckoned the Dutchess Kennels, the home of Aristocrat, and the New York Saint Bernard Kennels, with such good specimens as Kingston Regent, Marquis of Ripon, Refuge II., Champion Princess Florence, Champion Flora II., Republican Belle, Queen Regent and Zenelli.

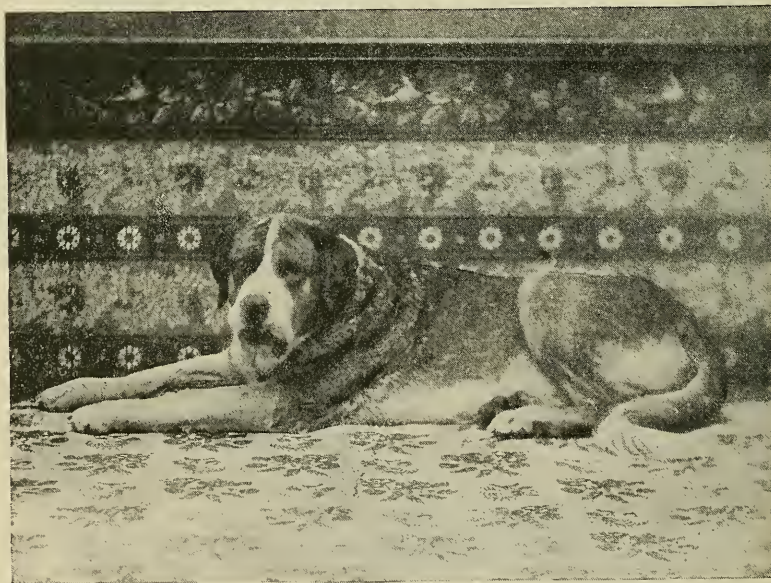
The great kindly Saint Bernard has ever been a prime favorite with ladies, and

no American record would be complete without some reference to the dogs which they have owned.

Mrs. J. Grant secured an English winner, daughter of Avalanche and old Champion Bayard's daughter, Ursula, and from Beda she expected much.

Mrs. Browning had always a lingering desire to possess a really grand Saint Bernard, and although there are numerous cases where her dogs help to make up the pedigrees of winners about this time, still her kennel did not contain anything of consequence until she obtained Queenie from Mrs. Grant's Beda, but the ranks of the Saint Bernard breeders had been strongly reinforced, and only unusually fine specimens could expect to make a record.

Miss Anna Whitney was another fair admirer of this dog, and she was destined to receive special recognition if her dogs did not secure such distinctions; for in 1888, and ever since she entered the ring as a judge of this breed, she has been called to many of the larger shows, as well as New York, to make the awards in the Saint Bernard classes.



REX.

IN THE VOSEMITE.

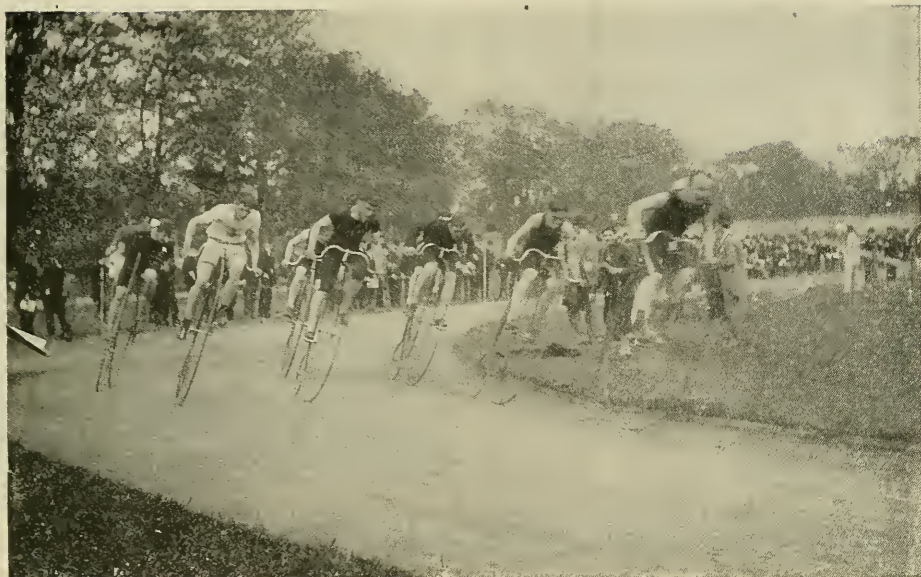
THE centuries have builded here,
O'er many a rugged rod
Of peak and cave, a temple where
Nature doth worship God.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND ATHLETICS.

BY W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

Second Paper.



WENDELL BREAKING THE THREE-MILE RECORD.—P. 448.

IN the first paper of this subject, published last month, after considering in a general way the subject of photography and athletics we learned something about the interesting personality of Mr. Hemment, the photographer who has achieved such remarkable results in this important branch of photographic work. This month, agreeable to promise, we shall consider the methods by which he attained them, and shall consider further the representative specimens selected to illustrate these papers, devoting especial attention to the pictures which illustrate this number.

We learned last month how Mr. Hemment's camera was constructed and how the exposures were made with it. Let us now follow his treatment of the plate in the dark room.

Mr. Hemment is not particular about the formula employed in preparing a developer. Any good developing solution will answer the purpose. It is the way in which the developer is used which avails. He suggests that the young photographer continue to use the developer he is accustomed to. The formula given in connec-

tion with the articles on instantaneous photography in this magazine which have already been referred to is as good as any, and may well be used in connection with this work ; but we must use it in a somewhat different manner if we would follow Mr. Hemment's methods. This is how he proceeds, and we use his own words :

"I first make several solutions of the developer in varying degrees of strength," he says, "and have them all before me in my dark room, arranged in pans according to their strength. On opening the holder I first brush off the plate with a very soft sponge and transfer it to the dish containing the weakest developer. This developer is usually the normal solution reduced with about one-fourth its bulk of water, and the plate is allowed to remain in it until the image just begins to appear. It is then transferred to another dish containing the developer next stronger, where the image is allowed to grow slowly and gradually. I then transfer the plate to still another solution a little stronger than the preceding, and thus gradually work it up from strong



SHAMROCK'S ONE HUNDRED YARDS.—P. 447.

to stronger until it has been carried just far enough.

"Some plates are very deceptive in the matter of appearance, and it is difficult to determine just when they have been sufficiently developed. I have had plates, made with the very fastest exposures, show the image through on the back (which is sometimes given as a test of completed development) before they were really developed sufficiently. The only way to tell when a plate is sufficiently developed is to look through it by holding it before the dark-room lantern. You can then quickly see, after a little experience, if the proper amount of detail and density has been acquired.

"I have often been asked if I ever resort to after-intensification, to which I

may reply with an unqualified 'No!' The secret of success in developing quickly-exposed plates is to proceed slowly with a weak developer. Obtain the detail first, for it is an easy matter to get density after the details have all been brought out. If a quickly-exposed plate is put into a strong developer it either immediately blackens all over or else is hopelessly fogged. Very likely both unhappy results will occur simultaneously.

"In summer I have used as a developer a mixture of eikonogen and hydrochinon, following Mr. Carbutt's formula, and I use water which has been standing in the ice box. I usually soak my plates in this cold water (it will probably be about 50° Fahr.) before I commence developing, as it prepares the film for the action of the developer without subjecting it to the danger of frilling, which is likely to occur when a plate is left in the developer a long time in warm weather. I believe the new developing agent—para-amidophenol—is excellent, though I have not as yet become as familiar with its use as with the older agents—pyro, hydrochinon and eikonogen.

"In the subsequent proceedings of fixing and washing I do not believe I differ from other photographers, though I am particular about the washing. The negative can scarcely be washed too much. I employ running water for the purpose and have it cold, so that there is no danger of frilling or otherwise injuring the film. I might add that the negative should be left



OFF FOR THE FINAL SWIM.—P. 448.



CARTWRIGHT CLEARING TEN FEET.—P. 447.

in the fixing bath a short time after the milk-white opaqueness has disappeared from the back, for there remains in the film, as a product of the fixing process, an invisible salt which will later discolor the negative unless it be allowed to dissolve in the fixing bath."

Let us now examine the pictures which Mr. Hemment has offered as illustrations in these articles. They cover various out-of-door sports and were all made with the hand camera which Mr. Hemment described in the preceding article and were developed in the way he has told us in this. As technical photographs, they are not only as perfect as could be if a prolonged exposure were given in every case, but they are also caught with such a precision that just the particular attitude of the subject or subjects which were desired is depicted, and that particular phase of the sport or feat is brought out which is most characteristic or pictorial. But let us take up the pictures one by one and examine them in detail. The picture of A. B. George and T. P. Conneff running an exhibition match is a remarkable photograph, as the runners are

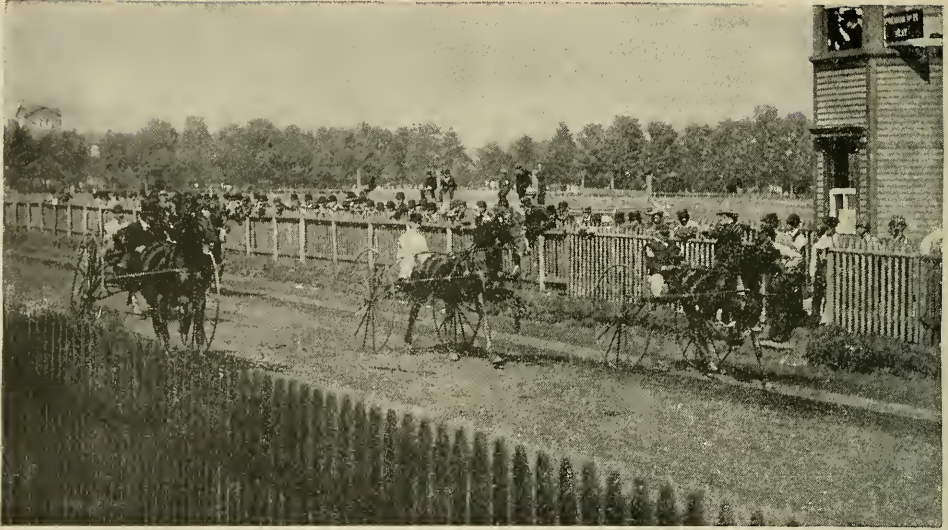
shown "broadside on," and thus require a much quicker action on the part of the camera and lens than if they were running toward or from the photographer's standpoint. Moreover, this photograph was made in December, when the days are shortest and the light is weakest, and therefore when it is most difficult to make an instantaneous picture, even under the most favorable circumstances. Yet in this picture we see both runners perfectly sharp and distinct. They are also caught in characteristic attitudes and in a manner to display the peculiar gaits of each runner. George is in the lead with his long stride, while Conneff is depicted not far behind, running with his characteristic shorter step. The photograph was made on the occasion of an exhibition race between these two famous runners just before Conneff's departure for Europe to run professionally.

In our pole-vaulting picture we have Cartwright of Harvard depicted in the act of clearing his ten feet. He is shown well above the rod and in elegant form. It is evident he can add several inches to his jump, as in fact he did the same day, the occasion being the inter-collegiate games of 1891 at the Berkeley Oval. This photograph is so clear that the athlete waiting his turn can easily be recognized. As a piece of technical photography it is perfection itself.

Another interesting picture is of the racing dog Shamrock running 100 yards in 7 1-5 seconds at the Berkeley Oval last October. The dog is caught in a charac-



THE STYLES OF GEORGE AND CONNEFF.—P. 447.



A TROTTING FINISH IN THE 2:27 CLASS—P. 449.

teristic attitude. He is a brindle and next to the famous Tommy in speed.

The pictures of a start in a swimming race and the last quarter of a bicycle race are both excellent specimens of instantaneous photography. The former shows the start in the final heat of the championship races of 1890 at Piermont-on-

the-Hudson. The distance is 100 yards, and W. C. Johnson won the race, as some of us may remember.

The bicycle contest was also a championship race. It was the race in which Wendell, of the Berkeley Athletic Club, broke the three-mile record. The race occurred during the Berkeley athletic



PUNCH TAKING HIS TEN BARS.—P. 448.

games of 1891. Wendell is depicted in the lead and is moving so much faster than the other contestants that, while they are distinct, his figure is somewhat blurred.

Our two pictures, trotting and the leaping horse Punch, are considered by Mr. Hemment as about the best instantaneous photographs ever made, for in each case the light was rather weak, the pictures being made late in the season and in the afternoon.

The trotting race occurred at Mineola Fair, Long Island, last September, on a very dull day. The picture was made about 3:30 P. M., and yet the horses are depicted perfectly sharp. It shows the finish of a trotting race in the 2:27 class.

What could be more satisfactory than the picture of Punch taking his ten bars—Punch who won the first prize for jumping at the Horse Fair last fall? He is here shown as he appeared on exhibition at the Mineola Fair. Photographers will especially admire this picture when they take into consideration the facts that not only was there no sun on this day, but also that the color of the horse is black, which made a quick exposure still more difficult to succeed.

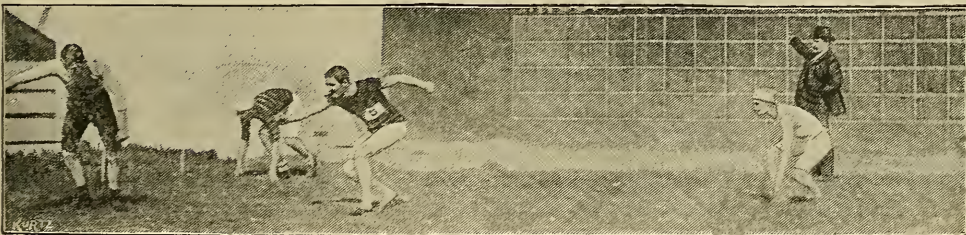
In making such pictures Mr. Hemment relies for success on his peculiar method of developing. He uses the quickest working exposing shutter, the most rapid lens and the most sensitive dry plate. "For as we know," he says, "a quick shutter is of no account if you have not a rapid lens and a rapid plate behind it." He then takes time to develop—that is the secret of his great success. "Someone may say," he writes, "I cannot use a fast plate. I say, give me the fastest. Another one will say I cannot develop my plates quickly enough. To such an one I reply that I have devoted three hours in bringing up only four plates of rapid exposure. It was necessary to have them in order to know the position of racing horses at the finish, and I got them, though the exposures were made while it

was raining. It sometimes occurs that development must be rapid in order to prevent frilling, though a good plate with cold solutions does not often require a more rapid development than is necessary to bring out the greatest amount of detail in the negative. My advice is to get the best of everything, and, when you have it, become thoroughly acquainted with it; watch it closely in action, and it will serve you faithfully."

Mr. Hemment thinks that this branch of photography is still in its infancy. The great value of photography in all racing and athletic contests will be manifested more and more as time goes on. "In my opinion," he says, "the time is not distant when an official photographer will be attached to every racing association and athletic club in the country as an indispensable official. More than that, I believe that all the great daily papers will require an expert instantaneous photographer to be on their staffs. Photography has a great mission to fill in this direction. It alone can establish beyond doubt the existence of truths that have been heretofore regarded as mere hypotheses. Let us all unite," he concludes, "in assisting our beautiful art to the fulfillment of the greatest expectations which have been cherished in its behalf."

Mr. Hemment's predictions have already been fulfilled to a considerable extent. There is scarcely a large newspaper to-day which has not its regular staff photographer. Many papers have several photographers connected with them, and some have extensive photographic establishments where the work of the photographer can be finished and prepared for the press. A very large number have their regular "photographic" editor, in addition to the "sporting" editor, "exchange" editor, etc.

The instantaneous photographer is also a familiar figure now on the occasion of any athletic performance of importance. His value as an impartial judge is being more widely recognized every day.



STANDING JUMPING.

PART I.—BROAD AND HIGH.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

THE standing broad jump is generally considered the greatest test of a man's natural spring of all the many kinds of leaping, as it consists of merely a plain straightaway push or spring by the legs. All other jumping events need more or less science; the standing broad jump is almost entirely devoid of this point. There is little to learn about it and any ordinary man can go through the motions, although

for effect, and a standing broad jump with dumb bells of 13 feet will be appreciated more by the majority of people than a jump of 11 feet without the use of dumb bells, but as an athletic feat the latter is far superior, for anyone able to clear 11 feet without weights should reach four feet more with dumb bells when he had learned their use. As amateurs exercise for health, recreation, and once in a while a competition, they endeavor to make their athletics as simple as possible; therefore this treatise on standing jumping will handle the exercise as engaged in without dumb bells or any other artificial aid.

A glance at our illustrations of an athlete represented in different positions while doing a standing high jump will impress one that more than ordinary skill is necessary in this event. The athlete, when getting ready to spring, must stand such a distance from the bar as will suit his individual style of leaping; he must, after taking the leap, manage his legs so that, if he has leaped high enough, he will clear the bar safely. This is very important, for if one can manipulate his legs quickly he need not rise in the air with actual jumping as much as might be supposed would be necessary.

The best place for practicing a standing high jump is on a gymnasium floor, on account of its extreme levelness; and, as beginners generally land awkwardly, the softness of the gymnasium mat is a much better safeguard against strains and bruises than dug-up dirt. But if the latter is well attended to, and is surrounded by no jagged edges of hard dirt, it is almost as good as a gymnasium mat. The edge running parallel with the bar and almost under it should be looked after, for when doing the standing high jump the performer lands very close to the bar and will feel the dividing line between the hard and soft dirt unless it has been specially fixed for this kind of jumping.

The illustration "Ready to Spring" reveals that well-known all-round jumper, Robert K. Pritchard, getting ready to clear 4 feet 10 inches at a standing high jump. It will be noticed that the bar is



READY TO SPRING.

he will not clear much distance until he has carefully strengthened the leg muscles. The standing high jump, on the other hand, requires a good deal of skill. Amateurs generally practice both standing high and broad jumping without weights, while professionals as a rule use dumb bells. Much greater distances and heights can be reached in all standing jumping with the use of weights than without. Professionals exhibit on the stage

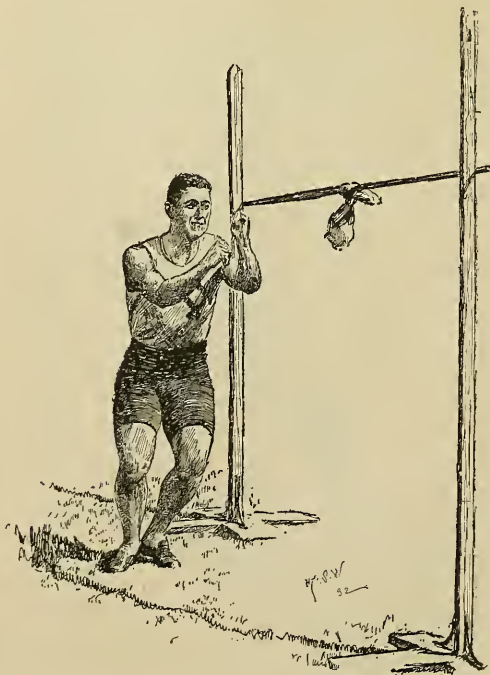
about shoulder high and that Pritchard stands with his left side to it. His arms are raised, and his first motion will be to swing them down and at the same time lower his body by bending the knees. He will then give his arms a violent upward swing, for this is where the real jumping begins, and the arms play a most important part in any kind of standing jumping. This swinging the arms up has the effect of giving some momentum to his body, which in turn gives the legs less work to do. The illustration "In the Act of Springing" shows Pritchard with his arms half way on their upward journey while leaping. His arms will again go as high as they were when he was getting ready to spring, but by the time they reach their full height the feet will be off the ground. Then, as the jumper considers it time to manipulate the legs, the arms will be more or less dropped, and this will have the effect of balancing and holding the body at the highest point. The illustration "Manipulating the Legs" reveals this position very well. It will be noticed that Pritchard's left leg has been put over the bar, but his right one is still down. If he clears the bar safely his right leg will be brought up and over very suddenly, and on this movement greatly depends the result of the attempt.

A good jumper will generally land on his feet, for he is able to move his legs so quickly that even though they are at right angles to the body at one time—even when the jumper is descending—yet he generally has time before he touches the ground to get his lower extremities in position to support him. There have been cases where athletes have reached a considerable height, viz., over 4 feet 9 inches, without having good control of their legs, but I have never seen over 4 feet 11 inches cleared by anyone who could not move his legs in the scissors action very quickly. If a man can combine natural spring with a good leg action, he can with a little practice clear heights which at first may have seemed phenomenal to him, but a beginner must not expect to acquire a good leg movement quickly. There is no need of sacrificing other important points in standing high jumping simply in the endeavor to acquire the scissors action, for this is like almost every other feat of skill—the more you do the more you learn about it.

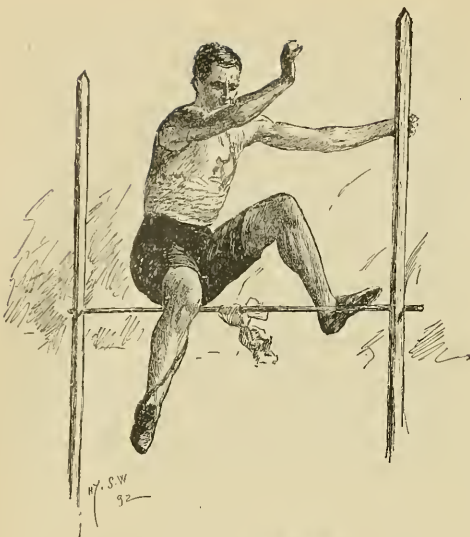
When a novice tries a standing jump for the first time, and has never seen it

done, he will generally stand facing the bar and pull his feet underneath him in the act of jumping. Should he try jumping with his side to the obstacle he would be unable to throw his legs in front of him and land again without a fall. Jumping with the face to the bar, or what is called the straight style, is a pretty movement to watch, but great heights cannot be cleared, for, on account of the feet being under the body when clearing the bar, the jumper must lift his whole person very high. It will be noticed how near to the bar Pritchard's body is in the illustration "Manipulating the Legs." Comparing it with the illustration "A Straight Jump," page 371, in *OUTING* for August, 1891, it will be seen how much higher the athlete in the latter picture must go to prevent his feet from knocking the bar down. This peculiarity of jumping was mentioned with regard to its being used with a run, but the leap is made from both feet whether the athlete jumps from a stand or with a run; and, as we then said, there is no record of a very great height being cleared in this fashion, for, as can be seen, there is considerable waste in the athlete's spring.

It never does any harm to practice this straight jump, however, over a bar, for if the athlete is also practicing standing



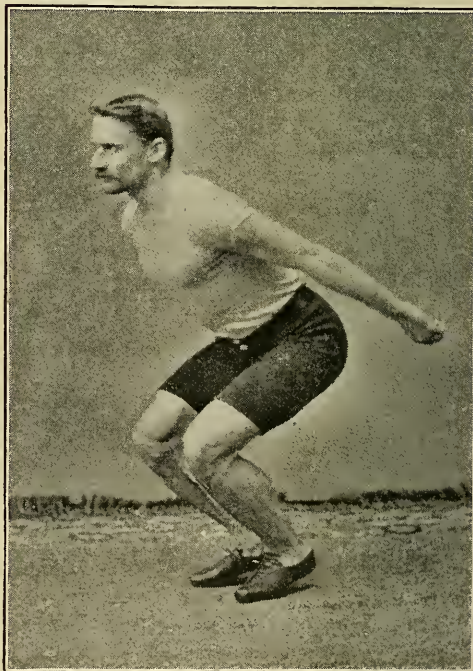
IN THE ACT OF SPRINGING.



MANIPULATING THE LEGS.

broad jumping the habit of rising and bending the feet underneath teaches him to rise well for the standing broad jump. A leap of 3 feet 9 inches is good for a standing straight high jump, and an athlete who can clear this height will, when he acquires the scissors motion in the side jump, do in the neighborhood of ten inches or a foot higher. I make this statement from my own experience, for I well remember when I could clear four feet standing facing the bar, and with very little practice I was doing 4 feet 9 and 10 inches with the side style. Afterward, however, I practiced the straight style standing jumping and cleared 4 feet 8 inches, and whenever I happened to attend gymnasium quite regularly for a month, 4 feet 6 inches was an ordinary performance for this difficult style of leaping. I never acquired the scissors style of side leaping as well as many might think, but still, when feeling extra lively, I could get over five feet at the side style. My best public figures are 5 feet 0½ inch, made in an attempt to beat Walter Soren's then world's amateur record, 5 feet 1¼ inches. I failed to clear 5 feet 1½ inches, to which the bar was then put, and have not made an attempt at this jump since. Soren made his record at the inter-collegiate games of 1880. I made my attempt five years later, but not until ten years after Soren was at his best was his great record beaten. Samuel Crook, in May, 1890, succeeded in clearing 5 feet 1½ inches, which is now the world's amateur record.

The training for a standing high jump merely consists of practicing it. Unless an athlete is preparing specially for this event he will find it to his advantage to engage in all-round standing jumping. This exercise tends to make one strong and active in the legs, but the standing high jump needs more attention than other kinds of leaping from a stand; for even though the athlete may have active leg muscles, they will be of little avail without the knowledge of knowing what to do with the legs when clearing the bar. It makes no difference which side of the body the athlete puts toward the bar when jumping, and it is not important that he should always stand at a certain distance from the bar. The distance between the stick and the shoulder which suits most men is about nine inches, but this mostly depends upon the height of the bar and how the athlete feels. I have noticed that generally when an athlete does not feel extra springy he stands farther from the bar preparatory to leaping than when feeling strong. Up to a certain point the farther from the bar that one stands the less important is the scissors motion, for in describing a long arc over the stick the jumper has more



MALCOLM W. FORD'S TAKE-OFF FOR STANDING BROAD JUMP.



DURING SPRING NO. 1.

time to gather himself than if the arc were short. When the jumper feels well he has better control of his legs, irrespective of the spring, than when feeling poorly; therefore on days when he is not at his best he must resort, when clearing big heights, to a style which gives him more time to manipulate his legs when going over the bar. If, however, he stands too far away he will find that he has to put more effort into the spring to carry him the distance, but these points will adjust themselves with practice.

One fault of nearly all beginners is the habit of taking a double spring. This consists in a little raising of the whole foot just before giving the leap. Jumpers do it unconsciously to gain a little extra momentum, which, when compared with a single spring, is an advantage. All jumpers just before leaving the ground raise their heels. The heels may be lifted at will, but the toes must remain stationary to constitute a fair jump. If one gets in the habit of taking a double spring, and thus relying upon extra momentum, he will feel as though he cannot jump at all when made to stand firm. If one is practicing with others this preliminary hitch or double spring will soon be found out, and if an athlete is in doubt whether he jumps fair or not the best safeguard consists in having someone watch his toes.

The standing broad jump includes all movements used in giving one or more straightaway leaps for distance. Little need be said how to do it, for hardly a boy or a man can be found who has not tried it at some period of his life. It needs no paraphernalia such as uprights, bar, mattress or soft dirt for a landing, and a trial at it can take place on boards, dirt or stone. The best material of all is closely-rooted grass, for its elasticity is felt by the jumper not only when springing, but also in landing. To jump with any degree of justice on grass the athlete must be shod with spike shoes, having two long forward spikes and two long heel spikes in each shoe. These spikes are necessary on account of the jump being nothing but a push against the earth, and if the feet are not held firmly when pushing the athlete will have no confidence. The heels should be thicker than those of ordinary jumping shoes, for the jumper must land on his heel, and if the ground is hard he cannot prevent a stonebruise coming. A thick heel may make the shoe seem unnecessarily heavy, but the confidence the jumper gains will more than offset the slight increase of weight. When jumping on a gymnasium floor the rubber heel must be thicker than the leather out-of-doors one.

The take-off or toe line for a standing broad jump, as prescribed by the rules in force since 1888, is the same as that used for the running broad jump; but when I made the best amateur record, 10 feet 9¾ inches, the take-off was a white cord



DURING SPRING NO. 2.

stretched flat on the grass between two nails. Touching this string constituted a foul, and jumpers were compelled for safety to toe about a quarter of an inch back of it. The piece of wood with a sunken trench in front—the running broad jump take-off—when used for a standing broad jump permits the competitor putting his feet two or three inches over the edge and getting a direct push. One can readily imagine that this advantage is worth some inches when compared with such a take-off as I made my best public figure from.

During the winter and spring of 1885 I attended gymnasium quite regularly and put myself in excellent condition for



IN MID-AIR.

all kinds of standing jumps without knowing it. Jumping so much on a gymnasium floor and having proper shoes accustomed me to taking off and landing on the hard surface and gave me a light, easy action. I never was troubled with the jarred knees, sore heels or inflamed tendons which are so closely allied with jumping on boards. I could always do better on grass, and well remember when I could clear only ten feet on boards and yet could reach three or four inches more on good soil. My outdoor and indoor figures do not prove this, but a little explanation may be in order. During the winter and spring of 1885 I was doing such good jumping on a gymnasium floor that it was proposed I should make an attempt for the standing broad-

jump record on grass, when favorable weather came. It was nothing for me then to toe a crack between boards of a floor and land anywhere from 10 feet 10 inches to 11 feet 3 inches away, and it was expected that I would do anywhere from 11 feet 2 inches to 11 feet 6 inches on good grass. The record at that time was my own, 10 feet 7¾ inches, made during 1884 on grass, but I often beat it six inches on boards during 1885.

The day appointed for the trial was not the best, but a greater handicap against me was the fact of my having forgotten to take shoes with long spikes, and those that I had to wear were worn down to nothing. I decided, however, to take the six trials allotted me. After making four fouls, on account of my heels slipping on the wet turf when landing, I came to the conclusion that putting the feet forward when landing was out of the question, and that I would be compelled to land very square, so as to bring as little pressure as possible on the heels, so on the fifth trial I landed straighter; but even then the heels would not stay where they were put and another foul ensued. Determining to have at least one fair jump I took the last trial with that in view, landing with no inclination to put the feet forward. The result was that no slipping took place and I was able to step forward, in place of falling backward. The jump measured exactly two inches more than my old record, and that is the last time I made public figures. To show the importance of long spikes in the heel it may be said that had mine on that day been three-quarters or one inch long in place of a scant quarter inch, any one of my five foul trials would have been fair. They ranged in distance from 11 feet 0½ inch to 11 feet 4¼ inches.

A beginner should always practice on hard ground, for if one is accustomed to landing on a gymnasium mat or soft dirt it will be next to impossible for him to do justice to himself when competing on boards or hard soil. Many may ask why it is necessary to have a hard material for landing. It is not actually necessary to have the material hard so long as it is holding. Good elastic turf combines a gentle giving way with a very holding surface for landing on. The more holding the landing place is the farther the feet can be put forward, providing the shoulders have sufficient momentum to keep the athlete from falling back. Mo-

mentum to the shoulders will be of little avail unless the heels are held firmly, for a slip of an inch will often make the difference between a fair or foul trial. If dug-up dirt is used as a landing the jumper will slip too far to reach a distance that he would be equal to did he not fear hard ground. Dug-up dirt is necessary for a running broad jump, where the great distance cleared would cause too much of a shock if the landing place were hard, but it is fatal for the best performance in a standing broad jump.

The illustrations representing an athlete during different stages of a standing broad jump are most instructive.

"Take-Off for Standing Broad Jump" represents an athlete just at the beginning of making the spring. His arms are thrown back and the quick forward and upward movement of them aids very much to get his body moving. "Attitude During Spring No. 1" represents a position near the end of the spring. "No. 2" of the same title shows a position at the very end of the spring, and, although it looks as though the athlete would fall on his face, he has given full momentum to his body and with a throwing of the arms down and raising his feet he will resemble "In Mid-Air with Arms Thrown Back," which shows the jumper at the highest point. When touching earth the arms are brought to the front again and the athlete resembles "Landing with Arms Forward." If his heels stay where he put them he will not fall back, although judging by the picture one would hardly think it possible to prevent a backward movement.

A good way to practice the standing broad jump is to try the game called three standing broad jumps, which consists of three successive forward springs. The very same motions are used in each of the three divisions of this jump as in a single standing leap, and the successive swinging of the arms necessary in three successive jumps is excellent practice for the use of these members in a single jump. Once in a while it will do no harm to try ten jumps, but before such a series can be successfully done the athlete must be in good condition, or his leg and abdominal muscles will become very sore. Ten standing jumps is a very severe exercise, and considerable staying power is needed to land and take off again during the last five jumps. If one wishes to practice for this event he should be content with the three jumps and occasionally try

five, but ten jumps should be left for the day of the trial.

Improvement at standing broad jumping is very slow, but one should, with judicious practice, do a foot more than when first making a regular attempt. In ordinary life I used to do 10 feet, but with fairly regular attendance at a gymnasium I would find myself doing 11 feet with no special preparation for it. It is said that 12 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches has been cleared for a standing broad jump, without weights, by Joseph Darby, an English professional athlete. Not much credence is generally put in professional records, but I think it is quite likely that Darby is equal to that phenomenal performance, for he has a great incentive to practice. Eleven feet to most men seems an incredible performance, but if I could do that by practicing in an offhand way, why should not a professional of superior ability and making it a business to practice do one foot more? It is also said that Darby has cleared 36 feet in three standing broad jumps without weights. The best amateur record is 34 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, by myself. Taking up the ten jumps it is found that Darby is credited with only 112 feet, while the amateur record, my own, is 113 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, but it should be said that if Darby can clear 12 feet for a single jump he can do in the neighborhood of 120 feet for ten. Other points regarding standing jumping will be mentioned in Part II. of this article, which will also handle the running and standing hop, step and jump.



LANDING WITH ARMS FORWARD.

THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD.

BY LIEUT. W. H. C. BOWEN, U. S. A.

Continued.



ZAREBA—FRONT VIEW.

THE voice which was to awaken into life the dormant spirit of Connecticut's latent loyalty and its more than old-time military ardor came, and at the first call of President Lincoln for volunteers in 1861 Connecticut sent three regiments, but they went as volunteers, not as militia. Few of the militia companies volunteered as such; among those few were the Grays, of New Haven, now Company F, Second Regiment, C. N. G., which was organized in 1816, and which has held in its ranks some of Connecticut's foremost men, including the late Maj. Gen. A. H. Terry, U. S. A. The three regiments were all at Bull Run, having been brigaded with the Second Maine and detachments of United States marines and regulars. After the battle all sorts of wild rumors and statements appeared regarding the panic which followed. The *Washington Star* reported that the "Second Connecticut broke and ran and caused the panic." Col. Alfred H. Terry, afterward major general U. S. A., who died in New Haven last winter, replied in the *Star*: "The brigade went into action in parade order, remained on the field until fighting had entirely ceased, and only retreated when orders to that effect were received from the commander of our division. It then moved off in perfect order, and its formation was only broken by a stream of

fugitives from other regiments passing through its ranks."

When Colonel Tyler reported to General Scott with the First Connecticut shortly before Bull Run the general is reported to have said, "Thank God! one regiment has come fully equipped for service."

From 1861 to 1864 the militia, as such, was at low ebb; the word itself was in bad odor owing to the neglect and carelessness of the State in not enforcing laws which of themselves were good. A history of the Connecticut *volunteer troops* engaged in the war would require volumes.

In 1861 stringent laws were passed regarding the militia, which were repealed in part in 1862; the organization then was one division, divided into brigades, under instructions from the commander in chief (the Governor). In 1862 the number of companies was limited to ninety, reduced to sixty in 1864. In 1865 we find for the first time the active militia of the State designated "The Connecticut National Guard."*

* Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, U. S. A., in his article on "The National Guard of California" (*Outing* for November, 1901, page 132), claims the name as having originated with a company organized in California in 1835, and called the "Nationale."

The name "National Guard" had already been adopted from that remarkable body of citizen soldiers, the National Guard of Paris. It was first used in this country by the second battalion of the Eleventh Regiment, N. Y. Artillery, organized in 1824. This battalion was soon afterward transferred from the Eleventh, and in January, 1825, became a part of the Second Regiment of Infantry. In the

In 1867 the number of companies was reduced to forty, the number of regiments to four, with two sections of artillery. In 1871 these companies and regiments, with the artillery, were brigaded, and the highest military rank below the Governor, who was still designated as "commander in chief," was brigadier general. From 1874 to 1887 there were many laws making changes in the Guard, the principal one in 1886. Up to this time each organization was allowed to choose its own uniform, with the approval of the commander in chief, but in that year all distinctive clothing was done away with and a uniform modeled after the pattern, color, etc., of the regular army was adopted.

The militia law of the State of Connecticut, revision of 1887, in force after January 1, 1888, is the law under which the present National Guard is organized. It is modeled on United States laws, and the regulations and tactics used are practically those adopted by the United States Army. All male citizens of the State between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, not expressly exempted by law,

are subject to military duty, and designated as the militia. The active militia is designated as the Connecticut National Guard, and is liable at all times to be ordered into active service, and must first be called out by the commander in chief (the Governor) on all occasions for military service. It may be by him turned over into the service of the United States on requisition by the President, for service without the State, not exceeding three months in any one year.

No person except the commander in chief can call out the militia or National Guard for any duty whatever, but he may make regulations for drills, parades and inspections, and the proper officers designated may give orders in conformity thereto. There is one section of the law which should be learned by heart by every person within the State:

"Section 3139. If any person or persons resisting the laws of this State, or unlawfully or riotously assembled, shall be injured or killed by any of the military force called out * * * such force shall be discharged from all civil or criminal liability therefor."

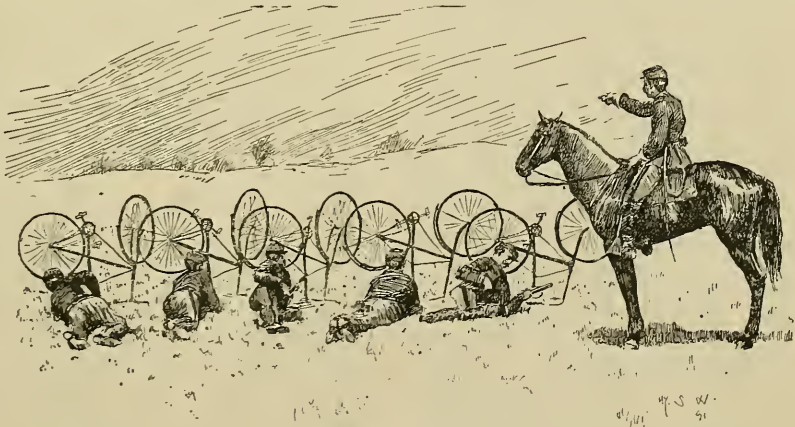
With the knowledge of this law in force a duly enlisted member of the C. N. G. will not hesitate to obey all orders from his company commander, and when the order "Fire" is given he will give the matter no further thought, but will "shoot to kill."

The National Guard of to-day is not the inefficient body it was in 1877; now there is some discipline, not perfect yet to be sure, but still enough to make the brigade of the C. N. G. a most efficient body of troops.

While on the subject of discipline I

autumn of the same year it separated from the Second Regiment and became a distinct and independent organization. May 6, 1826, another company having been raised, the "Battalion of National Guard in the City of New York" became the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Artillery, and remained so until July 27, 1847, when it became, by executive order, the now famous Seventh Regiment, still holding to its distinctive title of "The National Guards," which it had retained during all its changes.

The occasion which suggested the name, and which caused it to be selected by the new Battalion, was the visit of Lafayette, then commanding the National Guard of Paris, to this country in the year 1814. In 1862 the Legislature of New York appropriated the name for the whole active militia of the State, viz., "National Guard, State of New York;" the title was slightly changed when assumed by the Connecticut Legislature for its active militia, the one being "N. G. S. N. Y.," the other "C. N. G.," The name has now become almost universally adopted by the different States, although not by all, as witness Virginia, where its active militia is known as "The Virginia Volunteers."



ZAREBA—REAR VIEW.

wish to quote a few words written by that splendid National Guardsman, Gen. Horace Porter : "The hardest lesson to be learned in life is that of amenability to discipline. In a land like this, where there is very little restraint among young or old, where self abnegation is but little heard of, and where the race of life is pretty much a 'go as you please,' there is scarcely any school in which subordination and obedience are taught except in the military service. When a young man goes into camp and is set to work with a policing squad, and with a shovel and wheelbarrow required to clean up the company grounds, pick up dead leaves, cigar stumps and the débris of the previous day's rations he is not likely to suffer thereafter from notions of false pride or false shame. He learns to dignify labor, and finds that it is one of the duties of the most honorable of professions to take part in the most uninviting forms of manual labor. He learns that there are moral as well as physical and mental qualifications required in the soldier."

During the encampment of the C. N. G. in August last it was my privilege and good fortune to be detailed by the War Department as inspector of Camp Watson. I found the commanding officer, Brig. Gen. Thomas L. Watson, not only a thorough gentleman, but a thorough soldier as well. He was most ably assisted by an efficient staff, and I was delighted with the soldierly manner in which all duties were performed; calls were sounded on time "to the dot" every time, and I can do no better than publish G. O. No. 24, State of Connecticut, Adjutant General's Office, Hartford, September 29, 1891, which is in fact my report on the results of my inspection, published, as the adjutant general remarks, for the purpose of calling attention to the points adversely criticised in the report, to the end that special effort may be given to improvement in the directions indicated :

The camp, called Camp Watson in honor of the brigade commander, was situated on a plain by the Niantic River, swept by the cool breezes from Long Island Sound, and admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is used.

The tents were already pitched, each with a good floor, and with three mattresses for each tent to be occupied by the men; the three mattresses completely covered the floor and made a good resting place for four men. The length of

the color line was fully one-third of a mile.

Battery A had already arrived in camp when I reported, but I was in time to see the different regiments come in.

The Third Regiment, Col. George Haven, was the first to arrive, marching into camp at 12:55.

The First Separate Company (colored), Captain Lathrop, followed at 1:20.

Next came the Second Regiment, Col. John B. Doherty, with 691 men out of a total of 722, a remarkable showing. They came at 1:30, followed by the Fourth, Col. Henry Skinner, at 2:53.

The Second Separate Company (colored), Captain Freeman, marched in at 3:15, followed by the First Regiment, Col. Charles B. Erichson, at 3:20. Total per cent. of whole brigade present, 93.96.

The Third Regiment wore overcoats coming into camp, as the weather was threatening; otherwise in full marching order with leggings. The other troops all in full marching order, overcoats strapped to knapsacks, and all wearing leggings.

The Third Regiment, Colonel Haven, arrived at 12:55; at 2:30 the whole regiment, with the exception of those for guard, were out at battalion drill.

Full-dress guard mounting took place at 3:30, each regiment mounting its own guard.

As to organization the Governor is the commander in chief, with a staff as follows :

With rank of brigadier general: Adjutant general, quartermaster general, surgeon general, commissary general and paymaster general.

With rank of colonel: Assistant adjutant general and assistant quartermaster general, and four aides de camp.

The pay of adjutant general is \$1,200; of quartermaster general, \$1,200; of paymaster general, \$600; of surgeon general, \$500; of assistant adjutant general, \$1,800; of assistant quartermaster general, \$1,800.

The Connecticut National Guard consists of thirty-eight companies of infantry, four machine-gun platoons and one battery of artillery. The companies of infantry are organized into four regiments, the First and Second of ten companies each, and the Third and Fourth of eight companies each. Besides the regiments there are two separate companies of colored troops, officered by colored

men. There is no cavalry. To each regiment are attached a machine-gun platoon (Gatling), averaging one officer and seven men each; a hospital corps of two officers and five men; a band of twenty men; and a signal corps of one officer and nine men.

The troops are organized into a brigade commanded by a brigadier general, having a staff consisting of an assistant adjutant general with rank of lieutenant colonel, a brigade inspector, quartermaster, commissary, inspector of rifle practice, and engineer and signal officer, all with the rank of major; a medical director with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and two aides de camp with rank of captain. The medical director must be a graduate of a lawfully-established medical college and must have been in practice at least five years. The engineer and signal officer must be a civil engineer of at least three years' standing.

The brigade non-commissioned staff is composed of one chief trumpeter and two brigade orderlies. All rank as sergeants and all are mounted, one carrying brigade color.

Each regiment is officered as follows: A colonel, lieutenant colonel and major; an adjutant with rank of captain; a quartermaster and paymaster, each with rank of first lieutenant; a surgeon with rank of major and an assistant surgeon with rank of first lieutenant; an inspector of rifle practice with rank of captain; a signal officer with rank of first lieutenant, and a chaplain without rank, but entitled to pay of adjutant.

The non-commissioned staff consists of a sergeant major, a quartermaster sergeant, a commissary sergeant, a hospital steward, a chief trumpeter and a drum major, all appointed and warranted by the colonel.

All surgeons and assistant surgeons must be graduates of a lawfully-established medical college, and all hospital stewards must be licensed by the State commissioners of pharmacy.

Each company is composed of a captain, a first and second lieutenant, a first sergeant, a quartermaster sergeant, four sergeants, eight corporals, one trumpeter and two musicians, and not more than sixty-four nor less than thirty-two privates. (Each company averages a total of sixty-four officers and men.)

Each machine-gun platoon consists of one second lieutenant mounted and such

number of non-commissioned officers and privates as may from time to time be designated by the commander in chief, averaging at the encampment one officer and seven men.

The battery of artillery consists of a captain, two first and two second lieutenants, one first sergeant, one quartermaster sergeant, one veterinary sergeant, four sergeants, eight corporals, two trumpeters, one guidon, and not more than sixty-four nor less than thirty-two privates. The battery is divided into two platoons, each commanded by a first lieutenant.

For each day's service in uniform at parades and encampments authorized there is paid to each officer, musician and private \$2 per day; to the drum and fife major and members of the band, \$2.75 per day. Each mounted officer in addition is paid \$5 per day for use of horse; for each artillery horse, \$2 per day.

Rations and forage, or commutation thereof, as prescribed by the U. S. Army Regulations.

In addition to above each commander, company commander, and commander of each platoon of artillery, \$50 per year, and the commander of each machine-gun platoon, \$25 per year.

All officers ordered to special duty by the commander in chief receive such pay as may be designated by him.

Each officer or soldier wounded or disabled, and the widow and children of each officer or soldier killed while in the service of the State, shall be suitably provided for by the General Assembly.

Suitable clothing after the pattern of the United States army is furnished to each enlisted man by the State. Each officer furnishes his own, and is allowed \$10 per year for care of same. The clothing of the men is old and worn and needs to be replaced.

As to equipments, one regiment of infantry is armed with Springfield rifles, calibre .45; the rest of the infantry with the Peabody, same calibre. As the company which manufactured the latter has gone out of business small parts cannot be secured; therefore if any part breaks it cannot be replaced, consequently the arm is not a desirable one. The State intends, so I am informed, to re-arm the brigade with the arm to be adopted by the War Department. This applies as well to the artillery (which now has a battery of three-inch Rodman guns) as to the infantry.

Each regiment has a signal corps at-

tached to it of one officer and nine men. The flag and torch service was well performed, but the First Regiment deserves honorable mention on account of its special bicycle service. Under its commanding officer, First Lieut. Howard A. Giddings, this corps of wheelmen has reached a high degree of proficiency. Major Charles L. Burdett, brigade engineer and signal officer, was the originator of this plan, and to his energy and perseverance the corps is indebted for its excellence. The men were armed with the Colt repeating carbine and with the revolver. A man mounted on a bicycle can go many places where it would be impossible to take a horse, and it can beat the "flag" in sending messages in nearly every case. As a fighting force it may not be favored, but as messengers, patrols and advance guard, in my opinion, it would be invaluable. I would recommend to the serious consideration of the War Department the advisability of experimenting with the bicycle.

Speaking of the utility of the wheel in actual warfare, General Wolseley is re-

ported to have said: "There are few countries in the world where you cannot use cycles. * * * I do not remember one day's march or any one fight in which we took part where cyclists could not have been used with the greatest possible advantage."

The principal duties of the military cyclist are those of carrying dispatches, skirmishing and reconnoitring. As applied to the Signal Service, the wheels, in my opinion, would almost double its usefulness.

The signal corps, under direct charge of Lieutenant Giddings, put up a complete telephone system in camp, which was most convenient, each regiment being connected with headquarters, the hospital, quartermaster's department and the stables. One of the companies of the Second Regiment from Waterbury, G., took into camp a cage of carrier pigeons. Several were liberated each day, and with messages attached to their legs made the trip of about sixty-three miles in a trifle over an hour.

To be completed in April.



THE PIGEON POST.

NOTE.—For the use of the cycle in military operations see *OUTING* for December, 1890, and continuation of this article in *OUTING* for April, 1892.

HORSEBACK SKETCHES.

MARCH RIDES.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.*



"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces."—*Swinburne*.

THERE is an exhilaration about our March rides not found in rides at any other season, because in this cold northern climate March is the first of the months when they can be regularly taken. Occasionally days come in the winter when there is pleasure in horseback exercise, but they are enthusiastic equestrians who venture out in Northern New York before the hounds of spring appear.

March is the month of Lewis County "break-ups," when the heavy snows of winter are deteriorating into thick black mud; when the "bottom falls out of the roads," and the spotless covering of hill-side and meadow puts on an unequaled dinginess. The country is at its worst; the landscape uncompromisingly gray; the hills bare and gloomy; the village just stretching its arms after its winter sleep (and country slumbers are sound, with scarcely a snore to disturb them); the farm yards present unsightly refuse piles, and the wind plays unceasing havoc with one's hair and complexion.

"You look like an animated tiger lily," says Polly, when I come in from a trot as brisk as the mud allows. But what matters the gain of a few dozen freckles when compared with the loss of the "blues," infinitely harder to bear and more tenacious of existence?

Though spring comes late in Northern New York she sends sweet whispers of her approach long before she reaches us. Something in the crisp, fresh air, in the blue glimpses of sky caught now and then, in the sound of the freed brooks and rivers, in the sight of the frozen earth thawing in the sunshine, tells us that the world is silently thrilling back to life and that the yearly resurrection is at hand. I check my horse on the brow of some hill and look over the bleak landscape for signs of spring. The buds have not yet opened on the trees, but there is a fresher color in the leafless branches, hinting of the new life bounding through their veins; the robins have sent two or three brave couriers to herald the approach of numbers by and by; and the valley is pushing the dead grass from its bosom to display a faint tint of green. The world is slowly waking.

March is the maple-sugar month. When the days grow warm and the nights frosty the sugar makers seek the woods with augers and pans and buckets, and the tapping of trees and drawing of sap begin. There is a new reason then why Hal and I should ride through mud, snow and wind, and a particular destination or motive beyond the mere exercise always adds enjoyment to a ride. The snow is still deep in the sugar bush, and we could hardly get in were it not that a passable road has been made by the team drawing in the bob sleigh to be loaded with steaming syrup, which is boiled down into sugar at the house. As it is, our horses sink to their knees at times in the soft snow, but resolutely flounder on till they reach solid ground, where the sugar makers are at work. It is pleasant to look up through the leafless branches at the sky, from which wavering flakes of snow are falling, "sugar snow" they call it, as it indicates good sugar weather, covering the ground and preventing the escape of frost. We draw near the blazing fires and watch the men pour into the great mysterious evaporators the sap which

* Copyright, 1892, by Jessie F. O'Donnell.

runs its tortuous course and comes out syrup at the other end.

"Quite an improvement on the old iron kettle hung on a fence rail," laughs the proprietor, exhibiting his siphons and shining pans with pardonable pride. Hal springs to the ground and takes a long draught of the sweet, insipid sap, but I decline, preferring to revel in the delicious odor from the boiling sap in the evaporation. But when the proprietor, who has been boiling a portion of the syrup in a kettle over brushwood fire, quite after the old style, invites us to partake of wax on snow, I gladly accept, and, dismounting, draw near the great pan packed full of snow, found white and pure in some woodland recess; our host spreads it with the thick golden syrup boiled down until it will harden on the snow; Hal provides us with forks whittled from birch twigs, and we regale ourselves with that most delicious of sweetnesses—maple sugar on snow. One never gets its true flavor till he tastes it in the sugar bush, mingled with an occasional crisp crystal of snow, with the sunbeams that steal between the snow flakes through the brown interlacing of maple boughs, with the zest of the March wind, the woody odors and the freshness of the spring. I cannot wonder that the red man paid homage to the maple, our most beautiful tree, with its bare, graceful boughs etched in neutral gray against January's snow, or the brightening sky of March, with the delicate green of its young foliage, the brilliant crimson and gold robes of October, and its heart of sweetness from which one draws an Olympian nectar.

We must keep close watch of the horses in these first spring rides, for having been little used during winter they are wild and nervous, and many mischievous leaps testify to their willingness to unseat their riders.

Hal and I went for a ride one day early in March. We had a pleasant afternoon; the wind had grown weary of a ceaseless gale and gone to sleep; the sun was warm enough to be heartily inviting; and Tyler, contrary to my expectations, gave me little trouble. He had not yet regained his usual easy lope, which is like the motion of the rocking chair which inevitably swings in every description of a good saddle horse, and it took all my strength to keep him from a wild run, but he did not balk or kick, as I admit he occasionally does.

Returning, Tyler was still on good behavior until the approach of a man on a bicycle. My companion sprang from his horse with the intention of holding Tyler by the bridle; but I would not permit this, as I did not wish the horse to think there was cause for fear. So, seating myself firmly and talking reassuringly to the horse, I rode slowly forward. Tyler had never seen

A buggy wheel get loosened and go runnin' round alone,

and eyed it closely until within a foot of meeting, when he "cleared the track" by a flying leap into the gutter, spattering me with mud, but doing no other damage. Since that day Tyler has never manifested the slightest alarm at the passing of bicycles, even when they have come up swiftly and noiselessly from behind.

There is an elevated point as you approach the town from the western side, where the village and the hills beyond stretch broad and beautiful before you. They were blue and sunny when we came up that way, but it had grown chilly, and the outlines of the hills, unsoftened by summer foliage, were cold and forbidding. They looked down upon us like massive, inexorable barriers, shutting the life and beauty of the world away from us. Some half-forgotten words rose to my companion's lips: "The strength of the hills is His." Ah! what a cold, unapproachable strength that seemed.

A week later came a glorious day for a ride, with soft air, sky bright and cloudless, and our spirits keyed to the note of spring. We ride to this same point and beyond. Coming back our eyes drink in the loveliness of mountain and valley before us. Last week the hills flung heavy shadows on our hearts. To-day, lifting their massive crests, no longer bare, no longer cold and desolate, they comfort and gladden us. The grass is creeping over them, hiding the rough rocks, making the desert places "rejoice," softening harshness and sternness; the pussy willows toss their plummy sprays and give us velvet caresses when we stoop to gather them; the leatherwood puts forth pale-yellow blossoms in the wooded thicket; in wet, clayey places the coltsfoot thrusts up its downy head; and on the edge of lingering snow banks hepaticas open, blue and rose and white. It is late March. April is almost here.

ROWING.

IMPRESSIONS OF ANOTHER OLD GRADUATE.

BY CHASE MELLEN.



“AN old graduate!” What a world of sentiment there is in these three words. They bring a sparkle to the eye, a flush of color to the cheek, an inward rush of new youth and hope and love for the old ‘varsity. A flood of a thousand memories crowds the old graduate’s mind and the sparkle gives way to a softened far-away look in the eye as his thoughts go back to his

day at the ‘varsity. Pitied is to be the man whose blood does not run a glad riot at the recollection of his college days, and who can recall the first few months after he became a graduate without a renewal of the pangs he felt at leaving the dear old place? From Eden to Gehenna seemed his journey away from it, or he was no true college man. And if he was a rowing or football man, or a devoted adherent of some other manly game, what a nervous, wideawake creature he is on the day when his old ‘varsity is to meet the same old rival in a contest in his own specialty.

He will keep up with its doings as long as he lives. He knows that as he grows older his joints will grow rustier, but for all that he can feel as great an interest in his college and university boat races each year as on the days he sat in the boat of the one or the other himself. And that brings me to the very subject I want especially to talk about—“rowing” at our colleges and universities as compared

with the system in England, and the chances a Harvard or Yale crew would have against an Oxford or Cambridge crew. In my humble opinion, those chances would be very much improved if the present system of conducting boating affairs at Cambridge and New Haven were to undergo certain very radical changes, the first essential toward which is an appreciable understanding of the conditions. To begin with, at the English universities there is a genuine love of rowing among the men that is very unlike the sort of liking there is for it at Harvard or Yale. To win the privilege of wearing a small dark or light blue cap with two oars crossed on it and the magical letters “O. U. B. C.” or “C. U. B. C.” embroidered between the oars is the greatest ambition of hundreds of undergraduates at Oxford or Cambridge to-day. And, what may seem the queerest part of it to many of their cousins at Harvard and Yale, of these men a very large number have already contested in many a race and are to-day good trained oarsmen.

How does it happen that there is such a lot of material, already in large part developed, while here the captains are thankful if they can find eight men willing to be taught how to row? The answer is, in the first place, because in the Englishman’s heart there is a large space given up to the love of adventure of some sort, which, at school and college shows itself in each man’s “going in for” some form of sport, and in after life in the pursuit of some golden fleece in the course of commerce, exploration or conquest. And at school and the universities every encouragement is given to the development of this spirit.

In the next place, there is the incentive which comes from the intense appreciation of the English for manly sports. The whole of England is on the tip-toe of expectation on the eve of every interscholastic or inter-‘varsity contest. “Well rowed, Oxford!” is roared by the men who pronounce it as it is written and by those who think it deficient in sound without an h, with kindred enthusiasm. The very wheels of trade are stopped along the

banks of the Thames on the day of the boat race, and woe to the boat captain who ventures on the bosom of Father Thames during certain hours on that day.

To get into one of these crews is therefore a thing worth trying for. The Oxford and Cambridge boat race is a national event, and the participants are famous all over the empire. Two venerable bishops of the Church of England, and at least one of the judges of one of the High Courts, are themselves old "blues." M. Waddington, the Minister from France to England, was a Cambridge "blue." And dozens and dozens of men, who have made honorable names for themselves in after life, were in "their day," in one boat race or another, the very centre of interest of all England.

The London dailies and many provincial ones publish each day intelligent criticisms of the men and crews as if they were a necessary part of the life of the land, and these criticisms are written by men who *know* their subject and are often famous oarsmen themselves. And I have not the faintest doubt that some enthusiast could be found who would declare that the institution of the boat race is one of the mainstays of the British Constitution itself.

In the mind of the great Duke of Wellington the playing fields at Eton were the training schools that developed the soldiers who conquered the armies of Napoleon at Waterloo. And there can be no doubt that the big-framed, ruddy-complexioned, iron-muscled, plucky men from the British Isles, who are always at the front wherever there is a race for the advancement of civilization, owe their enthusiasm for adventure in large part to their having "gone in for" some form of sport at school and university.

The man who has won a "blue" at either university is often preferred for a mastership at school and is sure of finding an "opening" in some line or another, as the very qualities which helped him to win his blue fit him for a struggle in after life. What wonder, then, that at Oxford and Cambridge candidates for the crews are never lacking? Not only their own love of rowing, their desire to shine in the art and to do something for the old 'varsity draw them to it, but the fame it of itself brings them is a powerful incentive.

These items in the composition and development of an Oxford oarsman make

him a formidable competitor in a race; and when eight of them sit together in a boat and row with the determination to win, backed up by an almost perfect system of training, by complete harmony between them and their officers, by the knowledge that the eyes of old graduates in all parts of the world, and of the British Empire herself, are upon them, they have the strength of Titans and row with every ounce of it. The boat race is *the* event at Oxford and Cambridge, but the same enthusiasm runs through every form of sport.

Turning back to Harvard and Yale, are the conditions the same there? At Yale victories of recent years have certainly begun to arouse a little enthusiasm for athletics. Whether men go into them with the right spirit or not it is not easy to see. At Harvard there undoubtedly is beginning to be aroused a genuine love of athletics. But the system of carrying them on clogs the proper development of good crews and teams.

There is too much divided responsibility, and at both there is entirely lacking such a system of rowing as should tend to make it popular and create large numbers of good oarsmen. The opportunities of distinction are few, the drudgery of training is severe. Training begins in December for a single race to take place in the following June without any intermediate races such as could easily be arranged. I have before* advocated a system of rowing which would offer inducements to a much greater number of men to row than now do.

I have instanced† how at Oxford the men who have come up from such schools as have no aquatic facilities begin, when they first enter into residence, with training in gigs and gradually reach a racing shell, and how in each term there are interesting races. In October term there are, for novices, college races for "fours" in gigs, in which many men first learn to sit a boat. For advanced oarsmen there are the University Fours, in light racing shells, races between the colleges. For still more advanced oarsmen there is the "Trials" race, between two crews composed of the best sixteen men picked out from the undergraduates generally, irrespective of college.

Then in the winter term the novices of the term before take a step forward, and

* See OUTING Monthly Record of May and June, 1891.

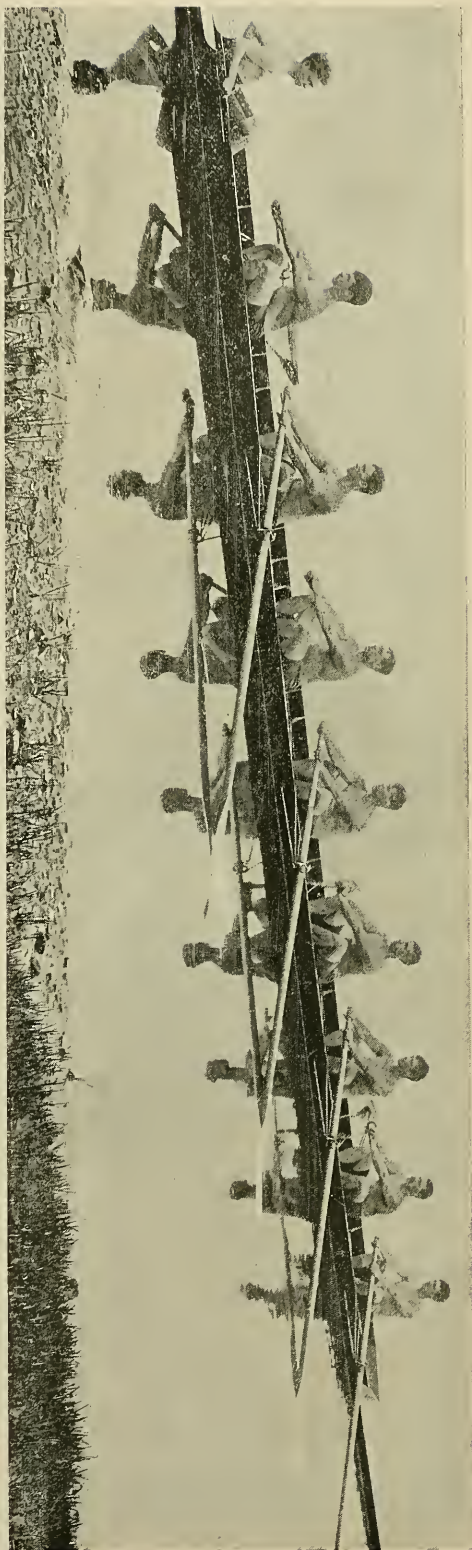
† See OUTING for February, 1891.

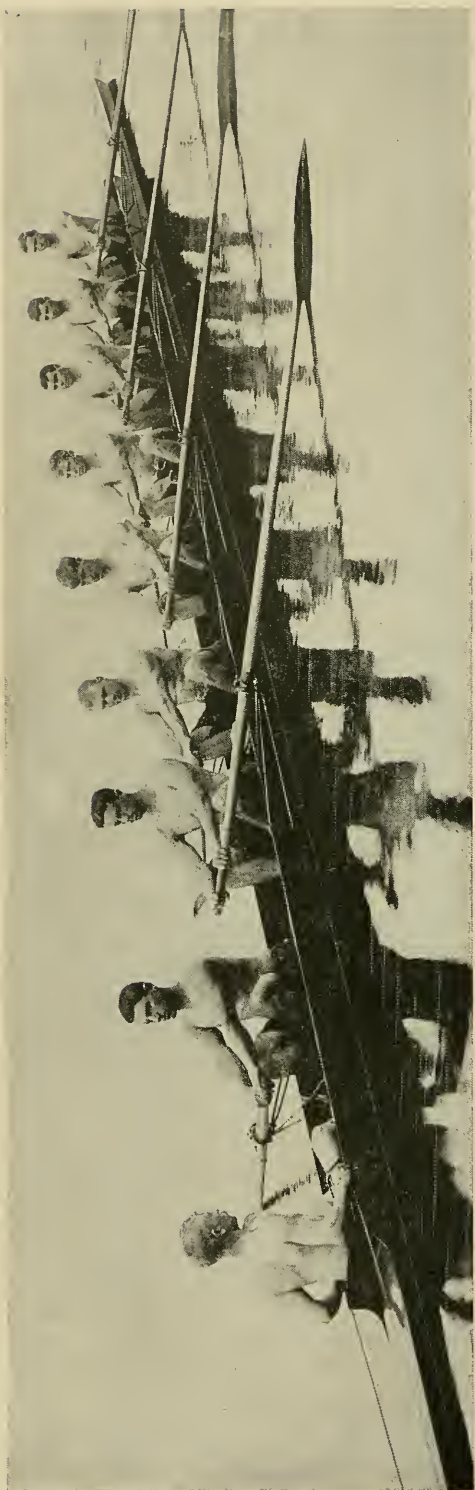
so many of them as may be chosen take part in the Torpids or eight - oar races, which last a week and are contests between boats representing different colleges—each college rowing one race every day. These are held under the auspices of the Oxford University Boat Club, and are the first of the series of "bumping" races, as well as the first opportunity a man has to row for his college. For the most advanced oarsmen of all, the men picked from the last term's "Trials," there is the training for the 'varsity crew for the great race in March. There are also, after the Torpids, races under the auspices of the O. U. B. C. for "fours," composed of crews from the different colleges made up of promising oarsmen for the "Eights" of the next term.

In the Easter vacation takes place the great race with Cambridge. In the summer term comes another series of eight-oared contests between crews of the various colleges, extending over another week, in which each crew rows one race every day. This is the last of the series of bumping races, and are the great inter-collegiate races of the year, in which the crack oarsmen of each college, including "blues," take part for their respective colleges. The Torpids and Eights remotely resemble the class races with us, but the rowing in them is infinitely superior and the coaching and training for them are of the highest order. Thus, from this very brief résumé, it will be seen that there is no long period of monotonous drudgery. Every term brings with it many races for different classes of oarsmen, some of them being series of races repeated several days in succession. The novice of October may become an eightsmen of his college in May, and a "blue" the following March. There are honors constantly to be won—the opportunity of always doing something for one's college.

Now, why is it not possible to devise a system something like this for Harvard and Yale? Our climate prevents rowing on the water in late fall and through the winter, but why cannot there be some genuine races in the spring to take the place of the present useless class races? Why cannot there be opened greater chances for a greater number? Why cannot the monotony of training for the race at New London be broken by a series of races in May which will serve to break in the raw recruits and add zest to the ambition of all? Six months' continuous

YALE '91. 1—W. A. SIMMS. 2—A. J. BAILLET. 3—C. R. ELY. 4—R. D. PAINE. 5—W. W. HEFFELINGER. 6—G. S. BREWSTER. 7—P. HAGERMAN. 8—J. A. GOULD. COX—H. S. BOWNS.





VALE '90. BOW—C. F. ROGERS, 2—W. A. SIMMS, 3—G. S. BREWSTER, 4—J. A. HARTWELL, 5—A. B. NEWELL, 6—H. T. FERRIS, 7—S. B. IVES, 8—P. ALLEN, COX.—R. THOMPSON.

grind, without any intermediate relaxation or races, is enough to take the heart out of any man.

At Oxford and Cambridge the captains do not begin until November to really coach the men for the great race in March—the weeding-out process of candidates for the “trials” is not finished until then. After the trial races in December there is a rest of from four to five weeks, and it is not until the end of January that actual coaching for the crew itself begins, and strict training not until February. There is a distinction between coaching and training: the former means teaching men how to row, the latter means enforcing a certain diet, certain abstemiousness and self denial, regularity in hours and meals, upon them.

Thus the actual training of the Oxford and Cambridge crews lasts only about six to eight weeks. Of course the men who row in the Trials are already oarsmen of greater or less experience and ability; and so would the men of the New London crews have more experience and ability if they had races at home to go through first before getting into the final university crews. There is no necessity to put the eight men into a boat by themselves long before the race and before many of them have mastered the first principles of rowing. Make up as many crews as possible, mingle the good with the mediocre indifferently, increase the number of possible oarsmen, and devise a set of “home” races in May which will be worth taking part in and seeing. Coach the veriest duffer as carefully as the most promising candidate. The result will be a series of races which will try the mettle of men who may be thought likely candidates for the final crew, and give a little zest and interest to training. Six weeks will be ample time to get the best eight men picked out of these crews together. They will then be no longer novices and untried men.

To devise a plan that will allow a trial of such a system as above outlined seems to an “old graduate,” who has seen something of rowing at Oxford and here, the great desideratum of the sport at Harvard and Yale. The crews from both the latter, grand as they were in physical development in 1890 and 1891, as a glance at our illustrations shows, will never be equal to those of the former until the enthusiasm and system existing at Oxford exist here. It is a grave mis-

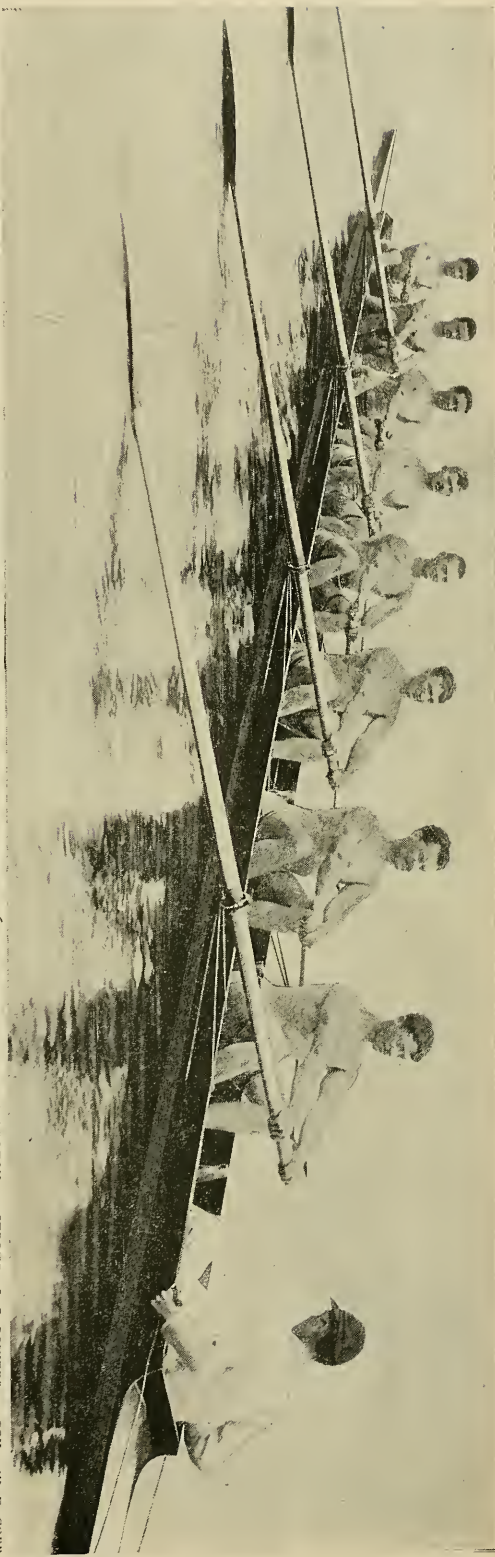
take to think that such a thing is not possible at Harvard and Yale. "Where there's a will there's a way."

In 1829, when the first Oxford and Cambridge race took place, no one expected rowing to become such an art as it now is at those universities. For half a century past there has been an almost perfect system of producing rowing men at either of them which it would be worth the while of Harvard and Yale men to study. Yale many years ago sent Mr. Cook to study the English universities' "stroke," that is to say their method of rowing. In my opinion it is equally important to study the system by which they produce the large number of men who row, and by which the enthusiastic spirit for rowing is maintained year in and year out, generation after generation. It is greatly to be hoped that an international race will be arranged for next summer. As a graduate of Oxford, I may be prejudiced in her favor; but, however that may be, I feel confident that the race would be worth going miles to see, to say nothing of the opportunity it would give our oarsmen to learn more, *vis à voce*, of the rowing man's life in the old universities.

I do not wish to convey the impression that at Oxford all the interest is centred on her crews. By no means. The boat race is possibly the greatest event of the year, but crowds and crowds of people on each of the three days of the cricket match at Lord's, crowds at the two football games in December and February, crowds at the inter-'varsity sports (track athletic meeting) in March, will all testify that every event has its own great interest. Candidates are plenty for every team, university or college, and a few men are not depended on to uphold the prestige of 'varsity or college in numerous fields. All who offer themselves as candidates are welcome and given every chance. In other words, the interest in all sport is widespread, enthusiastic and great.

And those who fear too much time is taken up with play to the exclusion of study I can only refer to the Bishop of St. Andrews, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Richard Webster, Mr. Justice Chitty, M. Waddington and a host of other more or less distinguished scholars and men to support the proposition that a healthy interest and participation in sport do not indicate or produce a feeble intel-

HARVARD '91. 1—M. NEWELL. 2—T. N. PERKINS. 3—N. RANTOUL. 4—F. LYNAH. 5—C. K. CUMINGS. 6—D. R. NAIL. 7—G. H. KELTON. STROKE—J. C. POWERS. COX.—W. E. COBB.



lect. It is the good all-round man, good in his play and good in his work, who conquers the world; not he who shuts himself up in his library or workshop. We are not made only to work. From play at school and university, properly "gone in for," we learn pluck, love of fair play, determination to win, and hatred of tricks and dishonorable methods.

Encourage indulgence in healthy and manly forms of sport, and you encourage the building up of a strong and healthy race of men. Discourage it, frown on honest play—the safety valve of youth, the means to let off its superfluous steam

through innocent channels—and you encourage trickiness, playing "hookey" and sour dispositions. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—and makes him often worse.

"Young blood must have its way." Take from it the chance to let off its impetuosity in healthy, life-giving, ennobling play and you will not cause it to bend all its energies to study; some of them must and will find an outlet through other channels.

These, then, are some of the impressions of another old graduate; it would require a book to give them all.



HARVARD '90. BOW—G. L. NELSON. 2—F. B. WINTHROP. 3—J. H. GODDARD. 4—T. N. PERKINS. 5—R. D. UPHAM. 6—G. H. KELTON. 7—B. T. TILTON. STROKE—J. P. HUTCHINSON. COX.—H. M. BATELLE.

THE STATUS OF THE AMERICAN TURF.

I.—SOME PROMINENT STUD FARMS.

BY FRANCIS TREVELYAN.



"**I**S the turf, as a recognized social institution, here to stay" is the query that in one form or another is being constantly voiced. Year by year, as the vast interests involved in the breeding, train-

ing and general development of the thoroughbred horse show steady increase, the answer becomes of more importance. As from the acorn springs the oak, so from

the mere handful of good sportsmen who a quarter of a century ago kept alive that germ which during the troublous times of the war had become well-nigh extinct has come the immense community that is to-day interested in the turf of this country. Were it possible to obtain the opinions of all those best entitled to give an answer to the above question, the general consensus would, without a doubt, render a reply in the affirmative. Despite the dissent of some few pessimists, the majority of reflective men would, after giving the matter due consideration, answer that the American turf may have—nay, rather, surely has—severe storms to weather, but will in the end emerge safely, tried and

ing and general development of the thoroughbred horse show steady increase, the answer becomes of more importance. As from the acorn springs the oak, so from

strengthened by the severity of the ordeal. But, as a matter of fact, it is by no means necessary to have recourse to the opinion of individuals to obtain a favorable answer. The cold facts and figures by themselves vouch for the stability of the foundation that racing has gained in this country.

Let us consider for a moment what is comprised under the general term "the American turf," so that those who have never given the subject more than a passing thought may to some extent realize the interests involved in the thoroughbred. These interests are, of course, of various kinds and may for our purpose be divided under three headings—stud farms, racing stables and race courses. While of the last it may be said with truth that the proprietorship of or the holding of stock in a racing corporation does not imply that a man is aught but a shrewd speculator, with an eye open to paying investments, still race courses must indubitably be included. Take the race courses of the metropolitan district for example. There are many stockholders who, as the saying goes, have never "owned a hair in the tail of a race horse," yet their capital goes to further the interests of the sport.

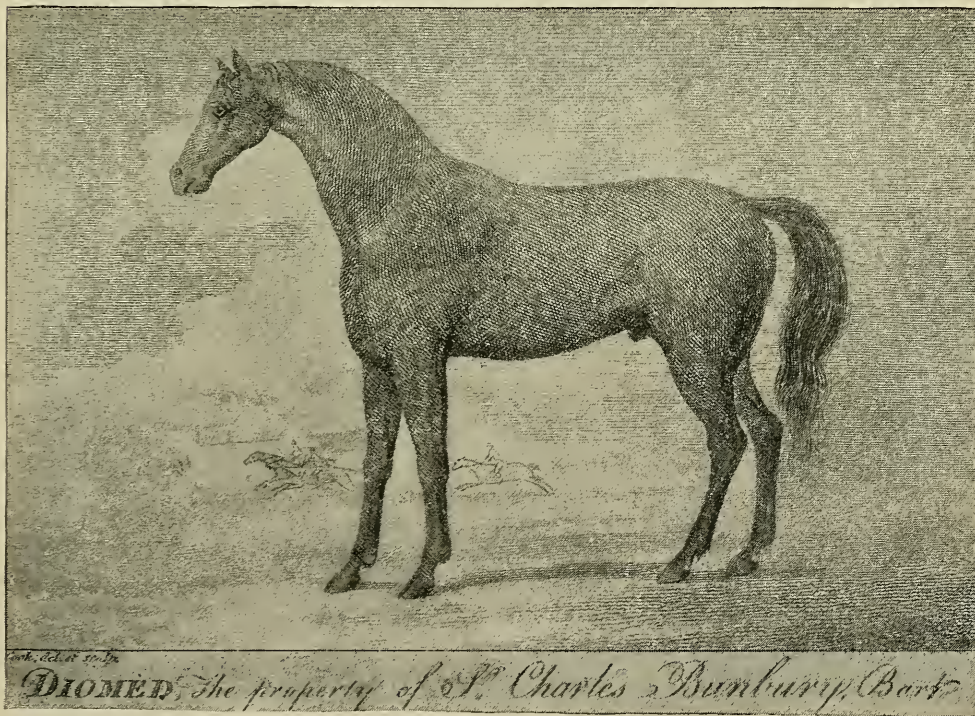
Such men as Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, who is largely responsible for the Coney Island Jockey Club; Mr. G. Peabody Wetmore, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, both of whom own shares in the Monmouth Park Association, and sundry others are cases in point.

In estimating the importance of the thoroughbred the stud farm is in every way entitled to priority of mention, since there it is that the race horse that is to be first sees the light of day, and only through the adoption of a liberal and farsighted policy by breeders has the American thoroughbred acquired his present prominence.

The breeding of the race horse is an industry of old standing in the United States, and students of turf lore can point with pride to the fact that the great Diomed, the winner of the first English Derby in 1780, ended his days on American soil. Diomed was indeed a horse who left his stamp on the thoroughbred of two



MILTON YOUNG.



great countries. He was by Florizel (son of Herod), his dam being sister to Juno, by Spectator, and was bred by Sir Charles Bunbury in 1777. Besides his victory in the Derby, which was then run over the last mile of the Epsom course, he won a great number of races, his active career lasting till 1783, when he started seven times. At the English stud he achieved pronounced success, and his blood appears in the families of many of the best horses in England. After the season of 1798, Diomed, being then in his twenty-second year, was sold for fifty guineas, but was afterward bought for 1,000 guineas by Colonel John Hoopes, of Virginia. In Virginia he ended his days, leaving behind him descendants that have immortalized his name, notably Sir Archy, Duroc, sire of American Eclipse, Potomac, Vingt Un, etc. He was a solid chestnut, without white, except on the heel of his off hind foot, 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ hands high, with great substance and muscular power, which he transmitted to his stock. Our illustration of Diomed, from a contemporary print, is an interesting reminiscence.

It is, however, only within very recent years that breeding has assumed its present immense importance through the weight of money invested in it. Perhaps, indeed, the general public had never formed any real conception of what it implied till in October last the Nursery Stud of Mr. August Belmont, that magnificent collection of the choicest thoroughbred blood that money could gather, was dispersed, when the premier stallion of the day, imp. St. Blaise, was knocked down to

the bold-hearted bidder who "jumped him in" at \$100,000, and brood mares sold at figures ranging upward of \$20,000, while yearlings brought as high as \$30,000, and foals not yet separated from their dams commanded more than \$7,000. These figures forcibly called the attention of the public to a fact which horsemen had been gradually absorbing, viz., that the possible value of thoroughbred stock is almost limitless. While one would in no sense be justified in speaking of the Nursery Stud

as a fair general sample of the value of other like establishments, in that it was formed by the late Hon. August Belmont, a millionaire turfite of practically unlimited financial resources and of the keenest and best balanced judgment, it is not out of place to briefly recapitulate some of the more important figures realized on this occasion. The sale was, in fact, an event from which it is highly probable that the future chronicler of the turf will date the opening of a new era—that in which the highest class of breeding stock were first estimated at something nearly approaching their real value. It did



THE LATE AUGUST BELMONT.

herald, at any rate, one important innovation, for before St. Blaise was sold no one had dared to place the fee for the services of an undoubtedly high-class and successful stallion at anything like what may hereafter be the ruling figure. Indeed, before this sale rendered the fact obvious that the very best grade of stock will always command a ready sale at their full value it would have been impossible for the owner of any stallion whatsoever to ask and get a fee of \$2,500 for



his services, as Mr. Charles Reed has now done.

To return to the sale. Four stallions brought \$117,400, Mr. Reed securing St. Blaise; Magnetizer fetched \$16,000, while the other two, having been practically tried and found wanting, brought next to nothing. Twenty-four yearlings brought \$124,550, and the aggregate sum for seventy-six head of brood mares and weanlings was \$270,050. To appreciate what the last quoted figures imply requires some explanation. Of the mares quite a number were very old, having in all likelihood just about reached the limit of producing. Yet, to take an example, for imp. Toucques, then twenty-three years old, and since dead, and her weanling filly scarcely six months old, as great a sum as \$10,500 was paid, the price in this case, of course, being mainly attributable to the fact that the filly is full sister to the great race mare La Tosca. But the risk of failure in raising these six-months old youngsters to the age at which they will be able to earn money on the race course is very great, and I may add that such examples as the payment of \$7,500 for the weanling colt by St. Blaise out of Carina and \$5,800 for the filly by the same sire out of Susquehanna were something quite new in the history of the turf of the entire world.

In addition to this phenomenal sale of the breeding stock of the Nursery Stud, it must be remembered that the race horses in training and yearlings of 1890 from the same stud were sold in December, 1890, for \$123,600, bringing the total value of the thoroughbreds of which Mr. Belmont died possessed to \$630,500. The sale of the race horses was, moreover, conducted under most unfavorable circumstances, in the depth of winter, with deep snow on the ground, and at a point in Long Island comparatively inaccessible from the city. It is not unjust to anyone to say that if this sale had been conducted under more auspicious circumstances, and particularly if the place of sale had been in the city, fully 25 per cent., if not more, would have been added to the total. Even as it is, the sum total exceeded that of the famous breaking-up sale of the late Lord Falmouth's stud in 1884 by some \$70,000, though the average was not so high.

With the purchase of St. Blaise by Mr. Charles Reed, that intrepid gentleman's Fairview Stud, situated near Gallatin,

Tenn., at once assumed a prominence which in spite of the many excellent race horses previously bred there it had not possessed. At Fairview Mr. Reed has a large number of choicely-bred matrons, to which he is constantly adding. Of them the best known is grand old Thora, herself one of the best mares that ever looked through a bridle and dam of the wonderful filly Yorkville Belle. Before the advent of the Derby winner of 1883 the Fairview Stud was somewhat weak in its stallions, owing to the fact that Mr. Reed's luck in this respect had been appallingly bad. Imp. Mr. Pickwick, like St. Blaise a son of the great English sire and Derby winner Hermit, and French Park, famed for his unbeaten two-year-old career, both died on his hands. Small wonder that the master of Fairview lost no time in effecting a heavy insurance on the life of St. Blaise. Of his other stallions, Forester, Miser, imp. Cheviot, Long Taw and imp. Muscovy, all have had some success, and Exile, that popular but crabbed son of the "great Frenchman" Mortemer, should make his mark, but no one of them has had or could be reasonably expected to acquire the prestige of the great St. Blaise. In passing, it is not out of place to express a hope that this most successful horse will achieve all possible fame for Fairview, whose owner is so well known and generally recognized as a keen, true-hearted sportsman.

Miser, who is a full brother to the better known horse Spendthrift, is the sire of some remarkably good fillies, but the one most likely to immortalize his name in the annals of the turf is Yorkville Belle, whose portrait we shall give when we come to speak of her performances. She was far and away the best two-year-old filly out last season, and ranked extremely high among all the two year olds of a year which produced an unusual number of good performers of that age, while the prospect of her training on into a grand three year old is excellent. Her dam, Thora, who is daughter of Longfellow and Susan Ann by Lexington, always won in high-class company, and when a three year old captured nine stakes, and as a four year old won the Washington, Baltimore, Westchester and Saratoga Cups. Between mother and daughter many comparisons have been drawn, but good as the former was, racing men generally agreed last year that Yorkville Belle was "better than her mammy." Companion

matrons at Fairview of this great old mare are Mary Anderson, dam of Wary, Melodrama and Actor; Bonnie Wood, dam of Phoenix, Annie and Hell Gate; Athlene, dam of Peter and Athlete; and Acquittal, dam of Defendant and Not Guilty, and many good producers and highly-bred mares. In the case of this, as of many other studs, it is almost impossible to keep exact track of what mares they do comprise, as the number is being continually increased whenever desirable animals come into the market. For instance, Mr. Reed purchased three brood mares at the Nursery sale, viz., Carmen, imp. Dauntless and Madcap. With the incentive supplied by the proprietorship of St. Blaise, Mr. Reed's collection is sure to grow steadily, and he will be on the lookout on every possible occasion for choicely-bred ones to mate with the most successful stallion of the day. Notable events as the Fairview sales have been in former years, that of 1894 and subsequent years will entirely eclipse them.

The State of Tennessee contains within its borders one of the best known and the oldest of American thoroughbred nurseries—the famous Belle Meade Stud Farm, a magnificent property of 3,800 acres, belonging to Gen. W. H. Jackson, which comprise grand meadows of the richest blue grass, well watered by Richland Creek and heavily timbered. For upward of sixty years it has enjoyed a national reputation for the race horses it produces, and among its erstwhile lords of the harem that now lie buried beneath its famous oaks have been imp. Priam, winner of the Derby; imp. Eagle, imp. Bluster, Vandal, Jack Malone, Childe Harold, imp. Bonnie Scotland, John Morgan and many others almost equally celebrated. Now in their places reign Iroquois, Luke Blackburn, Enquirer, imp. Great Tom, imp. Loyalist, Tremont and Inspector B. What these stallions, both dead and living, have accomplished is shown by the fact that from 1870 to 1890 their sons and daughters won upward of \$2,000,000 in stakes and purses, while during 1891 125 race horses by Belle Meade sires won over 450 races on the American turf, the value of which aggregated upward of \$300,000.

Iroquois, who was foaled in 1878 at Mr. Aristides Welch's Erdenheim Stud, was truly a worthy representative of the land of his birth, and, so far as one can judge, was one of the very best race horses ever

bred in America. He is perhaps the best son that imp. Leamington ever got, and his dam, Maggie B. B., a daughter of imp. Australian, died in 1890 full of years, honor and glory, having produced, besides him, the famous animals Pera, Harold and Panique. As Iroquois earned undying fame for the "cherry black hoops" of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, and is the only American horse that has ever won the Blue Ribbon of the English turf, his record is worthy of recollection. To the present day he stands alone among horses of all nationalities as the only one who ever won the Derby, the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot and the Doncaster St. Leger. As a two year old he won four races, the Chesterfield Stakes, the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate, the Two-Year-Old Stakes at Epsom and the Levant Stakes at Goodwood. The next year he was started in the Two Thousand Guineas, when only half fit, and had to strike his colors to Peregrine, but in the Derby he turned the tables on his conqueror. This grand success he followed up by scoring brackets in the Prince of Wales Stakes and St. James' Palace Stakes at Ascot, the Burwell Stakes at Goodwood, the St. Leger, the Newmarket Stakes and Newmarket Derby. As a four year old he did not start, but at five years old he won the Stockbridge Cup with 130 pounds on his back.

Enquirer is now a very old horse, having been foaled in 1867, but the boast his owner makes that in him he owns the greatest living stallion is far from being vain. He has sired an enormous number of great stake winners, among them such race horses as Inspector B., Bella B., Miss Ford, Egmont, Reporter, Telie Doe, Blue Eyes, Burch, etc., and his get have always been noted for their great turn of speed. During the thirteen years from 1878 to 1890, inclusive, his sons and daughters won in stakes and purses upward of \$465,000.

Of the other Belle Meade stallions it is not necessary to speak in detail, but Luke Blackburn must be given a few words. As a three year old he carried the famous "red, blue sash" of the Dwyer brothers in twenty-four races, of which he won no less than twenty-two, being third in one other and unplaced in one in which he fell and threw his jockey. Among his victories were the Tidal, Long Island, St. Leger and Great Challenge stakes at Sheephead Bay, the Ocean and Cham-

pion stakes at Monmouth, the United States Hotel Stakes and Grand Union Prize at Saratoga, and the St. Leger and Great American Stallion Stakes at Louisville. Subsequently to his three-year-old form he only started twice, winning once and breaking down at the second attempt. From 1880 he held the record, 2m. 34s., for a mile and a half, until in 1890 Firenze reduced it to 2m. 33s.

A passing mention of the Belle Meade matrons must suffice. Among them are Tullahoma, dam of Tulla Blackburn and Tammany; Silver Maid, dam of Young Luke and Taviston; Vintage Time, dam of Uncle Bob, winner of the American Derby; Bribery, dam of Miss Ford and Zuleika; Miss Hampton, dam of Elyton; Guillean, dam of Ben Harrison, Wrestler and Guildura, and Mariposa, dam of Swift, Beatitude, Boulevard, etc.

Far away in sunny California lie the broad stretches of the Rancho del Paso, the largest stud farm in the world, and the property of the "Copper King," Mr. J. B. Haggin, the multi-millionaire, around whose life so many mysterious and fanciful imaginings have been woven. There the Australasian horses Sir Modred and Darebin hold court, and last year were joined by that worthy idol of the American turf, Salvator, whose illustration we shall give. On his breeding alone, quite apart from the grand record which he made as a race horse, Salvator is a formidable contestant for the pride of place among the foremost sires of our country. His paternity he owes to the great imp. Prince Charlie, "the Prince of the T. Y. C.," the horse who, though—like the even greater Ormonde—exiled on account of the affection in his wind commonly known as "roaring," did so much during his short sojourn on American soil to strengthen our thoroughbred strains. Salvator's dam is Salina, a wonderful race mare and granddaughter of the famous mare Levy, by imp. Trustee, whose descendants have achieved such wonders both as race horses and producers that the Levy blood is perhaps more highly prized in brood mares than that of any other American family at the present day. Within the last few months Mr. Haggin has further demonstrated his belief in the value of the thoroughbred blood of the Antipodes by purchasing the New Zealand bred horse Maxim. This is a son of the English Musket, whose expatriation was so deeply regretted when too late. Among

his offspring in the land of his exile have been the great Carbine, Martini-Henry, Nordenfeldt, Volley and a host of other good race horses. Maxim was himself a great race horse, in most persons' opinion the best ever bred in New Zealand, certainly the best three year old. Through his sire he inherits a great quality of stamina, which should prove of great benefit in this country.

The prodigious extent of the Rancho del Paso has been a revelation to all who have ever seen it, for from end to end it measures some thirty-six miles, and its acres number upward of 44,000, so that, as may well be imagined, it much more resembles an ordinary county than a stud farm. On its broad expanses are found brood mares of every description, thoroughbred, trotters and half breds, but it is only with the first that we are concerned. Mr. Haggin's limitless command of money has made it possible for him to buy the bluest blooded mares on the market, and a great proportion of the matrons of the Rancho del Paso are well known both for their exploits on the turf and as successful producers. Among them is Maud Hampton, dam of two of the best race horses ever seen in this country, Ban Fox and King Fox. Here is a mare that illustrates better than any other in the Stud Book how unreasonably low have been the prices of breeding stock in America as compared with its true market value. When Mr. Haggin paid Major B. G. Thomas, of the Dixiana Stud, \$10,000 for her the price was deemed absurdly high; yet what do we find to be the sequel? In 1887 Maud Hampton produced King Thomas, who as a yearling sold at auction for \$38,000, only to be resold at private sale a few days afterward for \$40,000; in 1888 she threw Silver King by imp. St. Blaise, who sold at the same age for \$22,000; her foal of 1889, Silver Fox, also by St. Blaise, fetched \$7,000, and last year her yearling by imp. Sir Modred brought \$2,000. These four yearlings brought in to the mare's owner \$69,000, or within \$1,000 of seven times the sum paid for her, and all in the course of four years! Could there be more convincing proof that the upward tendency manifested of late in the prices of breeding stock will not only continue but increase?

The number of brood mares in Mr. Haggin's possession is constantly on the increase, since he never lets slip an op-

portunity to pick up choice specimens, always, however, acting under the advice of and through his excellent superintendent, John Mackey. At the Nursery sale several recruits were gained, among those who journeyed to the Pacific Slope being Carina, dam of St. Carlo; Flavina, dam of Flavia and Flattery; Mentmore Lass and the weanling filly by imp. The Ill Used, out of Mentmore Lass, these alone costing \$16,600. Then, again, at the sale of Mr. William Astor's Ferncliff Stud in 1890 Mr. Haggin paid \$7,700 for the famous race mare Aranza, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, out of Arizona by Lexington; \$6,000 for Glidelia, also by Bonnie Scotland out of Waltz by Lexington; \$5,000 for Peoria, the daughter of imp. Mortemer and imp. Matchless by Stockwell, and \$4,000 for Prude, by King Alfonso out of another Lexington mare, Marguerite. Others of the Rancho del Paso matrons are: Plaything, dam of Tournament, who as a three year old won for the late Senator George Hearst \$88,505; imp. Agenoria, dam of Pontiac; Lou Lanier, herself a rare race mare and dam of Killdeer, Katrine and Kaleidoscope; Letola, dam of Cayuga, Unrest and Utopian; the famous race mare Miss Woodford, etc.

Before entirely leaving the Western studs brief mention should be made of the Riverside Stud of Mr. Marcus Daly, the partner of Mr. Haggin in the famous Anaconda copper mine. His stud is located near Butte, Mon., and is still only in process of formation, but that he will eventually make it second to none his recent purchases indicate. He also was a purchaser at the sale of the Belmont stock, buying Affinity, Belinda, Clara, dam of Clarendon; Mehallah, Peeress and Wood Violet, paying for them \$19,200, besides investing in a number of high-priced youngsters. His premier stallion at present is imp. Child of the Mist, a beautifully bred horse, by Blair Athol out of Ma Belle by Lord Clifden, and a good race horse, while imp. Inverness, a very good two year old, will be one of the future lords of the harem at the Riverside Stud. Mr. Daly, together with two other American gentlemen, Mr. August Belmont and Mr. Foxhall Keene, was a heavy purchaser at the recent Newmarket December sales, and the animals bought on that occasion form a most important addition to the American Stud Book.

The natural home in America of the

thoroughbred is, of course, Kentucky, with its far-famed blue-grass pastures and limestone soil, and despite the spread of breeding enterprises in other sections the natural aptitude of the soil and surroundings in that State for the rearing of the race horse will, beyond the shadow of a doubt, preserve for it the pride of place as the headquarters of the breeding industry. It is no more possible to raise the thoroughbred on any kind of soil than it would be to grow tobacco on the sand of the seashore. The late Hon. August Belmont, for instance, made public acknowledgment of the truth of this when, after spending tens of thousands of dollars on the improvement of his original Nursery farm, near Babylon, Long Island, he removed his entire stud, in the fall of 1885, to the new Nursery farm which he leased close to Lexington, Ky. All who have seen the Long Island estate will agree that it is a charming property for a racing man to possess, with every convenience for the handling and training of race horses; but on the naturally sandy soil no amount of improvement could ever produce the pasturage which is absolutely essential to the development of the young thoroughbred. Without the presence of limestone in the soil, moreover, the horses raised there were light of bone, thus lacking one of the very essentials in the conformation of a race horse.

To Kentucky, then, we must still look for the vast majority of the farms from which comes our supply of race horses. Even the most cursory mention of the studs of that State would occupy far more space than can be here devoted to the subject, and a few remarks about some of the most renowned must stand as samples of the rest.

Among all the stud farms of Kentucky that of Elmdorf stands very prominent, for there a great number of the finest race horses ever seen on the American turf were foaled. Among them have been Salvator, the peerless Firenze, the wonderful son of Virgil, Tremont; Monitor, Dry Monopole, Los Angeles, Bermuda, Vigil, Dagonet, Aella, Ben Ali, etc. The list might be almost indefinitely prolonged if it would avail anything. Although the stud was dispersed at auction in October last, there is but slight chance of Elmdorf ceasing to be famous as one of the leading stud farms of the country, for its qualifications are almost flawless. As

was said of it recently: "There is not a better stud farm in America. Nature has done all that she can for it, while a judicious outlay of money has made it perfect."

Elmendorf was originally founded by Mr. Milton H. Sanford, who spent a quarter of a million dollars on its improvement, and when it passed into the hands of Mr. Daniel Swigert care was always taken to keep it up. It comprises 544 acres, all but about twenty of which are in grass, and this, be it remembered, within half a dozen miles of Lexington, and in the very heart of the richest blue-grass region. Its present owner is Mr. C. J. Enright, who purchased it only a few months ago. It is his intention to maintain the stud on the footing which has made its name familiar throughout the length and breadth of the land.

To attempt to enumerate all the famous mares that have grazed in the lush pastures of Elmendorf would be too great a task. Here it was that Ann Fief produced Tremont, the famous black colt that never knew defeat, winning thirteen important races as a two year old. Here was foaled Firenze, the grand mare that, during her long career, conquered all the very best race horses of her day; here Finework, one of the youngest of the stud matrons who claim the great Lexington, "the blind hero of Woodburn," as their sire, produced Portland, Elkhorn Lass and Embroidery, the last being the dam of Sir Matthew, a good two year old, and winner of the Junior Champion Stakes of 1891. Here Salina produced Salvator, perhaps the best race horse ever seen in this country, and Fair Lady, one of the most promising young brood mares in the land, threw in two successive years such race horses as Bermuda and Dagonet. Stamps, dam of Katie Pearce, Louisette and Preciosa; Peru, dam of Dry Monopole; Marguerite, dam of Rupert and Ruperta; Gondola, dam of Senorita; all these, and a host of others, will serve to keep the name of Elmendorf fresh in the memory of racing men. This, too, was the spot where Prince Charlie spent the few years he was destined to live in the land of his adoption, and imp. Glenelg begot a great number of sons and daughters, of sterling constitution and stamina and blessed with the hardest and soundest of legs.

The Woodburn Stud, which belongs to Mr. A. J. Alexander, is another of the

celebrated Kentucky stud farms. This was the birthplace of the famous Foxhall, who, perhaps more than any other animal, opened the eyes of English turfites to the sterling qualities of American race horses. His sire, King Alfonso, has held court at Woodburn for many a year, and with him are associated Falsetto, whose offspring are among the speediest horses ever trained, including Dew Drop, Fresno, Rupert, Fordham, etc.; Lisbon, the sire of Troubadour, and Powhatan, own brother to the famous gelding Parole and sire of that "perfect gentleman in black," though unlucky race horse, Burlington. The name of Lisbon's son, Troubadour, awakes memories of the sensational Suburban of 1886, when that good horse effected for Capt. "Sam" Brown, of Pittsburgh, his owner, one of the greatest *coups* of recent years. Woodburn is even better known as the home of trotters, but among its thoroughbred matrons are some of the best known in the country, such as Glenluine, dam of Troubadour and Lizzie Krepps; Sylph, dam of La Sylphide and Kaloolah; Jamaica, dam of Foxhall; Cachuca, dam of Fresno and Palestine; imp. Flora McDonald, dam of Dundee and King Mac, etc. Sylph and her daughter, La Sylphide, the latter being the dam of that good race mare, Semper Fidele, trace to the famous Magnolia, by imp. Glencoe, who founded one of the most distinguished of American thoroughbred families. She produced a perfect host of good winners and producers, among her sons and daughters being Magic, Madeline, grandam of Iroquois; Madonna, Charlie Ball, Princeton, Charlie Morgan, Hanover, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Skedaddle, Kentucky, Gilroy and Victory, all race horses of quality. Magnolia's descendants have earned considerably over \$650,000 in winnings and sales, scoring in 1890 alone \$93,964.

One of the most picturesque and noteworthy figures on the American turf is Mr. Milton Young, the proprietor of the McGrathiana Stud, a charming property of about 500 acres, which derives its name from its founder, Mr. Price McGrath. "Milt" Young, as he is commonly called, rose from very small beginnings, as he will freely tell you himself, and from the humble occupation of a bill poster has worked himself upward until he owns one of the best breeding establishments in the country. A Kentuckian by birth, he mentally, nevertheless, bears much more re-

semblance to a "Down East" Yankee than to a native of a Southern State. Shrewd, self reliant, ambitious and thoroughly in love with his business, the odds are that he will, before he is an old man, have made McGrathiana the leading stud of the country.

At present Onondaga, a first-class race horse and a highly successful sire of two year olds, is the premier stallion of this stud, but last season Mr. Young made a wonderfully good bargain in securing the two grand race horses Longstreet and Potomac, the best son of the great St. Blaise, for \$30,000, for use at the stud after their racing days are over. His other stallions are Duke of Montrose, Strathmore, both of whom trace directly to the Levity family, imp. Rapture, imp. Pirate of Penzance, imp. Woodlands, that good race horse Favor, Macduff, Sobranje—a grandly-bred young horse by imp. Mortemer out of that great race mare and producer Spinaway—and, last but not least, that magnificent race horse, Hanover. The last named was purchased from the Dwyer brothers at the end of a career which reflected lustre on the entire American turf. Onondaga has to his credit a great number of good performers, possessed of the greatest speed, as is only natural, as he himself comes of one of our best racing families, being by imp. Leamington out of famous old Susan Beane, by Lexington, and so is full brother to the invincible Sensation and Potomac's dam, Susquehanna. Among his offspring have been Oregon, Yum Yum, Oarsman, Bootmaker, Blessing, Blessed, Once Again, Busteed, Ambulance, On the Lea, Promenade, Prince of Darkness, Curt Gunn, etc.

Black Maria, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, is probably the best known of Mr. Young's mares, the dam of many winners, including Once Again and Ambulance. Others are: Patti, dam of Montrose, Retrieve and Promenade; Perhaps, dam of Dilemma, Chance, Doubt and Reckon; Beatitude, dam of Bootblack and Blessing; Belle of the Highlands, dam of Duke of the Highlands; Sophronia, dam of Curt Gunn, and Nellie Booker, dam of Ten Booker, Oarsman, Bootmaker and The Sheriff. A very large proportion of Mr. Young's mares are excellent producers, one of the many indications of the care and good judgment with which this gentleman has built up his stud.

But we must perforce leave the subject of Kentucky stud farms. To not one-

quarter or indeed one-tenth of them have we been able to make even passing allusion, but, despite the fascination the subject possesses, the matter of space is one that must not be overlooked.

The recent death of the Hon. William L. Scott has entailed the impending dispersal of another of the leading studs of America—the Algeria Stud, at Erie, Pa. Though of comparatively recent formation, Mr. Scott's connection with the turf in any shape or form only dating back to 1882, this breeding establishment assumed a position in the first rank almost from its very inception. This was largely due to the fact that its owner signalized himself by purchasing at the breaking-up sale of the Dangu Stud in France, in 1882, the great French race horse Rayon d'Or, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, paying for him \$30,000, and creating a record for a price paid for an imported stallion. At the American stud Rayon d'Or has made a pronounced success, and were it not that his offspring derive from some unknown source a decided "twist in their tempers" (witness Tenny, Tea Tray, etc.), their racing qualities would have sufficed to earn much greater sums.

Even as it is, in the four seasons preceding that of 1891 they earned the grand total of \$408,798, in 1889 alone placing as much as \$174,620 to their sire's credit. Among the good race horses that derive their paternity from Rayon d'Or have been Tenny; Chaos, winner of the Futurity; Tea Tray, Banquet, Bolero, etc., and so well pleased was Mr. Scott with the success of his former experiment that in the spring of 1891 he purchased the French stallion Aérolithe, in addition to some choicely-bred mares of foreign parentage. Other stallions that Mr. Scott owned were imp. Kantaka, half brother to the great English sire Hermit; Algerine and Wanderer, both good race horses, and more largely of native blood than is often found. Many of the Algeria matrons have not only been good race mares in their day, but have proved their genuine worth as producers. Thus, All Hands Around, after a distinguished turf career, threw Bolero at the first attempt, and Lilly R., who also raced with great success, has gained glory as the dam of a Futurity winner, Chaos. Tenny claims Belle of Maywood for his dam; Ella T. produced Tea Tray and Banquet, and imp. Santa Lucia, a daughter of Lord Lyon,

gave us two first-class horses in Torso and Aurelia.

New Jersey has quite a number of studs of more or less importance within its borders. Of them the Brookdale Stud, near Red Bank, the property of Mr. David Dunham Withers, the mentor of the American turf, is probably the best known. Brookdale is, too, a charming property, and there its master spends what are surely the happiest days of his life. "The Sage of Brookdale," which is Mr. Withers' accepted cognomen, breeds his horses to race in his colors, and the only chance the public has to buy them is at the "weeding-out" sales, when the surplus yearling stock or the "culls" from his racing stable are sold under the hammer. It cannot, however, be said that the establishment has been quite so successful in producing high-class race horses as those who appreciate the truly sportsmanlike character of its owner would wish; but then it must be said that these horses are bred to gratify a rich man's desire to test his own theories, not to catch the taste of the general body of racing men.

Imp. Mortemer, the horse whose history was probably fuller of interesting and romantic incident than that of any thoroughbred that ever wore plates, ended his days here last spring. He was probably the best race horse ever brought across the Atlantic. So good and critical a judge as Admiral Rous said of him, when he was racing in England, that he was "the best horse in the world from six furlongs up to two miles and a half"—high praise, indeed, when we consider the source from which it came. Mortemer was bred by the late Count Frederick de la Grange at the Dangu Stud, France, in 1865. He embodied all the essentials of a first-class race horse, both in conformation and in being extraordinarily fast and a stayer of the first water. It was not, however, till he was a comparatively old horse that he showed his best form. As a two year old he won two races in his native country, and the next year four, though while in England he ran four races and did no better than get second once and third once. As a four year old he ran eighteen races, won nine at all distances and all weights, was second to really good horses seven times, third once and only once unplaced. As a five year old he won five races out of six on the Continent, and the Stockbridge Cup on the

only occasion he started in England. The next year he raced in England entirely, winning the Ascot Gold Cup, a sweepstakes at Newmarket, being second once and third once in a magnificent field.

What the general estimation of him was is shown by the fact that during the Franco-Prussian war he had to be smuggled over to England to frustrate the design the Prussians entertained of making him a part of the spoils of war. After he had been at the stud some years M. Lefevre, who owned him, signified his willingness to part with him, and by a great piece of luck the late Mr. B. G. Bruce, who was buying horses for Mr. Pierre Lorillard in England, heard of this before Queen Victoria's agent had time to secure him. So it came about that he was purchased for the Rancocas Stud for \$25,000, landing in New York, November 25, 1880. At the breaking-up sale of the Rancocas Stud Mr. Withers secured him for \$2,500. As Mortemer himself was a heavy-topped horse, who required age to set and harden his frame before he was capable of showing his best qualities, so were his get unsuitable for the two-year-old racing which plays so important a part in these days, and this was very largely the reason he did not make such a success as might have been expected at the American stud. Still the horse was not in reality given a good chance. The first year his get appeared on the American turf there were among them such animals as Wanda, Exile, Chimera, Unrest, Katrina, Heva and Bahama, and to the enormous tax put upon his powers must be largely ascribed his subsequent comparative lack of success. The value of his blood, imparting as it does great substance and bone as well as quality, is, however, appreciated more every day, especially in the brood mares who sprang from him.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Rancocas Stud at Jobstown, N. J., has not at present anything like the importance it possessed before his famous sale, but he is gradually building it up again. His recent purchase of Simon Magus, the only son of the great English sire St. Simon that has ever yet crossed the Atlantic, will, we may hope, lead to its further development in the right direction. Simon Magus' dam is the famous race mare Wheel of Fortune, who was never defeated till the day she broke down in a race, and if the acme of high breeding will render a horse a success at the stud, then this young stal-

lion will outshine all his contemporaries. Other stallions at present quartered at Rancocas are imp. Sailor Prince, the winner of the Cambridgeshire of 1886, and Emperor, the sire of Vestibule, Gramercy, etc. In addition Mr. Lorillard has been steadily acquiring purely-bred mares, at the Nursery sale buying Bella, dam of Belisarius, Beauty and Belle D.; Magnetic, a grand young mare that was a special favorite with the late Mr. Belmont, and Tarbouche, a half sister to La Tosca. The last named, La Tosca, Mr. Lorillard bought at the end of last racing season for \$15,000, and when her active career is over she will be one of the most distinguished matrons at the stud. The chances are that the Rancocas Stud will ere long reach as high a pinnacle of fame as it ever attained. This is the more likely in that its master is notoriously not the man to allow himself to be balked in any object on which he has set his mind.

One of the most notable sales of recent years was that at which the Ferncliff Stud, the property of Mr. William Astor, was dispersed, and since that time the establishment at Rhinebeck has naturally somewhat lost its lustre. Mr. Astor has, however, a most promising stallion in imp. Cavalier, a son of the great Prince Charlie, and it is, as in the case of the Rancocas Stud, only a matter of time before the Ferncliff Stud is well to the fore again. It is, however, possible that the soil of the district in which it is situated is not thoroughly adapted to the breeding industry, but to make certain of this point more time is necessary. Imp. Galore, a

son of the English premier sire, Galopin, brought \$30,000 at Mr. Astor's sale, though only an untried stallion. He was purchased by Mr. R. W. Walden for his stud at Middlesburgh, Md. Mr. Walden trains the immense racing stables of Messrs. John A. and A. Hennen Morris, and is more or less associated with them in sundry breeding ventures. It is not too much to say that Mr. John A. Morris has studs not only all over this country, but also abroad, since he leases a farm at Dunmow, Essex, England, where Lord Rosslyn used to breed thoroughbreds, on which he keeps some American mares. His purpose is to secure the services of noted English stallions whom no sum of money would buy outright.

With this scanty sketch of a few of our most prominent studs we must be content at the present time. To the lover of the thoroughbred the subject is most seductive, and it would be easy to let the pen run on indefinitely did space permit. Still, enough has been said to furnish lay minds with some idea of what the breeding industry comprises. A mere passing allusion has been made to some of the most celebrated animals, selecting them from dozens of nearly equal merit, and even then, no doubt, leaving others equally entitled to notice utterly aside. But taking what has been said as the most superficial survey of the subject—as in very truth it is—a slight conception can be formed of the vast sums that the stud farms of America represent, quite apart from the other branches of the "great game" of racing of which we purpose speaking in other papers.

THE SPANISH BAYONET.

A THICK, sharp nest of dagger-pointed leaves,
 Black tipped, from the gray mesa rises green,
 And from its heart there springs amidst the sheen-
 As a white pinioned bird the sunshine cleaves;
 As Hope, who life's sharp bitterness relieves—
 A blossom spire that greets the sky serene,
 In calm dominion o'er the desert scene,
 Thick hung with creamy bells that chime strange breves.
 O Yucca gloriosa! spirit soft
 And full of strange, mysterious, subtle scent,
 Slow swing thy fair white blossom bells aloft
 In the calm mesa's wide environment,
 Ringing the dirge of that old race which oft
 Heard music in thy bells and smiled content.

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

MOXLEY'S CHUM.

BY VALERIE BERRY.



HIS name was always pronounced Beauvillier by Moxley; but whether the French name was too long for tongues which delighted in brevity and revelled in abbreviations, or whether they regarded it as a bit of romantic christening on Moxley's part, the settlers on the Rio Madre Dolorosa called him invariably "Moxley's Chum."

Moxley was a man of note among the rugged Texans—cattle herders and Indians. The whole exterior of the man—his hawk eye and hooked nose, his grizzled beard and iron-gray hair, his form, athletic, sinewy, spare—attracted attention wherever he appeared, and something underlying these claimed respect.

Taciturn and reserved though he generally was, Moxley had from the first seemed strangely drawn toward the fair-browed adventurer who came among them from "the States," he said, briefly, vouchsafing no further explanations and, oddly enough, Beauvillier reciprocated his partiality. Oddly, because whatever his antecedents were, Beauvillier had the bearing and intuitions of a gentleman, while Moxley—but he filled his place and filled it well.

Perhaps one man in fifty would equal Beauvillier in strength; not more than one in a hundred possessed his strength and symmetry combined. His physique was superb; and the dangerous precision of his long-range rifle and the dexterity with which he handled a bowie indicated ability to hold his own among those who liked him least.

Not of that number, it begun to be whispered, was Judith Carew, only daughter of "Old K'rew," as he was in his absence called by the borderers, but when present a vague feeling of respect toward the man himself, or his superabundant flocks and herds, induced the prefix of "Colonel" to his name.

That Judith was beautiful few who had seen her would deny. It would hardly be correct to style her a belle, since belle naturally suggests its masculine opposite—beau—and Judith Carew had none. A queen in her own right, she ruled royally; but not one of her subjects dared hope, from any look or word of hers, ever to share in her kingdom. When Beauvillier appeared among them, however, the aspect of things changed somewhat—Miss Carew bent her proud head in gracious acknowledgment when he was presented to her, and listened with winning deference to his courteous speeches, for courtesy was a part of Beauvillier's nature.

She had resented with incredulous scorn certain insinuations to the effect that "nobody knew where he came from or what he was." "What does anyone here know of anyone else but what he chooses to tell?" she answered haughtily, "and if a man is not an egotist does it follow of necessity that he is a rogue?"

Beauvillier himself must have seen how the lustrous black eyes grew liquid in his presence, how the slow, sweet smile kindled at his approach; indeed, he seemed drawn to her by a magnetism he could not resist. He would absent himself from her presence for days, weeks even, at a time, but when accident again brought them together he was always found near her—near enough at least to watch with moody eyes the Mexican, José Valcarde, who seemed to stand so high in her father's favor, and who, with handsome person and insinuating address, lost no opportunity to ingratiate himself with the daughter.

Beauvillier was undergoing a longer period of self-imposed exile from her presence than hitherto, while at the same time Moxley, watching him closely, saw how one glimpse of Judith Carew, as she rode past on her milk-white mare, would throw him into a fit of the deepest abstraction, melancholy even, for the remainder of the day. But the grim mentor said nothing till it chanced one day, while baiting their horses in the shade of some cottonwood trees, Miss Carew came riding toward them. Her face grew ra-

diant in the swift surprise of the meeting, and as Beauvillier bowed low in recognition she offered him her hand, and dismounted.

As she left them the pleasant smile faded from her lips and a look of pain and perplexity deepened in her eyes. She had honestly thought that this man loved her—she had gone as far to meet him as a woman could go without being unwomanly—and had met with no response.

But if the wound hurt she could hide it well. If Beauvillier ever had another chance to plead his cause with her it would be one of his own seeking.

As she passed out of sight, Moxley came nearer to him. "Why don't you marry her?" he asked, abruptly, but the speaker seldom indulged in preface. "Why don't I?" and the tone was very bitter, "Why don't I? Because——" He turned and spoke a few sentences in a low, rapid undertone. Moxley looked at him incredulously. "You don't mean that?" he said, slowly.

"I mean just that," answered Beauvillier, drearily, and the look on his high-bred face was sorrowful to see.

They slept beneath the cottonwood trees, and when Moxley opened his eyes in the gray of early dawn Beauvillier stood booted and spurred beside him.

"I'm on the back trail, Moxley," he said. "If I fail in my errand I will overtake you before sundown."

Moxley prepared and ate his solitary breakfast, but seemed in no haste to mount. When he began saddling his horse he muttered: "You may call Tom Moxley a fool or not, but I'll ride to Kerrew's ranch, for three strange things have happened this morning. I dreamed of a gallows tree; an eagle flew and screamed three times above my head, and Tom Moxley has changed his mind before noon!"

When he reached the Carew ranch his quick eye noted at once a certain appearance of disorder which prevailed everywhere. Gates were flung open and drawbars were let down, but no one was in sight. Dismounting, he walked straight to the front door and rapped vigorously. It was opened by Miss Carew herself.

"Have any of the men told you?" was her hasty question.

He shook his head. Judith Carew then explained that the night previous a number of the horses and mules belonging to the ranch had been stolen and the loss

not discovered till the household rose at their usual hour. Her father was gone eastward for a few days and in his absence she had made such arrangements as seemed best to her for the pursuit and possible recapture of the stock.

Moxley's questions were brief and to the point.

"Who had gone first in pursuit?"

"Mr. Valcarde. He had called early in the morning and on learning their loss had offered at once to lead the pursuit."

"Ha!" said Moxley, through his set teeth, "and who went next?"

"Mr. Beauvillier," the rose hue deepening in her cheeks. "He came immediately after Mr. Valcarde left, but thought it advisable to take a different route, and she had insisted that he would ride her father's horse, which, with her own, had been stabled the previous night, as Mr. Beauvillier had slightly lamed his own. Then," she further explained, "Owen, the head man at the ranch, with such of the neighbors as he could muster, had followed."

Moxley led his own horse to the stable, and ten minutes later came out leading Beauvillier's horse.

Judith Carew looked, bit her lip, then smiled as she saw him mount and ride off, for Moxley was a privileged character on the Rio Madre Dolorosa.

Meeting Johnson and Tibbs on his way, he questioned them closely and then struck boldly off.

That he did not proceed very far was certain, for at high noon he was at Carew ranch again. In the stable Judith's milk-white mare stood saddled, and Johnson and Tibbs, with flushed faces, were equipping two mules.

"Well!" was Moxley's sharp greeting.

"It's Miss Judith," answered one of the men; "nothing will do but we must go on the trail, too, and she is to go along to see it well done. Will you go to the house, Major Moxley?" Moxley went to the house and, softening as he always did in Judith's presence, cheered her somewhat. He had no news from the stolen horses, but considerable hope of their recovery.

He had seen Owen and believed him to be on the true trail. He now proposed to follow Beauvillier, who was a bit reckless and would certainly run some risk if he should fall in with a gang of the desperadoes alone.

"If Miss Judith was willing, however,"

he added, "he would ride with her as far as she cared to go."

Riding with Moxley was no child's play, and well was it for Judith that there was no better horsewoman in all Texas.

The sun was dropping westward when Moxley drew rein near a ford of the Rio Madre. On the opposite bank a wooded creek emptied its waters into the river. They rode to the water's edge and Moxley eagerly scanned the soft mud for fresh hoofprints. A confused trampling of hoofs and murmur of many voices broke from the forest growth on the opposite bank and Judith's eager cry, "It is Owen and the horses!" caused Moxley to turn his head. Owen crossed the ford in triumph and made his report to Moxley.

"We found the horses and mules corraled in the ravine, as you judged we would, with those two 'greasers' guarding them, and we just brought them along for fear——" he paused.

Moxley nodded. "Have you seen anything of Valcardy?" he asked.

"Nothing but this," and Owen held up a Mexican blanket of fine texture and rich hues, which had hung from the shoulders of José Valcarde; "this was strapped to Pompey's saddle."

A deep oath rose to Moxley's lips.

"Bring those greasers here!" he commanded, as he rode out of earshot of the others, and when Owen led before him the horses, to which these transgressors of border law were bound, he drew his revolvers and covered a man with each. When he had finished his examination he rode back to Miss Carew.

"Your horses are found; you can ride back with them if you wish. I must find Beauvillier before I draw rein."

And Judith, looking in his face, saw an expression there she had never seen before — uneasiness and apprehension combined. "If you do not make me go back," she said, "I will go with you; Johnson and Tibbs, who are freshly mounted, can come with us."

Beauvillier, with the impatience of youth and the rashness of inexperience, had on leaving Miss Carew struck boldly out with the nearest ford of the Rio Grande as an objective point, but long ere the day was over he regretted his precipitancy. He thought of Moxley, his astute judgment and unfailing instinct, and with a sigh of disappointment turned back from a fruitless search, convinced that no num-

ber of horses could have recently passed over the route he had taken.

Sunset was near, and it was with a sensation of pleasure that he heard through the woods the clomp of bit, the tramp of hoofs and the merry laugh which indicated the approach of a party, probably one of the sections sent out on the quest in which he had been himself fruitlessly occupied. It was Valcarde. He had seen Beauvillier in the open some little time, as he could do from within the shadow of the woods, when suddenly he noted that he was riding one of the colonel's horses. Quick as thought he saw the opportunity to rid himself of the one man whose silent influence he felt stood betwixt him and Judith Carew; for, by the unwritten law of the border land, a horse thief, found red-handed with the fruits of his plunder, was strung up to the nearest tree. Here was a man whom he could so accuse almost within sight of the scene of his depredations, at the mercy of followers who would not hesitate a moment to put in force the border law, Valcarde's plans were swiftly made and rapidly executed. With a loud shout and a familiar execration he thrilled his band with the exclamation:

"Look! Yonder is one of the stolen horses! Follow me. A capture! A capture!" and putting spurs to his horse he galloped toward Beauvillier, followed by his eager and excited band, who swept round Beauvillier on every side.

Valcarde halted in front of Beauvillier, while a lasso thrown quickly over his head from behind and tightened by dextrous hands around his arms, effectually prevented resistance.

"What do you mean?" haughtily demanded Beauvillier. "Cut this rope!"

"The señor does not know, of course," said Valcarde, with smooth irony, "that Colonel Carew's ranch was stripped of all its horses last night and that he himself is mounted on the best — Colonel Carew's own. The señor will come with us," said Valcarde. He had already disarmed his prisoner and with great show of fairness given the revolvers to one of his ranchmen.

The sun had dropped from sight when they reached a small grove, with a great oak standing in the foreground. Here preparations were made for one of those informal executions too frequent along the border to call forth comment or opposition.

From a limb which projected from the

old oak a rope was dangled—one end run backward, grasped by five or six pairs of willing hands, the other, forming a noose, hung loosely down Beauvillier's neck, ready to be tightened with deadly certainty at the word of command.

Beauvillier, with every nerve strung to its uttermost tension and senses preternaturally quickened, thought he heard from the far distance a faint but familiar sound. Could he secure even a momentary delay? He determined to try.

"Men," he said, in the same fearless tones as before, "the United States Government will claim a heavy reckoning at your hands for this night's work; all I crave of you for myself is a single half hour—give me time to write one short letter."

A sudden suspicion that the letter would be addressed to Judith Carew, and that he might use it at some future time to his own advantage, flashed through Valcarde's brain.

"Write your letter!" he said sullenly, "I cannot promise to deliver it."

Again that sound, faint and far off, like the echo of an echo, appealing rather to his inward senses than his outward hearing, reached Beauvillier, as with pencil and note book he carefully, steadily and deliberately followed the ruled lines.

The letter was finished. The writer for one brief second looked reverently upward, and then affixed the superscription, Charles Eugene Beauvillier.

Again that sound, but nearer! If Valcarde should hear it his last hope was gone!

"Señor Valcarde," he said, more loudly than he had yet spoken, "carry this letter, with the draft which I will now draw up, to the gentlemen herein named, in Austin, and give the letter to them."

"Thirty minutes!" Valcarde cried, and he threw up his right hand.

There was a rush of thundering hoofs, and from the outer blackness there swept into the midst of the group a tall man mounted on a powerful iron gray.

"Hold!" rang in trumpet tones from the lips of the newcomer; and José Valcarde drew back in dismay, for he recognized Moxley, who with grim dispatch severed the rope around Beauvillier's neck with one stroke of his bowie knife, and then, facing the Mexican, asked sternly:

"How came you to make such a mistake as this, Mr. Valcardy?"

"It is no mistake!" retorted the Mexi-

can, with fury he could not suppress. "We captured Señor Beauvillier riding off on Señor Carew's own favorite saddle horse. Juan, lead the horse into view."

The man did so, but Moxley never deigned him a glance.

"Bring out the rest of the stolen horses, José Valcarde!" was his stern rejoinder, "and then prove that Beauvillier had a hand in taking *them*."

"Doubtless the señor knows their whereabouts also. All I know is that we found him riding this horse, which he had stolen."

"False!" rang out another voice, sweet even in its trembling anger, and Judith Carew reined her milk-white mare, flecked with foam and dark with travel, at Beauvillier's side. For a moment her dark eyes swept the circle round her; the rope still hung from the projecting limb. Her face blanched, but her tones were steady and fearless when she spoke.

"This morning Mr. Beauvillier came to my father's ranch and offered to join in the search for our stolen horses; his own was lame and I lent him my father's, which, with my own, had been stabled the night before. Johnson and Tibbs, who are following us on mules, will tell you as much."

She turned suddenly to Beauvillier, the color returned to her face, tenderness, even to tears, was in her eyes.

"I congratulate you," she said, "that your friend did not come too late; though had he not been hindered by me he would have been with you sooner."

She gave him her hand. He gathered it in a strong grasp, half released it, then clasped it closer than ever.

José Valcarde saw and understood. "Señora," he said, addressing Miss Carew, "I most humbly beg your pardon for so misjudging your friend. But you will admit that circumstances were strongly against him. He had not been seen for some days; when we met him he was riding, not his own, but your father's horse. Anyone would have hung a horse thief on such evidence."

Judith Carew heard the smooth, graceful tones in silence.

Beauvillier's blue eyes flashed on him a look of contemptuous scorn, but Moxley answered coldly, "I have known them hung for less. But when the stolen horses are found corraled under the care of greasers, who, to save their own lives, betray their master, when his own saddle

is strapped on one of the horses—what then, Mr. Valcardy?"

As Moxley spoke he took from his saddle and shook out to view Valcarde's gay Mexican blanket.

"Do any of you know this?" he asked.

There was a sudden exclamation, for all present knew the Mexican's favorite wrap.

"Now, I think," said Moxley, "if Miss Judith will ride off a few yards, say fifty or so, with Johnson and Tibbs, we'll not disappoint these gentlemen as bad as they thought." Whether he really intended all that his words implied they could not certainly know. At sight of his well-known blanket Valcarde had recoiled a few steps. When Moxley looked round after making his last declaration a sudden spring landed the Mexican outside the group. The celerity with which he reached his horse, cut the halter and mounted was remarkable,

for as the thud of galloping hoofs met their ears almost he disappeared from sight.

"It seems it's to be a disappointment, after all," remarked Moxley with gravity. "Well, all things considered, we'd better bivouac here for to-night and get back to Colonel K'rew's ranch as soon as may be to-morrow."

The morning sun shone gaily on a small cavalcade, headed by Moxley, who was followed by the retainers and servants of the Carew ranch, leading a goodly number of horses and mules.

Behind at a leisurely gait rode Beauvillier and Miss Carew, radiant with love, with hope and with that tenderness unspeakable which such a woman as she can feel toward a noble nature which has erred, which has repented with a lasting repentance and placed itself for all time in her willing keeping.

THE VALLEY QUAIL OF CALIFORNIA.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.



BEFORE the great "boom" turned into vineyards and orchards so

many of the best game preserves of Southern California, and opened with railroads so many of its remote corners, valley quail abounded in incredible numbers, especially in the

county of San Diego. The bevvies of this quail run together in the fall, forming flocks of many hundreds, and even thousands. But in its movements and habits it is so different from the well-known "Bob White" that the most experienced shot from the East may be bitterly disappointed at first if left to his own experience in shooting them.

To elude pursuit "Bob White" depends first upon hiding, whereas this quail depends first upon its legs, next upon its

wings, and hides only when thoroughly scared and scattered. After being overtaken and flushed a few times, especially if fired at, it concludes that legs and wings are a failure, and then resorts to hiding, when it will often lie well to a dog.

But by the time the birds are worried into this frame of mind, the dog, unless kept behind or tied up, is liable to be demoralized with the rapid running of the birds or spent with heat or thirst in the dry air; so that when the birds are in condition to enable you to use him to advantage he may be quite worthless. And if so steady and well broken that he cannot be demoralized by the swift running of the numerous birds he may be too slow upon all, except those that lie the most closely. The proportion of these to the whole number is so small that you cannot well confine your shooting to them, while for the others you must move too rapidly to keep your dog in good order.

Fortunately a dog is not generally necessary (unless birds are very scarce) either to find a flock in the first place or to find most of the birds when scared enough to make them hide. The flocks are generally so large and so noisy and keep so much

on open ground that one can either see or hear them farther than a dog would be apt to catch their scent.

The best way to seek them is on horseback or in a wagon, riding until a flock is found, and then tying up the horse and going after them on foot. If the ground is good it is often best to charge upon the flock upon horseback, firing over them as they rise, following them up on a gallop and firing over them before they find their feet. As their flight is short this is generally an easy matter. After two or three charges the flock breaks, bewildered, into hundreds of slate-blue lines, darting, wheeling, chirping and buzzing in all directions for a moment or two. Then suddenly all is still, and hundreds of birds are scattered over ten or fifteen acres of thin brush about waist high. This scattering of the birds may also be done by a single person on foot. But he must move rapidly and will be much aided by a companion going ahead of the flock and firing into it in front when it rises.

If you have scattered a large flock on ground not too rough and where the brush is not too high, you will now have some two hours of shooting on one of the most gamy and saucy of American birds, and if you can keep cool and shoot half straight you will have all the birds you can carry.

At your first advance into the place where the quail last settled in confusion, a dozen or more rise in front of you and as many more on each side, and from five to fifty yards away. They burst from the brush with rapid flight and whizzing wing, most of them with a sharp, clear "chirp, chirp, chirp," in the tone of which there is more of defiance than of alarm. Some dart straight away in a dark-blue line, making none too plain a mark against the dull background of brush, and vanishing in handsome style, unless you are very quick with the gun. Others wheel off on either side, their mottled breasts shining in the sun as they turn, and making a beautiful mark as they mount above the sky line. Some wheel and pass almost over your head, so that you can plainly see the black and white around their heads and throats and the cinnamon shading of their underwear.

At the report of the gun rise ten, twenty, perhaps fifty more all around you at from five to one hundred yards and even more; sometimes all at once, sometimes in groups of three or four or a dozen, one group following the other. And the report of

your second barrel arouses perhaps half as many more from apparently the same bushes from which the others rose. You may be an old and skillful shot and fancy that you are extremely cool, but now you must be careful or your California companion, who is perhaps an inferior shot on most other game, will leave you far behind on the score. Many a man who has stood with unruffled calmness on a "duck pass" in the Western States when during the "evening flight" the air trembled beneath the beat of wings, or on a "deer drive" has heard the music of the hounds rolling toward him in a tumultuous *crescendo*, yet felt not a shiver gambol up his spine, has lost his head completely on his first introduction to a large flock of these quail.

Supposing that you are cool and make a handsome double shot right and left at the very first rise of the birds and send two of them whirling down out of a cloud of fine feathers; when you go to pick up the first one you may find only an exasperating sameness about all the bushes, with perhaps a few feathers on the tops of some of them. Meanwhile a fresh bird breaks with a squeal from a bush at your feet, scuds a few yards along the ground with wondrous speed of foot before rising, and at the sound of its wings buzz, whizz, whir! chirp, chirp, chirp! go half a dozen more from the ground all around you. The temptation to shoot is irresistible and down goes another bird. And perhaps two fall with another double shot, of which you feel very proud. But if so you may be worse off than if you had shot only one. For now you are quite sure to forget where the first two fell, and still more apt to lose sight of the spot where the last two fell, and your confusion is increased by the whizzing and darting and chirping of more birds all around you.

Nor would you be much aided by a retriever, unless a very good one and one used to these quail; for he easily becomes so worthless that you cannot scatter birds all around the points of the compass and depend on his finding them without any aid from you. The art of killing these quails so quickly that they do not flutter several yards away from where they fall, of landing them where they are easily marked and found, of remembering where they fall and going directly to the spot and picking them up at once without any loss of time or distraction of the atten-

tion by the rising of fresh birds, is fully equal to the art of hitting them in the first place. The extent to which this skill is cultivated by some of the best quail shots is quite marvelous, while many never become skillful in that way, but always lose a large proportion of the game actually killed.

Meanwhile away go the birds, here, there and everywhere, some whipping out of the brush after you have passed them, some rising on the sides, and more rising ahead far out of reach of any gun. Up hill, down hill, across, in front, straight away and curling around behind they go, buzzing and chirping as if they would never stop. So numerous are they that you can select your shots, if sufficiently cool, and take only long, crossing shots which call for the greatest amount of skill and calculation. Up the slopes and on the other sides of the gullies you can see them in the open places, scudding along on foot, some going nearly as fast as if on the wing, others trotting slowly along, stopping occasionally to look at you, some single, others in lines of half a dozen or more, trailing along one behind the other. And nearly all are traveling up hill. Many of these are birds that rose but a moment ago and flew but a short distance before alighting. The flock is such a large one that they are all around you. Perhaps fifty or sixty beavies have run together to form it, and though you may take home a hundred out of it to-day, yet to-morrow you might start it again without noticing any difference in its size.

The rapid rising of the birds lasts from fifteen minutes to half an hour, according to the size of the flock, the nature of the ground and your management of the scattered ones. Suddenly the shooting tapers off, and one might think that the game had all run away. Many birds have indeed run away, but many still remain, well scared and closely hidden. Now, if you had a good dog, fresh and cool instead of excited, heated and thirsty, he would point plenty of quail on the very ground you have just been over. Yet fair shooting may still be had without any dog, and you may take your time at it. Backward and forward for a dozen times you may now traverse the same ground, getting a shot every three or four minutes, instead of every few seconds, as before. The birds rise nearer than before, many almost at your feet, and nearly all of them singly, the interval between

the shots growing longer until it reaches a point where it is better to find another flock if you want more birds. But one large flock will generally give all the shooting a reasonable man should want.

Before you have spent many minutes among these quail you find you have to deal with one of the toughest birds of its size on earth. Here one rolls whirling down out of a cloud of feathers, yet when you go for it it is not where it fell perhaps, but twenty yards down the hillside, fluttering, bouncing and gyrating. As you stoop to pick it up it flutters away again, and even after you think it is dead it spins around in your pocket. Another sheds a handful of feathers at the report of the gun, yet instead of falling or even wavering in its flight it seems to fly all the better for its loss. Vainly you watch it, expecting to see it fall. It buzzes swiftly away, sweeps majestically up the next slope, sets its wings and sails over the ridge out of sight. Another twists and wabbles with a broken back as the gun rings along the hills, then settles a little, then rises again, and swinging up and down finally alights some two hundred yards away. Go there and perhaps it will rise wild and actually escape you again.

A fourth suddenly changes its course as the shot sings across its path, mounts rapidly upward forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred yards, winding up in a spiral line; then poises for a moment with fluttering wings and bill pointed skyward; then suddenly closes its wings and descends with a thump to earth. Unless you have an unusually good dog, a wing-tipped bird is generally as safe as a well one. All you see is perhaps a dark line vanishing in a twinkling in the brush, and generally you do not see that much, unless the bird falls very near you. The gun must be loaded heavily with powder and with the finest shot that the gun will shoot the most evenly and with the least scattering. Then there is no suffering except that of instant death.

Strangers are often troubled by the quail flying into cactus, and seem to think they must give them up at once. There is cactus enough here that would stop a rhinoceros, but there is also some that offers the very finest, easiest shooting in the land. Take, for instance, one of the hundreds of little valleys from forty to one hundred yards wide and from ten to fifty feet deep, half filled with prickly pear and surrounded by low hills or table lands

quite bare of cover. The prickly pear grows in clumps from five to fifteen feet or more across, and from three to six feet or more in height, its broad green lobes thickly set with spines like cambric needles. This fearful stuff the valley quail prefers to all other cover. The flocks roost in it, fly into it and out of it, and even run at full speed up the limbs without being hurt by it. Such ground was always certain to contain plenty of birds before so much of the country was cleared up, and where sufficiently open to allow ready walking between the clumps of the cactus it is the very best of all places to make the acquaintance of this lively little bird. On such ground it is quite easy to break and scatter the flock, and as the open part of the ground is generally quite bare you will have little trouble in finding birds that fall on it, but the great advantage is that if the tract covered with cactus is large enough, and the hills around are quite bare of cover, the quail will not leave it, but fly to and fro in it.

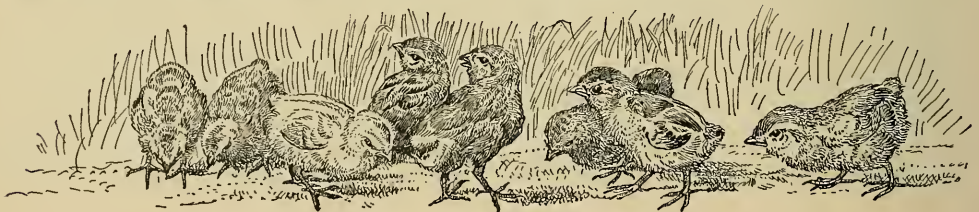
Often you will hear the sharp "whit, whit, whit" of alarm before you fairly enter such a place, and down the winding openings catch a glimpse of a dozen or more birds scudding darkling away in the forbidding array of thorny green. You quicken your pace and suddenly a quail rises with short and intermitting stroke of wing, mounting by successive strokes as if only climbing higher for a better inspection of you. At the report of your gun he sinks perhaps into a sheet of roaring blue that the sound has aroused from below. A snap shot from your second barrel into the thickest of the mass fills the air ahead with a cloud of white and blue feathers, and half a dozen birds are hung up on the lobes of cactus or are fluttering and spinning around among its roots. You see at once that such work will not do. You must so select your shots that the birds fall dead upon the open ground—another of the fine arts of shooting.

The flock scatters along the prickly pear some two hundred yards ahead, and in a moment all is still. And now as you

move down the winding spaces amid this grim shrubbery, that stands so silent and savage around you, birds by the dozen come chirping and fluttering from out its shaggy arms. Some scramble rapidly to the highest point of the cactus before taking wing, while others come whizzing out under full headway. Some curl around over your head, others dart out on the opposite side, just rising into sight for a moment in a dark - blue curve, while others dart along the ground on foot to the next clump of cactus.

As before, there is no time lost in waiting for a shot. At every step ahead there is a whizz on one side, a buzz on the other and a "chirp, chirp, chirp" ahead of you, or even behind you, and the report of the gun is followed by a dozen blue lines curving and twisting out of the same clumps of cactus from which but a minute before half a dozen perhaps rose. Your gun rattles as fast as you can load it, stricken birds bounce fluttering and spinning upon the open ground, others rise whizzing and chirping as you go for a dead one, still others burst from the cactus beside you as you stoop to pick it up.

But, as before, this intensity does not last long. In fifteen or twenty minutes the climax is reached and the roar and confusion are suddenly gone. But the shooting is by no means over. It has only settled down. For two or three hours yet you may traverse the open places of this strange covert, and from out the thickest and most threatening parts comes bird after bird as you pass it again, again and again. Never shall you see the valley quail show to better advantage than when he bursts from the outer edge of this stuff and tries to go around you to enter it again. His rapid wings make a bluish haze, through which you see plainly his mottled breast, his little blue neck and black and white head outstretched to their utmost length, with the long dark plume bent backward by his speed. He looks too pretty to shoot as he cleaves the warm sunlight or, setting his little wings, glides like a falling arrow full into the thickest mass of the thorny cactus.



SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN.*



CHAPTER XII.

LOYAL TO CONVICTION.

But who would force the soul, tilts with a
straw
Against a champion cased in adamant.

—Wordsworth.

DURING the week that followed Lützow's pledge to Virginia to "search for truth," there was scarcely an hour in which he was not striving with the energy of despair to convince himself that out of the manger came the Messiah, the Redeemer of the world.

He read the Bible with an eagerness that he would have thought impossible a month before, but the miracles seemed to mock him and jeer at any attempted belief. He earnestly prayed to God to see the truth, but the darkness seemed to grow more impenetrable with each hour. He could not lie to his own conscience and he knew it. His heart was crying out to him, but reason refused to be convinced, and the strength of the Jew's nature lay in his honesty to himself.

He went to Christian divines in his endeavor to believe, but they could or did say nothing to which his reason, sharp-

ened by intensest misery, could not find an overwhelming contradiction.

"Have faith!" they cried to him. "Have faith, and all the rest will be added. You have no right to judge divinity. Doubt is but another term for damnation. You must not expect to perfectly understand the inscrutability of the divine, for Paul says: 'But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolish unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' Have faith Believe!"

"But I can't," he groaned bitterly in the depths of his tortured heart. "I can't. Even if I could succeed in a hysterical delusion of self, could I deceive God? I cannot believe what my reason does not sanction. I cannot force faith."

He did not dare go to Virginia lest his love for her make him false to truth, but with breathless interest he searched night and day with the Talmud upon one hand and the Christian's Guide upon the other, and at the close of the seventh day there was an end of hope in belief. His characteristic honesty told him that it was an impossibility of conscience. The man Jesus was sacred to him, but not as a God!

But Virginia would not give him up, he told himself. If she loved him she would not resign him because he could not bring himself to deceive her. And with that thought he was comforted.

Yet, in spite of his hope that she would not abandon him because of his inability to force his belief to conformity with hers, Lützow was very pale upon his re-entrance into her home. He had written her but once, telling her of his unalterable devotion and of how he was searching after the truth; therefore when his card was taken to her she knew that the moment of decision had come.

An inertness that threatened unconsciousness came over her at first, for the week had been a terrible trial to her; then reaction came. A feverish expectancy burned in her eyes, the wild fire of hope leaped in her veins. She sprang up, and with a quivering of the lips that suggested

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a nervous mingling of smiles and tears she ran downstairs; but at the foot of them the terror, the faintness, seized upon her heart again. She stood there for a moment in the semi-darkness, her hand pressed upon her bosom, a silent prayer lifting from her soul; then very quietly she entered the room where Lützow waited.

The pallor of his countenance, the heaviness of his eyes, frightened her. She staggered back against the casing of the door, her left hand pressed upon her heart, her right clutching the soft portière convulsively. He started toward her, but she put out her hand and stopped him.

"Wait!" she gasped hoarsely, lifting the bang from her damp forehead as if the light weight were suffocating her. "Wait! Oh, Rudolph! I seem to read the worst in your face! Tell me quickly! What discoveries have you made?"

Her eyes were fixed upon him with wild pleading and he felt something of that self contempt that a strong man must who strikes a child, yet perfect truth was compulsory to him. He had never guessed how hard it would be until then. His heart seemed to contract under the torture of death.

"Dear one, forgive me!" he cried dully. "I have been able to discover nothing that will not give you pain. Somehow I feel as if I were a coward to tell you this, but honesty demands it. Oh, my darling, speak to me!"

But the white lips did not move. She was looking straight at him with a dull, filmy expression like that which characterizes the staring eyes of the insensible. Her muscles seemed rigid as iron. He took her hands and the touch seemed to impart life. She drew away from him with a ghastly shiver.

"Don't!" she whispered. "It is all done! I feel as if death had entered my soul, slaying all the beauty of living. Oh, Rudolph, the paralysis of hope is horrible!"

There was no feeling, no emotion, in the tone. It was as dead as a breeze-swept autumn leaf. He stood for a moment, as if unable to realize what had befallen him, and then stepped backward, leaning heavily upon the back of a tall chair. There was a long silence, bearing painfully upon them both, which he broke.

"Virginia," he said, slowly, "do you mean that you recall your promise to become my wife?"

"I must!" she gasped. "Can't you see that nothing but evil could come of it?"

He was too much stunned for anger, his voice sounding almost cold as he replied:

"No, I cannot! I do not see how my religious belief can affect you in the slightest. It is a matter that should never be mentioned between us."

"But think of the silence! Think of the years of silence that would grow to torture us both, until a wall of repulsion should be built up in our two lives, dividing us at our own hearthstone and through all eternity. We should be but yoking ourselves to unending misery, Rudolph. It is better not—much better!"

"And you can speak of it thus calmly?"

"Calmly!" she repeated, the word ending in a moan. "Can you not see that my heart is breaking?"

"If that be true, dearest, do not think of it! It is not as if I denied the existence of a God; it is not as if I declined to accept the theory of immortality. At least we are in ethical unity——"

"But divided upon the grand plane of all salvation, baptism unto Jesus Christ!" she interrupted heavily. "Oh, Rudolph!" —extending her arms to him with wild supplication—"believe in Him, dear! For my sake! for my sake!"

"I cannot, Virginia!" he answered sadly. "Do you think I would not if I could? I cannot accept mysticism. I cannot force myself into the belief in the supernatural powers of the Son of Man."

"But faith may come!"

"I should but deceive you, Virginia, if I pretended that there was a possibility of it. I have searched diligently, but the search has only confirmed my belief in the materiality of Jesus of Nazareth. I know that I am giving you pain, but I have not the right to deceive you with a hope, of the falsity of which I am perfectly conscious. I am a Jew! I cannot apostatize without becoming untrue to myself, false to my race, a liar to my God. My religious heart and soul are with my people, and I cannot allow a hope of happiness to lead me into that renunciation which the grossest cruelty, the most horrible persecutions could not force from my brethren."

She had apparently grown paler with each word until at the close of his speech she was white as death.

For the first time she knew!

There was no hope, none, and she knew that it was utterly useless to deceive herself further. There was a long, heart-broken silence, then her arms were slowly extended, her lips opened, and in a low wail of anguish she moaned :

"Good-bye, Rudolph !"

He started, his face flushing crimson.

"Does it—mean—that you are saying—farewell to me, Virginia?" he asked, hoarsely, unsteadily.

"What is there else to do?" she groaned, fighting back the faintness that she knew was overpowering her. "What is there else to do? Rudolph, I should not dare! Remember His command: 'Be ye not—unequally yoked together—with—unbelievers,'" her voice breaking ominously.

"Virginia, you cannot mean it!"

"But I do! I must! Oh, Rudolph, go!"

But instead he caught her closely, passionately to his throbbing heart, pressing his scorching lips upon hers.

"But, darling, think! I love you! My whole soul is bound in yours. I cannot give you up! Virginia, speak to me!"

She lay there helplessly upon his breast, her arms hanging beside her, like a dead thing, offering no resistance to his burning caresses. Her voice, when she spoke to him, sounded far away and vague, like the echo of a shadowy memory that vibrates through ages, and what she said was this:

"Good-bye, Rudolph! It is the bitterness of death, but still *it must* be good-bye!"

Lützow staggered backward as the blow fell, his arms falling from her. A stony calmness was upon him that hardened his face like granite.

"You mean this?" he asked, huskily. "You really wish that I should go—forever?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly.

He stood for a moment as if unable to credit the evidence of his senses, his eyes fixed upon her, then very slowly he went.

She did not seem to realize it until she heard the closing of the front door behind him. She shivered as she glanced about her. Everything seemed cold, dead. She put her hand up to her mouth, where the lips were drawn, in a ghastly way, from the teeth, but the sound of the long nails beating upon the enamel startled her. She shook like a leaf played upon by a gale, then clasped her hands together with a suddenness and firmness that would have been painful had she been capable of feeling. Her uncle, who



"A SILENT PRAYER LIFTING FROM HER SOUL."—P. 490.

had just entered, broke the terribly oppressive silence by saying :

"Thomas told me that Lützow was here." He spoke half interrogatively, her appearance filling him with a silencing fear.

"He has gone !" she answered dully.

"Gone?"

"Forever!"

"Virginia!"

"I am very tired, Uncle Jack ! So tired of the noise and the whirl and the bitter, cruel misery. Oh, Uncle Jack, take me home!"

"To Shamble Oak?"

"Yes."

"But——"

"I want to be with the memory of my father and of my mother. I want to forget!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

"Tell you what, Mars John, it do seem mighty good fur t' hab you an' Miss Virginy back at de ole place. Shamble Oak ain't seemed like itse'f sence you been gone. But Lawd! how Miss Virginy hab changed! Her big eyes am growd bigger till deys jis' like a speerit's. An' she jis' looks at you an' don' say nuthin', jis' looks. I done clar' fo' goodness I'se got de creeps all ober me. Pears to me dat she's been a pinin' away jis' fur a look at de ole place. It do fo' sho'."

John Ormsby looked away across the rolling acres of Shamble Oak and sighed.

"Yes, Watt," he answered somewhat sadly; "Miss Virginia ought to have come home sooner."

"I done spec' de ole home seem mighty 'tractive to her jis' now frum de way she wanders about de place lookin' at ev'ythin' like she neber seen nuthin' like it afore nowhurs. I recognizes some o' de symptoms, Mars John. I'se kinder come up wid de idee dat she's done fall in lub wid somebody. Lawzee! Dat's de way ev'y gal acks when she's in lub. I knows de signs an' tokens. Acted jis' dat way myse'f."

"I wouldn't say anything on that subject if I were you, Watt!"

"No, suh! no, suh! Skuze me, please, you hasn't got no word from Mars Dick to-day, has you, suh?"

"Day?"

"Yes, suh. Mars Dick Halstead."

"Why, Watt, you seem anxious about him. Anything wrong?"

"No, suh, at leas' not yit, suh. You see, Mars John," continued Watt, shifting from one foot to the other somewhat confusedly, "I done give Mars Dick a small commission fo' me de fust time Hartland run at Pimlico."

"Oh, that's it! Well, I'm afraid you'll lose your money. The horse has been running very badly of late."

"Mebbe so, suh, mebbe so! But he'll git dar when it comes his way, fo' sho'. Ef I done lose dis money he'll pay me back agin nex' year. He don' owe me nuthin', quite de reverse ways, and he kin git beat three er fo' mo' times afor' I loses on him."

"How do you like the yearlings, Watt?" asked Mr. Ormsby, anxious to stay the torrent of eloquence he knew Watt was preparing for him.

"De yearlin's, suh? Deys a purtty good average lot, only a couple dat looks uv no 'count. But dar's dat bay filly outen de ole blin' Scotland mar' kin stretch out an' gallop now jis' same as a ole hoss, an' as fo' dat big bald-face chestnut wid dat misp'ounounceable name, he kin lead de whole lot. He'll be anoder Erebus, Mars John. Can't he'p, though, wishin' he wus a brown-colored hoss same as dat colt wus."

"I'm afraid, Watt, you'll find very few to share your opinion of him," sighed Mr. Ormsby.

"Please to recall de fac', Mars John, dat you didn't think much uv Hartland at de same age; let him go fur little er nuthin'. See how he's turned out! Why, dey ain't hosses enough in de country fur t' beat him when he is jis' prezactly right. Dis here stock comes to han' mighty slow, but you jis' wait!"

"That's just what I'm afraid I can't do."

"You isn't thinkin' 'bout sellin', is you, Mars John?"

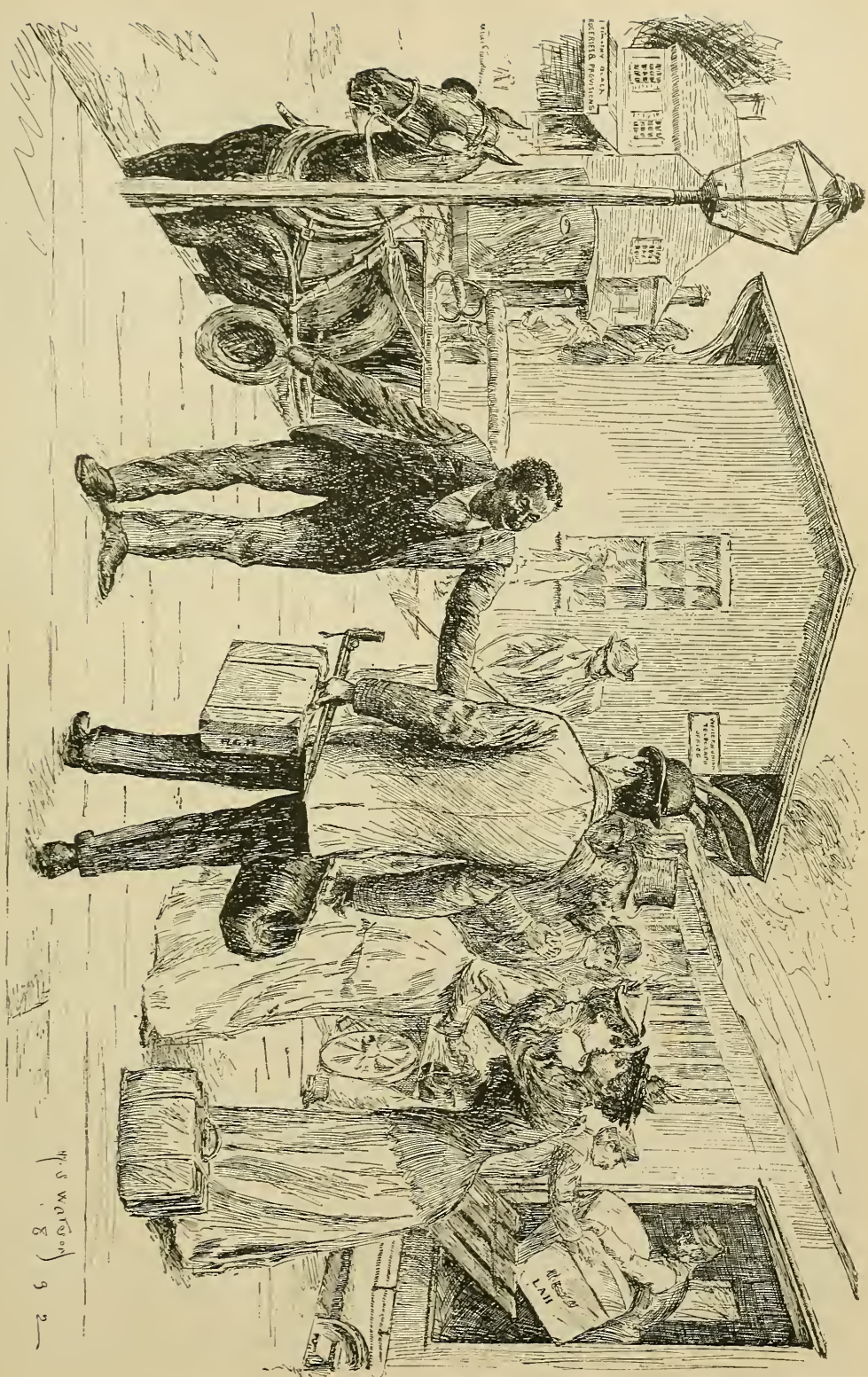
"I don't know yet, Watt; I don't know. It's a very large expense to keep so many in training. I don't see that I can afford it. We did not have a very good season."

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, suh, don' go fo' to sellin' dem yearlin's now. Dey wouldn't bring nuthin', kase dey's untried. Sell de little Annie Laurie filly ef you wants to, but listen to Watt dis time an' don' sell any ob de res'."

"I shall not if I can help it, you may be sure."

"Skuze me, Mars John, but did you

"DAH YOU IS SAH!"—t. 494.



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git Mars Dick fur to put anythin' on Hartland fur you in de race yisterday?"

"No. I rather fancied Grandee."

"Mussiful goodness, Mars John, he won't win! He's a early spring hoss; neber any good in de fall. Hartland 'll beat de life outen him!"

"If he does," replied Ormsby, "those yearlings will have to go!"

"Oh, Lordy!" almost moaned Watt. "We's in de valley ob tribulation sho' nuf! But if dat's de way de ole cat's a gwine t' jump, Watt's willin' to lose ev'y dog-gone dollar rudder dan see dem yearlin's go! Mars John," continued Watt, in a half-embarrassed way, "kin I make so free, suh, as to ax you to distend a obligation to me?"

"Do you mean a favor?"

"Yes, suh. Cose I does."

"Certainly, Watt, if I can. Is it money?"

"Oh, no, suh! Money's mighty little use t' me down here; but up Norf, suh, money am boss, an' dat's de p'int uv my reques', suh. I'se neber been funder Norf dan Washinton. Dar's always too much roun' here to look after, but I'se got some kin folks up in New Yo'k, suh, dat I ain't sot eyes on in quite a period. So I jis' thought I'd ax you now ef I could go up dar wid de hosses nex' spring. Ef you sees yo' way to dis derangement, Mars John, ev'ythin' kin go 'long here under Mistah Bates same as usual, fer a while, anyhow."

"There is the whole winter in which to think of that, Watt. I don't refuse, mind you, neither do I promise. Wait a while."

"Jis' as you say, suh, jis' as you say. Bricks ain't much trouble fer t' carry in buildin' air castles, but sometimes dey does fall on de head mighty hard when dey comes down."

"Isn't it time you were going to the station, Watt? I half expect Mr. Halstead to-day. It is very queer that he has not telegraphed. I'm afraid it is a bad sign for my money. Half-past two. The train is due at 3:45. You'd better be off, Watt. There'll be a letter, or telegram, or something, I'm sure."

The negro touched his cap and shuffled off, neither a stylish figure nor a graceful one, but it was a warm and faithful heart that beat under the worn stable jacket, and old John Ormsby trusted Watt as he would have trusted very few white men.

The black face was shining resplendently under a new polish of soap and water, and the blue cotton shirt was flawless in its cleanliness, when Watt met the 3:45 train from Richmond, his big yellowish eyes quickly scanning every face. Then suddenly he sprang forward, giving vent to a chuckling laugh.

"Dar you is, suh," he exclaimed, taking off his cap and bowing absurdly low. "Mighty glad we all is fur t' see you, Mars Dick. Dar ain't nobody down at yo' place a suspectin' you, kase yo' mudder an' fadder ain't revived from Louisville yit, so Mars John he wants you fur t' honah him wid yo' extinguished appearance."

Dick Halstead laughed heartily.

"You must have been studying Lord Chesterfield lately, Watt," he exclaimed.

"I don't know him, suh. He am not in de curcle ob my acquaintances, but de buckboa'd am heah, suh, an' Mars John is mighty anxious fur t' see you. Now, suh"—when they were seated and the lines firmly between his fingers—"mebbe as how you'll be so good as t' tell me what hoss win de race?"

"Hartland."

The negro's countenance fell.

"You don't mean it, suh!"

"But I do! Why, Watt, how is this? You don't seem in the least glad, yet I've brought you back \$50 besides the money you gave me."

"Yes suh, yes suh, I know dat, an' Watt am mightily obleeged, but Mars John he wanted to back Grandee, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Dat's what I thought. A poo' niggah don' need much money, but Mars John his dispenses is mighty 'stravagan'."

"Ah, he won't mind that. How is Miss Ormsby, Watt?"

"Right poo'ly, suh, an' mighty low sperrited, but now you kum back she'll be as chipper as a grasshopper. Mars Dick, I ain't a niggah to talk about nobody's private affairs, but you is like one o' de fambly heah. Don' you tell Mars John dat I tole you nuthin' 'bout hit, but he's mighty down in the mouf, talkin' 'bout sellin' the yearlin's what wouldn't bring what dey hides is wuth. Now, Mars Dick, couldn't you fool Mars John jis' a leetle, make him b'lieve that Grandee win an' give him my fifty?"

Dick laughed, but a great admiration arose in his heart for a negro that was

capable of making a sacrifice like that for his master. He grasped the black hand cordially.

"You're a good friend to your master, Watt, and I honor you for it, but that amount would not help him much if he is really in the trouble you say. But are you sure it is true?"

"Sho'! Mars John say to-day dat ef Grandee los' dat race de yearlin's had to go, an' you know what dat means. De Lawd knows how many good solid dollars am chucked away in dem hides what won't neber be foun' till dey gits a chance to show der quality. It's a burnin' shame for Mars John t' have to rectify dem hosses!"

"You mean sacrifice them?"

"I reckon I does. Us poo' niggahs don' know much an' we has t' jump on wid bofe feet to git dar. Lawdy! I does hate to see dem yearlin's go!"

"Well, we'll see what can be done, Watt. It may not be quite so bad as you think."

"But ain't yu gwine t' tell Mars John Hartland win?"

"Certainly."

"But what's gwine t' be did, Mars Dick?"

"I hardly know yet, but I guess it will work out all right."

"Sho, ef you sez so, Mars Dick. You is a genneman, suh, an' I'se mighty proud dat you' fadder's farm tetches Mars John's on de souf. Come handy, mebbe. Watt hab his eyes open, suh. I reckon, p'raps, it won't be long afore dars a weddin' at Shamble Oak. Te huh!" chuckled Watt.

Dick did not reply. He was thinking how unhappily far from the truth Watt's surmises were. He was noting each turn in the well-remembered road that he and Virginia had passed over together in her childhood, and he smiled somewhat bitterly as the little rhythmical stanza floated through his brain:

She had dreamed how the gaze of his strange,
bold eye

Would wake her heart to a sudden glow;
She found in his face the familiar grace
Of a friend she used to know.

"No!" he told himself, forcing his rebellious heart into subjection. "That is a prospect to which I have not the remotest reason to look forward and I do not! She is unhappy about Lützow, poor child, and I was the one who had to make the confounded blunder of telling her that he was a Jew. She had to know it, of

course, but I wish to heaven someone else had told her. It is foolish, to be sure, but it makes me feel as if I had taken a cowardly advantage of him. I wonder how I am to help dear old Uncle Jack out of this hole? Ah!"

The exclamation was made aloud, as if he had found a solution of his difficulty at last, but, instead of clearing, his brow grew more clouded than before. Watt, observing, heaved a sigh.

"You'll hab to think powerful fas', Mars Dick," he exclaimed, "kase yonders de house hid among de trees an' Mars John he's a standin' fore de eas' doo' a-waitin'."

"All right, Watt, I have thought. Say nothing of our conversation to-day."

"You kin trus' Watt, suh. Thankee, Mars Dick, thankee! Much obleeged to you, suh."

"How do you do, Mr. Ormsby!" exclaimed Dick, leaping from the buckboard and shaking hands with his old friend cordially. "It was so good of you to anticipate that no one from home would be at the station to meet me and send Watt. He has informed me that I am to be your most willing guest for a few days, until my mother and father return. That is awfully kind of you."

"Kind to myself, Dick. Virginia and I should have gone to meet you ourselves if we had been quite sure you would be here. Why didn't you telegraph?"

"Carelessness. Ah, here is Virginia! Absolutely I feel as if it had been a month since I parted from you both. Shamble Oak is lovelier than ever in its autumn clothes. Are you quite well, Virginia?"

He could have cried out in the bitterness of his heart as he looked into the haggard, weary face. It was so different from the exquisite, spirited beauty that he had loved so well.

She smiled faintly, as she replied:

"Quite well, thank you, Dick, and very glad to see you."

"Glad!" echoed Mr. Ormsby. "We are delighted! I never knew before what a beastly, lonesome hole Shamble Oak is. Come, Dick! Tell us the news, Did Grandee win his race?"

"No, sir."

Halstead's eyes were upon Mr. Ormsby as he made the answer coolly, unhesitatingly. He saw the sudden pallor and compression of the lips, but the voice was firm when Uncle Jack asked:

"Which one did?"

Dick had seen enough. He knew that Watt had not exaggerated the situation—that it was bad.

"Hartland!" he answered lightly, "and a jolly lucky thing it was for us, too. You see I expected to back Grandee myself, but just before the race I saw Wilbur Grey. You know what a laughably superstitious fellow he is. Well, he insisted that if we backed another horse it would bring bad luck to his, more par-

incredulously. The color rushed into his face and an expression of such relief and gladness came into his eyes that Dick was more than repaid for his generous sacrifice. He did not speak immediately, but the hand that grasped Dick's was hot as fire.

"Thank you!" he said simply. "What odds did you get?"

"Not so good as usual. The book-makers were offering only three to one, but I nailed a new hand at the game at five to one. I expect a draft for the money to-morrow or next day. I left the tickets with a friend to collect."

The lie cost him nearly \$3,000 from a not over-lengthy bank account and a jolly winter in Rome which he had promised himself, but with Virginia's great, sad eyes upon him, and that expression of gratitude in kind old John Ormsby's face, he would have yielded much more than that and have considered himself favored in the doing.

"I am so glad to hear that Hartland won!" Virginia cried. "Was it a well-run race?"

"Capitally; only not sufficiently close at the finish to keep up the excitement. Hartland won quite easily by nearly two lengths."

"How was it that you did not remain until the close of the meeting?"

"Strangely enough, I got tired."

"But to come South at this season of the year is a most unusual thing for you, is it not?"

"Yes, but you are not going to send me back on that account, are you? I thought I should be most cordially welcome, as little better than no one."

Virginia laughed.

"You are indeed!" she exclaimed. "But we are showing very poor hospitality to keep you here standing all this time. Come in. Uncle Jack's valet, if Madison Mukes can lay claim to so lofty a title, shall show you to your room. Have you had dinner?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then a glass of Uncle Jack's old Madeira and a biscuit will keep you from starving until supper. It will seem strange to you to go back to the fashions of the Middle Ages, will it not?"

"Strange and delightful. It is singular, but true, that one rarely, if ever, outgrows the preferences of childhood, the liking for what is inbred."

He followed her into the imposing, well-remembered reception hall, as with charm-



"AT SHAMBLE OAK."

ticularly you, at whose farm the horse was foaled. He talked so much about it, half jestingly and half earnestly, and said Hartland had been doing so exceedingly well that at last, as I got good odds, I determined to back the old horse, and I did. Your money went with mine. You remember giving me a little discretion in the matter."

"You put my money on Hartland?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Ormsby looked at him a moment

ing grace she gave the order to Madison, whom Halstead preceded upstairs.

Virginia was changed indeed.

All the lovely animation that had characterized her had faded. She moved and spoke with consummate but automatic grace, her beautiful eyes holding a far-away, dreamy look that was foreign to their usual brilliancy. She was endeavoring, even under acute suffering, to be cheerful, and, knowing that effort is the greatest elixir known for the pain-weary spirit, John Ormsby did not speak to her of Lützow, but determined to give her unfortunate love nothing upon which to feed.

Very sympathetic, very tender and very regardful was he of her, taking care that nothing should jar upon her lacerated sensibilities. Strangely thoughtful for a man, but grizzled old John Ormsby had had a love of his own in his youth that had kept him a bachelor in spite of his admiration and affection for womankind. It had not soured his gentle old heart, but he never found anyone who could quite fill her place, perhaps because he had never tried.

And Virginia understood and was grateful! She had not forgotten her promise to herself and to heaven, but had already signified her intention of

uniting herself with the church of which her mother had been a member. Long and earnestly she had read her Bible, convinced more than ever—if there can be a comparative or superlative degree of belief—of the truth of her own convictions.

Not that she was becoming in any sense an ascetic! She remembered how thorough a Christian her mother had been, working always in the interests of the church, but still a part of her husband's more worldly life, watching his horses with delight; pleased at their winning and much more dejected than he when they lost, and Virginia's desire was that she might be like her mother in every way.

She was struggling against her love for Lützow, but it was a bitter fight, in which she seemed to be making no progress whatever. Spiritually he was always with her; his sad, earnest, handsome face, as she had seen it last, appealing to her with almost irresistible power and increasing with each hour. Prayer seemed not to affect the situation at all. Absence had only caused her to love him more and more passionately.

She was by no means starving her heart into subjection, but was feeding it upon vain regret.

To be continued.

A BIT OF WINTER SPORT.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.



NCE, many moons ago, I chanced to win a very peculiar skating race, the first condition of which was that only men who stood six feet or more in their boots could start. It was planned to bring together some young farmers—famous among the hard-skating crew of the River Thames, in Western Ontario, physical giants and superb skaters at the long distance straight-away spins popular on the river.

I always was a discordant string and a disturbing element, and I disturbed that race. Just long enough to qualify (I'll be long enough before I tackle such a job again!), I was more of a figure skater than a fast one, and great surprise was

evinced when my name was added to the list of mighty ones. •

That mile was the *milest* mile I ever skated! I got away (I grieve to say, a shade ahead of the pistol shot) and gained half a dozen yards before the crowd got fairly to work. For a while they bothered each other, especially at the corners, and man after man went down and out till four of us were left. I ran the corners like wildfire and "zipped" along the long side stretches for every ounce that in me lay, but it was no use. Long Tom, *à la* the "Tall Pinta," held me close in chase. Then came the agony of hope deferred, as I struggled over lap after lap, gaining at every turn and getting caught in every stretch. I could feel Tom's breath on the back of my neck, and hear him

grind at every corner as he chased me pretty near into immortality. Finally, amid a cyclone of cheers and yells, we slid over the finish, fitted together like a couple of table spoons in a basket; but big Tom was the hind spoon, and the slowest man had won—and he felt nigh unto death! There was much horny-fisted sadness and town triumph. "You did that mighty well, you fox," said a voice, and Tom supplemented it with an angry vow.

"I'll take it out of you yet, if it takes ten years!" and he "took it out of me" nearly ten years later in this unregenerate fashion. Last winter, after seasons of office toil and little skating save a few attempts at the figures, I revisited old Thames and met Tom, bigger and heavier, but skating as in days of yore.

Time had long since dulled the edge of things connected with the race and he was right glad to see me. We skated, chatting and laughing over the by-gone duel, until Tom remarked that "the perch were biting like fury in Lake St. Clair, and fishing through the ice at the mouth of the river was *Ar*."

"Have the city folks worked the fishin' out of you—are you game as you used to be?"

"You try me."

"Well, if you want to catch perch, let's skate down to-morrow morning and try it a hack. I've got lines and everything all ready. It's only eighteen miles there."

A funny expression crossed his face and I looked at him for a moment ere I said: "You brute!"

He laughed long and loud, for he knew what was in my mind. Then he said: "Why, I've got to carry the axe and drag the sleigh [a boy's sled with a wooden box on it to hold the fish], and I thought they would bring us about level."

"Thomas, I'll go you; meet me here at nine."

That settled it, and at nine next morning we started, Tom with axe on shoulder and dragging his sled.

Such a glorious skate as it was! A mild, sunny, windless day, with just enough frost in the air to keep the ice from softening; a country covered with six inches of spotless snow, which fortunately had fallen before the ice had made, and winding ahead for eighteen miles, the bottle-green ribbon of new ice varying in width from eighty to one hundred and odd yards, and as we swung steadily along

we left white rips of many yards, marking the cadenced strokes, and sent snowy shavings rolling from our keen blades like the curled fibre from a plane.

On my left, half a stroke in advance, was big Tom, moving like a machine, his brawny shoulder scorning the weight of the axe, and the light sled tacking and swinging in huge curves behind in response to each stroke. I was "in for it" and I knew it, for the pace was fast and he had no idea of changing it until I cried enough. Over mile after mile we sped.

Rip-zip-rip-zip, we swung in perfect time. Finally we passed the quaint little French church, and at last we saw the lighthouse marking the mouth of the river, and beyond lay the quiet expanse of St. Clair, frozen firmly for a distance of several miles from shore. Passing Jeanette's Creek we were almost level; at Baptiste's Creek, a mile farther, we had increased the clip and were practically racing. Something in the speeding through the bracing air, something in the glorious toil of such healthful exercise, fired our blood, and suddenly Tom dropped his axe, released his sled and yelled:

"Last man to the lighthouse is no good!"

Like two arrows loosed from a single string we darted ahead. Inch by inch he drew away, but I could have touched him with my hand when the goal was won.

"Whew!"

"Whew!"

"Now, you old ass, go back and get your axe and sled."

After we had recovered our wind he went back, and when he returned we were both cooled out, and we skated to what is termed "the Bar," a shallow extending for some distance out in the lake upon either side of the river's mouth. At a spot where the water was perhaps six feet deep Tom chopped a hole through the ice, and after clearing away the fragments we were ready for business. Our tackle was merely two short portions of fine fishing line, each having a half-split bullet pinched on for a sinker, and with a common, small-sized Limerick hook at one end.

I baited my hook with a small piece of pork fat, but Tom laughed and said, "That ain't necessary; just tie an inch of this seine twine right below the barb. It looks like a white grub, and they'll bite anything." He tied a fragment of new

seine twine, as he advised, and both hooks were dropped through the hole and lowered a few feet. In less than a minute I felt a tug and speedily hauled out a perch, and before I could get the prickly chap free from the hook Tom had caught an exact counterpart.

We had struck luck, indeed, for perch move about in large schools, and the appearance of the first may be accepted as a guarantee of plenty more to follow. In a couple of hours the box on Tom's sled was comfortably filled with handsome fish weighing somewhere near a pound apiece. There was no great sport in the performance, but it was a welcome novelty, if nothing more, and winter perch are by no

means to be despised as pan fish. When wearied of the fun we coiled up our lines, and, perching each upon a corner of the sled box, stowed away lunch and a finger or so of "Club." Then each grasped the ropes of the sled and we boomed away homeward at as rapid a pace as possible, to get rid of a suggestion of stiffness in the muscles. Our first really comfortable rest was at the house of a friend of Tom's, where we pulled up to present some of the catch. Several other stops of this kind varied the trip home, but for all that I was thoroughly tuckered out when I said farewell to Tom, though, to be candid, I did not mention the fact to him.

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XXIV.



TEA at Professor Gracher's! An honor indeed! Long before six o'clock arrived that day Harry stood before his glass tying and retying his scarf and troubled with the problem whether he

should wear a high collar or a turn down. Jack, on the other hand, was off with his crew on the harbor and ought to have been back by this. Here it was a quarter of six, and Professor Gracher, like all the older professors who felt their daily life to be an exemplar for student imitation, was most exceeding "prompt" always. On the stroke of six Harry well knew that Professor Gracher would be seated at his supper table, surrounded by his numerous boys, asking the blessing. He was all ready now, brushed and feeling very fine in his new light-gray summer suit. He leaned out of the window. The beautiful elms of York street drooped gracefully over an approaching horse car, out of which Jack leapt, clad in his boating blazer, cap and blue shirt.

"Hurry up, Jack! I've got your togs all ready."

Jack looked up, smiled and dove into Mrs. Gimly's front door and almost knocked that good lady flat against the wall.

"Oh, Mr. Rives, you ain't a-goin' to tell Professor Gracher about them presents to me?"

Poor woman! She had hardly slept all night by reason of her fears. She actually trembled before him.

"No," said Jack. "But it's understood that you won't say anything about us, eh?"

"A quieter set of young fresh gentlemen never had rooms in my house, Mr.

Rives. Oh, you never make no noise that me and Samanthly ever notices, and ain't a circumstance to Mr. Caswell an' Mr. Holland a year ago. No, sir, Mr. Rives."

Jack sent Harry on ahead to "hold the supper for him," as he expressed it, and followed ten minutes later, apologizing to Professor Gracher and his wife for his tardiness. The old white house with its tall Grecian portico and its mathematically arranged flower beds bordered with box in front—can any old Yale man forget the quaint old New England home, with the great drooping elms on either side of the brick walk? The family of ruddy sons, half of whom were at the time progressing in the various classes through the academic department, was enlivened by the presence of a Miss Walker, of whom the boys had often heard vaguely as being considered a great flirt, and as being very beautiful. Indeed, Uncle Dick Lyman had spoken of her as being a great flirt in his day, and wondering if she was married as yet.

Miss Walker was a capital talker, and she seemed to know better than anyone everything that went on in college affairs.

"You remember, Miss Walker, Dingley of '63?" asked the professor, stirring his tea and taking a bite of the thin, the very thin, bread and butter.

"Dingley! Oh, yes, indeed."

Miss Walker had been engaged to Dingley, though doubtless Professor Gracher had forgotten it, and no one else at the table was familiar with the circumstance.

"Do you know what Dingley is doing now?" asked the professor.

Miss Walker pretended to think the remark was not addressed to her.

"Do you know Dingley is going to be the next United States Senator from Colorado?" continued the professor.

Visions, swift as light, entered her brain. She thought once she had really loved Dingley of '63. But then came Blanchard of '67, and Thomaston of '68, and she thought she loved them, too, at the time.

But now strangely there came over her the thought of what her career might have been with Dingley. It would have been fine to shine in Washington society as "Mrs. Senator Dingley." Swift visions (poor soul!) came to her before she spoke of the way she parted from Dingley. He had gone to the war, and before he re-

turned she was engaged to Frank Blanchard of '67. Dingley, broken hearted, went West, in order to grow up with the country. He had never married. The professor, with the forgetfulness of the niceties common to elderly men, went on harping about Dingley and praising him to the skies, as college professors always do when an alumnus succeeds in life and they wish to show their fatherly interest in him.

"Why, Dingley was a sort of numskull in college," he said, "and we never thought he would ever amount to anything. It makes me feel unsafe in predicting much about college boys. There hasn't been a valedictorian who has done very much; but there have been many surprises among the low-stand men. They seem to wake up later in life. Their brains are not developed in college. There's Doctor Blaisted—a perfect little fool in college, getting into scrapes all the while and being dropped once for low stand—he is to-day at the head of his profession in New York; think of it, a perfect little fool!"

"Would you advise a man in college to be rather foolish in order to amount to something afterward?" asked Harry, with a jocular intention.

"No! You boys never need try to make fools of yourselves!" at which all at the table laughed.

"In your experience of students, Miss Walker—[how she hated him for that word!—don't you think that nature does that for them?"]

"I'm sure I don't know. Men in college seem very much alike to me. I don't think I distinguish the wise from the foolish very much—and if I do I prefer the fools."

"And so that's the reason for your telling me you like freshmen," laughed Jack.

She gave him a quick, motherly little glance. Jack was handsomely tanned, and his eyes were as clear and bright as months of training could make them. He had felt the charm of Miss Walker's manner at once (she knew what the college genus liked, and it had been her life study), and his admiration betrayed itself in his glance. "I must say I dislike the solemn, intense young man," she continued—"the young man with what are called 'high hopes and high ambitions.' He is to me very much of a bore. He gets these 'high ambitions' off at you as if they were something new and original.

Ten to one, if he aspires very much in college, he ends by the flattest kind of a failure in life. I believe things go by opposites. The men who are always attitudinizing in college and talking about their future 'careers,' and who are solemn and struggle and all that, are very apt to get too greatly discouraged later on. I would tell a college man to enjoy the college life to its utmost, in spite of all the faculty can do to prevent him!"

This was a dig at the professor, and he replied, with a laugh: "Miss Walker! You're a pessimist, a cynic and an enemy of good conduct!"

"I am not!" she replied. "But if I went through college to-day I would have a good time and make warm friends, and I would snap my fingers at the faculty!"

"Hear! hear!" cried the professor's sons, laughing also. The professor said: "Why all this cry against the faculty? Sometimes I pick up the *Yale Lit.* and read the dreadfully 'wise' fulminations and critiques directed against the faculty by students who imagine they know better than we do how to run the old college. It makes me positively amused. They accuse us of every known crime, but particularly of being behind the age and of having backwoods, up-country Congregational clergymen as our trustees. One would think that old Yale wasn't good enough for the present generation—of vipers," he added, laughingly. "Do we want to become a mere business institution without a moral character, without a soul, without a high purpose to develop character as well as intelligence?"

"Oh, I think it's your duty to let character alone," said the eldest son. "The German universities do."

"Well, thank God, we are not going to pattern after Göttingen and Berlin! Just see the freedom we give to you students. You can go and come as you please, provided you go to chapel and attend recitations, we give you absolute freedom, and how do you behave? You build bonfires on the stone porch of the chapel, you tear up the fence whole sections at a time, you break into tutors' rooms and daub them all over with red paint! A nice set of young scoundrels you students are and always have been!" he laughed. "And what could we do with you if it were not for our summary discipline once in a while? It's all very well to talk about not having anything to do with character or conduct and devot-

ing our time to your boy brains, as the Germans do. But what would become of us if we did? In three weeks there would not be a brick left in the chapel. You'd raze it to the ground. Long experience has taught me to distrust you. At this very moment Jack Rives here is planning to steal the college bible out of the pulpit, just as his father did before him!"

"Did he? Oh, tell us about it!" cried Jack eagerly. He was only too glad to have what he called a "pointer" on his dad.

"We were classmates back in '41," said Professor Gracher, helping himself to a third cup of tea, which his beaming but silent wife in her pretty lace cap had handed him from behind her rampart of tea things, "and for out-and-out rascals Tom Rives was—well, he was almost as bad as I myself!"

"Oh, Professor!" protested his wife, who was always horrified at these college reminiscences, which were the delight of her husband to tell.

"At that time we had chapel twice a day, and prayers were four times as long as they are now. Then we had two sessions of church on Sunday, besides chapel, all of which were compulsory, in addition to a prayer meeting in the evening, which, while not exactly compulsory, was understood to be incumbent on all to attend. Ambitious young seniors used sometimes to make use of these prayer meetings to cultivate extemporaneous oratory, I regret to say, and they used to introduce all sorts of topics, I remember—even politics and international questions.

"Well, Tom Rives got it into his head one Sunday that there was too much churchgoing in the college. He thought that the faculty ought to be contented with one prayer and one church on Sunday, just as you young men think now there ought to be no prayers and no church on Sunday. You see we have had 'Young Yale' in the past to contend with, just as we have them now; if you give them an inch they will take an ell. Your father got it into his head that if he could give the faculty a hint—a strong hint—about the matter it might have some effect. So he set his wits to work. Now, at that time good old President Day used to preach about an hour and a half in the morning and an hour in the afternoon. A great many people attended service in the morning, and it was at that

time that the choir did their best, and made the old chapel ring with their hallelujah anthems.

"Those who remember President Day's sermons—and those of us are getting few who do—remember very well how fond he was of bringing in the Angel Gabriel and the last trump toward the end of his sermon. He worked in Gabriel and his trump as a climax, and pictured to our terrified ears the awful day—*dies iræ, dies illa, fumat et sævilla*. Few of his great efforts but contained a description of Gabriel. Tom Rives knew very well that he could count on the good old man's bringing it in somewhere in his sermon, and especially the sermon just before closing college for the then three or four weeks' vacation, when the occasion was very solemnly taken advantage of to warn departing students of the perils of the outside world.

"I well remember that Sunday. It was one of those mild, warm December days when the fires in the great stoves which used to stand at either end of the chapel made the interior so warm that they opened several windows to the south to let in the air. Now, as you well know, North Middle stands in the old brick row just south of the chapel. Tom Rives was then in the choir. The pulpit was very high in the old chapel and came nearly up to the choir loft at the other end of the church. Well, the sermon neared its end, and we were all expecting the Angel Gabriel to appear as usual with his trump, when, just as President Day—he had a terrible voice, it rings in my ears to this day—reached his climax and shouted out, 'Suppose the Angel Gabriel should appear *now*. *Now* would he sound his last trump to a dozing, sleeping audience!' Well, just at that point, by all that is true, the angel *did* appear! Yes, I remember rubbing my eyes, it was so sudden, and then an involuntary laugh went through the five hundred students and everyone in church. About midway between pulpit and choir hung a full-blown angel marked 'Gabriel' holding a card which said on one side, 'This is my last trump,' and on the other side, 'There will be no more chapel now!'

"Tom had given the signal to his confederate from inside and the effigy of Gabriel had been swiftly pulled in through the open window on a fish line which ran over a pulley fastened in the opposite pillar of the gallery. The effect was very

startling. A lady—the mother of a boy in college who had come on to visit him—shrieked out, 'Save me, save me!' and fainted dead away. They couldn't reach the line to cut the thing down and there it swung, facing President Day—a great red face, goggle eyes and a yellow wig—the worst-looking angel you ever conceived of. Your father sat up there in the gallery as innocent as any lamb. You see, his confederate—a fellow who pretended to be sick that Sunday—worked the line from outside when he gave the signal. The faculty were terribly indignant. They examined every man in the two lower classes, but Tom was never found out. Ah, your father, Mr. Rives, was a very great rascal, sir, in college—as he was a great fighter afterward in the war. I shall never forget that Angel Gabriel and his last trump card. The whole thing came in so pat. The idea was that there would be at least one pleasant feature connected with Gabriel's coming—no more chapel!"

The professor laughed heartily over this reminiscence, and all rose and went out on the portico beneath the high white pillars.

"Miss Walker, you must remember a great many of those old-time jokes?"

But Miss Walker, on Jack's arm, had swept with a graceful motion toward the farther end of the piazza and was out of hearing.

She sat down at the end of the piazza on the steps and they conversed a long time together in the growing dusk in low tones. The still pretty college flirt was never happier than when "cornering" a freshman!

CHAPTER XXV.

"I don't see how you dared sit off there so long alone with Miss Walker," said Harry as they walked home from Professor Gracher's around by the fence and the colleges half an hour or so later.

"Why, how old do you suppose she is?"

"About twenty-nine."

"No; only twenty-five, that's not very old. Harry, I never knew any girl seems to understand a fellow as she does. I think she's one of the finest women I ever met."

Jack spoke with a serious air, and Harry concurred with him also seriously.

"Of course I haven't met many yet," pursued Jack. "But Miss Walker, I wish

I knew what her first name was. She said that there was something about me so—so different from other college men."

"It must have been your *sang froid*, commonly known as cheek," said Harry. "Few men have it in such quantity."

"Oh, but father must have been a very devil!" and Jack whistled and laughed, then whistled again. "I asked Miss Walker if she knew him in college!"

"What a break! you put your foot in it!"

"She rides horseback. I wish our con-founded crew was not in training. She is coming out to see us row."

Harry laughed a little.

"She knew Hetherington. She said he was one of the most famous men of his day. He had taken the *Lit.* medal and the Deforest medal, and was, while in college, famous for his Greek recitations. She gave a little sigh as she spoke of Hetherington." Jack found out long afterward that the "Greek wonder" was on her numerous list of rejected suitors.

Not having as yet any fence on which to roost, the freshmen were in the habit of gathering in front of the gymnasium on Library street. Here the boys found a number of their classmates gathered about Jim Danforth, who, as soon as he saw Harry coming, gave a great shout: "Hi—hi—hi—the 'varsity pitcher!" and ran forward and grasped his hand.

"We've got it! You're to pitch in Saturday's game!" he cried. "It's all fixed; Harding has just been here looking for you, old man."

"Is that so? Is it so—honest?"

"Yes."

Harding sent for Harry next day after morning recitation, around to his room in the top story, north entry, of Farnam Hall. Harry ran up the circular wooden stairway two steps at a time. Harding's room was on the south side of the entry, facing the campus. As he knocked and entered the 'varsity captain was leaning out of his window, talking to someone on the ground below. Harry stood a moment waiting for him to turn around. The four walls of the room were covered with oars, flags, pictures of famous boxers and old baseballs, gilded and hung up on strings, with the names of the various nines from which they were won painted on them in black letters.

Harry gave a slight cough, as he found that he himself was the topic of conversation. Harding turned around.

"Oh, Chestleton, it's you. Sit down. I've decided to let you try your funny business on Harvard. They think someone else is going to pitch, and I want it kept quiet that there are any serious thoughts of putting you in the box."

"Everyone seems to know it."

"Surprising how things of that sort go all through college in half an hour. I've wanted you all along; there was tremendous opposition. But I've settled it and the nine themselves favor you. They'll support you well. Don't feel you're not among friends. That's what I've tried to encourage in the nine—a friendly feeling and no class distinction; and I don't know how well I've succeeded. Nothing breaks a man up so in a close game as to feel he's being severely criticised all the while by the infield. It spoils his play."

At this period in Yale's history only one annual game of baseball took place. The success of an entire year might turn on a throw-out at first. It made the game doubly exciting, but it made the nervous tension of the players almost too great to bear. In those days it was common enough for either nine to get badly "rattled" three or four times a game.

Presently it was proposed to go out into the gymnasium lot and practice.

"Curved" pitching had been spoken of in the newspapers several times, but was not attempted by the professional baseball pitchers. In fact, professionals have never invented any especial feature of baseball play.

They kept the plan of Harry's being sent into the box on the "dead quiet," as the slang had it, and Harding prepared the dismal forebodings of defeat with which the *Record* and *Courant* both teemed. This man's finger was broken; that man was lame; the whole nine was crippled. Harvard would win "hands down." Probably Yale's succeeding athletic policy of decrying her teams was first instituted by Harding with a view of making Harvard overconfident, and of getting on the right side of Dame Fortune, who is said to be easily fooled by an obsequious humbleness. However this may be, it succeeded in making every Yale man very discouraged.

Harvard stood with an unbroken record for five years. Archie Bush, famous still in the memory of old college baseball men, was their captain. Their infield was a veritable stone wall. They had won



"MISS WALKER."

victories from several professional teams. No wonder that, if Yale was to stake everything on the abilities of a new and almost untried pitcher, the chances of war were desperate indeed!

Friday came. Friday night.

Fretful, and feeling rather "dragged," Harry went down to the post office after supper, hoping for a letter from home containing some cheerful, helpful words from his mother or sister. They were just as excited over the game at home as he was, but he found no letter at the office and felt a little angry about it. He started to walk back to the colleges.

"Hello, Harry!"

It was Ella Gerhart's sweet, vibrant voice that called to him on the sidewalk.

"So you're going to pitch, Harry! Isn't it grand!"

Somehow these words were just exactly what he wanted—what he needed just then. "I've got to do one or two errands for pa," she said. "He wants me to

carry him home a great bottle of acid—he's experimenting all the time over his electrical machines."

"I'll help you carry it," said Harry. He wanted to hear her talk more about his pitching to-morrow.

They walked along together down the busy, crowded street, meeting many students on their way to and from the post office. Harry noticed many inquiring and some indignant glances. He suddenly realized that he now was a "notable" in college and that everyone knew him.

"Let's go down a side street," he said.

"Why?" she asked innocently. He looked at her a moment, hesitating. She never looked so pretty to him. Her eyes seemed to have a peculiar sweetness and a love light in the dusk of evening.

"Because," he replied, desperately, "I've got something I want to say."

"I'd rather not," she said.

But they kept on Church street past the City Hall, walking slowly side by side. "I thought everything had ended between us, Harry?" she said.

"Just because I hadn't been to see you for two weeks?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you silly!"

"Someone else has been to see me!"

"Who—not Jack?"

"Oh, no. Guess! The queerest man I ever knew; one of your class. He's dreadfully in earnest, too."

Harry thought for a moment. "It can't be old Granniss, can it?"

"Yes!"

Harry whistled. "So he's my rival?"

Ella gave a pretty little conscious laugh and the dark fringe of her eyelids fell upon her cheek.

"He's very queer, but he's good, Harry; he's so truthful. I shouldn't like ever to tell him an untruth."

"Oh, so you—so you are beginning to fall in love with 'the lone fisherman!'"

They were in the shadow of a huge old elm. Ella swiftly threw her arms around the lad's neck and kissed him passionately. She made no other response.

A WINTER DAY.

UNDER a stainless shroud of snow,
The earth doth lifeless lie,
And robed in sombre clouds of woe
There weeps the widowed sky.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.



Outing

MONTHLY RECORD.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications should be addressed to "The Editor." Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents will not receive attention.

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport; therefore these pages are open to members of organized clubs engaged in the reputable sports of the period. The editors of OUTING RECORD cordially invite full reports of contests and events of interest to officers and members of amateur clubs and associations.

The OUTING Company, Limited, does not hold itself responsible for the safety of manuscripts and illustrations submitted, but promises to use all due caution in the care of the same. Manuscripts typewritten will receive earliest attention. The conditions under which a manuscript is submitted should always be stated.

THE opening of the nineteenth volume brings an enlarged magazine, with contents more varied than ever. The opening pages will certainly please the readers of OUTING, old and new alike. "Saddle and Sentiment" is one of the best stories ever seen in an American publication. No American lady author has hitherto attempted to work within this sphere, yet the very first effort brings as a result the most remarkable contribution ever cast within the domain of fiction of the turf. It is a triumph worth recording, for as a work of art it will be prized, and as a woman's work it will surprise greatly. Miss Gilman must hereafter enjoy a place beside the best American writers of fiction, and that means a first place in English fiction. OUTING for October is a pledge of the better things we promised our readers at the close of the eighteenth volume. Let them say whether we are making our word good.

J. H. WORMAN,
Editor in Chief.

* *

THE STATUS OF BOXING.

To fight is to break the laws of this country, whether the fight be with fists or boxing gloves; the description of glove, hard or soft, large or small, light or heavy, not affecting the fact that if the contestants endeavor to beat each other into subjugation they commit an infraction of the law.

To practice boxing or sparring as an art wherein the competitive issues are skill or "form" is as legal as are fencing, wrestling, football, etc., the absence of intent to injure or subdue an opponent being the dividing line. Under the present system it is not always easy to define just where the endeavor to outdo an adversary by skill and dexterity ends and to beat by disabling, *i. e.*, "knocking out," begins.

The sports in which men indulge vary according to their breeding—from coarse and brutal to skillful and refined; civilization is steadily suppressing the former and encouraging the latter; but boxing is too far in the rearguard as yet.

In the days of the prize ring fighting was fighting and boxing with gloves an art; the former a means of subjugation, the latter of exhibition.

There is no reason why boxing as an art should not occupy the same position to fighting as the art of fencing does to the now abolished duel. Fist fighting must follow, and with it its pernicious substitute, "glove fighting to a finish."

Reform of the professional pugilist is hopeless, and we must look to our gentlemen amateurs for the commencement of a new order of things. Just so long as judges in "amateur" contests allow the contestants to understand that absolute beating into insensibility or as near an approach thereto as is possible is a more sure means of victory than an exhibition of skill, so long will science be subordinated to strength and trickery and confined to the rough as he is seen in some of our misnamed "amateur competitions."

In any athletic exercise of the present time there is a definite set of rules to be observed and disqualifications are appended for infractions, but there has yet to be drawn a code of rules for the art of boxing on the principles of the system which produced such artistic and graceful boxers as Jem Mace, Professor Clark, Billy Edwards, Dooney Harris, Mike Coburn.

The delineation, in harmless exhibition, of this system has delighted thousands; its effects and superiority as a means of offense and defense have been proved by these and many other artists in the magic circle.

The enthusiasm with which Professor Campbell's sparring in a bye at the A. A. U.'s tournament in 1889 was received should be convincing proof that a large majority of an American audience prefers skill to brutality.

The principle of contests and exercises is to strengthen the two components which constitute a man—the mind and body; consequently the points gained must be consistent with perfect mental and physical deportment, which engenders prompt decision as well as an upright, firm, yet graceful bearing.

Those who undertake to govern our national boxing should "get together" with efficient professors of the art and decide on a set of definite rules.



PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHERS in the various parts of the country seem to be much interested in the State organizations which are being formed. Two such organizations, the Photographers' Association of Iowa and Ohio, held their annual conventions during August. The former held its annual meeting on the 4th and 5th at Hibernian Hall, Des Moines. There were between sixty and seventy delegates present, Mr. Frank Kilburn of Cedar Rapids, presiding and Secretary pro tem. Verran recording the minutes in place of Mr. Reynolds, who had left the State previous to the convention. Several papers of interest were read and some valuable discussion was held. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, G. Temple, of Clinton; first vice-president, Mrs. Schooley (the only lady holding such an office in the United States), of Indianola; second vice-president, T. Wales, of Keokuk; treasurer, T. A. Brown, of Marshalltown; secretary, J. Verran, of Des Moines. A financial committee was appointed consisting of Messrs. N. C. Edinger, I. Rouvers and H. Lancaster. The next convention will be held at Des Moines in about one year.

The Photographers' Association of Ohio held its convention in Columbus on August 11 and 12. President Ford Lewis presided at all of the meetings, and about one hundred members were present. The papers read were very interesting, and for the first convention of the organization the members of the association have every reason to feel gratified. The following officers were elected: President, Ford Lewis, of Selina; first vice-president, J. C. Schneider, of Columbus; second vice-president, I. Wolfe, of Lancaster; secretary, L. H. Hume, of Lima; treasurer, J. C. Harris, of Massillon. Columbus was chosen for holding the convention next year.

Similar organizations have been started in other States and will probably complete their organization in time for holding conventions next summer. Now that the National Association has decided to hold its convention only once in two years the intervening year will give an excellent opportunity for these State organizations to come forward and develop into usefulness.

Photographers' Day was celebrated at Chautauqua also during August. The annual report of the Chautauqua School of Photography for the year ending with 1891, which was presented at the annual meeting of the school on Photographers' Day, showed that 145 members had been practically instructed in photography during the school year.

These students were divided into four classes, viz.: The corresponding class, by printed lessons and correspondence with the instructor; the

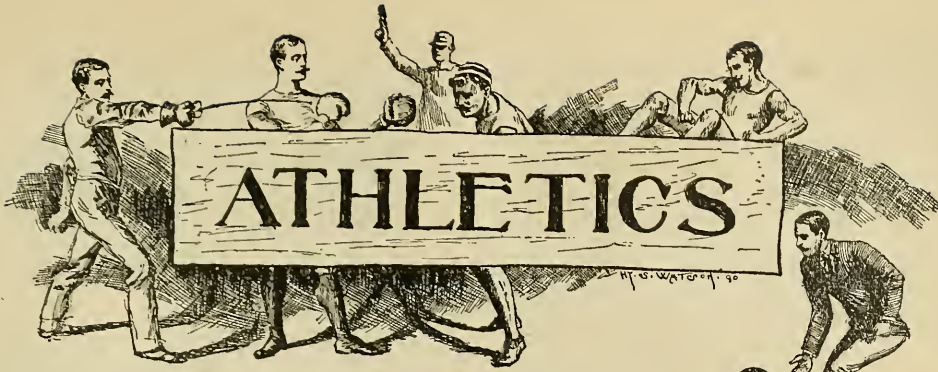
practicing class, at the Chautauqua Assembly Grounds; the local class, at the school's headquarters in New York, and the post-graduate class. Of the members constituting these classes seventy-seven were men and boys and sixty-eight ladies. The students range in years from nine to fifty-two and come from all parts of the country, and even abroad. It may be interesting to see just the proportion which the various States send. New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio have by far the largest representation, sending respectively forty-seven, nineteen and fifteen students. Massachusetts follows with nine, Illinois and Connecticut have six each, Colorado five, New Jersey and Iowa each four, Michigan and Tennessee three each, and Kansas and Vermont two each, while one each comes from New Hampshire, Idaho, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Louisiana, California and Oregon. Of course all the foreign students are members of the corresponding class, five of whom are residents of Canada, two live in Mexico and one each in India and remote Japan. An exchange club, organized somewhat on the plan of the Postal Photographic Club, which has been so successful, consists of thirty-eight members and has proved a very interesting feature of the school. Professor Ehrmann, the instructor, is certainly to be congratulated on the success which he has made of this school. It is by far the largest organization of its kind in this country, if not in the world.

A new method for reducing the intensity of negative clichés was announced by the veteran photographer P. C. Duchochois recently in the *Photographic Times*. All the methods heretofore employed reduce the intensity by dissolving metallic silver, which forms the image, so that when employed for the reduction of clichés which may be too intense the relative value of the local intensity could not be altered; but by Mr. Duchochois' new process, which he calls "a rational method," the intensity is reduced, not by dissolving the silver, but by transforming the color of the image into one more actinic and rendering the cliché more transparent, so that not only the desired reduction is obtained, but when the intensity has been reduced it may be strengthened again by the same process if necessary. This he accomplishes in the following manner:

The cliché is first soaked in water and is then immersed in a diluted solution of aqua regia. In this solution the image seems to intensify, but when exposed to sunlight for a certain period it becomes more transparent and turns to a bluish or violet black of a more actinic color than the original one. The process should be conducted by diffused light and the cliché allowed to dry before exposure to strong light. If the intensity should have been reduced too greatly it may be restored again by redeveloping with a very weak pyrogallol, eikonogen or other developer. No fixing is required after these operations, it only being necessary to wash the cliché well.

A new agent has been brought forward as a developer since our last record of photographic progress in these columns. Its unpronounceable name is paramidophenol, and it was brought forward by the Lumière Brothers, of Paris, the city in which so many photographic discoveries are made.

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.



FIXTURES.

October 3—Amateur Athletic Union, annual championship games, at St. Louis, Mo.

October 3—Young Men's Christian Association, Philadelphia, Pa., first fall games.

October 7—Syracuse (N. Y.) Athletic Club, open games.

October 10—Brooklyn Heights A. C., open games on M. A. C. grounds, Fifty-seventh street, cor. Eighth avenue.

October 10—Orange (N. J.) Athletic Club, open games.

October 10—Young Men's Christian Association, Philadelphia, Pa., open games.

October 10—Worcester (Mass.) Club, open games.

October 17—New York Athletic Club, open games.

On account of the refusal of the Central Association of the A. A. U. to allow clubs in its domain to hold open games on the Sabbath Day, a number of athletic organizations which have been in the habit of holding Sunday games formed the Western Association of Amateur Athletes, and this body held championship games at St. Louis, Mo., Sunday, September 6. The results of the games were very satisfactory, both athletically and financially, but all those who competed in the games have debarred themselves from competing in future contests held under A. A. U. rules. It can be seen, however, that if the W. A. A. is strong enough to hold itself together against the A. A. U. the debarment of W. A. A. members from A. A. U. games will amount to nothing. The Western Association, feeling that local sentiment should govern a question such as Sunday games, and finding that the Central Association of the A. A. U. cared not for local sentiment, combined for self protection, and, if present indications are worth anything, it may be said that both the A. A. U. and the W. A. A. seem to be satisfied as the case now stands. This country is so large that half a dozen associations like these two can be supported if there is enough difference in opinion on various subjects to bring about their existence. Following are the summaries of the recent games of the W. A. A. held at Sportsman's Park:

100-yard run—W. R. Hawksley, O. A. A. C., 1; G. Hellmich, O. A. A. C., 2; G. H. Thebus, B. A. C., 3; time, 10 2-5s.

220-yard run—W. R. Hawksley, O. A. A. C., 1; A. H. Hitchings, M. B. and A. C., 2; H. Stoeztle, O. A. A. C., 3; time, 24 1-5s.

440-yard run—E. R. Baker, G. A. A., 1; O. Wawers, O. A. A. C., 2; A. H. Hitchings, M. B. and A. C., 3; time, 54 2-5s.

880-yard run—R. J. Leacock, M. B. and A. C., 1; E. R. Baker, G. A. A., 2; E. G. Hitchcock, O. A. A. C., 3; time, 2m. 6s.

Mile run—M. Kennedy, G. A. C., 1; R. J.

Leacock, M. B. and A. C., 2; E. S. Morall, O. A. A. C., 3; time, 4m. 40s.

3-mile run—M. Kennedy, G. A. C., 1; F. W. Hitchings, M. B. and A. C., 2; C. W. Irish, M. B. and A. C., 3; time, 16m. 20s.

Mile walk—H. H. Hentrichs, M. B. and A. C., 1; H. Iurka, O. A. A. C., 2; J. F. Relfes, O. A. A. C., 3; time, 7m. 40 2-5s.

120-yard hurdle, 3 ft. 6 in. high—H. A. Wieneke, M. B. and A. C., 1; W. R. Hawksley, O. A. A. C., 2; E. Hally, O. A. A. C., 3; time, 18 4-5s.

Running high jump—W. Lange, O. A. A. C., 1, 5 ft. 4 in.; J. M. V. Flesh, O. A. A. C., 2, 5 ft. 3 in.; H. A. Wieneke, M. B. and A. C., 3, 5 ft.

Pole vault—H. A. Wieneke, M. B. and A. C., 1, 9 ft. 10 in.; W. F. Mueller, O. A. A. C., 2, 9 ft. 7 in.; J. C. Meyers, M. B. and A. C., 3, 9 ft. 6 in.

Running broad jump—H. A. Wieneke, M. B. and A. C., 1, 20 ft. 1 1/2 in.; R. J. Leacock, M. B. and A. C., 2, 20 ft.; E. Goetz, N. A. C., 3, 19 ft. 10 in.

Putting 16-pound shot—J. C. Ryan, G. A. A., 1; W. Bellison, O. A. A. C., 2; D. Leahy, M. B. and A. C., 3; 39 ft. 7 in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—J. E. Ryan, G. A. A., 1, 105 ft. 7 in.; M. McDonough, 2, 98 ft. 2 in.; R. Sutherland, 3, 97 ft. 6 in.

Throwing 56-pound weight—J. E. Ryan, G. A. A., 1, 27 ft. 7 1/2 in.; D. Leahy, M. B. and A. C., 2, 25 ft.; M. McDonough, 3, 21 ft.

THE Long Island Amateur Athletic League held its first championship games Saturday afternoon, August 22, at Washington Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., and following are the results:

100-yard run—W. H. Heaton, Star A. C., 1; J. Murray, Prospect Harriers, 2; J. M. Glenn, National A. C., 3; time, 10 3-5s.

220-yard run—W. H. Heaton, Star A. C., 1; J. M. Glenn, National A. C., 2; J. A. Spellman, Varuna B. C., 3; time, 23 4-5s.

440-yard run—M. Flaherty, Star A. C., 1; S. E. Corbett, P. H., 2; R. S. Barrett, P. H., 3; time, 54 3-5s.

880-yard run—G. Bartlett, Acorn A. A., 1; E. H. Whitlatch, P. H., 2; G. J. Fitzgerald, Star A. C., 3; time, 2m. 4s.

Mile run—J. M. Flanagan, Star A. C., 1; G. Vandermost, A. A. A., 2; G. J. L. Wilson, Star A. C., 3; time, 4m. 52 3-5s.

5-mile run—S. T. Freeth, Varuna B. C., 1; M.

OUTING FOR OCTOBER.

Bent, Union A. C., 2; R. H. Collins, V. B. C., 3; time, 27m. 35 4-5s.

2-mile walk—F. P. Murray, Acorn A. A., 1; C. E. Nichols, P. H., 2; J. Shelly, Acorn A. A., 3; time, 15m. 14s.

Mile bicycle, ordinary—R. W. Stevens, K. C. W., 1; W. J. Finn, K. C. W., 2; H. C. Shimer, K. C. W., 3; time, 3m. 7 1-5s.

2-mile bicycle, safety—D. McLean, K. C. W., 1; M. H. Phillips, K. C. W., 2; J. Bensinger, K. C. W., 3; time, 5m. 54 1-5s.

220-yard hurdle (ten flights, 2 ft. 6 in. high)—J. A. Spellman, V. B. C., 1; J. A. Hopewell, Acorn A. A., 2; B. Brasher, Acorn A. A., 3; time, 28s.

Running high jump—J. J. Connery, Star A. C., 1, 5 ft. 6 in.; S. A. McComber, Acorn A. A., 2, 5 ft. 5½ in.; C. Stokum, V. B. C., 3, 5 ft. 4½ in.

Running broad jump—E. E. Smith, Y. M. C. A., 1, 21 ft. 3 in.; F. H. Babcock, V. B. C., 2, 20 ft. 11½ in.; E. Howard, Acorn A. A., 3, 20 ft. 5 in.

Putting 16-pound shot—W. W. Ryan, P. H., 1, 35 ft. 3¼ in.; T. Daly, Williamsburg A. A., 2, 35 ft. 1 in.; J. E. O'Grady, Star A. C., 3, 35 ft.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—W. W. Ryan, P. H., 1, 113 ft. 2¾ in.; B. C. Davis, Brighton A. C., 2, 109 ft. 9¾ in.; A. Cole, Acorn A. A., 3, 98 ft. 10 in.

THE Bank Clerks' Athletic Association held their second annual games at Philadelphia, Pa., on the University Grounds, Monday, September 7. Following are the results:

100-yard run, handicap—F. W. Allen, Y. M. C. A. (5 yds.), 1; T. C. Stenger, A. C. S. N. (6 yds.), 2; C. T. Bucholtz, Y. M. C. A. (12 yds.), 3; time, 10 1-5s.

220-yard run, handicap—H. H. Goodshall, A. C. S. N. (14 yds.), 1; C. T. Bucholtz, Y. M. C. A. (9 yds.), and E. S. Ramsdell, A. C. S. N. (scratch), dead heat for second place, and Bucholtz declined further competition; time, 23 2-3s.

440-yard run, handicap—R. Nutfall, M. B. C. (25 yds.), 1; H. Thomas, B. C. A. A. (30 yds.), 2; time, 51s.

880-yard run, scratch—W. H. Morris, Y. M. C. A., 1; H. W. Schlichter, A. C. S. N., 2; A. B. George, M. A. C., 3; time, 2m.

880-yard run, handicap—W. V. Kelly, A. C. S. N. (50 yds.), 1; J. G. Potsdamer, B. C. A. A. (40 yds.), 2; time, 2m. 2s.

Mile run, handicap—W. H. Morris, Y. M. C. A. (10 yds.), 1; H. W. Schlichter, A. C. S. N. (50 yds.), 2; M. A. Boyd, Y. M. C. A. (60 yds.), 3; time, 4m. 35s.

120-yard hurdle, handicap—L. C. Lewis, A. C. S. N. (4 yds.), 1; T. T. Connell, W. A. C. (7 yds.), 2; E. E. Barnes, N. J. A. C. (scratch), 3; time, 16 4-5s.

220-yard hurdle, handicap, 2 ft. 6 in. high—E. E. Barnes, N. J. A. C. (scratch), 1; L. C. Lewis, A. C. S. N. (7 yds.), 2; time, 26 1-5s.

Mile walk, handicap—C. H. Buckley, A. C. S. N. (35s.), 1; W. Scott, N. J. A. C. (25s.), 2; time, 7m. 43 1-5s.

Running high jump, handicap—N. Y. Leslie, Y. M. C. A. (8 in.), 1, 5 ft. 5¼ in.; C. T. Bucholtz, Y. M. C. A. (6 in.), 2, 5 ft. 4¼ in.

Running broad jump, handicap—H. G. Riebenack, A. C. S. N. (2 ft.), 1, 20 ft. 11½ in.; M. MacKenzie, Y. M. C. A. (1 ft. 6 in.), 2, 21 ft. 2¼ in.

Putting 16-pound shot, handicap—J. Kennedy, Y. M. C. A. (8 ft.), 1, 35 ft. 7 in.; T. T. Connell, W. A. C. (7 ft.), 2, 35 ft. 1½ in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer, handicap—J. D. Lahey, A. C. S. N. (30 ft.), 1, 96 ft. 6 in.; Dr. J. K. Shell, A. C. S. N. (30 ft.), 2, 91 ft. 7 in.; E. W. Day, Washington—D. C. (22 ft.), 3, 90 ft. 10¾ in.

Mile safety bicycle, handicap—J. R. Hazleton, A. C. S. N. (scratch), 1; S. R. Davis, Y. M. C. A. (165 yds.), 2; time, 2m. 42 2-5s.

2-mile bicycle handicap—G. M. Coates, Y. M. C. A. (200 yds.), 1; H. Gill, Jr., P. A. W. (225 yds.), 2; time, 5m. 55s.

THE first championship games of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U. were held Saturday, September 12, on the Manhattan Field, New York. Following are the summaries:

100-yard run—L. H. Cary, M. A. C., 1; M. Remington, M. A. C., 2; P. Vredenburg, N. Y. A. C., 3; time, 10 1-5s.

220-yard run—L. H. Cary, M. A. C., 1; T. I. Lee, N. Y. A. C., 2; P. Vredenburg, N. Y. A. C., 3; time, 23 3-5s.

440-yard run—M. Remington, M. A. C., 1; W. C. Downs, N. Y. A. C., 2; G. J. Bradish, N. Y. A. C., 3; time, 49 4-5s.

880-yard run—W. C. Dohm, N. Y. A. C., 1; T. B. Turner, M. A. C., 2; P. F. Burns, X. A. A., 3; time, 1m. 57 3-5s.

Mile run—T. P. Conneff, M. A. C., 1; A. B. George, M. A. C., 2; J. Reid, M. A. C., 3; time, 4m. 26 3-5s.

5-mile run—T. P. Conneff, M. A. C., 1; W. O'Keefe, X. A. A., 2; S. T. Freeth, Varuna B. C., 3; time, 26m. 22s.

Mile walk—T. Shearman, M. A. C., 1; C. L. Nicoll, M. A. C., 2; H. Curtis, M. A. C., 3; time, 6m. 49 1-5s.

3-mile walk—C. L. Nicoll, M. A. C., 1; J. Skelly, Acorn A. A., 2; L. Leibgold, P. A. C., 3; time, 23m. 1 4-5s.

3-mile bicycle, ordinary—C. M. Murphy, N. Y. A. C., 1; R. W. Stedes, K. C. W., 2; time, 6m. 11 1-5s.

120-yard hurdle, 3 ft. 6 in. high—A. F. Copland, M. A. C., 1; F. C. Puffer, N. J. A. C., 2; J. Mooney, X. A. A., 3; time, 16 1-5s.

220-yard hurdle, 2 ft. 6 in. high—A. F. Copland, M. A. C., 1; F. C. Puffer, N. J. A. C., 2; G. Schwegler, N. Y. A. C., 3; time, 26 2-5s.

Running high jump—Alvah Nickerson, N. Y. A. C., 1, 6 ft.; F. M. Edwards, N. Y. A. C., 2, 5 ft. 11 in.; H. L. Hallock, M. A. C., 3, 5 ft. 9 in.

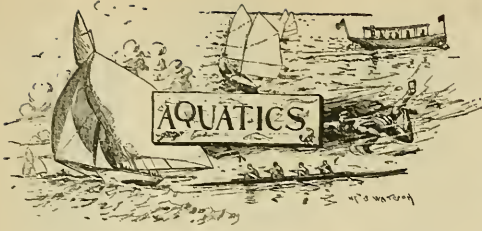
Pole vault—G. Casey, N. J. A. C., 1, 9 ft. 9 in.; E. C. Potter, M. A. C., 2, 9 ft. 9 in.; O. Pulvermiller, P. A. C., 3, 9 ft.; Z. A. Cooper, M. A. C., 4, 9 ft.

Running broad jump—J. Mooney, X. A. A., 1, 21 ft. 2¾ in.; C. T. Weigand, N. Y. A. C., 2, 21 ft. 2 in.; E. W. Goff, M. A. C., 3, 21 ft. 1¼ in.

Putting 16-pound shot—G. R. Gray, N. Y. A. C., 1, 46 ft. 4 in.; J. Barrett, X. A. A., 2, 40 ft. 10 in.; J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 3, 39 ft. 4 in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 1, 139 ft. 2 in.; C. A. J. Queckberner, M. A. C., 2, 129 ft. 8¼ in.; C. Coughlan, M. A. C., 3, 113 ft. 6½ in.

Throwing 56-pound weight—J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 1, 33 ft. 8½ in.; C. A. J. Queckberner, M. A. C., 2, 32 ft. 4½ in.; C. Coughlan, M. A. C., 3, 29 ft. 6¼ in. MALCOLM W. FORD.



YACHTING.

FIXTURES.

October 7—Brooklyn Club, on Gravesend Bay.
October 17—San Francisco Club.

THE yachting season of 1891, which practically winds up in October, may be classed as fairly successful from a sportsmanlike point of view. It lacked the delectable thrill of a race for the *America's* cup, but the achievements of *Gloriana* were sufficiently brilliant to atone in part for this disappointment. The doings of other 46 footers, notably *Oweene* and *Beatrix*, helped also to brighten up the season. Members of yacht clubs, while toasting their toes before flaming logs of oak or hickory in glowing hearths, and while sipping their glasses of steaming grog, will have many a yarn to spin in the chilly evenings of late fall and early winter. The 46-foot class is sure to be the most interesting topic, and the battles of the year will be fought again in wordy warfare.

That a type so foreign to American yachting traditions should have become so popular is indeed a remarkable instance of the evolution of our racing craft. The curious student of yacht naval architecture cannot help wondering where the end will be. The chief cause of surprise was that only one was fitted with a centreboard. Had the *Beatrix* only had time to get into proper trim she might have shown much better form. She was about the last of the 46 footers to go into commission, and thus the centreboard was in a measure handicapped in the great struggle against the keel. Messrs. Prince and Bryant, her owners, do not, however, despair of making a capital record next season and demonstrate anew the superiority of the "board" over the deep-keel type.

To tell the truth it may be said the performance of *Beatrix* was as encouraging as that of *Barbara* was disappointing. Those who had watched with intelligent interest the proud career of *Minerva* expected mighty things of *Barbara*. More especially so after reading the utterances of her designer, Mr. William Fife, Jr., which were printed in all the metropolitan newspapers on the occasion of his last visit to this country. That gentleman hinted that if he chose he could design an improved *Minerva* that would "knock seven bells" out of any 40 footer in existence. Thus it was thought that *Barbara*, designed especially for the peculiarities of wind and weather in these latitudes and by a naval architect of such high repute as Mr. Fife, would undoubtedly prove *facile princeps* in her class, and when she proved inferior to the majority of the Burgess boats it was indeed a surprise to those who worship at the Fife altar.

Of course it has been claimed that she has never been seen at her best, and that she has been laboring under the penalty of bad handling.

The Fife men do not hesitate to promulgate the opinion that in charge of a first-class skipper accustomed to a boat of her type she would have no difficulty in beating not only the yachts designed by Mr. Burgess, but also that incomparable craft *Gloriana*—the yachting marvel of the year.

The fact is that with Skipper John Barr in charge on the occasion of the Corinthian Sweepstakes race off Newport, she behaved better than ever before, and thus demonstrated that it takes a man of skill to develop the best qualities of a clipper yacht. John Barr has had charge of the *Cinderella* all the season and succeeded in making her go, beating her old rival, *Clara*, on more than one occasion.

Gloriana, having won her eighth consecutive victory, was laid up at Newport. *Sayonara* was the only one of her antagonists that ever came near defeating her, and that was owing in a great measure to a fluke. There is no doubt that in a fair test the Herreshoff craft is easily superior to all in her class, and that all the 70 footers, with the possible exception of *Titania*, would be defeated boat for boat by this remarkable racing machine.

There is no reason why we should become nervous as to the safety of the *America's* cup, so long as Mr. "Nat" Herreshoff retains his full intellectual vigor. I fancy that he can design a cup defender quite competent to meet and conquer anything from the boards of Watson, Fife or Richardson.

This past season will always be memorable because of two events. I refer to the advent of *Gloriana* and the appearance of *Volunteer* in schooner rig. Mr. Burgess followed the excellent example of John Harvey in his design of the rig of the schooner *Miranda*. He put the foremast right in the "eyes" of her, and with the most successful results. Everybody was prepared to find her a flat failure, but during the cruise of the New York Yacht Club she exhibited remarkable speed, winning the \$1,000 cup for schooners annually presented by Capt. Ogden Goelet, and also a number of "squadron runs." She was sailed by Capt. Henry Haff, and he seemed to have the knack of handling her in her new rig as well as he did when she beat *Thistle*.

The experiment of having the rendezvous at Glen Cove instead of at New London was not altogether popular. I think if a ballot of yacht owners were cast there would be a large majority of votes against a repetition of the experiment. Glen Cove and Huntington are all very well in their way, but they have no conveniences that yachtsmen demand, while all supplies can easily be procured in New London. The cruise was most successful. Commodore Gerry entertained his friends on his flagship *Electra* as lavishly and luxuriously as of yore. The yacht was placed at the disposal of the regatta committee throughout the cruise and these gentlemen fulfilled their duties with their customary efficiency.

Steam yachting is thriving. The strides the sport has made in this country during the past six years have been great indeed. At present the "craze" is for yachts of high speed, and the Herreshoffs have turned out two this year which are probably the fastest in the world. The first is owned by W. R. Hearst, of San Francisco,

OUTING FOR OCTOBER.

and is called *Vamoose*. She is 112 feet 6 inches over all, with a beam of 12 feet 4 inches, and she draws 5 feet 4 inches of water. Power is generated in a Thornycroft boiler, such as English torpedo boats use, and her engines are of the quadruple expansion variety of 800 horse power. The boiler blows off at a pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch. By the invitation of her owner I had the pleasure of taking a trip in her on September 5, when she beat the fast twin screw *Monmouth*, remarkable for her quick passages between New York and Sandy Hook. At that time she had not been fitted with a Zeisse propeller, such as is used by the German torpedo boats, and which is expected to send her along at the maximum speed of 23 nautical miles an hour. If she accomplishes this she will indeed prove a marvel.

Mr. Hearst at first intended to send the yacht to San Francisco on her own bottom by way of the Straits of Magellan. Of course she could accomplish the voyage in perfect safety, but it would probably take her a hundred days. Mr. Hearst eventually decided to ship her on the deck of a steamship of the new San Francisco line, which makes the passage in sixty days. Her machinery will be taken out of her and shipped by rail.

The other phenomenally fast steam yacht is the *Javelin*, owned by Vice-Commodore Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club. She is 97 feet 9 inches over all, 94 feet on the load water line, with a beam of 10 feet 2 inches and a draught of 4 feet 9 inches. She has triple expansion engines and a Thornycroft boiler. She is supposed to be able to steam 21 nautical miles an hour. Her owner will use her between New York and Newport.

The steam launch *Norwood*, owned by Norman L. Monro, is also surprisingly fast. She, too, beat the *Monmouth*. She was designed by Mr. Mosher, whose boiler is thought by some experts to be superior to that manufactured by the Thornycrofts. It is about to be tested on a large steam yacht. These three boats have attracted much attention among yachtsmen.

Another yacht which may be called one of the surprises of the season is the *Half Moon*, designed for Mr. James A. Roosevelt, of Hyde Park on the Hudson, by Mr. A. Cary Smith. Her peculiarity is that, while being a racing cutter with a large sail area, she has in addition an auxiliary naphtha motor of 10 horse power which sends her along at the rate of 6 miles an hour. In her tank forward she carries four barrels of naphtha. The *Half Moon* is 33 feet 6 inches on the water line, and her owner is independent of the fickle breezes of the Hudson. When the wind dies away in the aggravating way it so often does, Mr. Roosevelt can start his naphtha motor and go ahead. The yacht was built by the Gas Engine and Power Company, of Morris Dock, and is a pretty craft to look at and swift to sail. A. J. KENEALY.

CANOEING.

THE annual meet of the American Canoe Association was held in August at Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain. It lasted for three weeks, from August 6 to 27. Previous meets have never exceeded two weeks.

The camp site committee deserve more credit for the way in which they did the work assigned

to them than any other committee. It was no light matter that they shouldered. It was extremely unfortunate that Dr. Gage, of Lowell, the chairman of the regatta committee was prevented by his professional duties from being present in camp. His experience and ability in the management of races were counted on by all as insuring prompt starts and ably conducted races. As it was, the gentlemen assigned to regatta duties at a late date worked hard and did the best they could under the circumstances, and consequently should not be criticised for any slight errors of judgment that may have been committed. It may become necessary in future to have a paid official assigned to regatta work, as the labor is great and the success of the races depends on the manner in which they are conducted.

The results of the races may be very briefly stated: Canada carried off the sailing and paddling trophies and a Canadian won the combined sailing and paddling race. An American scored first place on the record, and by so doing secured one of the three honor places for the States. The club sailing race was won by Yonkers for the second time, they having secured the flag at Jessup's Neck last year. The *Pecowisc* cup, which has to be won twice by one man to become his property, was sailed for (for the third time) and won by T. S. Oxholm, of Yonkers. Butler came in first, but was disqualified for touching a buoy on the first round. Dr. Gage won this cup in 1889, Paul Butler in 1890, and had he avoided the foul the cup would have been his this year. Its final disposition may not be decided even next year.

The paddling trophy has now been won three successive times by the Canadians. The winners of 1889 and 1890 did not compete this year, but some of the former contestants did. It was won by Mr. Muntz, of Toronto, who had never appeared in a trophy race before. The only American in the race, Knappe, of Springfield, Mass., was fourth at the finish. Johnson, who was second, won first paddling honors in the A. C. A. in 1884, 1885 and 1886.

The most brilliant performance, however, of the meet was the winning of the sailing trophy in a gale of wind by Mr. Ford Jones, the Canadian, for the third time in the same canoe. This cup has now been sailed for six times, and there are but three names engraved upon it. Mr. Gibson won it in 1886 and 1887. The first year he sailed a Rushton canoe named *Vesper*, and the second year a canoe designed by himself named *Notus*. Mr. Brokaw won the cup in 1888 on Lake George. *Notus*, sailed by Mr. Read Bailey, was leading on the third round in the trophy race in 1889 when the tiller broke and Jones passed him. Mr. Butler failed to appear at the start of the trophy race this year for the first time since the club has been in existence. He was the only man up to that time who had competed for it every year. His failure to start was due to a serious accident that happened to his canoe just as he was launching it to sail for the starting line. Great hopes were centred in him, as he had won the unlimited race with over five minutes to spare. No account of the meet would be complete without a mention of Mr. T. S. Oxholm, who came in second in three races, a record which duplicated form shown the year before. C. B. VAUX.



FIXTURES.

- October 3—Riverside Wheelmen, race meet at Manhattan Field.
- October 3—25-mile road race, at Boston, Mass.
- October 7—25-mile road race, at Shelbyville, Tenn.
- October 7 and 8—Tournament at Sioux City, Ia.
- October 17—Tournament at Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE month of August seems to have been prolific in cranks. We find the clergyman who avers that the riders of cycles on Sunday are well on their way to the lower regions; the woman who states that cigarette smoking is much less "vicious" than cycle riding for women, officially; finally, the lunatic who writes to Western dealers and threatens annihilation to all dealers in and users of "the most infernal nuisance that Almighty Power ever allowed to disgrace the face of the earth." The last writer cheerfully promises "to blow our infernal carcass up into the fifth heaven with dynamite, and put all writers into a land of fire and brimstone after he gets us there." One gets a bit dizzy trying to untangle the remarkable idea of mixing the "fifth heaven" with "lands of fire and brimstone," but such little lapses are not difficult to explain when we consider the source.

Providing the date of the 1892 annual meet can be changed to some time in the fall (say October) it is to be hoped that the movement to have Washington, D. C., selected as the place will succeed.

Under the most favorable conditions there is no place in the country better fitted for a meeting of wheelmen. The splendid streets, the beautiful houses and the public buildings are attractions to the average sightseer that none can gainsay.

During July, August and September Washington, however, is about the dulllest and probably the hottest place in the country. Everyone is out of town and the fashionable sections of the city are absolutely deserted. If Washington is selected, as it is hoped it will be, provided the date of the meet be made in October, I believe it would be made the most successful national meet the country ever saw.

A writer in a Cleveland paper mildly suggests that it is about time for league politics to emerge from the narrow phase of personalities, which at the present time seem to control, to a broader plane. The criticism is a fair one. Personalities are not politics, at least not good politics. Alas, however, what can you expect when the

league has such scandalous examples to influence its members as the management and methods which govern in national campaigns. In the heat of argument broad issues are almost smothered in disgusting quarrels over the personal foibles and madnnesses of the opposing candidates.

Much has been written about the poor "form" in which most ladies ride, and in the discussion the fact that the majority of men ride in most execrable form seems almost to have been lost sight of. The reason of this seems plain: awkwardness in ladies is much more noticeable than in men, and faults which might be almost unnoticeable in the male rider become painfully pronounced when practiced by women. One of the unfortunate penalties of being born a woman is that we expect more from them in matters of grace and elegance in deportment or "form," and when they fall to a plane on a par with the clumsy male we are apt to notice it and criticise it more than when man violates the laws of good form and grace.

No wonder horsemen are shaking their heads when they read of a mile being covered on a bicycle in 2.16 from a standstill. Now, it would make a difference of about four seconds in the mile if the cyclist had a flying start, and with this fact in mind it will be appreciated that 2.12 is not beyond the bounds of possibility. In long distances it was many years before anyone would believe that 20 miles within the hour could be ridden. At the present time 24 miles within the hour has only been missed by 40s.! Don't talk to me about the probable limit; it is not safe to put up any mark!

As a New Yorker I am afraid anything I might say in favor of a liberal expense rule in the league would be construed wrongly, yet I cannot refrain from declaring that I honestly believe the best interests of cycling as a sport will be served by the adoption of a rule at any rate not more strict than the present one.

To command public interest we must have good races, and to secure good racing we must have the fast men. Fast men cannot be produced unless we train them and training costs money. The vast majority of racing men are not men of means; hence they must look toward some quarter for pecuniary assistance. What better quarter can be found than the clubs which foster outdoor sports of all kinds? The scarecrows professionalism and pro-amateurism will be

paraded with all due flourish and beating of tom-toms, but I am convinced that a rule which prohibits or hampers a club from paying its members training and traveling expenses will be a bad thing for the racing interests and consequently the sport at large.

You never can tell the exact strength of a squall until it strikes you, and therefore it is pretty difficult to judge to what extent the present growling match over pneumatic patents between Mr. Featherstone and Geo. R. Bidwell will develop into a hurricane or dwindle away to a calm. The mutterings forbode a pretty lively storm, but as yet the threatened whirlwind has not got in its fine work. It is an easy thing to unloose the dogs of war, but a very difficult thing to leash them again. If the pneumatic war does really break out in the courts the patent suits which have lived things in this country in the past will be mere zephyrs in comparison. The combatants are in the ring; the preliminaries have been disposed of; now for the fight. Time!

"The Gospel of Good Roads" is the name of one of the most able pamphlets ever issued on the matter of roads and road building. It is issued by the L. A. W. committee on highways, and to Mr. Isaac B. Patten, the chairman, must be accorded all praise for the excellence of this work. Not only is the letterpress replete with interest, but the work is profusely illustrated with half-tone pictures of roads in this and foreign countries. They are not fancy pictures, but are taken from actual life. To say that the comparisons are odious and much to the discredit of the "Land of the Free" none who have the good fortune to possess a copy of "The Gospel" will deny.

They have commenced to cut records at Hampden Park, Springfield, already. The grand old track, after years' neglect, seems to have the elements left to make fast time possible. W. F. Murphy first cut the mile record down to 2m. 23 2-5s. Three weeks after this P. J. Berlo put the record down to 2m. 18 1-5s., nearly down to Osmond's great record of 2m. 16s. G. M. Worden put the American record of 2 miles down to 5m. 06 4-5s. The half mile has gone to W. F. Murphy in 1m. 09 3-5s.; the three-quarters to P. J. Berlo in 1m. 42s.; this ties Osmond's record.

The Wimissimmett Cycle Club of Chelsea, Mass., organized August 19 with the following officers: President, A. B. Champlin; vice-president, David Gould; secretary and treasurer, J. M. Linscott; captain, D. H. Woodbury; first lieutenant, F. W. Forbush; second lieutenant, E. B. Stratton; bugler, F. A. Brummett; color bearer, Fred. P. Palmer.

W. F. Murphy, M. A. C., at the Rochester meet made the world's mile record in competition in 2m. 25 4-5s., the fastest mile ever ridden on any kind of a machine in competition.

The West, not having any large and wealthy clubs to foot the bills of its racing men, naturally is opposed to a more liberal expense rule. The East, having quite a number of these rich clubs, is in favor of a good liberal expense rule.

Murphy stood without a peer on the racing track this season until Windle reappeared to challenge his supremacy.

The Kalamazoo (Mich.) Wheel Club organized with the following officers: President, Dr. O.

A. LaCrone; vice-president, O. E. Price; second vice-president, Will Shear; secretary, N. E. Webster, Jr.; treasurer, F. P. Ford; captain, Jolly Allen; executive committee, president, secretary, captain, John W. Adams and Dewitt Olin; finance committee, treasurer, W. E. Clark and M. E. Blood.

The attention of the National War Department has been called to the successful use of the "safety" in the fall manœuvres of the Connecticut National Guard, and a recommendation made that the Government extend the experiments in the army.

Everyone speaks in the highest praise of the hospitality and management of the State meet at Rochester in August.

Belanger's wonderful machine does not materialize. Last month the rubber tire had not come; this month the gear is not right. The final trouble will be that the expected speed does not develop. There never was a clearer case of "Great Expectations."

The New York Division at the meet in Rochester last month resolved, That the New York Division favor the proposed amendment to the L. A. W. constitution providing that three-fourths membership shall be sufficient to qualify wheeling clubs as league clubs. The division also placed itself on record as being in favor of shortening the term of office of president of the L. A. W. to one year. It is doubted if either of the amendments prevail.

It has been suggested that Uncle Jerry Rusk and his Granger party better ally themselves with the wheelmen on the matter of better roads. The question is, Is the spirit of the Mugwump strong enough to make such a combine possible? I wot not! but I prophesy "No!"

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Turner Wheelmen have effected an organization, with the following officers: President, George A. Boch; secretary, William Nees; captain, Rudolph Haas. Only members of the Philadelphia Turngemeinde are eligible.

The "Century" club of Washington, D. C., under the name of "Crescent Century Wheelmen," has been formed. The officers are: President, C. E. Terry; secretary and treasurer, C. Shaw; captain, W. J. Espey. Those only are eligible to membership who have ridden 100 miles within the twenty-four hours.

The Bath (N. Y.) Bicycle Club was formed August 5 with the following list of officers: President, Hon. F. S. Wolf; vice-president, John Farr; secretary, Guy W. Allison; treasurer, Bernard M. Wynkoop; captain, Fred. de Peyster; lieutenant, Fred. Davison.

The clergyman who states that "many young men are riding straight to sheol" does not mince matters much even if he is not strictly within the lines of common sense.

The members of the Jackson Club and the Cook County Wheelmen, of Chicago, have had a regular rough and tumble circus. The Jacksons are the social element of the combination with the C. C. W. The Jacksons tried to run the club to the detriment of the Wheelmen and the climax was reached at a recent meeting, when a lively time was had and the meeting was unceremoniously adjourned by the contending parties having a regular grab game for the charter.

THE PROWLER.



FOOTBALL.

THE principal topic of interest in football circles at this early day, when the autumn term is but just opening at the various colleges, is what the relations will be between the three leading teams. Yale and Princeton both being members of the Intercollegiate Association must by the regular schedule of games be brought together, and as the two leading teams of that association in the contests of last season will play their match at New York or its immediate vicinity. Harvard, on the other hand, having withdrawn from the association, will arrange such matches as the football management at Cambridge may decide desirable. Of course all football enthusiasts hope that this schedule will include games with both Yale and Princeton. In fact the Harvard-Yale match is apparently an assured event, there having been no break in these contests for years, except upon the occasion of Harvard being debarred from the sport by action of the authorities at Cambridge. The question, therefore, narrows down to that of the probability of a Harvard-Princeton match, and everyone is anxiously awaiting the decision which must surely come before long.

Another rather interesting feature of the season will be the fact that there are no veteran captains upon the three leading teams, and there will be plenty of opportunity offered for experiments of all kinds. After a man has experienced the cares and worries of the captain's lot through one season he is apt to be loath to take up novel plays, and if he does there is lacking that spontaneous enthusiasm over a new play which stirs the blood of a captain in his first season. The reason for this is that the veteran captain has seen so many really promising plays turn out worse than useless that his confidence in novelty has been sadly shaken. This year Trafford, McClurg and Warren will all try their 'prentice hands at developing plays and teams, and although each will enjoy all the coaching to be obtained from graduates there will be plenty of rivalry between them to bring out to the full their individual inventive geniuses.

Not many years ago all the interest centred in the contest of these larger teams, but of late years the other two teams in the association have upon occasion made a contest with the leaders so extremely close that the result can no longer be taken as a foregone conclusion. The University of Pennsylvania played such a remarkably strong game against Princeton last

season that there is an added interest in their match of this year. Then, too, the first match between Wesleyan and Yale last October came so near being disagreeable for Yale that a similar initial game this year upon the Yale field will be watched with double regard.

The subject of umpires and referees is one always provocative of discussion. Fortunately for the teams in the association their umpires are appointed by the advisory committee, but for the outside games there is, of course, no such provision, and the official who is selected must be chosen by mutual agreement. There promises to be plenty of discussion before an agreement can be reached in these outside matches. The truth of the matter is that it requires practice to make an umpire, just as it does to make a player, and many men who would undoubtedly make satisfactory umpires as far as judgment and coolness go are unable or do not care to devote the necessary time to keep in practice.

As we go to press the early practice of the teams is beginning upon all the fields, and before another month all other sports will be secondary to the excitement of the "gridiron field."

WALTER CAMP.

CRICKET.

THE American cricket season of 1891 will be ranked as the first season for the inauguration of a series of matches for the championship of the United States. The series played cannot be said to have been *en règle* exactly, but still a beginning has been made, and it is to be hoped that in the near future a regular series of championship contests will be arranged under the authority of some such established organization as that of the National League in baseball. The beginning of the series of championship contests in the American cricket field was made through the playing of elevens representative of the leading cricket cities of the country, Boston, New York, Baltimore and Chicago entering the lists. Out of the preliminary series came the Philadelphia and Chicago elevens as the leaders, and during September these two rival teams met in a grand match at Philadelphia, arranged under the auspices of a special committee of the Philadelphia clubs, and the result was a two-days contest on September 11 and 12, which proved to be a model exhibition of skillful batting by the Philadelphia team. The Chicago team came East confident of making a good record in the Quaker City, as they had pre-

viously taken two of the crack Philadelphia clubs into camp in the West; but the aggregation of local cricket talent the Philadelphia committee gathered for the contest was such as to present an eleven of exceptional strength in all the departments of the game, but especially in their batting strength, as the appended score shows.

The contest opened on September 11 with the local team at the bat, and it was not until the score had reached 135 that the second wicket fell, and when the last batsman was disposed of the total runs scored had reached the large number of 478, every batsman but two scoring double figures, and one of these carried his bat out. Here is the score of the innings, which virtually decided the contest at the very outset:

PHILADELPHIA.

G. S. Patterson (Germantown), b. Langham . . .	52
F. W. Ralston (Germantown), c. Bradley, b. Rogers . .	21
A. M. Wood (Belmont), l. b. w., b. Dale . . .	76
F. H. Bohlen (Germantown), b. Wright . . .	61
S. Law (Merion), b. Dale . . .	78
C. Coates, Jr. (Belmont), c. Rogers, b. Bradley . .	51
P. Butler (Philadelphia), c. Kelly, b. Rogers . .	21
F. L. Altemus (Belmont), b. Kelly . . .	26
S. Welsh, Jr. (Germantown), b. Bradley . . .	25
H. P. Bailey (Merion), not out . . .	8
H. I. Brown (Germantown), b. Kelly . . .	2
Byes . . .	44
Leg byes . . .	8
Wides . . .	5
Total . . .	478

The Philadelphia *Sunday Item*, in commenting upon the contest, said that "the bowling was good, the fielding at times brilliant, but the batting was superb, and almost every man on the team showed that he was no ordinary hitter, but a sound judge of good lengths and a capable punisher of every loose ball that came in his way. Nine of the team reached double figures, and an excuse may be made for the last batsman in the matter of the light, which toward the close of the day was very bad. G. S. Patterson played a splendid innings when the bowling was at its best, and A. M. Wood, in a style peculiarly his own, hit to all parts of the field. Sud Law obtained the top score by brilliant hitting, but the most correct cricket and prettiest style was exhibited by F. H. Bohlen, whose cutting and off strokes were perfection. The wicket was in splendid condition, and, notwithstanding the enormous score made on it, played true to the last. The visitors were in the field all day, but never lost heart and fielded in magnificent style. Alex. Macpherson, their captain, had a most difficult task, but he never lost his head, and tried every means to dislodge the batsman. He put on no less than ten bowlers, every man having a try at the wickets, with the exception of J. Dethier, the wicket keeper. They were certainly handicapped by the absence of Dr. E. R. Ogden, who is the finest all-round cricketer in the West, and it is probable his bowling would have proved a useful factor in the match."

When the Chicago team went to the bat the next day it was with no hope of victory, but only to try and escape having to follow their innings. But the effective bowling and the fine fielding were too much for them, and they were disposed of in their first innings for the small total of 62 runs, C. J. Self being the only player who got in double figures, his 13 topping the score. In following their innings

the eleven were again disposed of for comparatively small figures, the total being 75 runs only. This time two of the team secured double figures, A. Macpherson getting 16 and T. Dale 12. Patterson led the Philadelphia bowling with a credit of 14 wickets in the two innings for a total of 42 runs. On the part of Chicago in bowling Bradley had the best score, he taking two wickets for 58 runs.

The championship of the Metropolitan Cricket League was settled the first week in September in a contest between the elevens of the Staten Island and Manhattan clubs, and to the delight of the Staten Islanders they won the pennant. It was a one day's match, and the first innings' play decided it in favor of Staten Island by a score of 219 to 106. In the second innings the Manhattans had scored 67 with the loss of three wickets when time was called. H. W. Townsend led the Staten Island score with a finely played 72, S. H. Barton's 65 being the next best score, J. L. Poole contributing 31, J. Quilby 13 and C. J. Metcalfe 10. On the part of the Manhattans, in their first innings F. Prendergast's 41 was the feature, the only other double-figure score of the innings being C. Lowe's 17. R. O. Davies ran up 40 in the second innings and W. R. Cobb 24. Poole led the Staten Island bowling with three wickets for 36 runs, Cobb leading the Manhattan bowling with six wickets for 57 runs.

I regret to record an incident in the season's play in the metropolitan cricket arena of an umpire's decision being disputed. This is new to the cricket field, though familiar enough in baseball circles. In cricket the law rules that the umpire's decision on all points involving only errors of judgment are positively final, from which there is no appeal. The Metropolitan Cricket League should see that this rule is kept intact.

HENRY CHADWICK.

A NOTEWORTHY contest took place recently on the grounds of the Fort Hamilton Club on Long Island, it being the occasion of quite a gathering of veteran cricketers of the metropolis, who were out for a jolly good time at cricket. Among those present were Messrs. Moeran, of the old St. George Club; Rutty, of the Berkeleys; Hosford and Munro, of the Manhattans, and other well-known members of the several metropolitan cricket clubs. The opposing captains were W. J. Wood, of the Kings County Club, and W. H. Blankley, of the Fort Hamiltons. To make the contest a unique affair Captain Wood's eleven wore white hats and vests, while Captain Blankley's team figured in the old-fashioned black silk hats, the latter being rather hot coverings with the thermometer up in the nineties. The White Hats were disposed of for 38 runs only, not a batsman scoring double figures, Mr. Rutty's 8 being the highest score of the innings. The fact was Bloxom's bowling was too fatal for run getting, he bowling well for catches, of which no less than seven were made by the Black Hat fielders. Moeran was caught for 7; Hosford was run out for a single and Wood gave a catch after scoring 2. On the other side the Black Hats ran up a total of 56 runs, of which Roberts contributed 16. Messrs. Hosford, Rutty, Moeran and Wood did the bowling, the veteran Hosford's underhand balls being the most effective.

FIELD GAMES.

LACROSSE.

It was rather unfortunate when the Staten Islanders went to Montreal on August 22 that they could not get together their best team. With the absence of Miller and Post the defense field of the champions of the United States was hardly in the best condition to play against Archie McNaughton and the two Hodgson brothers, who together are considered the best attack players in the Dominion. However, they worked hard and kept the Canadians down to 5 goals to their 2.

The game throughout showed plainly the deficiency of the Staten Islanders in their checking or they were very much out of condition, for when the ball was thrown any distance it invariably went into a Canadian stick.

The goals were made by Whiting and Curry for the visitors, and McNaughton (1), Geraghty (2), Hodgson (2) for the Montrealers. The teams were as follows:

<i>Montreal.</i>		<i>S. I. A. C.</i>	
Sheppard	Goal	H. Mathews	
Patterson	Point	D. Brown	
Louson	Cover	A. D. Ritchey	
Cameron	Defense field {	W. G. Meharg	
Barry		L. Moses, Jr.	
Weldon		J. P. Curry	
Spriggins	Centre	E. C. Chapin	
Baird		J. F. McClain	
McNaughton	Attack field {	S. King	
A. E. Hodgson		G. Whiting	
W. C. Hodgson	Outside home	R. Mathews	
Geraghty	Inside home	A. Douglass	
Brophy	Captain	Brown	
Referee, Mr. J. Garvin, of Toronto.			

THE game played on August 29 between the New York Athletic Club and the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy was one full of spirit and fine work. At times it looked as if victory was within the grasp of the Philadelphians, but when time was called the score stood 3 to 2 in favor of N. Y. A. C.

ON Labor Day the Lorillard Athletic Club team traveled to Rutherford, N. J., and defeated the Burling Springs Athletic Club's lacrosse team by a score of 7 to 0.

The teams were:

<i>Lorillards.</i>		<i>Burling Springs.</i>	
Morgan	Goal	Itlay	
Cochrane	Point	Van Dyke	
Lipsey	Cover point	K. Hunt	
McDonald	Defense {	E. Hunt	
Killough		Robert	
Kelly	Centre {	J. Baker	
McKechnie		A. Taylor	
Taylor	Attack {	H. Baker	
Loane		Chester	
Banks	Outside home		
	Inside home	J. F. Baker	

The goals were made by Kelly (1), McKechnie (2), Banks (2), Taylor (1), Loane (1).

THE most important game of this season was played on Labor Day between the N. Y. A. C. and S. I. A. C.

The scrimmage commenced with Bent, McClain, Ritchey and Gilmore in a bunch, and it was not until Ritchey snapped the ball out into the open that the real play commenced. Embury McLean got the ball and after a short run passed it to Bush, but it fell short and Moses got it and threw it toward the N. Y. A. C. flags. It was immediately returned to the Staten Island's flags, where it stayed for a period, and for a time the passing, dodging and checking of the men were as scientific as it is possible to see. For seven minutes this lasted—seven minutes

of wild excitement both for spectators and players, and often it seemed as though someone would be hurt with the body checking that took place, for on this end of the field was the weight of both teams and when the men came together with a rush it seemed as though something must snap. But practice had inured the players, and beyond a bruise or two no one was hurt. At last McLean (N. Y. A. C.) threw a goal.

The teams then changed positions and when the ball was again faced it went toward the same flags and the audience was treated to a repetition of the former playing. It took just seven minutes before King (S. I. A. C.), who had made one or two unsuccessful shots, by some very clever dodging passed the ball between the flags, making the score a tie of 1 to 1. By next lining up the freshness of the players had worn off and all settled down to hard work. It takes a player to understand what this means. The muscles of the body have been stretched, the excitement of the brain has worn off and there remains nothing but the power, agility and endurance gained by long and careful training. For thirty-three minutes this contest lasted. At last McClain (S. I. A. C.) threw a goal.

Score—S. I. A. C., 2; N. Y. A. C., 1.

Time was called before anything more was done, and the first half was over.

The second half of a game is generally the strong part for the S. I. A. C., but on this occasion it proved to be their Waterloo.

When time was called they had for the first time in two years lost the championship game, the score being 5 to 2.

The teams were as follows:

<i>N. Y. A. C.</i>		<i>S. I. A. C.</i>	
J. O'Brien	Goal	Meharg	
Bennett	Point	Miller	
Flannery	Cover point	Brown	
Roberts	First defense	Moses	
Doyle	Second defense	Post	
Gilmore	Third defense	Ritchey	
Bent	Centre	McClain	
McLean	First attack	Chapin	
Bush	Second attack	Whiting	
W. O'Brien	Third attack	Curry	
Burns	Outside home	King	
Gerry	Inside home	Mathews	
J. O'Brien	Field captain	H. A. Mathews	
Referee, Mr. S. Isles, Lorillard A. C.			

Injured—J. O'Brien, a broken thumb; Brown, head cut; Bennett, hit in the neck.

Goals made first half by McLean, N. Y. A. C., in seven minutes; King, S. I. A. C., in fourteen minutes; McClain, S. I. A. C., in thirty-three minutes. Second half—Bush, N. Y. A. C., in fourteen minutes; Gerry, N. Y. A. C., in two minutes; Bush, N. Y. A. C., in seven minutes; Burns, N. Y. A. C., in thirteen minutes.

THE schedule of A. A. U. lacrosse games is:

- August 29, at Polo Grounds, A. C. S. N., 2, v. N. Y. A. C., 3.
- September 7, at Staten Island, N. Y. A. C., 5, v. S. I. A. C., 2.
- September 12, at Philadelphia, A. C. S. N. v. N. Y. A. C.
- September 19, at Philadelphia, A. C. S. N. v. S. I. A. C.
- September 26, at Staten Island, A. C. S. N. v. S. I. A. C.
- October 3, at Polo Grounds, N. Y. A. C. v. S. I. A. C.

LIONEL MOSES, JR.



LAWN TENNIS.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL
LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

FIXTURE.

October 6—Intercollegiate Lawn Tennis Association,
annual championship at New Haven.

THE season of tennis tournaments begins to wane after the championship meeting, yet during the past month a large number of important events have taken place, and now the intercollegiate contests arouse renewed speculation and discussion. Unusual interest attaches to the event at New Haven this year, owing to the imposing array of contesting collegians. In the autumn playing is general throughout the clubs of the country. Players return from their summer circuit to their respective clubs. Some have been prize winners; some are satisfied with their progress through a few rounds at Newport; some explain their defeats by saying, "I was not playing my game." "My strokes did not come off," etc. All, however, have learned something about tennis and many no doubt try to inculcate the Campbell, Hobart and Hovey strokes among their less sophisticated associates. Even a spectator of our great matches is materially aided in his tennis, as subsequent playing has often demonstrated. Professional and business occupations prevent many from devoting time to tennis in the fall, yet the courts of all our clubs seem to be in more demand now than at any time during the season.

A SUCCESSFUL inter-city tournament was concluded at Bridgeport, Conn., August 23. Players representing Norwalk and Bridgeport met and the series of contests resulted in a victory for the latter city. Messrs. Mallory, Belknap, Jewett and Hincks represented Bridgeport, and the Norwalk men were Messrs. Burchard, Russell, Lockwood and Haviland. The prize was a banner, valued at \$50. Each man played every other. Bridgeport won, thirty sets to nine. There were twenty-seven single sets and twelve double sets played. The visitors were handsomely entertained by the Ladies' Club of Bridgeport.

THE Senter House tournament was won August 31 at Centre Harbor, N. H., by H. G. Bixby, who defeated George H. Crocker, 9-7, 0-6, 6-3, 6-4.

THE tournament for the New Hampshire championship began on September 2, with thirteen entries in singles. The finals were reached on September 4 and resulted in a victory for R. D. Wrenn, of Cambridge. Wrenn and Read won the doubles. Scores:

Singles—Preliminary round—Edwin Sheafe, of Longwood, beat Roger C. Eastman, of Concord, 6-2, 6-3; J. B. Read, of Cambridge, beat F. C. Barnard, of Dartmouth, 13-15, 6-1, 6-1; George F. Brown, Jr., of Harvard, beat H. G. Bixby, of Longwood, 8-6, 6-4; H. P. Hammond, of Concord, beat F. S. Mansfield, of Longwood, by default; W. P. Niles, of Concord, beat E. C. Niles, of Concord, 6-3, 6-2.

First round—Edwin Sheafe beat H. S. Krans, of Columbia College, 7-5, 6-2; G. F. Brown, Jr., beat J. B. Read, 6-4, 7-5; H. P. Hammond beat W. P. Niles, 6-3, 6-2; R. D. Wrenn, of Cambridge, beat James S. Brown, of Dartmouth, 6-1, 6-1.

Second round—R. D. Wrenn beat H. P. Hammond, 6-1, 6-1; G. F. Brown, Jr., beat Edwin Sheafe, 6-3, 6-2.

Final round—R. D. Wrenn beat G. F. Brown, Jr., 8-6, 6-2, 6-3.

Doubles—Preliminary round—R. D. Wrenn and J. B. Read beat E. C. and W. P. Niles, 6-2, 6-1; R. C. Eastman and Edwin Sheafe beat H. P. Hammond and H. S. Krans, 4-6, 6-2, 6-2; E. Boynton and F. Brown beat Quigley and Devereaux by default.

First round—R. D. Wrenn and J. B. Read beat R. C. Eastman and Edwin Sheafe, 6-1, 6-0, H. J. Bixby and George F. Brown, Jr., beat E. Boynton and F. Brown, 6-1, 6-2.

Finals—R. D. Wrenn and J. B. Read beat H. G. Bixby and G. F. Brown, Jr., 6-2, 3-6, 6-1, 5-7, 8-6.

AN open tournament was held at Burlington, Ia., on Thursday, September 3, upon the grounds of the Hawkeye Tennis Club. The prizes were given by Wright & Ditson, of Boston. There were seven entries. Baldwin won by defeating P. A. Crapo after a close match. Scores: Preliminary round—Baldwin beat Waite by default; Power beat C. F. Crapo, 1-6, 6-4, 6-2; P. A. Crapo beat Dodge, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2. First round—Baldwin beat Power, 1-6, 6-2, 6-3; Crapo beat Spencer, 6-0, 7-5. Final round—Baldwin beat Crapo, 6-2, 4-6, 3-6, 9-7, 6-4.

LAWN GAMES.

A LOCAL tournament is annually held at Burlington called the Hawkeye tournament, because it was instituted by the Burlington *Hawkeye*. This season there were over forty entries and the playing occupied about three weeks. The results are: Senior singles, won by Baldwin; junior singles, won by C. F. Crapo; men's doubles, won by Baldwin and Power; ladies' doubles, won by Miss Blanke and Miss Goldthwaite. Miss Spencer and Mr. Spencer won the mixed doubles, and the junior doubles were won by C. F. and C. M. Crapo. Messrs. Baldwin and Powers secured the prizes also at the Bluff Park all comers'.

THE third annual tournament of the Carbondale Tennis Club for the championship of Northeastern Pennsylvania was held on the grounds of Farview Park, commencing Friday, September 4. Carbondale is situated in the Lackawanna Valley, about 15 miles north of Scranton. The country is very mountainous, and for this reason the "gravity road" was built by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company for the transportation of coal from Carbondale to Honesdale. This is a very unique road. Cars are pulled up the mountain on a series of "planes" with cables and are then allowed to slide down the opposite side. The distance to Honesdale by rail is 16 miles, but the return track has fewer planes and is 24 miles in length.

Farview is on the top of the mountain, about 5 miles from Carbondale, as a bee flies. The ride from Farview to Carbondale is simply charming. The cars are open and run smoothly, attaining at times a velocity of 45 or 50 miles per hour. The descent is a continuous "slide downhill" of 1,000 feet drop and the passage is very tortuous, through trees and rocks, emerging at times to show the town beneath and Scranton in the distance. Just before the "Horseshoe Curve" the cars go through a narrow defile, whisking around the corner as you expect to have them dashed upon the rocks ahead.

The grounds are near the summit of the mountain and the magnificent view extends for 80 miles, embracing the Catskills and numerous lakes, groves and farms. The courts are three in number; two are together and the third is about 200 feet distant. They are formed of "red slate," which makes a very hard surface, though to some a less lively court is preferable. The surface is very flat, having been laid out by the city engineer. Wire netting extends across the ends, far enough back to allow of ample room for the players, but not enough to permit of seats, which extend along the sides. It was very amusing to watch the row of heads turn, following the ball as it would cross and recross the net. The number of entries, twelve in all, was fewer than usual, only three towns being represented—Scranton, Honesdale and Carbondale—but a great deal of rivalry exists between them in tennis.

The absence of certain Pittston and Wilkes-barre players was very much felt. The players of this section consist mostly of graduates and undergraduates of Yale, Harvard, Cornell and Stevens. Matches were scheduled to commence at 10:30, but it was 10:45 before play was commenced, the train arriving at Farview at 10:15.

The day was a typical one for tennis, warm and partly cloudy, with a slight breeze, and the

matches were pushed as far as possible, so that only the finals in both singles and doubles would be left to be played off the succeeding day at Carbondale. To further the attainment of this result vantage sets were played only in the odd or deciding set. There was only one match in the preliminary round. Orchard won from Thompson after a rather one-sided match, although three sets were required to decide it.

The first round was a surprise from the start. Moon defeated T. Archbald, who was looked upon as a sure winner, in two straight sets. The former played a back-line game and had very good success in passing his opponent, who, however, was not at his best. Another surprise was the defeat of Torrance by J. Archbald, Jr., Yale '87. The latter won the championship last year, but has been beaten a number of times this year by the former, who was, in consequence, looked upon as a sure winner. The match was closed and "four all" was called on the third set. Archbald showed great skill and judgment in volleying his opponent's lobs well in the corners of the court and close to the base line. He played a net game throughout, while the latter seemed unable to reach the net and equally unable to pass him. Hand won from Sanderson, of Cornell, after two close sets and some very good tennis, while Orchard met defeat at the hands of Gilmore. The latter plays an overhand stroke which is well adapted to a lively court.

Lunch was served the players by the ladies of Carbondale, who showed a great deal of common sense and uncommon taste in the preparation of it. The first match after dinner was between Moon and Gilmore, and was won by the latter in two easy sets. The former did not play in the same form that he did in the morning, probably because he had played on the upper court before, which was ordinary dirt and not so lively, while his opponent was used to the lower one. The first match in the doubles was Orchard and Kingsbury against Torrance and Moon. It took three sets to decide it in the latter's favor, who played in very poor form, due principally to their being unused to such a lively court. At the same time Archbald and Hand found no difficulty in winning two straight sets from Hunt and Fisher.

The best double match of the day was Torrance and Moon against Sanderson and Gilmore. There was some discussion as to which court to use, and so it was decided by toss. Luckily for the former they won the toss and the match was played on the upper court. On one of the lower courts the match would surely have gone against them, as their play would have been, in all probability, a repetition of their former unsteady work. The match was close throughout and there were many deuce games. With three to love against them on the third set Torrance and Moon braced, tied the score and finally won, 7-5. Great interest was manifested in the match as Carbondale v. Scranton, and there were four umpires and a scorer. At the same time a good many watched Hand defeat J. Archbald, Jr., in a three-set match which contained many deuce and vantage games, though the score in the third set would appear one sided. This was the last match of the day, and a special train took the

OUTING FOR OCTOBER.

tennis enthusiasts back to Carbondale, and it certainly was an enjoyable "coast."

W. A. Manville was one of the official scorers, and to him was due, as in the preceding year, the excellent condition of the grounds. F. E. Burr, a retired tennis enthusiast, managed the matches in a very able and agreeable manner.

Among those present were Messrs. Blair, Moffat, Logan, Linen, Anderson, Jackson, Dr. and Mrs. Worman, of OUTING, and Misses Wells, Blair, Hunt, Belin, Alice Belin, Atherton and Annie Atherton, from Scranton; Misses Stanton, Dorfing and Holmes, from Honesdale; Misses Butler, Abbott, Manville and Mrs. Meaker, from Carbondale.

The finals—Gilmore v. Hand in the singles, Hand and Archbald v. Torrance and Moon in the doubles—were not played on Saturday on account of the rain, but were postponed till Monday at 3 p. m. The following are the results of the tournament to the finals:

Singles—Preliminary round—C. Orchard beat F. Thompson, 5-6, 6-0, 6-2.

First round—N. L. Moon beat T. Archbald, 6-2, 6-5; J. Archbald, Jr., beat H. Torrance, Jr., 2-6, 6-2, 6-4; E. L. Gilmore beat C. Orchard, 6-2, 6-4; W. Hand beat E. S. Sanderson, 6-5, 6-5.

Second round—W. Hand beat J. Archbald, Jr., 6-2, 3-6, 6-1. E. L. Gilmore beat N. L. Moon, 6-1, 6-3.

Final round—W. Hand beat E. L. Gilmore, 6-1, 3-6, 6-4, 6-4.

Doubles—Preliminary round—Torrance and Moon beat Orchard and Kingsbury, 5-6, 6-4, 6-3.

First round—Archbald and Hand beat Fisher and Hunt, 6-1, 6-0. Torrance and Moon beat Gilmore and Sanderson, 3-6, 6-3, 7-5.

Final round—Archbald and Hand beat Torrance and Moon, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4.

HENRY TORRANCE, JR.

* *

THE championship of Maine was won at Portland, September 3, by Howard, of Bates College. He defeated Dana, 6-2, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3.

THE annual match between Mr. George Wright and his son Beals, of Boston, and Mr. Willis Farrington and his son Jack, of Lowell, took place September 5 at Belvidere, Mass., on the courts of Mr. Paul Butler. The Lowell pair won, 6-3, 6-0. In a single contest Jack Farrington beat Beals Wright, 6-4, 6-3, and while this was in progress Mr. Butler won two sets from Mr. Wright, 6-5, 6-4.

THE result of the Y. M. C. A. tournament in Brooklyn, which was concluded September 7, is as follows: Final round—E. L. Heltcamp beat W. Parker, 6-0, 6-1, 6-4.

THE Hohokus Valley T. C. held its annual doubles championship for men on September 7. A challenge cup has been offered for winners, the conditions being that it be won three successive seasons. It is called the Chapman cup. The results were:

Preliminary round—Lord and E. Bigelow beat C. Walton and Levick, 6-1, 6-2; H. Palmer and Houston beat L. Braine and Will Walton, 6-0, 6-3; R. Palmer and F. Smith beat Cox and C. Smith, 6-1, 6-2; Johnson and W. Walton beat

B. Braine and H. Walton, 6-3 5-7, 4-6; E. Moore and Cahill beat Chapman and F. Walton, 6-3, 7-5.

First round—Lord and E. Bigelow beat Hatten and Rowbotham, 6-0, 6-2; R. Bigelow and Whitney Walton beat H. Palmer and Houston, 6-3, 8-6; Johnson and Walton beat R. Palmer and F. Smith, 6-3, 6-0; G. Moore and Cahill beat Harrison and Watlington, 7-5, 6-2.

Second round—Lord and E. Bigelow beat R. Bigelow and Whitney Walton, 6-5, 6-3; Johnson and Walton beat Moore and Cahill, 6-2, 6-0.

Finals—Johnson and Walton beat Lord and Bigelow, 6-0, 6-2.

THE championship of Western Pennsylvania was decided on September 7 at Pittsburgh, Pa. Prof. S. W. B. Moorhead, the holder of the Grogan challenge cup, was defeated by Charles A. Buch, of Altoona, after the finest and most exciting match ever witnessed in Pittsburgh. Buch took the first set by hard and steady work. Moorhead then played with greater energy, scoring two sets with considerable ease. After this excellent tennis was exhibited by each man. From 2-5 against him in the fourth set Buch secured the set, 10-8, and by magnificent play also won the fifth set. Score: Buch beat Moorhead, 7-5, 2-6, 4-6, 10-8, 7-5.

AMONG the contests at the S. I. A. C. on Labor Day, September 7, at Staten Island, was the concluding doubles match in the tournament annually given by the club at that time. The result was: Final round—J. F. Hobart and S. C. Millett, N. Y. T. C., beat J. Y. G. Walker and E. T. Johnson, S. I. A. C., 5-7, 6-3, 6-3, 9-7.

THE annual invitation tournament of the Lenox Club began on Tuesday, September 8, at Lenox, Mass. The finals were reached on Friday and resulted in a brilliant victory for W. A. Larned, of Cornell University, in singles, the doubles being won by Larned and Parker.

Scores—First round—W. A. Larned beat Courtlandt Bishop, 6-1, 6-0; Lewis H. Parker beat F. V. S. Crosby, 6-3, 7-5; G. Herrick, Jr., beat E. Solvy, 8-6, 6-3; G. Livingstone beat P. S. Oliver, 6-3, 6-1; George Worthington beat G. D. Morgan, 6-1, 6-1; Samuel Frothingham beat George H. Barclay, 6-1, 6-1; Joseph W. Burden beat L. Dashill, 6-0, 6-1; Charles Barlow beat W. Herrick, 7-4, 6-4.

Second round—Larned beat Frothingham, 6-3, 6-4; Parker beat G. Herrick, 6-3, 6-3; Livingstone beat Barlow, 6-3, 6-3; Worthington beat Durden, 6-1, 6-1.

Third round—Larned beat Parker, 6-2, 6-4; Worthington beat Livingstone, 6-0, 7-5.

Final round—Larned beat Worthington, 6-4, 6-3, 7-5.

Doubles—Preliminary round—Burden and Gray beat Blagden and Barclay by default.

First round—Herrick and Herrick beat Adams and Greenleaf, 6-3, 6-2; Larned and Parker beat Burden and Gray, 8-6, 6-4; Fowler and Worthington beat Morgan and Livingston, 6-1, 6-0; Barlow and Colby beat Crosby and Barclay, by default.

Second round—Larned and Parker beat Herrick and Herrick, 6-4, 3-6, 6-0; Fowler and Worthington beat Colby and Barlow, 6-3, 6-2.

Final round—Larned and Parker beat Worthington and Fowler, 6-4, 6-4, 6-1.

LAWN GAMES.

THE Crompton invitation tournament was decided at Worcester, Mass., September 8. In the finals J. D. E. Jones, of Brown University, beat A. Bulluck, of Worcester, 6-4, 6-4, 6-2.

THE open tournament of the Quincy T. C. began at Quincy, Mass., September 8. Walter M. Packard won the singles. Score—Final round—Packard beat Hall, 6-2, 6-2, 3-6, 6-4. In final doubles Packard and Harlow beat Hall and Farrington, 6-3, 6-3, 6-3.

THE results of the Hillside T. C. tournament at Fall River, R. I., September 9, were as follows: Final singles—Engstrom beat Holmes, 6-2, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4. Final doubles—Engstrom and Homburg beat Gray and Wood, 7-5, 6-4, 6-0.

CANADA.

THE seventh annual event at Queens Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, resulted in a victory for Mr. Bowman, of the Rochester T. C., in singles, and for Messrs. Pope, of the Victoria L. T. C., in doubles. The tournament attracted great interest and many brilliant contests took place. Mr. Jules Vatable, of the St. Catherines Club, made an excellent fight for so young a player, but his opponent's drives were too steady and swift for him. The scores were: Singles—Final round—J. P. Bowman (Rochester) beat Jules Vatable (St. Catherines), 6-3, 8-6, 6-1. Doubles—Final round—C. M. and A. M. Pope beat Rykert and Vatable, 3-6, 10-8, 6-3, 8-6.

THE results of the Victoria tournament, which was played at Toronto, September 3, 4 and 5, were as follows: Men's singles—Final round—Mackenzie (Toronto) beat Rykert (St. Catharines), 6-0, 6-2, 6-3. Men's doubles—Final round—Matthews and Blackwood (Toronto) beat C. M. and A. M. Pope (Victoria), 5-7, 2-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4. Ladies' singles—Final round—Miss Osborne beat Mrs. Sydney Smith, 4-6, 3-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-1. Mixed doubles—Final round—Miss Osborne and Mr. Matthews beat Miss Pope and Mr. Pope, 6-4, 6-3, 4-6, 6-3.

At Toronto, September 12, a contest between the Victoria and Toronto clubs resulted in a victory for the former, eight events to four.

SINGLES.

S. A. Jones (V.) beat R. W. Matthews (T.), 6-4, 3-6, 6-1.
A. J. Hollyer (T.) beat H. W. Pringle (V.), 7-5, 6-1.
A. M. Pope (V.) beat W. A. H. Kerr (T.), 6-4, 4-6, 6-4.
C. M. Pope (V.) beat A. M. M. Kirkpatrick (T.), 6-4, 1-6, 6-2.
H. T. Mackenzie (T.) beat E. S. Griffin (V.), 6-4, 6-1.
Dr. E. Spragge (V.) beat O. R. Maclem (T.), 6-4, 10-8.
H. L. Pieler (V.) beat J. F. Smellie (T.), 9-7, 6-1.
C. C. Ross (T.) beat Captain Macdonnell (V.), 7-5, 6-3.

DOUBLES.

Spragge and Griffin (V.) beat Mackenzie and Maclem (T.), 3-6, 6-3, 6-2.
Smellie and Ross (T.) beat Pieler and Macdonnell (V.), 7-5, 6-2.
Pope and Pope (V.) beat Matthews and Kerr (T.), 7-5, 6-3.
Jones and Pringle (V.) beat Hollyer and Kirkpatrick (T.), 6-3, 6-0.

F. KELLOGG.

ARCHERY.

THE thirteenth annual tournament of the National Archery Association began August 27 at Natural Bridge, Va. The field presented a very pretty sight, with the white tents and the long line of archers in gay flannels. Natural Bridge is a popular resort and the guests turned out *en masse* to watch the sport.

The first day's shooting embraced the Columbia Round for ladies and the American Round for gentlemen.

COLUMBIA ROUND—THREE HIGHEST SCORES.

	Hits.	Scores.
Mrs. M. C. Howell	137	813
Miss Georgietta Clark	125	611
Miss Nellie Longley	121	589

AMERICAN ROUND—THREE HIGHEST SCORES.

	Hits.	Scores.
L. W. Maxson	174	1,008
M. C. Howell	165	885
W. A. Clark	161	851

The morning of the second day was devoted to the team contest, which consists of ninety-six arrows at 60 yards for gentlemen and ninety-six arrows at 50 yards for ladies.

The ladies' and gentlemen's teams of the Walnut Hills Club, Cincinnati, Ohio, were victorious.

Mrs. M. C. Howell won the championship medal on the National Round, followed closely by Miss Clark, both of Cincinnati. Scores:

	Hits.	Scores.
Mrs. M. C. Howell	104	464
Miss Georgietta Clark	82	344

The Double York Round consists of 144 arrows at 100 yards, ninety-six arrows at 80 yards, and forty-eight arrows at 60 yards.

	Hits.	Scores.
L. W. Maxson	163	719
J. F. Scott	141	543
J. Benckenstein	97	424

The Potomac Round is not very popular, consisting of twenty-four arrows each at 80, 70 and 60 yards.

The three highest scores were.

	Hits.	Scores.
L. W. Maxson	58	292
J. F. Scott	51	245
M. C. Howell	47	168

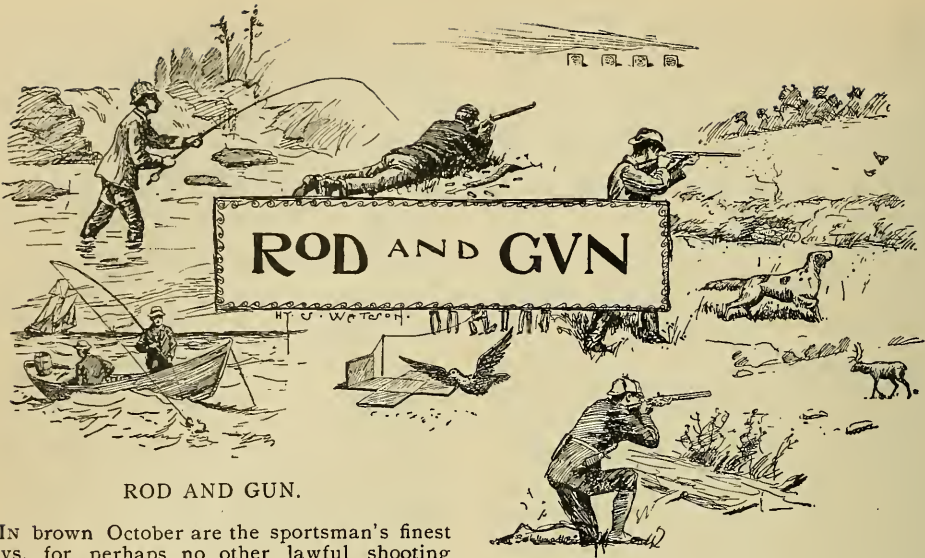
On Saturday morning Mr. Louis Maxson, of Washington, won the flight medal, sending his arrow 290 yards. Miss E. C. Cook, of Washington, won the ladies' flight medal at 211½ yards.

The lady medal winners were:

National Round gold medal and Columbia Round gold medal, Mrs. M. C. Howell.
Flight shooting gold medal, Miss Cook.
Junior Columbia gold medal, Miss G. Clark.
60-yard gold medal, Miss Clark.
50-yard gold medal, Mrs. Benckenstein.
40-yard gold medal, Miss Longley.
30-yard gold medal, Mrs. Newman.
Team trophy of five silver plaques to Walnut Hills Ladies' Club.

GENTLEMAN MEDAL WINNERS.

York Round gold medal, L. W. Maxson.
American Round gold medal, L. W. Maxson.
Potomac Round gold medal, L. W. Maxson.
Flight shooting gold medal, L. W. Maxson.
100-yard gold medal, J. F. Scott.
80-yard gold medal, J. Benckenstein.
60-yard gold medal, M. C. Howell.
50-yard gold medal, W. A. Clark.
40-yard gold medal, G. W. Pickard.



ROD AND GUN.

IN brown October are the sportsman's finest days, for perhaps no other lawful shooting month presents so many attractive features nor offers so many advantages.

"It is brilliant autumn time, the most brilliant time of all,

When the gorgeous woods are gleaming and the leaves begin to fall ;

When the pipin leaves the bough and the sumac fruit is red,

And the quail is piping loud from the buckwheat where he fed ;

When the produce is all housed and the farmer's work is done

And the woodland is resounding with the spaniel and the gun."

Now the ground is strewn with painted leaves ; the later migrants are working gradually southward and the squirrels and jays are busy storing mast and nuts against the bitter days to come. The dense foliage already shows traces of frosts and the cover is thinned sufficiently to allow the sportsman something more than a mere glimpse of his flying quarry. Game of all kinds is in the finest possible condition. Birds of the year are strong of wing and fit marks for the expert's aim—bear, deer, rabbit, etc., are fat and sleek ; in fine, all proper objects for the sportsman's quest are at their best. The weather is glorious, days fresh and bracing, nights frosty, sky and water blue as steel. Rafts of wild fowl haunt the lakes and marshes ; the stout grouse rises with a startling thunder of pinions and hurtles through the half-leaffess scrub. Among the maple saplings the woodcock springs with shrill whistle and darts away, no longer the bat-winged laggard of a month ago.

From the cat briers or stubble the game quail flush with a sounding "burr-r-r" and dart for cover at a speed that defies all but those of practiced skill and steady nerve. The rabbits—fat rogues!—scamper under the brush from the woodland path ; and so, from the lordly moose down through all the long list of American game to the dodging snipe, each according to his kind, is fit for man to slay in reason. And you, reader, may success attend your honest effort, be your chosen "stamping ground" deep in the dim North Woods, by sod-

den marsh or o'er golden stubble ! May the sights line true and clear and the rifle show no tremor ; may the twin barrels leap to your face smooth and fair and stop not in the sidewise swing as the finger does its part ! May the feathers fly from—not with—the bird, and should he halt not at your summons do you hold four inches more in front next time, for wings are swift in these brown days.

Several times of late readers of *OUTING* have written to ask my opinion as to the relative merits of pointers, setters and spaniels as dogs for all-round shooting. In reply I may as well say that I would certainly rank the pointers and setters equal, and leave the spaniels (as all-round dogs) where they properly belong, *i. e.*, with the kind of men who like to potter along a brush fence or in a bit of cover while a dog noses every yard of it and in all likelihood eventually finds a bird or rabbit by "trailing," which any decent setter or pointer would have located by fast, high-headed working for "body scent" in one quarter the time. Spaniels are handsome little fellows, grand retrievers, especially for waterfowl, intelligent companions and lovable creatures generally, but life's too short to use them for any kind of shooting where much ground has to be covered. In England they answer admirably for working in cover, but in this country of magnificent distances they are too slow. I have shot many times over spaniels, setters and pointers, and owned good enough dogs of each breed. I have seen spaniels do some pretty work enough, but have yet to see one do anything that a decent setter or pointer could not do better and in much less time.

Spaniels as a rule have superb noses and are willing enough to work, but, judged for working qualities alone, they "aren't built that way." The present type of spaniel is about as well shaped for speed as is the Dutchman's favorite trailer, who always looks to me as if he wanted shoring up 'midships, or another pair of legs to carry his long but honest little body. In the olden days we had a type of spaniel—rugged,

upstanding, long-legged animals, with immense ears and more than a trace of a top knot (presumably owing to Irish blood), and these dogs could work, fight, swim or dive with the best of 'em. They were varmint-looking rascals, too, and most of them had the skin on their hams as bare as their keen muzzles. Whether these bare hams were peculiar to the breed, or whether the dogs just wore themselves bare sitting round waiting for a chance to get into trouble, I know not, but they were rare good dogs for duck, or for routing out grouse, quail or cock from heavy cover, and they were grand for snipe, if properly broken.

But still they were never as fast as even the old-fashioned pointers and setters; they were hard to break and always excitable and too frequently flushed game out of range. In the marsh they were unrivaled; but who wants either to keep a wet, muddy dog shivering on a bleak day or to have such a brute clambering every little while into one's neat skiff or shapely Peterboro? They were all right if a man is wading a marsh, but I have shot over setters and pointers nearly as good even there in the spaniel's stronghold. Big Chesapeakes, English and Irish retrievers, etc., are "combination dogs," excellent for their proper purpose, which need not be discussed here.

Look at bench-show winners among the clumbers and cockers of to-day. Fashion demands that they be stumpy legged—they are stumpy legged! They have lovely coats and ears—both to look at and to hold burrs; they have affectionate, gentle dispositions and plenty of good dog sense, but they belong to the creeping things of the earth when compared with the slashing, fleet, wide-ranging setter and pointer. I had a clumber long ago—a good clumber—a good old soul, but horribly slow. I used to look at him; his ample back, snowy frill, stumpy legs, broad, heavy muzzle, marked stop, lofty dome of thought, and peaceful, benevolent expression reminded me of several things. One of these was a St. Bernard, a second was a badger and a third was a fat white shoat. I studied him to see wherein his make-up might be improved, and decided that he needed to be lengthened much in the leg, rid of a lot of lumber and shorn of his immaculate burr-holding frill. Then in my mind's eye I could see my clumber as he should be for useful service—and he was very like unto a poorly-shaped setter. Then why not get a setter in the first place and have a better dog still—one only rivaled by a good, honest pointer?

The question of superiority in the matter of field qualities between pointer and setter will never be decided to the satisfaction of sportsmen. There is but one "best in the world," and it is owned by every man who owns a dog! Personally I prefer the pointer. He is more easily broken and not so apt to run wild during close season, or if given but little work. I like his clean body and prominent muscles, his rat tail and action on game; but he must be fast in his work, and I don't like his feet. They will not stand such continuous pounding on rough ground, nor late work on frozen country or crusted snow, as well as the better protected setter's.

The setter is the handsomer dog undoubtedly, perhaps also more intelligent and a more companionable brute, and he also takes more kindly

to water. But, fairly judged on game, one dog is as good as the other. The pointer's advantages are that he is easily broken and is not apt to forget his training; he can stand warm weather better than his rival, work longer without water, and his short coat does not hold burrs. His weaknesses are a dislike to extreme cold, owing to his scanty covering; a tendency to become footsore if worked hard on rough ground, and in the bench-show type a general delicacy of ear and skin which is likely to make him shirk briars and thorny cover as much as possible. The ambition of a good dog, even of the silken-haired, tender-skinned type, will carry him through a hard day in all kinds of cover, but he will show many a scratch by nightfall, and a week of such work may use him up completely. The setter's advantages are his coat, both as a beauty and a protection from cold and briars; his well-protected feet, which stand work on all kinds of ground; his dashing courage in facing thorns, etc., and his ability to work in any kind of weather save extreme heat. These latter qualities he owes to his coat; clip him close all over and he would scratch as easily as a pointer. His drawbacks are also found in his coat, which holds every burr the dog touches and burdens him in warm weather, making a plentiful supply of water for him a prime necessity.

Let anyone contemplating the purchase of one or other dog consider carefully the advantages and disadvantages of each and, if possible, the kind of country he is to work over chiefly, and there should be little difficulty in deciding for pointer or setter. Another point may also be considered, which is this: Setters are at present the most popular, and if one intends purchasing a really good dog quite a sum of money will have to be invested. An owner may desire to sell his dog at some future day, or to use him for breeding purposes, at which time there is of course a great advantage in owning a specimen of a popular breed and from a fashionable strain of blood.

The interest in field trials and the improvement of strains of sporting dogs are rapidly spreading among the Canadians. The international trials held last season near the town of Chatham, in Western Ontario, were a pronounced success. That portion of the Dominion contains plenty of quail, and the nature of the country is favorable to dogs and handlers alike. The passage of a law prohibiting the sale of any quail killed in the Province of Ontario was a step in the right direction, and there need be no anxiety regarding the supply of birds. In distant Manitoba, too, the members of the Manitoba Field Trials Club are enthusiastic over the prospect for their events this year.

The question of the future supply of quail in the districts from which it has been entirely cleared or thinned to a very considerable extent is an interesting one, and it is receiving a practical solution by the efforts of W. Rudolph to hatch and rear the quail in captivity just as partridges and pheasants are reared and turned loose in the fields and coverts of Great Britain. His success may well encourage other sportsmen to efforts in this laudable direction. The habits, natural history and food supply of the quail are so similar to the partridge that there would seem to be no insurmountable difficulty to overcome in breeding it.

ED. W. SANDYS.



KENNEL.

It is said that if the world's fair people give a dog show no money will be given in prizes, only medals. Each exhibitor must supply his own attendance, food and water for his dogs. We believe now the idea is to have the Mascoutah Kennel Club give the show and \$10,000 is the sum proper to be devoted to the purpose.

MR. H. MALCOLM, of Baltimore, Md., has brought two suits for libel in the United States Circuit Court against various associate members of the A. K. C. Added to the usual heads of departments, Messrs. Diffenderffer, Livesey, McNeB, Mitchell, Harrison, Hoey, Hobbie, Rutherford and others are mentioned in the summonses.

At a show given not long ago by the members of the Ranelagh Club—one of the swell sporting clubs outside of London—was seen a diminutive Pomeranian, generally known here as a Spitz. It weighed only 3 pounds, and is said to be the best of its kind. This breed has almost died out here, being the pet horror of all timid people with hydrophobial fears.

THE eleventh English St. Bernard Club show was held at Birmingham, July 21 to 23. There were 182 entries. Alta Bella won the 100 guinea challenge cup and also the Halsey trophy, which Sir Bedivere has won twice as the best St. Bernard in the show, beating Keeper, the smooth coated, who won the 100 guinea challenge cup for the best dog in show. Sidney W. Smith's Young Bute won the cup for the best dog of opposite coat to the winner of the challenge cup, and Mr. Gosling's Lola IV., smooth coat, the cup in the corresponding special for bitches. Keeper and Lord Bute were equal for the stud dog prize, their progeny being of opposite types. Sans Peur took the brood bitch prize. Miss Dutton won the rough team prize, and J. F. Smith that for smooths.

MR. SACKETT, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., the owner of Harper and Graven Image, has purchased some good bull bitches. He is now on the lookout at St. Petersburg for bargains.

WE hear with regret of the death of the good pointer Brake. He was owned by Mr. Stanton W. Pentz, of Fanwood, N. J. Brake was whelped April 7, 1886. Was by Bang Bang out of Jane—Champion Sensation out of Heath's Lill, by Grigg's Mack II. out of his Nell. He was lemon and white in color. He won the challenge prize at Wilmington, 1890. He was bred by Mr. F. T. Underhill, of Newark, N. J.

MR. LAMB's newly imported St. Bernard, Clydesdale Nell, whelped on August 3 thirteen puppies, six of which are dogs, by Lord Bute. All are perfectly marked. Mr. A. H. Moore purchased through Mr. Lamb the puppies Lady

Brooke and Lady Myra, by Scottish Prince out of Hepsey. Lady Brooke weighed 67½ pounds at four months.

THE new mastiff bitch of the Flower City Kennels, Rochester, N. Y., is in whelp to Exeter Boanerges, who is by Champion Brantford out of Bura.

MR. PANMURE GORDON, president of the Scottish Kennel Club, has presented the collies Ormskirk Dolly and Woodland Ralph to the German Emperor.

MR. SIDNEY SMITH, of Leeds, England, has taken Mr. Baker into partnership with him in his St. Bernard Kennels, dating from August 1. Mr. Baker is manager of Mr. Smith's business interests also.

MR. L. F. RUTTER, JR., brought over with him from England the basset hound Rowton Wag, a bull bitch in whelp to King Lud, and a young bulldog by Rustic King.

SINCE Christopher, the noted collie, owned by Mr. Mitchell Hamson, left England his son Stacathro Ralph's stud fee has been raised to 7 guineas.

MR. WIXON's champion greyhound Harmony, of the Hornell Harmony Kennels, has a litter of ten handsome black-and-white puppies.

PRINCESS FLORENCE has been beaten, for the first time in a regular class, by Alta Bella. Mr. Chapman fully expected to beat Sir Bedivere when she was matched. Alta Bella is a daughter of the late Alton, whose death was so regretted by breeders. This places Alta Bella in the front rank in England. Mr. Gosling, the judge at Darlington, is a well-known St. Bernard man. Princess Florence was out of Crab.

IT has been decided to hold the next dog show in Los Angeles from Wednesday, April 20, to Saturday, April 22. Mr. A. C. Sumner is the secretary.

IN the coming Irish setter trials the Claremont Kennels will run four dogs—Claremont Patsy, Rancho, Rose of Claremont and Frisco N.

MR. H. P. THOMPSON, of Toronto, has lost by death his fox terrier bitch Etor Speedy.

MR. REICK has bought Kingston Regent, owned by Julius Smith, of Port Richmond, S. I. He is by Prince Regent out of Lady St. Gothard, and is therefore splendidly bred on both sides. He was whelped January 26, 1887, stands 33 inches at shoulder, is heavily built, weighing when in condition about 200 pounds.

DR. INMAN, the owner of Siegfried (late Salvador Rosa), says he does not intend to sell him at present.

IN the death of Mr. J. H. Murchison England loses one of her oldest exhibitors. Though especially interested in fox terriers at a time when Old Jock, Grove Nettle, Belgrave Joe and Champion Olive were the cracks of the day, he also dabbled in other breeds.

MR. FRANK DOLE, of New Haven, returned last month from his four months' European trip. Mr. Dole was the guest of Mr. Walter Comstock, of Providence, R. I. They report having had a glorious time, and Mr. Dole purchased quite a number of high-class dogs for his own and other kennels.

THE last to leave Mr. Diffenderffer's kennels

were Lakme and Princess Hepsey, a grand-headed pup, by Scottish Prince out of Hepsey. These were bought by the Swiss Mountain Kennels. As the puppy promises now she will be hard to beat when matured.

MR. SEARS has bought the pick of Mr. Diffenderfer's bitches, Hepsey. Mr. Sears is to be congratulated. She is a breeder and one of the best of her sex in the country.

MR. A. W. SMITH, of Buffalo, N. Y., the well-known exhibitor of black-and-tan terriers, has sold champion Buffalo General (13,879) to Mr. J. J. Lang, of Buffalo. General was whelped November 27, 1887; bred by Jos. Tatham, Halifax, England, by champion Halifax General out of Lady Lottie, and is full of Burke blood. He is well known to show goers, as he has won eleven first, four second and several special prizes.

MR. SEARS' canine pets, of which Sir Bedivere is the bright star, are occupying their new quarters. Wyoming Kennels are convenient and finished handsomely, and Mr. Sears is to be congratulated.

REFERRING to Mr. Rutter's remark which was quoted in *Forest and Stream*, that he could find no beagles in England worth bringing over, *Stock-Keeper* asks: "Where did he look?"

MR. MEGSON, the English collie exhibitor, has exchanged his crack dog Edgbaston Fox with Messrs. Farrie Brothers for their Mons Meg. Both dogs return to their old homes. Edgbaston Fox is the sire of Roslyn Conway, a good young dog belonging to the Seminole Kennels.

THE Crystal Palace Show, of which Mr. Taunton, the well-known mastiff breeder, is the head and front, will have nearly four hundred classes. It is the "independent show" of England and is well supported, its premium list being a model.

THE field trial committee of the Irish Setter Club has decided to extend the time of closing of entries in their coming trials.

MR. FAXON, of Boston, Mass., owner of the Kilmarnock Kennels, has purchased from Mr. Megson, of England, the collie Mother Shipton, which among other prizes has won the 50-guinea challenge cup at Liverpool and the Derby at the Northern and Midland Show, held recently at Manchester. She is in whelp to Witchley Wonder.

By an act approved by the Legislature of Texas "Any person who shall willfully give to any purchaser of an animal a false pedigree or certificate of sale shall be punished by a fine not less than \$25 or more than \$500, or imprisonment in county jail for a term not exceeding six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment, at the option of the judge."

LOFT.

WITH the autumn there begins a new series of records limited to youngsters. In Belgium those are counted as eligible that have been squealers at Christmas time of the year previous, and such are entered in the races of July. But in America, England and Germany a youngster must have been hatched after New Year's Day.

There is really no need for such distinctions, as it is rare indeed when old birds and young are flown together that the veterans have the lead. The experience of the old bird stands it in good stead when by reason of bad weather it is driven out of its course or is delayed, but young birds are more speedy in the desire to get to the known shelter, the home.

The journeys of the birds of James Costello, Providence, in August, give a fair instance of this. The flight was of three old birds and Miss April, a youngster. From 157 and 236 miles Miss April was first, and from 356 miles was ten days out and the only one thus far reported.

The records to be beaten in the autumn journeys are:

From 100 miles: Average speed, 1,241 yards per minute. Made by Augusta, of C. Mink, Jr. From Hamburg, Pa., to Newark, N. J., August 18, 1885.

From 150 miles: 1,102 yards per minute. By Volunteer, of C. O. Barrett, Dorchester, Mass. From Esperance, N. Y., October 9, 1887.

From 200 miles: 1,498 yards per minute. By Little May, of T. F. Goldman, Brooklyn. From Washington, D. C., August 17, 1884.

From 250 miles: 1,241 yards per minute. By the Duffer, of L. W. Spangohl, Brooklyn. From Rappahannock, Va., September 26, 1886.

From 300 miles: 811 yards per minute. By Marian P., of W. S. Palmer, Germantown, Pa. From Liberty, Va., September 11, 1886.

From 325 miles: 711 yards per minute. By Baby Mine, of E. H. Conover, Keyport, N. J. From Lynchburg, Va., September 1, 1883.

From 350 miles: 1,150 yards per minute. By Lady Greensboro, of James McGaughey, Philadelphia. From Greensboro, N. C., October 5, 1885.

Greatest distance in the day: 373 miles. By Akron and Magoffin, of C. O. Barrett, Dorchester, Mass. From Akron, N. Y., September 19, 1887.

Greatest distance in the autumn: 540 miles; time out, 2½ days. By Leslie P., of C. O. Barrett, Dorchester, October 25, 1887.

The New York *Clipper* offers a prize for autumn flying, a gold leg band, for the best average speed from 100 miles or over, made between August 31 and December 1. *Sporting Life* rules to govern. The prize to be held for each increased speed as made.

The first journey for the prize was to Fall River by the youngsters of the Suburban Club. The entry was: W. Norman, 2; H. G. Thurston, 7; A. and B. Borden, 4; Fred. Bowers, 4; J. Stafford, 3. The start was with an interval of a half hour between each lot. The day was stormy and the speed, although excellent for the weather, was poor. The result was:

Owner.	Time out.	Distance.	Yds. per min.
Stafford . .	275 min. .	110 miles, 814 yards .	719
Thurston . .	280 min. .	112 miles, 1,630 yards .	705

Up to the middle of September, when the autumn flying began, the figures for both speed and distance in the day by which the prizes were held remained unchanged, Sleepy, of New Bedford, continuing to hold the *World's* watch and the *Stock-Keeper* cup; and the 447 miles of the Williams seven, of Providence, remains the greatest distance in the day. There were many trials to exceed this, but without success.

Six birds in all were liberated during August

for record from extreme distance, but none have as yet been reported. Of these, three—St. Paul and Armour, of H. J. Williams, Providence, and Lone Star, of H. G. Thurston, Fall River—were liberated in Pollard, Ala., 1,145 miles and 1,150 miles, respectively, and two, unnamed until they have made their record, owned by J. A. Boutelle, Providence, were started from Eufaula, Ala., 1,000 miles from home. Those from Eufaula had the better chance for making the journey in good time in having the clear valley course to home, but their chance of living to cover it was materially lessened in their being liberated the day before the gunning season opened over that course.

There are those who foresee a great future for pigeon flying as a sport in America.

The interest is in the bird's ability to do good work, and the incentive is to own the bird that has done better than another or the best that is. The future I foresee is for the bird of record as the pride and boast of its owner and as his message bearer. I believe the time will be when the loft of message birds will be the indispensable part of the country homes, and these messengers will to be acceptable have first to have won their spurs in journeys for public record.

Certain it is that where the homing pigeon once obtains as a messenger its use is not readily abandoned, and the proof of this is that where a hundred were in the service a year ago a thousand are employed to-day.

The interest for homing pigeons at the present is more for the messenger bird than for the racer, and those who by their own use or in being served by the birds of others have come to a realizing sense of the valuable service pigeons can render are wondering that their employment is not more extended and that every athletic club at least does not have its loft and its birds for messenger service.

The value of the birds as messengers is not that they are more speedy than the wire, although they have repeatedly made journeys in ten minutes and less, for which the wire, with a messenger boy at each end, has required hours; but it is their being available from points to which wires are not stretched, more particularly between boat and shore, between city and the country residence, and between the office and the home in the suburbs.

There are towns in New Jersey to which pigeons carry the news columns of a leading newspaper every Sunday morning, and there are cottages at the shore to which pigeons carrying messages of one sort and another arrive at least daily.

The expense of maintaining a flight of messenger pigeons is very trifling, and enough for use for several days can be carried to the place from which the message is desired at less expense than a ten-word message could be carried by wire.

E. S. STARR.

ANSWERS TO OUTING CORRESPONDENTS.

R. T. W., *Philadelphia, Pa.*—It is impossible to say with any degree of accuracy whether an eight-oared crew from either Oxford or Cambridge can defeat a crew from Harvard. It is useless to judge by records, on account of the variable tides and wind. Then, again, if an English crew should visit the United States during the hot summer months it is quite pos-

sible that they would not have the same vigor which they may have shown during the first part of the season in England. In the rowing department there have been published editorials on this subject by Mr. Chase Mellen, an expert, which will give you interesting information.

H. E. F., *Bangor, Me.*—As you are probably aware, the water in this vicinity is sometimes very cold for bathing purposes and swimming is not engaged in so much as it might be. Bathers are free to admit that they fear cramps, but I claim if one keeps continually moving in the water that, unless his system is very much undertoned, cramps will not come. Can you give an opinion on the subject, for it will interest many more in this vicinity besides me? *Answer.*—Cramps are simply a muscular contraction, generally brought about by a chill. If a swimmer moves vigorously in the water he keeps the blood well in circulation, and any kind of muscular contraction will seldom appear in that case unless brought about by fatigue. It is not wise, however, to stay in cold water too long, whether one exercises vigorously or not, for often in moments of excitement one will become fatigued unknowingly, which when a rest is taken causes the muscles to become chilled and this in turn may produce cramps.

W. D. O., *Boston, Mass.*—In the article on distance running which appeared in OUTING for June attention was called to the fact that most distance runners are poor specimens of men from a muscular point of view, on account of the chest and arms being so bare of flesh. Are there any statistics showing what the effect has been on the after life of athletes who have made big records at covering a long distance? *Answer.*—No; but no case has been brought into prominence of an athlete who has given much attention to distance running and who has suffered from heart or lung trouble. It is generally considered that rowing produces a greater strain on the heart than distance running, on account of its being a more violent action than the latter, and also because an oarsman is, as a rule, with a crew and must row hard in a race whether he feels like it or not, simply because he considers the welfare of the other members of the crew. A distance runner is alone in a race as a rule, and stops when he chooses.

D. F. A., *Chicago, Ill.*—Will you tell me the best record for running 150 yards and by whom was it made? *Answer.*—In America 14 4-5s., by C. A. Sherrill and John Owen, Jr. In England C. G. Wood made the same time.

T. B. O., *Detroit, Mich.*—Can you tell me what amateur athletes have cleared 6 feet for a running high jump; also the year and country? *Answer.*—W. B. Page, 6 ft. 4 in., Philadelphia, Pa., October, 1887; P. Davin, 6 ft. 2 3/4 in., Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, July, 1880; M. J. Brooks, 6 ft. 2 1/2 in., London, England, April, 1876; G. R. Fearing, Jr., 6 ft. 2 1/4 in., Boston, Mass., February, 1891; Alvah Nickerson, 6 ft. 1 1/2 in., Travers Island, N. Y., June, 1891; P. J. Kelly, 6 ft. 1 3/4 in., Limerick, Ireland, August, 1887; J. W. Parsons, 6 ft. 1 in., Edinburgh, Scotland, 1883; G. W. Rowdon, 6 ft. 1 in., London, England, 1887; F. M. Edwards, 6 ft. 0 1/2 in., Travers Island, N. Y., June, 1891; T. Ryan, 6 ft. 0 1/2 in., Dublin, Ireland, June, 1891; H. L. Hallock, 6 ft., London, England, July, 1891.

ODDS AND ENDS OF SPORT.

DO NOT MUSS YOUR BIRDS.

We will suppose you have been successful in your day's sport, both as regards the number and quality of game. If so, you contemplate the result with satisfaction.

Each pink-legged woodcock, each lordly grouse or the dozen or so of plump-breasted ducks will recall a delightful bit of experience, and perhaps the thrill of success will once again quicken your pulse a trifle as your eye runs over the goodly array.

To have this retrospect altogether pleasing, make it a rule, when stowing your game away (whether it be in the capacious pocket of your hunting coat as you tramp the upland, or upon the rustling grass of your duck-blind), not to muss the plumage if you can possibly avoid doing so.

I have met with gunners who, when exhibiting the results of their success, would pull a woodcock or quail, or mayhap a ruffed grouse, from pocket or game-bag, with a "blasé" air, and offer for inspection a misshapen mass of something, with feathers all awry, clotted with blood, stiff and bedrabbled, altogether unlike the beautiful creatures of marsh and woodland.

I protest against this; it does seem unnecessary.

Your woodcock or quail, or game of any kind, killed in a sportsmanlike manner, lose nothing in the showing if the plumage is decently cared for.

Your plump water-fowl will be more thoroughly appreciated by friends when they arrive in shapely condition.

They are all thoroughbreds by nature; for pity's sake, then, do not unnecessarily mar their beauty after death.

Put your quail, woodcock, plover or grouse in pocket horizontally, and when removing them do not pull them out by the legs; take them out carefully, hold by the bill and smooth their rumpled plumes.

Yes, take off your coat to do it, if you cannot get at them conveniently otherwise.

In picking up duck, take them by the bill, shake smartly to dislodge the water clinging to the feathers, smooth them and lay them on their backs, where they will presently stiffen in a natural position. Market hunters do this, well knowing the benefit they gain in having their game keep longer, and present a more inviting appearance when offered for sale.

There are certain individuals among my friends who have no patience with these little niceties of sport, considering these details as so much wasted sentiment. They are the fellows so imbued with the "commercial instinct" that they seem utterly oblivious to all else, their main object in a day's sport being to secure a maximum of game with a minimum of exertion and expense.

Bracing air, bright sunshine, the working of an intelligent dog, are all subservient to the insatiable desire to get more game for their five dollars than may be purchased for the same amount in market.

Succeeding in this, they feel they have done well; otherwise they figure up the cost per head of game and are chagrined.

Sentiment indeed! What would this life be without sentiment?

Other friends I have who find something more in sport than the mere killing of game. The secrets of the woods are theirs. They are in touch with nature. They have sentiment, and you will find they seldom muss their birds after shooting them.

W. TOWNSEND.

THE Manhattan Athletic Club last year put up two canoe cups, to be held as perpetual challenge trophies. One was for sailing canoes within a radius of twenty-five miles of New York, won by Mr. Quick, of Yonkers. The other is a double or tandem paddling trophy, won by Messrs. Palmer and Douglas, of Newark, in canoe *Cricketer*. The races were held in conjunction with the Marine and Field Club on Gravesend Bay. The Marine and Field Club, which has lately increased its canoe membership largely, held its regatta on the June 18th, and the Manhattan does not figure in it. The Manhattans thus far have made no announcements of races for their canoe cups, and the probability is that such races will not be held this year.

THE exhibits illustrating the best methods of building highways, one of the most practical lessons of the Columbia Exposition, seem likely to be rendered far less efficacious than it should be, by reason of the wide area over which the exhibits are likely to be scattered. Col. Albert A. Pope has pertinently pointed this out. In a recent open letter he calls attention to the catalogue of classification. For instance, Department A, in which models of fences, construction of roads, literature and statistics, stump-extractors, traction engines and apparatus for road-making and excavating, samples of wood for paving, timber prepared in various ways to resist decay, stump-pulling devices will be shown, has an area of thirteen acres. Department E, in which asphaltite and asphaltic compounds, building stones, granites for bridges, artificial stone mixtures for pavements, asphaltic mastics and mixtures, rock-breakers, sizing appliances, sieves will be shown, has an area of over five acres. Department F, in which street rollers, sweepers and sprinklers will be exhibited, has an area of fifteen and eight-tenths acres. Department G, in which systems of drainage, wheelbarrows, carts, sprinkling carts will be shown, has an area of over fourteen acres. Department L, in which conduits of water and sewage, drains and sewers, construction and maintenance of roads, streets and pavements, bridges, working plans for paving and draining are to be shown, covers an area of thirty acres.

A VERY complete stock of standard sporting goods and all the latest novelties—in fact, almost anything a sportsman makes use of in connection with his favorite recreation—can be seen at the show-rooms of James C. Merwin & Co., 1190 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Merwin understands the value of dealing in honest goods, and carries nothing in his line save the best.



OUR National Bird—The foul.

A FLASH-LIGHT—A shooting star.

SHE WANTS SOME OF IT BACK.

"So poor Staggers is dead."

"Yes; he took the gold cure four times, and at last succumbed. I understand he asked to be cremated; but his widow wouldn't have it so."

"She had him buried, did she?"

"No; she had him assayed."—*Puck*.

HIS DISEASE.

BRIGGS: "I just got word from the West that Charlie Sprucer is dead."

BROWN: "Poor fellow! What did he die of?"

BRIGGS: "A silk hat at a cowboy ball."—*Judge*.

THE most reliable girls in the world are those at the fair; there is never the slightest bit of change about them.—*Elmira Gazette*.

JACK: "How about Miss Million, Charlie? Have your hopes in that direction reached a consummation?"

CHARLIE: "Not exactly. The fact is, they have only reached the consomme."—*Kate Field's Washington*.

APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

BAND-MASTER: "But how can I play a wedding-march? I have nothing here but military music."

MANAGER: "Oh, give 'em the double-quick—that's good enough."—*Puck*.

COULDN'T DO IT.

FARMER: "If I were as lazy as you I'd go hang myself in my barn."

TRAMP: "No, you wouldn't."

FARMER: "Why wouldn't I?"

TRAMP: "Ef you was as lazy as me you wouldn't have no barn."—*Judge*.

"OUT on a foul tip," as the man said when he bet his money on the wrong horse.—*Yale Record*.

ALWAYS.

"SOMEHOW or other the Hudson does not seem to me to be what it used to be," said Chatterton.

"It *has* been running down steadily," returned Batterton.—*Puck*.

THE grain elevator is a sort of magazine of cereal stories.—*Puck*.

COLLEGE students should go to bed early and avoid the rush.—*Puck*.

A REBUKE.

RICH MAN: "Ain't you ashamed not to be earning your bread by hard work instead of begging?"

TRAMP: "Humph! You don't even beg."—*Texas Siftings*.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

PHILANTHROPIST: "Why are you crying so, my child?"

LITTLE GIRL: "Please, sir, me mudder sent me wid fifty cints fer to git bread wid, an' I lost it in that there dark alleyway. I'll be licked terrible."

PHILANTHROPIST: "Well, well! my poor child; dry your tears. Here is—a match. Perhaps you may be able to find it."—*Puck*.

SANITARY ITEM.

TIRESOME PATIENT: "I'm getting weaker every day, doctor. I can hardly stand alone."

DOCTOR: "Stand a loan! My dear sir, I'm not trying to borrow any money from you."—*Texas Siftings*.

A BOSTON paper talks of a banjo which has "reached the ripe old age of fifty-six years." It is certainly ripe enough to pick.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



Outing

MONTHLY RECORD



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications should be addressed to "The Editor." Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents will not receive attention.

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport; therefore these pages are open to members of organized clubs engaged in the reputable sports of the period. The editors of OUTING RECORD cordially invite full reports of contests and events of interest to officers and members of amateur clubs and associations.

The OUTING Company, Limited, does not hold itself responsible for the safety of manuscripts and illustrations submitted, but promises to use all due caution in the care of the same. Manuscripts typewritten will receive earliest attention. The conditions under which a manuscript is submitted should always be stated.

THE convalescence of Mr. Malcolm W. Ford not only relieves the anxiety of his many friends but also arouses the warmest congratulations among all interested in athletics. Mr. Ford's illness has deprived the track and field of many brilliant performances this fall, and a hearty welcome awaits his presence again in amateur athletics. His excellent physical and social qualities are not uncrowned with literary success, as the pages of OUTING attest. OUTING joins most sincerely in gratulations upon the recovery of America's greatest athlete.

J. H. WORMAN, Editor in Chief.

* * *

THE annual crop of sensational headings in the press of the day will soon be raising again to an abnormal height and exaggerated importance the casualties in athletic contests.

* * *

ACCIDENTS more or less serious will occur in the pursuit of the sports of our youths; but then accidents occur in every occupation of life, and the youth who slips up and injures his knee cap in a football match is just as likely to have done so on a banana peel in the most demure of walks.

* * *

EVEN the more serious cases, such as happened and was heralded through the sensational headings of a hundred papers of a pole vaulter whose pole broke and seriously injured him, are just as likely to be duplicated in crossing a country stile.

* * *

Two considerations should not be lost sight of in this relation; first, that the rules of all sports, and especially in the higher plane of college sport, are yearly eliminating roughness; and, secondly, that the injuries are inflicted on bodies which from the antecedent training are almost innocuous to the harm

which would be serious to persons in less healthy condition.

* * *

WHEN the grand total of the numbers engaged and the hours during which athletic contests are in progress are considered, we venture to think it could be proved statistically that they are hours of less pro rata casualty than any similar number of hours spent in occupations apparently less dangerous, just as we remember once seeing it demonstrated beyond peradventure that, pro rata, a greater number of persons die from choking while eating than are killed in railroad accidents. The apparent frequency of the lesser event is entirely due to inflated and multitudinous newspaper reports.

* * *

THE lawn tennis official year closed with the intercollegiate lawn tennis championship won by P. H. Hovey, of Harvard, at New Haven, October 17. In the final match he defeated C. P. Lee, of the University of Pennsylvania, Score, 6-4, 6-2, 6-2. During the five rounds played Hovey did not lose a set. His most formidable opponent, E. P. McMullen, of Columbia, brought the score in the second set to nine games all. The absence of Campbell and Huntington, who were graduated last June, detracted somewhat from the national importance of the event, yet the entry list in size and strength was above the average. The doubles event was also won by Harvard. In the final round Hovey and Wrenn easily defeated Lee and Wilson (U. of P.), 6-3, 6-2, 6-1. The second place in doubles was taken by Parker and Howland, and in the singles by Lee.

* * *

THE forty-seventh meeting of the N. Y. A. C., held at Travers Island October 17, was distinguished by fast time on the track. Jewett, of the Detroit A. C., in the 220-yard dash fell short of the world's record only by two-fifths of a second, while in the mile run Dohm, N. Y. A. C., finished a second behind the record. J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., broke the record again in 56-pound weight throwing. His record, made September 19 at Manhattan Field, was 34 ft. 6½ in.; at Travers Island he surpassed it by hurling the weight 34 ft. 11 in.

* * *

THE captain of the football team of Cornell has adopted a very sensible course in printing in a concise form, and circulating in anticipation of the season, the practical hints he desires to give to his players and to the undergraduates of Cornell generally. By this means he has prepared the way on many points and saved himself a vast amount of reiteration.



SINCE announcing the new developing agent, para-amidophenole, we have received a small quantity of the substance from Germany, and have thus been enabled to make our own tests with it. We have found that the enthusiastic praise which has been accorded it in French and German photographic circles is fully justified by the qualities which it shows in actual development. We used it in the following form:

Water	parts. 800
Carbonate potassium	40
Sodium sulphite crystallized	100
Para-amidophenole	8

and made a number of comparative tests, so as to leave no doubt as to its developing abilities. Of the plates exposed, under exactly similar circumstances and developed at the same time with three different developers, the one on which we used para-amidophenole developed much more rapidly and resulted in a finer negative in every way than either of the other two. Hydrokinone and eikonogen, both comparatively speaking new developers, were used on the other plates.

Para-amidophenole is the most energetic developer we have ever used, and the negatives made with it have absolute transparency in the shadows, without a sign of yellowing or any other discoloration; and this is true even after the developer has been repeatedly used, for the same solution may be employed to develop a number of plates without apparent deterioration. Para-amidophenole comes to us in a coarse crystalline powder of a chocolate brown color, interspersed with yellowish white needles, which make it resemble very much our first importations of eikonogen, though para-amidophenole is much coarser in general appearance. It is at present quite high in price, though its cost will undoubtedly be reduced as the demand for it increases. It promises to supersede all the developers in use at present, and we feel confident that it will fulfill its promises.

The recent appointment of Senator Francis Hendricks to the office of Collector of Customs of the Port of New York calls attention to the fact that several prominent political offices have recently been connected with the names of photographers or those intimately connected with photography. Collector Hendricks is a dealer in photographic materials, being president of the firm of Francis Hendricks & Co., of Syracuse.

Thomas C. Platt also was for many years connected with the photographic business, and Mrs. Platt takes a most active interest in it. It is well known that she takes her favorite hand camera on every journey and uses it with great success. J. W. Morrison, of Pittsburgh, nominee for State treasurer of Pennsylvania, is also a prominent dealer in photographic goods of that city; and General Sargent,

of Cleveland, Ohio, a photographic merchant, has been much pressed to accept the mayoralty of that city.

Three old-time photographers have passed away during the past month, the most conspicuous, perhaps, being Richard A. Lewis, who for so many years conducted a large business as a portraitist on Chatham street, New York. Mr. Lewis was one of the first photographers in this city to adopt the art of Daguerre as a profession and leaves in his immense collection of negatives the portraits of many prominent men and women of earlier times. From daguerrotypy he advanced to the collodion process, commonly spoken of now as the "wet-plate" process, and he made many improvements on the methods employed and also some useful inventions in photographic apparatus. His business was very large. He made as many as 150 portraits in a day under the three skylights of his studio on Chatham street.

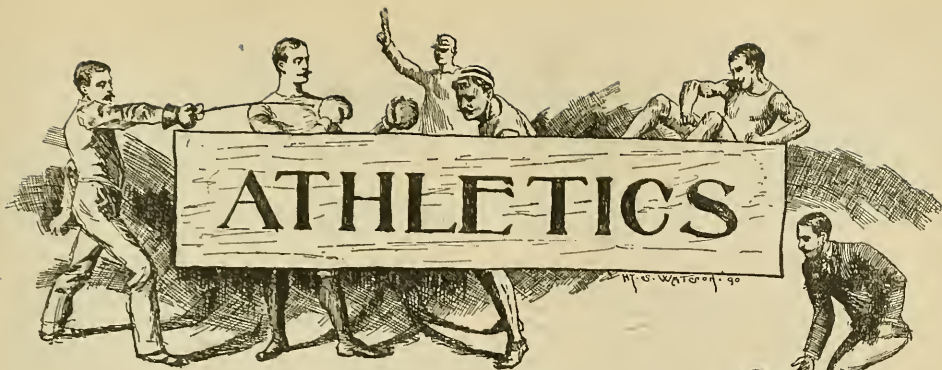
Another pioneer photographer was Walter Crane North, who died at Kingston, N. Y. He was largely instrumental in introducing into this country the art of retouching negatives, and taught many of the most prominent professionals of to-day this art. Mr. North was also well known in the profession for his pictures on porcelain and transparencies, of which he made a specialty. He won many medals by the superiority of his work, and was widely admired, not only for his skill as a photographer, but also for his genial qualities of mind and heart. The third veteran was also a New Yorker, James W. Forbes, who operated for Guernsey & Brady in the very first years of photography in this country. Latterly Mr. Forbes was traveling representative of a well-known firm manufacturing dry plates.

Photography is now adding its effective aid in the field in which OUTING is more particularly interested—"athletics." Some of the recent instantaneous photos of athletes in motion are really astonishing.

The latest acquisition to photographic circles from the nobility is Count Luigi Primolo, who is a lineal descendant of Prince Borghese and Pauline Bonaparte. The count has already acquired great skill as an amateur photographer, his most famous achievement being the portrait of the Pope, which he made during a recent ceremony in the Vatican. Mr. W. J. Stillman, the art critic, writer and traveler, recently made a photograph in the Villa Borghese, where this leader of the Italian Bonapartes resides, which will appear in the forthcoming volume of the "American Annual of Photography." He calls it "An Old Roman Garden," and it certainly is a most pictorial piece of photographic work. The extensive park which forms the residence of Prince Borghese is full of such beauties, according to Mr. Stillman, so that the young count is supplied with a rich field for the work of his camera without stepping off his own possessions.

England's Duke of Teck recently inaugurated a movement to form an international gallery of portraits of those who have rendered conspicuous service in the discovery and development of the art. It is a worthy movement which we all hope may succeed. Who will be the next advocate of our gentle art?

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.



FIXTURES.

November 3—Williamsburgh (N. Y.) A. C.
 November 26—Gaelic Society at Woodside.
 November 28—Manhattan A. C., at Madison Square Garden, New York.
 November 28—Olympic Club, San Francisco (outdoor games).

THE extent of, and interest in, amateur athletics could not have been exemplified in a more marked manner than by the events of the past month. No other country in the world, we venture to say, could have provided such contestants and audiences as those gathered on and by the tracks of the Manhattan A. C., New York, Toronto, Detroit and St. Louis.

Luther Cary, H. D. Carr, Copland, Ducharme, Morrell, Dohm, T. P. Conneff, Nickerson, Downs and Mitchell are a constellation of whose records America may well be proud.

The one important factor which is needful for the breaking of records was unfortunately absent at St. Louis, for the track was not in good condition—indeed, it may be described in stronger language as absolutely bad; hence, although the contests were in some cases unusually keen and exciting, the time was rather below than above the average. This fact must be borne in mind in any conclusions to be drawn from these events.

In the weight throwing, a contest into which the condition of the track does not materially enter, Mitchell succeeded in breaking the world's records by hurling 56 pounds 35 ft. 3½ in., exceeding thereby his own previous record of 34 ft. 6½ in.

Western athletes met with fair success, considering the formidable list of contestants, at St. Louis. The performance of Reber, of the Pastime Athletic Club, in the running broad jump fell short of the world's record made by him at Detroit early in the summer. This young athlete has, within the last two years, made a great reputation. His jump at Detroit was 23 ft. 6½ in.; at the championship he made 22 ft. 4½ in.

From the fact that Jewett, of the Detroit Athletic Club, had beaten Cary in the 220-yard event at Toronto, the hopes of Detroit men were centred on him. It was a considerable disappointment to his friends when, after having had the lead, he came in third. In the 100-yard run, however, he finished second, within a yard of Cary.

The hurdle races were both very interesting. In the 120-yard final, Copland, Morrell, Jewett

and Ducharme ran very close till near the finish, when Copland sprinted a yard ahead, leaving Morrell and Ducharme to finish in almost a dead heat. The time was 16s.

The summary of the championship event is as follows:

100-yard run—Luther Cary, M. A. C., 10 1-5s.
 Mile walk—T. Shearman, M. A. C., 6m. 56s.
 120-yard hurdle—A. F. Copland, M. A. C., 16s.

440-yard run—W. C. Downs, N. Y. A. C., 51s.
 880-yard run—W. C. Dohm, N. Y. A. C., 2m.

4 1-5s.
 220-yard hurdle—H. H. Morrell, N. Y. A. C., 25 1-5s.

Mile run—T. P. Conneff, M. A. C., 4m. 30 3-5s.
 High jump—A. Nickerson, N. Y. A. C., 5 ft. 8½ in.

Broad jump—C. T. Reber, P. A. C., 22 ft. 4½ in.

Throwing 56-pound weight—J. S. Mitchell (supplanting his own world's record of 34 ft. 6½ in.), N. Y. A. C., 35 ft. 3½ in.

220-yard run—Luther Cary, M. A. C., 22 4-5s.

Putting 14-pound shot—G. R. Gray, N. Y. A. C., 46 ft. 5¾ in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 136 ft. 1 in.

3-mile walk—C. L. Nicoll, M. A. C., 23m. 24 2-5s.

5-mile run—T. P. Conneff, M. A. C., 27m. 38 2-5s.

Pole vault—Theodore Luce, D. A. C., 10 ft. 6½ in.

THE first annual carnival of amateur sports held under the auspices of the Manhattan Athletic Club, September 19, attracted over ten thousand spectators to the Manhattan Field. By efficient management all the events were disposed of promptly, and perhaps the only blunder was the neglect to properly time Luther Cary's 100-yard run. In the trial heat he was timed in 9 4-5s., which is the world's record, but unfortunately only two timekeepers caught the time and the A. A. U. rule requires three before admitting a record.

In the mile handicap walk H. L. Curtis walked in excellent style. He has little hip motion and walks fairly with short steps. Shearman was next by 15 yards. Nicoll was allowed

three seconds, but refused to take it, thus losing second place, for he followed Shearman by a second. Dohm and Turner finished brilliantly in the half-mile handicap run, the former maintaining his reputation as a record breaker by lowering his record of 1889 from 1m. 55¼s. to 1m. 54½s., which is the fastest amateur American record.

In putting the 16-pound shot George R. Gray, of the N. Y. A. C., beat his own record of the previous week by 3¾ in. He holds the world's amateur record now at 46 ft. 7¾ in. The N. Y. A. C. also won the 56-pound weight handicap by another breach of the world's amateur record, made by J. S. Mitchell, who threw the weight 34 ft. 6½ in., 10 in. better than his record a week before at Manhattan Field.

At the eighth annual championship of the A. A. A. of Canada at Toronto, September 26, the events were all won by the American competitors and several Canadian records were broken. Victory was hardly to be expected by the Canadians in view of the imposing array of American athletes. H. D. Carr, of Montreal, made remarkable speed, however, in the 100-yard dash, and was in the lead at 50 yards in the final heat. He was looked upon as a winner, when he gave out owing to a sprained tendon. This event was won by Cary, who led Jewett by 2 ft. at the finish. The Detroit A. C. representative, however, had revenge in the 220-yard dash that followed by defeating Cary and breaking the Canadian record. Another sensation was the victory of W. C. Downs over Remington in the 440-yard run. Other Canadian records broken at Toronto were as follows: A. B. George, M. A. C., mile run, 4m. 25¾s.; previous record, 4m. 29 4-5s. C. A. J. Queckberner—Throwing 16-pound hammer, 131 ft. 2 in.; previous record, 127 ft. 11 in. J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., throwing 56-pound weight, 31 ft. 2 in.; previous record, 30 ft. 5¾ in. A. Nickerson, N. Y. A. C., running high jump, 5 ft. 11½ in.; previous record, 6 ft. 0¾ in. This was beaten by Nickerson in an exhibition jump, in which he cleared 6 ft. 1 1-16 in.

The games of the Detroit A. C. brought together noted athletes, many of the Eastern cracks stopping there on their way from Toronto to St. Louis. No records of the track were broken, partly in consequence of the high wind that faced the runners. Conneff and Dohm were easy winners, the former being 2 2-5s. behind the amateur 2-mile record. The only record broken was in the hammer throwing. Mitchell, of the N. Y. A. C., made the phenomenal distance of 139 ft. 10 in., which is 8½ in. better than the previous amateur world's record made by him.

The prettiest contest of the meet was the 300-yard run. The four contestants were bunched up to 20 yards from the finish, Vredenburg winning in fast time, considering the fact that the track was curved. Downs finished only a foot behind him. The absence of Luther Cary was a disappointment. He was expected to compete, but his anxiety for the 100-yard championship led him to avoid any risks before the great event at St. Louis.

The electric timing apparatus used at the St. Louis meeting records to the hundredth part of a second, and its general use seems only a question of time.

BOWLING.

In the Athletic Bowling League there are eight clubs this year, and each team will roll two games with each of the others. The schedule of games adopted is as follows:

- Nov. 3—Orange A. C., at New York A. C.
- Nov. 4—Roseville A. C., at Jersey City A. C.
- Nov. 4—Montclair A. C., at Staten Island A. C.
- Nov. 4—North End A. C., at Manhattan A. C.
- Nov. 11—Manhattan A. C., at North End A. C.
- Nov. 11—Jersey City A. C., at Orange A. C.
- Nov. 12—New York A. C., at Montclair A. C.
- Nov. 12—Staten Island A. C., at Roseville A. C.
- Nov. 18—Orange A. C., at Roseville A. C.
- Nov. 18—Montclair A. C., at North End A. C.
- Nov. 18—Manhattan A. C., at Jersey City A. C.
- Nov. 19—Staten Island A. C., at New York A. C.
- Nov. 23—North End A. C., at Staten Island A. C.
- Nov. 24—Orange A. C., at Manhattan A. C.
- Nov. 25—Montclair A. C., at Jersey City A. C.
- Nov. 26—Roseville A. C., at New York A. C.

This season the devotees of alley bowling are turning to their favorite sport with even more enthusiasm than they showed last season.

The game is a peculiarly invigorating and healthy one, and brings into action all of the muscles of the body. For the great army of clerks in the large cities whose daylight hours are spent in a cramped position over a desk the sport furnishes a delightful exercise.

It is yet perhaps a little early to give a complete list of the clubs, but a partial one of those whose officers for the coming season have already been chosen will be found below.

THE Liberty Bowling Club—President, William Lowe; vice-president, Oscar Scang; treasurer, C. Michel; secretary, D. W. Lehing.

THE Central Park Bowling Club will bowl this season on Friday evenings. The officers are: President, Fred T. Doll; vice-president, O. M. Bostwick; secretary, J. Parmly Paret; treasurer, Rufus D. Pitcher; captain, Charles F. Haight.

THE Tompkins Bowling Club, of Brooklyn—President, Ph. Kompff; vice-president, Jake Rapp; secretary and treasurer, John Rapp; captain, John Fernbach. This club will roll on Monday evenings.

THE Tourist Bowling Club—August Schur, president; Louis Groth, vice-president; Henry Young, treasurer; Bruno Ensner, secretary; Jacob Weiss, sergeant at arms, and Joseph Ischirhardt, captain.

THE Spartan Bowling Club—President, Henry Boedeker; vice-president, Ernest Stratman; treasurer, Henry Vorrath; secretary, Joseph Thum; captain, Henry Zimmer.

THE Chestnut Bowling Club—President, Henry Butcher; vice-president, Egbert P. Fritz; secretary, Patrick T. Leavy; treasurer, Edward Gilon; captain, James H. Greene.

THE Pirate Bowling Club will bowl on Thursday evenings this winter. President, Otto Franks; vice-president, M. Mayer; secretary, C. Hyde; treasurer, J. Moran; captain, F. Jordan.
J. PARMLY PARET.



THE Grand Trunk Railway, the old reliable route to the heart of picturesque Canada, affords a pleasant way to many a fine fishing water and delightful summering point from Muskoka to Maine. Descriptive pamphlets of routes of travel and fishing and shooting resorts can be obtained from the general passenger agent at Montreal, Que.

MERELY a pleasant journey from New York to Japan; a full month in the flowery empire of the Mikado; a chance to study the beauties and interesting features of the most beautiful and most interesting country in the world; a return to New York, and all within sixty days! seems almost an impossibility. Yet the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's great transcontinental route, and its line of magnificent steamships upon the Pacific, render the accomplishment of such a feat but an easy task after all. The company's steamships covering the route between Vancouver and Japanese ports were put into commission last season, and are ranked among the finest steam-craft afloat. In their construction every modern appliance likely to secure additional safety and comfort was introduced, and they are simply superb illustrations of the perfection of marine architecture. The main line and extensive branches of the Canadian Pacific traverse nearly every attractive district in Canada, affording easy access to some of the most noted sporting sections of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario and Quebec, and the main line traverses the moose and deer ranges of the Upper Ottawa, the trout region of Lake Superior, the broad prairies of Western Canada, and the natural game preserves of the Rockies and adjacent ranges of British Columbia. A book called "Fishing and Shooting" fully describes Canadian shooting grounds and fishing waters, and can be obtained from any agent of the company.

THE attractions of the famous south shore of Lake Superior—of the tumbling Sault, of pictured rocks, of deep, indented bays, and historical and legendary points among the Titanic battlements which halt the rush of the mighty waves of the great inland sea—have formed attractive themes for many a magic pen and brush. The "Soo South Shore" lines traverse the cream of this region of trout streams and camp-grounds; the "grayling country" of Michigan and the Wisconsin wilderness, which the lunge, bass and trout fisher knows so well.

THAT favorite line with tourists, the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, offers a fast, strictly first-class through route from New York and Eastern points to San Francisco, with but one change of cars, at Chicago, in a trifle over five days.

WITH characteristic enterprise, the Fitchburg Railroad has inaugurated a Pullman, tourist, sleeping car service over its Erie and Boston line, for the accommodation of holders of second-class tickets. These cars will leave Boston every Tuesday and Thursday at 3.00 P.M., to be run through to Chicago without change.

RIFLEMEN will find that a considerable amount of money can be saved, and reliable ammunition secured, by using the "Ideal Reloading Tools," made by the Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn. The company also issues a useful little handbook for guidance in matters relating to guns, rifles and pistols.

Now that we are on the verge of the season, during which many of our readers will be spending their life on the ocean wave, in homes on the rolling deep, often far from the possibility of medical aid, it is timely to call attention to that best of foods for all weak and delicate conditions of the stomach, "Imperial Granum." A few "export tins," specially adapted for ship-board, will be found of the greatest value.

THERE are indications in all directions that the waterways as thoroughfares are regaining popularity and are extending their sphere from the merchant to the pleasure-seeker. Much of this is doubtless due to the mechanical skill and inventive genius which have perfected the small steam launch and the adaptation of mineral oils as its fuel. Readers of OUTING will not fail to have appreciated the capacity which Clay & Torbenson's stanch little launch has developed, under the skillful pilotage of Thos. Stevens, in forcing her way up to the very sources of the Elbe, even in flood. What is possible there is possible in the States in a thousand directions, and we may soon see our more popular rivers and lakes rival with the Thames, of which Londoners make such abundant use.

TESTIMONIALS are sometimes to be taken *cum grano salis*; but those published by the Gas Engine and Power Company relating to their naphtha launch are backed by the solid fact of over a thousand of their boats being in successful operation. These little, swift, torpedo-looking, silent, smokeless, dustless boats, gliding along without any apparent effort or visible means, are one of the features on all the waters around New York.



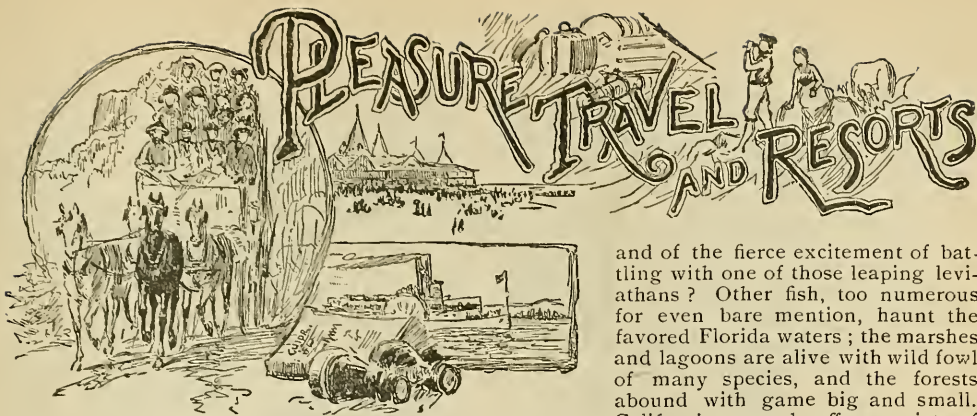
"HARD LIFE IN THE COLONIES AND OTHER EXPERIENCES BY LAND AND SEA," now first printed, compiled from private letters by R. Carlyon Jenkyns, is dedicated by the lady author to her five nephews because it is alleged that the book is adapted from the diaries of their father and uncle and friend. This trio of travelers have succeeded in imposing upon the authoress with more than a traveler's license if their diaries contain any similar statements, relating to other parts of the world, to those recorded of New York, in whose harbor one of the diarists was just after the war. No rigmarole of invented nonsense could contain more inaccuracies and absurdities than are contained in the description of a sand-storm, a collision on the river, and a description of New York harbor, which includes in its list of marvels "the beautiful Mississippi passenger-boats steaming grandly along," whilst the condition of the city is described as in the hands of the free negroes and Irish roughs, who shot down policemen in broad daylight and no notice taken of it except to carry away the dead bodies and put a double number of men in their place. But then that is nothing, for according to this imaginative diarist, "the negroes had it all their own way," "murders were as common as paving stones, and although in many cases the criminals were caught red-handed, the magistrates dared not hang them, or their own lives would not have been worth an hour's purchase." This will be news to New Yorkers certainly, and perhaps it is as well that the book containing these wonderful revelations should bear the imprint of Macmillan & Co., New York, but it will have to go further afield to gain credence.

"RAILWAY RATES AND GOVERNMENT CONTROL," by Marshall M. Kirkman, is admirably and carefully written from the standpoint of one interested in the prosperity of the country on a subject in which reliable data is very essential. One may not always concur in the conclusions of the author; but beyond doubt he makes a very strong case for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the ownership and maintenance of railroads in the U. S. A. Only one of his many points seems to us to lack sufficient investigation, and that is the working of the "zone" system of freight charges. Mr. Kirkman would find the further investigation of the "zone" system, as developed and applied to certain raw material and products in some districts in Great Britain, worthy of closer attention. [Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago and New York.]

"TRAVELS AMONG THE GREAT ANDES OF THE EQUATOR," by Edward Whymper, has an ever-

present attraction in that it records not the mere pastime of a mountain-climber, but the resolute work of a conscientious scientist whose labors were at all times directed to the accumulation of facts material to the establishment of important conclusions of direct benefit to the human race, viz.: the effect of rarefied air on the human body at various elevations, and the settlement of the question whether certain recorded symptoms were the result of local circumstances or arose from causes operating in every clime and at all times. It had originally been intended to select the Himalayas and their allied ranges as the best field for the long and laborious travels which it was foreseen must be undertaken to assure material results, but the relations existing between Russia and England on the northwest frontier of India made that impossible, and Ecuador was ultimately chosen as the arena. The ascents which the valiant author and artist made, and the residences on the mountain-tops of Chimborazo, Corazon and Cotopaxi, especially the last, read like romances of the knight-errants; certainly no more chivalrous feeling, or higher purpose, ever sustained more splendid courage. To attempt to follow or even indicate the wonders so laboriously, and with such scientific accuracy, related, is beyond our province: none but a close reader, and a careful, can extract to the full the pleasures to be derived from Mr. Whymper's relations; but the most casual thumber of his leaves must be impressed by his splendid and faithful illustrations. There is a supplementary appendix on the Insecta and Arachnida collected by the author as a subordinate labor—a mere spare-time occupation in fact—and it will give some indication of the thoroughness of his work to mention that this collection embraces a thousand species upon which many of the most learned scientists have worked and have added their contributions. It is twelve years since Mr. Whymper started upon his lonely mission, and the time which has since elapsed must have been largely occupied in investigating, arranging and tabulating the enormous mass of observations, and in preparing for and engraving the illustrations, which crown this monument to the author's and artist's zeal and scientific and artistic attainments. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.]

Books received—"Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Lennox," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Man and Money," by Emile Louvestre; "Lumen Experience in the Infinite," by Camille Flammarion, translated by Mary J. Serrano, and "A Human Document," by W. H. Mallock. [Cassell Publishing Company, New York.]



COUNTLESS thousands of people from every portion of the globe have performed the pleasant pilgrimage to America's scenic masterpiece, far-famed Niagara. The majestic power of the magnificent falls, the fierce turmoil of the Whirlpool, and all their picturesque surrounding; the awesome Cave of the Winds and the several other minor attractions of the vicinity, have surprised and delighted all comers. But compared with the great rush of summer tourists how few have seen Niagara under one of its most startling and charming aspects—in winter? Then the entire scene is transformed to what seems a fairyland of marvelous frost dressings, of icy forts and snowy palaces; of gleaming, crystal prison barriers vainly striving to bind the roaring, foaming plunge of waters. Niagara in midwinter presents a spectacle of weird, mysterious beauty which is not duplicated in the world.

WHY remain in this chilling atmosphere, railing against the pranks of Boreas, if you possess the means and time for a winter tour; or why, as many tourists do, journey Eastward and brave the dreary passage across the Atlantic at such an unfavorable season? The Old World's ways are travel worn; its scenes and sounds have lost that wondrous charm of novelty which once delighted you, and your flight Europewards from frost and snow is all in vain, save you be content with the narrow confines of the too familiar Riviera.

Why not turn South? There a sunny land of lovely blooms and fragrant breezes, of greenest woods and limpid waters, awaits you. A grandly picturesque land, bearing every form and tint that the wondrous hand of nature blends in her masterpieces, is comprised within the bounds of this wonderful continent, and there the tourist, among the orange groves of Florida or of California, may find not only comfort but sport and pastime, and a welcome so warm that winter lingers but as a memory.

There is plenty to be done in the South by those who favor sport or healthful exercise. It is a land of endless summer, and though the turf of the North be frost bound and snow laden, yet in the kinder clime all summer games may be played at will. Yachting, boating, canoeing, camping, mountaineering, sketching, photographing, tennis, etc., all of these are high in favor at a season when far-away Northerners are striving to keep comfortably warm.

Rod and gun need never be idle. Who has not heard of the mighty silver-mailed tarpum

and of the fierce excitement of battling with one of those leaping leviathans? Other fish, too numerous for even bare mention, haunt the favored Florida waters; the marshes and lagoons are alive with wild fowl of many species, and the forests abound with game big and small.

California not only offers variety of game, from the grim bear down to the swift blue quail—in fine, perhaps no other States in the Union can offer the sportsman greater attractions than these winter homes of wild fowl, but its seaside resorts are the wonder of the world.

And though the journey southward may be long in actual mileage, there are neither hardships nor discomforts connected with it. Special solid vestibule trains, comprising every luxurious appliance known to modern railroading, make the journey merely an enjoyable experience of hotels upon wheels. A trip by rail from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati or New Orleans to Monterey, Los Angeles, Coronado Beach, Santa Monica, Santa Barbara or other resorts of Southern California, under present conditions, would scarce weary even an invalid. Such names as the "Sunset Route," via New Orleans; the "Ogden Route," via Salt Lake, the "Shasta Route," via Portland, Ore., the Santa Fé and C., B. and O. routes call up delightful memories of traveling amid scenic wonders in faultless comfort.

Nor can fault be found with the means provided for reaching Florida, for not even the most fastidious critic can justly complain against the accommodation afforded by the Clyde line of steamships, the Florida Central and the great Plant system.

THE bare mention of Bermuda at this season calls up delightful memories of the glorious climate of that southern gem of the sea; of a tangle of tropical foliage and flowers and of scenes too beautiful for description, together with long silent rides awheel over capital roads. The island is a veritable earthly Eden for invalids and pleasure seekers alike, and the famous hostleries, the Princess and the Hamilton, leave nothing to be desired in the way of creature comforts. A trip south via one of the elegantly-appointed vessels of the Quebec Steamship Company, followed by a few months' in Bermuda, would be long remembered.

THE Santa Fé route offers the southbound traveler superb accommodation and opportunities for seeing a wealth of picturesque scenery. This favorite route with sportsmen traverses the famous shooting grounds of the Indian Territory and California. Through Pullman palace sleeping cars run from Chicago to San Francisco, covering 2,500 miles in less than 6,000 minutes.

THE famous Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, Cal., is attracting a greater number of visitors this season than ever before.



PLEASANTER, PERHAPS.

THE maiden was bashful and wouldn't allow
Me to kiss her sweet lips in the glare of the
light,
When she stood in the room 'neath the mistletoe
bough,

But I kissed her under the rose that night.

—Cape Cod Item.

COLD natures have only recollections; tender
natures have remembrances.—*Texas Siftings*.

"WHY is the winter wind called rude?"

"Because it whistles, I guess."—*Puck*.

THE man who is careful in scraping acquaint-
ances misses lots of the scrapes acquaintances
get a man into.—*Exchange*.

AN unsteady man, like an unsteady light, is
apt to go out nights.—*Texas Siftings*.

FOOTBALL is very popular nowadays, but it
will never supplant fishball in New England.—
Boston Commercial Bulletin

WISE MEN'S PECULIARITIES.

"A LITTLE nonsense now and then

Is relished by the wisest men."

But e'en some wise men think their wives

Must stand their nonsense all their lives.

—*Puck*.

"CANES have gone out of fashion among Lon-
don swells."

"Sorry for Dumley."

"Why?"

"Because he has no other visible means of
support."—*Boston Post*.

HE MIGHT GET TRAMPLED ON.

"I'M in a quandary for an appropriate char-
acter in which to go to the New Year's ball."

"You might go as a good resolution."—*Puck*.

BEAR meat loses its identity when dressed.—
Exchange.

ALL men are not homeless, but some men are
home less than others.—*Texas Siftings*.

AN UNKIND CUT.

"I SUPPOSE you are getting up a surprise for
Maud's Christmas party?"

"Yes; Maud will be awfully surprised. I'm
not going to send her a thing."

A HOST IN HIMSELF.

LITTLE CORA: "We're going to have a Christ-
mas party at our house."

LITTLE MABEL: "Are you? How many are
you going to invite?"

"Only one."

"Who; me?"

"No; Santa."—*Puck*.

HONESTY is the best policy, but the policy
men don't think so.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

CHRISTMAS is a hard time. Thousands hang
up their very stockings.—*Puck*.

IF you feel miserable, don't mention it.
Misery loves company of course, but shouldn't
force itself where it's not wanted.—*Pittsburgh
Dispatch*.

A REVERSIBLE collar button is the latest. It
rolls one way one day and the other way the
next.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

NO FAINT HEART ABOUT HIM.

JENNIE (reprovingly): "But we're not under
the mistletoe now, Jack!"

JACK (unabashed): "So much the nicer."

—*Puck*.

"YOUR son ordered these pictures of me."

"Well, they certainly look like him. Has he
paid you?"

"No, sir."

"That looks still more like him."—*Fliegende
Blätter*.

IT is more blessed to give than to receive; but
both go at Christmas.—*Puck*.

A BOWLING FANCY.

IF I should beat her at the game

She'd say the sport was much too tame

And then decline again to roll.

If I should let her win the game

Her verdict would be just the same

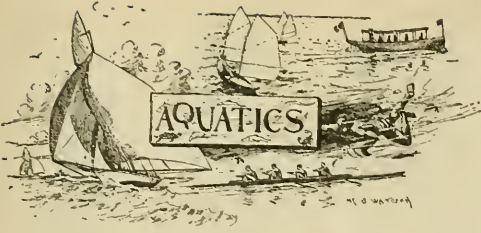
Because I knew not how to bowl.

—*Exchange*.

ELIGIBLE.

"I DON'T see how you ever got into the New
York Yachting Association. You have no
yacht."

"No; but I've got a wine cellar and a yacht-
ing cap."—*Puck*.



YACHTING.

NOVEMBER is a dreary month so far as most yachtsmen are concerned. It is only a fortunate few that can keep their boats in commission all winter and pursue their favorite sport in Southern waters. The rest of us must be content to dwell on the memories of the past season and to revel in reminiscences of many a glorious run before the wind with big waves curling up under the quarters and the sharp stem cleaving the blue water into two curls of snowy foam. Or mayhap to recall that exciting beat to windward in the Sound when the wind blew shrilly from the eastward and the yacht's lee bow was fairly buried in the sea, while showers of spray drenched the helmsman as the staunch little craft bravely battled against wave and wind.

By the time these lines meet the eyes of my readers, those yachtsmen who enjoy the winter months in cruising along the delightful Florida coast with its balmy and bewitching climate will have reached their destination. The rest of the fleet will be then in snug winter quarters, and I trust all snug and well protected against the trying blasts and penetrating snowflakes. The wise yachtsman will see that his craft is well covered and that his sails and running rigging are thoroughly dried before being stored away. If the boat is of moderate size I should strongly urge the advisability of hauling her out for the winter months.

The close of the season was made memorable and exciting by the great speed made by the Herreshoff steam yacht *Vamoose* and the Mosher launch *Norwood*. As I write these boats have not yet raced, owing to the *Norwood*, in the hands of an unskillful pilot, running on Penfield Reef in broad daylight and damaging her propeller. This happened while she was on the way to New London to take part in the race of the American Yacht Club for a \$500 prize. The necessity of considerable repairs to the machinery delayed the contest.

Mr. Hearst had so much confidence in the speed of *Vamoose* that he offered to allow any other Herreshoff yacht 5 miles in an 80-mile course. This inducement was made in order to tempt E. D. Morgan to enter *Javelin* and to give J. E. Addicks, the owner of *Now Then*, a chance to compete. On her way back to New York *Vamoose* logged one knot in 2m. 23 3-5s. and this too with a rather strong tide against her. Mr. Munro's *Norwood* is said to have a far better record than this.

The prospect of next year's yacht racing, though not so promising as the devoted yachtsman might desire, is not one of despair. Racing in the larger classes will not amount to much, but the rivalry in the 46-foot class is sure to be intense. Nat. G. Herreshoff is said to be at work on the lines of a boat to beat *Gloriana*. A good

deal of secrecy is maintained about both craft and owner, but there is little doubt that the yacht has been ordered and that she will prove one of the surprises of 1892.

Mr. Herreshoff has designed a most peculiar craft, which is doubtless in the nature of an experiment. She is 38 feet over all, 25 feet on the water line, with a beam of 7 feet 6 inches, and a draught of only 20 inches. She somewhat resembles the half of a rather long watermelon with sharpened ends. Her ballast is in the shape of a cigar-shaped mass of lead suspended to a steel plate 4 feet deep forming a sort of stationary centreboard. She has excited the keenest sort of curiosity, and yachtsmen wonder what is coming next.

The old-fashioned school declares that this is the era of "freaks" and "contraptions." When the scow-like *Chippewa* defeated the Burgess cutter *Beth* last August there was much surprise. When Mr. Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., designed the remarkable boat he was the subject of a good deal of good-natured chaff, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the *Chippewa's* victory over everything in her class demonstrated that Mr. Clapham's ideas were correct. He is certainly the originator of the watermelon type of boat—one of his queer craft indeed bearing that name; but the leaden cigar on a stationary steel centreboard is a purely Herreshoff adjunct. It would be impertinent for me to criticise anything emanating from the brain of Mr. Herreshoff. We must wait and see.

William Gardner, the bright young naval architect, also has a surprise in store for the public. It is in the shape of a 90-foot schooner with enormous overhangs forward and aft. When her shape forward below the water line is revealed there will be a ringing clang of criticism. I am not at liberty to give a description of it, but take my word it is utterly dissimilar to anything at present afloat.

The brilliant season of the Larchmont Yacht Club was brought to a successful close on Saturday, October 3, when the annual clambake was held, 200 guests partaking. "Gussie" Munroe had charge of the "bake," and his management was widely applauded. The schooners *Rebecca* and *Viator* sailed a match race in a light wind, the old *Rebecca*—launched in 1855 as a sloop—beating the modern Burgess racing schooner by more than twelve minutes. The Larchmont Yacht Club is a sportsmanlike organization. It holds more regattas than any other New York club; its officers are enterprising and efficient; its club house is open all the year round, and its members are good fellows. The favorite diversion in winter is pigeon shooting, some capital tournaments taking place during the season.

The success of the centreboard type of yacht in the smaller classes in England has caused a good deal of surprise in American yachting circles. This class of racing machine is becoming very popular in Great Britain, while in this country it is most decidedly on the wane. The heavy metal centreboard seems to be more particularly in vogue, and the Yacht Racing Association may be called upon to legislate as to the amount of weight that may be fairly carried. If the question arises it will be interesting to know how the Y. R. A. will deal with it. A. J. KENEALY.

ROWING.

THE close of the summer vacation marks the beginning of a new year in college athletics. At Harvard and Yale the incoming freshmen classes are unusually large, as also at Princeton. These classes will be eagerly searched for promising material for the new year's teams, in the hope that they may be found to contain men who desire to uphold or advance the athletic prestige of their respective colleges. Football is, of course, at this time of the year of prime importance, and it will bring forward the larger men as well as the men of grit. Therein it has a special bearing upon the future crews of the universities and colleges. Yet, while many football players make good oarsmen, there are possibly many for whom the game has no attractions and for whom rowing has an especial one.

Perhaps, on the threshold of a new year, we may be allowed to offer a few suggestions as to the way the rowing interests should set to work. The most important first step is to thoroughly organize the management. A competent captain and his aides should be selected at the earliest moment and a systematic and complete plan of operations should be carefully mapped out before any attempt is made to begin a canvass of the college for candidates for the crews. The captain and his committee should be selected from experienced oarsmen, if possible, and from men of progressive ideas determined to turn out the very best possible crews.

To carry out this intention it will be necessary to arouse intelligent interest and enthusiasm among the undergraduates generally; to study the results of the past and previous years; to find out where the weak spots then were and to guard against past errors. To arouse the sort of enthusiasm which exhausts itself in shouting "We are the boys" is not desirable. It should be an enthusiasm which cultivates and brings out college spirit, and a determination to leave no stone unturned nor effort spared that may ensure success. Turn out the best crew possible, and if success comes your way you will be amply rewarded; if non-success, you will be able to feel that you did the best you could, and under such circumstances no defeat, however severe, can be a disgrace. Disgrace is only incurred when the efforts are half hearted, and there is a lack of college spirit when the college is not heart and soul with the captain, coach and crew and does not back them up individually and collectively. The plan carefully considered and adopted should be resolutely followed out. Let the "stroke" or system of rowing be carefully selected, and when once selected adhered to and thoroughly taught. The gymnasium work should be gone through as though the entire success of the plan depended on it. The candidates should be individually considered, and the work adapted as far as may be to the development of individual strength and the care of individual weaknesses.

The main object of such work should be to develop the lung power and the heart room, and to make the muscles supple and strong. The parts of the body which should be especially considered are the back and legs. Slouchiness or carelessness of action should be eliminated. It is not enough that a man should be strong; he should be taught how to use his strength to the best advantage. Erectness of posture and

carriage, pride in one's work and physique should all be encouraged. A good stiff back can be acquired in the gymnasium that will help a man greatly at the half-way post in a race. Running in cold or raw weather should never be allowed. It is too hazardous. This column has before said that it does not approve of excessive running for men training for a boat race, and it still adheres to this opinion. But, avoiding too much detail for the present, the main thing we wish to advocate is thoroughness. We would induce every undergraduate to take an active part or at least a healthy interest in athletics. Some there may be who, by reason of physique or pressure of time needed for studies, cannot actively participate, but for those who have no such excuses it is unpatriotic not to try to do something for their college. Once again we harp on the ever true and never old saying, "Mens sana in corpore sano," with all that it implies.

CHASE MELLEN.

CANOEING.

THE canoeing season of 1891 is practically over. It has been a busy season; many cruises have been taken, some of them quite remarkable, and the racing men have had more regattas than ever before. Nothing new has appeared in rig, general make up or lines so far as the cruising canoes are concerned. The racing men are the ones to whom we must look for the development of new ideas. The effort to combine cruising and racing qualities in one canoe has again and again proved fruitless, and yet those members of the A. C. A. who keep advocating rules to compel racing men to use cruising canoes seem to learn nothing by experience. The A. C. A. races, both at the general and division meets, which have been arranged for cruising or general purpose canoes have always been flat failures, because few men could be induced to enter them. It seems that the members who advocate the cruising element in racing canoes never put their ideas into practical shape or enter races themselves.

There were but two division meets held, Atlantic and Northern. The meets were successful from the camping and social point of view; but all A. C. A. members have come to believe that the only place to do serious racing is at the general meet, where the best men of the country enter the races annually.

Over a hundred club regattas have been held and many match races and interclub events have been contested, showing a marked advance in the popularity of this sport. The attention given by the press to canoeing shows clearly the growing popular interest.

Near New York a great change has taken place in the manner of holding races. The clubs no longer hold important races over their local racing courses, but the general battle field has been transferred to Gravesend Bay, neutral water to all, and some very fine racing has been seen there. OUTING advocated this plan two years ago, and the liberality of the Marine and Field Club has made the suggestion a reality.

It is quite remarkable that the prizes at the A. C. A. meet were all won by well-known men and those who have raced for years, except Mr. Muntz, winner of the paddling trophy, who is a comparatively new member, but an old hand.

C. BOWYER VAUX.



FIXTURE.

November 26—Bay City Wheelmen, San Francisco.

THE sweet, cool air blows freely into my open window as I sit down to pen my monthly hotch-potch for the cycling columns of *OUTING*, and if the gods and business would only permit I should like to spend a couple of weeks in touring among the Catskills or the Berkshires. Those who have never visited either of those regions after the first frosts have painted the foliage can have no idea of the magnificent gorgeousness of the colorings. The most skillful artists fail dismally in their attempts to deal satisfactorily with a landscape covered with foliage in all its brilliant autumn splendor. The cleverest reproduction on canvas of nature's wonderful handiwork lacks the subtle delicacy which the fall atmosphere gives to the gaudy wealth of coloring. The fall in this latitude is by all odds the best time in the year for touring on the wheel, and the section where the most pleasure can be obtained is where Dame Nature has donned her gorgeous fall gown.

It has been my lot to be present at two of the so-called constitutional conventions of the L. A. W., and as business demanded my presence in the neighborhood of Hartford I made it convenient to attend the L. A. W. constitutional convention held in that city, and, of course, I took in the two days' racing and enjoyed the sport very much. The convention, however, and the proxy system of voting at the same are what are on my mind at this time. Under the present system each delegate is allowed to cast only twenty-five proxy votes. Thus in States which could be represented by 2,000 proxies it would require eighty delegates to cast that number of proxy votes. Now, as a matter of actual cost to a division, I will estimate that the average expense per delegate is \$20, which sum is not extravagant. We therefore have a total sum of \$1,600 necessary to bring those proxy votes to the convention. To go further: In order to have every league member represented by proxy, 800 delegates would have to be present at a total cost to the league of \$16,000! Now, I want to know whether these figures do not make the present scheme of representation impracticable.

The idea of a constitutional convention is to have a meeting of the members at large, a meeting at which every member of the league,

either in person or by proxy, should be represented.

Not wishing to be classed as an iconoclast, I would suggest that a plan based on the following idea be adopted: Let the number of proxies each delegate be entitled to cast be raised to 250, or even 500. On the first number it would take about eighty delegates to represent the entire league membership; on the 500 basis, about forty delegates. Let the division officers at a meeting appoint one or as many delegates as needed to represent the division membership at the constitutional convention. Then let the division send out to every member within its district a blank proxy for his signature, authorizing either A, B or C to represent him at the convention. This proxy should have a blank for the member to write, if he desire, his instructions to vote as he directs on any or all of the proposed amendments, or with instructions to vote as he (the representative) thought best, etc.

A scheme of this kind would at least give every member a chance to vote and be represented, and if he did not take interest enough to return his proxy that would be his individual business and his absence from the convention by proxy would not be the fault of the system.

The racing season is practically at an end, and there is no doubt that the season of 1891 has been the most remarkable that the country has ever seen. The reappearance of Springfield as a racing centre was one of the most interesting features of the racing season, and those who were present at Springfield September 10 and 11 say that the enthusiasm ran as high and the attendance was as large as ever it was during the "Duckerian" days. Some records went at Hartford, Springfield and Peoria. Windle at Hartford put the mile in competition in 2m. 23 2-5s., world's record. This mile competition again got a boost by Zimmerman at Peoria, he putting it to 2m. 21 4-5s., world's record. Berlo at Springfield put in a mile against time in 2m. 18 1-5s. This is the best American record to the present writing. W. F. Murphy, at Peoria, put the 2-mile safety world's record in competition to 4m. 59 3-5s., just 9s. slower than Osmond's record against time. Zimmerman, at Peoria, put up the world's competition records as follows: Three miles, 7m. 49 2-5s.; 4 miles, 10m. 27s.; 5 miles, 12m. 53 3-5s. The flying quarter, world's record in competition,

was first put by Zimmerman to 29 3-5s. at Hartford, and this record was tied several times after by other riders, also in competition. The above are the most remarkable records of the entire circuit, though others were made for the half, three-quarters and from 6 miles up to 20 miles.

The sensational feature of the "big circuit" was the great "mile record race" at Springfield on the second day of the meet. The unprecedented time limit of 2m. 23 2-5s. was put on the race, as at that time 2m. 23 2-5s. was the world's record in competition. This limit seemed absurd at the time, but when Windle, the winner, finished first in 2m. 23 3-5s. the enthusiasm was unbounded, though many others thought that as the time limit had not been reached the race should have been run over again. The referee, with the racing rules to back him, very properly decided otherwise. In this race eleven men, the flower of the American racing path, started from scratch, and seven of them covered the distance in something under 2m. 27s., a most remarkable and wonderful performance. The interest in this great race of course centred on the meeting of Windle and Zimmerman, Windle winning, Berlo a very close second and Zimmerman a wheel behind the second man. Up to the present writing this event must go on record as the fastest ever made in a scratch race.

Some two months ago I wrote an article for this column questioning the policy of appointing or electing members of the trade to positions on the national committee of the L. A. W. I had almost forgotten the incident, but the other evening when going up town on the Sixth avenue "L" I chanced to meet a cycling acquaintance who is well posted on cycling affairs. He quoted "The Prowler's" opinion on the advisability of eliminating trade from league affairs, and he sat on your contributor in great shape by asserting that "The Prowler" was dead wrong. From the fact that the critic was not in any way connected with the trade I must say that his words carried weight. He said in substance: "What would cycling be to-day if it had not been for the trade? Our most efficient officers in the league, whether local or national, have been members of the much-abused trade. Look at the amount of money the trade has put into the sport for its general good; sometimes liberal cash donations have been made, and sometimes these donations have taken the shape of cycles and other valuable goods. The trade has always responded nobly to the demands made on it by the league and by individual cyclers, and while the narrow-minded critic can only see the advertising dodge in this liberality, the fair-minded will look at the results rather than quibble over the possible motive. Then look at the men employed and engaged in the trade," continued my friend, "they are as a class the liveliest, most enthusiastic and energetic men you can find anywhere, and whether engaged in the making, importing or selling of cycles have, as a rule, the best interest of the sport at heart. For goodness sake don't let us discourage these wide-awake, open-handed gentlemen from taking an active interest in league work; rather encourage them." Just then Forty-second street was called and my friend left me to ponder over his words.

GENERAL NOTES.

ZIMMERMAN is said to have captured prizes this season in value equal to some \$6,000.

In the century run held by the Century Club, of Chicago, September 26, 123 of the participants went through. There were three ladies in the party.

DURING the "smoker" at Peoria, September 19, the Hickory Club initiated several hundred members. Among them was His Honor Mayor Clarke, of Peoria.

CAPTAIN PECK, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club of Boston, organized and carried out a very successful century run September 26. Ninety-three started and sixty-eight finished. Five ladies started in the party and three finished.

THE longest road race on record is that lately held in France, from Paris to Brest and return. The distance is 747½ miles, and the winner, C. Terront, covered it in twenty-five minutes short of seventy-two hours—three days and three nights. Terront, it is said, rode the entire distance without any sleep. He is described as being a gaunt figure when he finished. The curious feature of the above race, to us, is that professionals and amateurs competed, and for cash prizes, too.

THE oldest cycle club in the world is the Pickwick Club, of London, England. The oldest club in the United States is the Boston Bicycle Club. Neither of them is very active, but they still maintain their organization.

A REPORT reached this country by cable that R. Howell, the professional, had put the mile record at 2m. 15 4-5s. Authentic advices discredit the claim, however.

SANFORD LAWTON, of Springfield, Mass., well known as one of the oldest and most active wheelmen in New England, is just recovering from a serious attack of peritonitis.

NOW that Pike's Peak is accessible to the cyclist, the saying of the "Forty-niner," "Pike's Peak or bust," is obsolete, unless perchance the rider of the pneumatic would make it his motto.

AFTER the serious business of racing was over all the fast men went to Springfield to have a crack at the records.

NOW that the riding season is drawing to an end the social side of club life is getting to be conspicuous. Almost all the clubs are laying out great programmes for the winter months.

FROM 1 to 3 miles the trotting horse has the records, but from 4 to 20 and upward the bicycle on the track gets away with the trotting horse.

IN a trial between horse and bicycle in the Austrian army couriers were sent away over a 35-mile course to test the relative speed. The horse beat the bicycle by about five minutes. The silent passage of the cycle over the road was, however, acknowledged to be a strong point in its favor for rapid and secret work.

AT Hartford, September 8, the races resulted as follows:

Mile novice safety, pneumatic barred—First heat—P. J. McDuffee, 1; E. A. Nelson, 2; E. L. Lane, 3; time, 2m. 52 4-5s. Second heat—F. L. Warner, 1; G. N. Holden, 2; J. F. Hubbard, 3; time, 2m. 59 4-5s. Final heat—P. J.

McDuffee, 1; E. A. Nelson, 2; F. L. Warner, 3; time, 3m. 11 1-5s.

Quarter mile—First heat—P. J. Berlo, 1; W. D. Banker, 2; E. A. McDuffee, 3; time, 33 3-5s. Second heat—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; A. B. Rich, 2; W. M. Carman, 3; no time given. Third heat—G. M. Worden, 1; W. W. Taxis, 2; C. W. Dorntge, 3; no time given. Final heat—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; W. D. Banker, 3; time, 33 3-5s.

Half-mile national L. A. W. championship—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; W. F. Murphy, 3; time, 1m. 22 3-5s. Last quarter made in 29 4-5s., which is record.

Mile ordinary—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; H. A. Githens, 2; C. M. Murphy, 3; time, 2m. 58 1-5s.

2-mile (5:40 class)—F. C. Graves, 1; H. C. Wheeler, 2; W. M. Haradon, 3; first mile, 2m. 49s.; 2 miles, 5m. 32 1-5s.

2-mile (6:10 class)—P. J. McDuffee, 1; H. C. Wheeler, 2; E. A. Nelson, 3; time, 5m. 49 2-5s.

Mile handicap, open to members of local clubs—C. L. Sage (scratch), 1; H. Starkie (90 yds.), 2; F. Herman (40 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 41 1-5s.

Mile tandem—W. D. Banker and F. M. Bunker, 1; J. H. Draper and L. Guyler, 2; F. Herman and F. R. Fuller, 3; time, 2m. 49 2-5s.

Mile safety handicap—First heat—W. W. Windle (scratch), 1; W. M. Carman (65 yds.), 2; Hugh Robson (75 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 23 2-5s. Second heat—W. M. Haradon (60 yds.), 1; G. M. Worden (40 yds.), 2; W. F. Murphy (scratch), 3; time, 2m. 32 3-5s. Third heat—H. B. Arnold (65 yds.), 1; H. G. Wheeler (90 yds.), 2; A. B. Rich (scratch), 3; time, 2m. 30 1-5s. Fourth heat—P. J. Berlo (scratch), 1; C. W. Dorntge (25 yds.), 2; H. C. Tyler (25 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 29s. Final heat—G. M. Worden (40 yds.), 1; W. W. Windle (scratch), 2; C. W. Dorntge (25 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 37 3-5s.

Mile ordinary handicap—H. A. Githens (scratch), 1; J. H. Draper (75 yds.), 2; C. M. Murphy (35 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 38 1-5s.

SEPTEMBER 9 (SECOND DAY).

Mile safety (3m. class)—First heat—P. J. McDuffee, 1; C. H. Wood, 2; H. Starkie, 3; time, 2m. 47 2-5s. Second heat—W. H. Ballou, 1; Geo. E. Quinn, 2; E. A. Nelson, 3; time, 2m. 52 3-5s. Third heat—J. C. Donnelly, 1; F. Herman, 2; G. N. Holden, 3; time, 2m. 51 4-5s. Final heat—F. Herman, 1; W. H. Ballou, 2; P. J. McDuffee, 3; time, 3m. 51 2-5s.

Mile (2m. 40s. class)—G. M. Worden, 1; F. C. Graves, 2; W. M. Carman, 3; time, 2m. 37 4-5s.; last quarter, 29 4-5s.

2-mile safety, open—Hoyland Smith, 1; A. B. Rich, 2; W. M. Carman, 3; time, 5m. 25 1-5s.

Quarter-mile ordinary—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; H. A. Githens, 2; W. W. Taxis, 3; time, 33 3-5s.

Mile tandem, handicap—F. Herman and F. R. Fuller (150 yds.), 1; J. H. Draper and L. Guyler (75 yds.), 2; W. D. Banker and F. M. Bunker (scratch), 3; time, 2m. 28s. (Scratch men, 2m. 30 4-5s. record.)

2-mile safety, handicap—F. C. Graves (60 yds.), 1; A. B. Rich (scratch), 2; H. Smith (40 yds.), 3; Graves' time, 5m. 11 1-5s. Rich's time, 5m. 11 1-5s., American competition record.

2-mile ordinary, handicap—H. A. Githens

(scratch), 1; J. H. Draper (115 yds.), 2; W. W. Taxis (scratch), 3; time, 5m. 46 4-5s.

Mile open—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; G. F. Taylor, 2; W. W. Windle, 3; time by quarters: first, 37 3-5s.; second, 1m. 16 3-5s.; fourth, 2m. 34 3-5s.

Consolation race—J. W. Shaefer, 1; E. A. McDuffee, 2; J. C. Donnelly, 3; time, 2m. 54 4-5s. Last quarter in 29 4-5s.

At Springfield, September 17, the races resulted as follows:

Quarter-mile safety, flying start—First heat—A. B. Rich, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; McDuffee, 3; time, 34 2-5s. Second heat—Zimmerman, 1; Taylor, 2; Murphy, 3; time, 33 4-5s. Third heat—H. Smith, 1; Banker, 2; Anthony, 3; time, 34 3-5s. Final heat—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; G. H. Taylor, 2; A. B. Rich, 3; time, 32 3-5s.

Half-mile safety handicap—W. C. Hatch (70 yds.), 1; G. M. Hendee (35 yds.), 2; W. M. Carman (30 yds.), 3; time, 1m. 9 4-5s. Second heat—G. F. Taylor (35 yds.), 1; W. M. Haradon (30 yds.), 2; G. E. Quinn (60 yds.), 3; time, 1m. 10 4-5s. Third heat—C. W. Dorntge (20 yds.), 1; G. W. Coffin (50 yds.), 2; G. M. Worden (15 yds.), 3; time, 1m. 10 4-5s. Fourth heat—A. A. Zimmerman (scratch), 1; H. Smith (scratch), 2; G. N. Holden (55 yds.), 3; time, 1m. 10 1-5s. Final heat—A. A. Zimmerman (scratch), 1; G. F. Taylor (35 yds.), 2; G. M. Worden (15 yds.), 3; time, first quarter, 35 2-5s.; quarter, 31 2-5s.; half, 1m. 06 4-5s.

Mile safety (2:50 class)—First heat—G. E. Quinn, 1; W. M. Haradon, 2; J. W. Shaefer, 3; time, 2m. 41s. Second heat—E. A. Nelson, 1; C. L. Sage, 2; P. J. McDuffee, 3; time, 2m. 50 1-5s. Third heat—D. Connolly, 1; S. H. Bilyen, 2; Jas. Wilson, 3; time, 2m. 40 2-5s. Final heat—W. Haradon, 1; G. E. Quinn, 2; J. W. Shaefer, 3; time, 2m. 33 2-5s.

Mile safety, handicap, open—First heat—W. F. Murphy (scratch), 1; W. M. Carman (75 yds.), 2; A. B. Rich (scratch), 3; time, 2m. 23 4-5s. Second heat—E. A. McDuffee (50 yds.), 1; G. M. Worden (40 yds.), 2; H. J. Hall, Jr. (75 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 27s. Third heat—W. M. Haradon (65 yds.), 1; G. E. Quinn (135 yds.), 2; G. M. Hendee (75 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 25s. Fourth heat—C. W. Dorntge (40 yds.), 1; G. N. Holden (130 yds.), 2; A. A. Zimmerman (scratch), 3; time, 2m. 23s. Final heat—G. M. Hendee (75 yds.), 1; H. B. Arnold (75 yds.), 2; C. W. Dorntge (40 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 19 2-5s.

The 20-mile handicap road race resulted as follows: P. J. McDuffee (5m.), 1; time, 1h. 11m. 02-5s.; F. E. Battey (7m.), 2; A. W. Palmer (scratch), 3; F. C. Graves (scratch), 4; W. Van Wagoner (scratch), 5; Palmer's time, 1h. 4m. 19s.

Mile novice safety—W. C. Hatch, 1; F. L. Warner, 2; E. A. Nelson, 3; time, 2m. 37 4-5s.

2-mile ordinary handicap, open—C. M. Murphy (90 yds.), 1; J. W. Robinson (110 yds.), 2; J. H. Draper (180 yds.), 3; time, 5m. 12 3-5s.

Mile ordinary, open—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; W. W. Taxis, 2; J. W. Robertson, 3; time, 2m. 59 2-5s.

Half-mile ordinary, open—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; J. W. Robertson, 2; H. A. Githens, 3; time, 1m. 17 2-5s.

Mile tandem, open—J. H. Draper and L.

OUTING FOR NOVEMBER.

Geyler, 1; W. D. Banker and F. M. Bunker, 2; time, 2m. 28 2-5s.

SEPTEMBER 18 (SECOND DAY).

Mile safety (2:40 class)—First heat—E. A. McDuffee, 1; W. M. Haradon, 2; G. F. Taylor, 3; time, 2m. 52s. Second heat—C. W. Dorntge, 1; A. W. Palmer, 2; H. J. Hall, Jr., 3; time, 2m. 47 1-5s. Third heat—F. C. Graves, 1; C. M. Murphy, 2; W. M. Carman, 3; time, 2m. 42s. Final heat—C. W. Dorntge, 1; F. C. Graves, 2; C. M. Murphy, 3; time, 2m. 36 4-5s.

Half-mile safety, open—First heat—W. W. Taxis, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; G. M. Hendee, 3; time, 1m. 19 3-5s. Second heat—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; A. B. Rich, 2; C. W. Dorntge, 3; time, 1m. 20 2-5s. Third heat—W. W. Windle, 1; H. Smith, 2; W. M. Carman, 3. Final heat—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; W. Windle, 3; time, 1m. 13 1-5s.

Half-mile safety (1:20 class)—First heat—G. F. Taylor, 1; F. M. Bunker, 2; J. C. Donnelly, 3; time, 1m. 25 1-5s. Second heat—F. C. Graves, 1; W. H. Penseyres, 2; F. R. Fuller, 3; time, 1m. 13s. Final heat—G. F. Taylor, 1; F. C. Graves, 2; W. H. Penseyres, 3; time, 1m. 11 2-5s.

Mile safety, world's record—First heat—G. M. Worden, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; W. F. Murphy, 3; time, 3m. 4s. Second heat—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; F. C. Graves, 2; E. A. McDuffee, 3; time, 2m. 49s. Third heat—W. W. Windle, 1; H. Smith, 2; A. B. Rich, 3; time, 2m. 36s. Final heat—W. W. Windle, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; A. A. Zimmerman, 3; time, 2m. 23 3-5s.

Mile ordinary novice—F. A. Landry, 1; M. J. Rumrill, 2; E. B. Smith, 3; time, 2m. 50 4-5s.

Quarter-mile ordinary, open—First heat—W. W. Taxis, 1; C. M. Murphy, 2; H. E. Bidwell, 3; time, 37 3-5s. Second heat—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; H. A. Githens, 2; F. T. Servis, 3; time, 38 1-5s. Final heat—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; W. W. Taxis, 2; H. A. Githens, 3; time, 37 4-5s.

2-mile tandem, handicap, open—F. R. Fuller and F. Herman (220 yds.), 1; W. D. Banker and F. M. Bunker (scratch), 2; time, 5m. 4 2-5s; scratch time, 5m. 9 3-5s.

Mile ordinary, handicap, open—J. W. Robertson (75 yds.), 1; L. Forster (140 yds.), 2; H. A. Githens (50 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 26 4-5s.

Mile safety, handicap, closed—F. C. Graves (scratch), 1; Haradon (scratch), 2; E. A. Nelson (40 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 20 1-5s.

Mile consolation—E. A. McDuffee, 1; F. T. Servis, 2; F. J. Hudson, 3; time, 2m. 36 3-5s.

At Peoria, Ill., September 18, the races resulted as follows:

Mile safety, novice—Y. C. Hobbs, 1; F. Henning, 2; E. J. Wagner, 3; time, 2m. 38 4-5s.

Mile ordinary, novice—F. Wing, 1; C. B. Neilson, 2; R. E. Davis, 3; time, 2m. 55s.

Quarter-mile safety, open—First heat—G. F. Taylor, 1; L. E. Holton, 2; A. Helmich, 3; time, 35 3-5s. Second heat—P. J. Berlo, 1; A. E. Lumsden, 2; H. Smith, 3; time, 37s. Final heat—G. F. Taylor, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; H. Smith, 3; time, 34 4-5s.

Mile safety (2:40 class)—H. C. Tyler, 1; E. C. Bode, 2; E. A. Hatfield, 3; time, 3m. 4-5s.

Mile ordinary (3:10 class)—J. P. Bliss, 1; E. S. Mockett, 2; F. Wing, 3; time, 2m. 47s.

2-mile safety handicap, open—W. F. Murphy (scratch) 1; C. W. Dorntge (80 yds.), 2; G.

F. Taylor (150 yds.), 3; time, 4m. 59 3-5s., record in competition.

Mile ordinary, open—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; J. T. Taylor, 2; E. W. Ballard, 3; time, 2m. 46 2-5s.

Mile tandem, open—This was a walk over for A. E. Lumsden and G. K. Barrett, there being no other contestants. Time, 2m. 37 1-5s.

Mile, Peoria Bicycle Club handicap—E. A. Hatfield (5 yds.), 1; F. H. Henning (25 yds.), 2; A. B. Hazard (25 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 54s.

Mile ordinary handicap, open—W. Lonn (150 yds.), 1; J. P. Bliss (100 yds.), 2; F. Wing (130 yds.), 3; time, 2m. 33 1-5s.

5-mile safety, open—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; H. Smith, 3; time, 14m. 20 4-5s.

SEPTEMBER 19 (SECOND DAY).

Mile ordinary, L. A. W. national championship—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; W. F. Murphy, 2; time, 3m. 19 3-5s.

2-mile safety (5:40 class)—E. C. Bode, 1; E. A. Hatfield, 2; N. H. Van Sicklen, 3; time, 5m. 31 2-5s.

Half-mile safety, open—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; H. C. Tyler, 3; time, 1m. 12 2-5s.

2-mile ordinary handicap, open—J. P. Bliss, 1; E. W. Ballard, 2; W. A. Pixley, 3; time, 5m. 17s.

Mile safety, handicap, open—G. F. Taylor (75 yds.), 1; L. E. Holton (160 yds.), 2; H. Smith (25 yds), 3; time, 2m. 24 1-5s.

Mile, for boys under sixteen years of age—F. Kurtz, 1; Palmer, 2; C. Woods, 3; time, 3m. 7 2-5s.

2-mile ordinary (6m. class)—E. W. Ballard, 1; E. E. Mockett, 2; W. A. Pixley, 3; time, 5m. 56 4-5s.

Mile safety, open—First heat—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; W. F. Murphy, 3; time, 2m. 32 2-5s. Final heat—A. A. Zimmerman, 1; P. J. Berlo, 2; C. W. Dorntge, 3; time, 2m. 29 3-5s.

Mile (3m. class)—E. A. Hatfield, 1; L. E. Holton, 2; Y. C. Hobbs, 3; time, 2m. 37 2-5s.

2-mile tandem handicap, open—This was also a walk over for A. E. Lumsden and G. K. Barrett. Time, 5m. 29 3-5s.

Mile consolation—L. A. Lafferty, 1; E. H. Paige, 2; J. S. Shobe, 3; time, 2m. 51s.

At Boston the 25-mile road race on October 3, under the auspices of the Boston Athletic Club, resulted as follows. The prize winners were:

Position.	Name.	Handicap.	Actual Time.	Tire.
1	R. W. Taylor	12:00	1:30:50	Cushion
2	D. W. Caswell	8:30	1:24:22	Pneumatic
3	C. F. Seeley	7:00	1:25:58	Pneumatic
4	J. E. Clark	6:00	*1:25:02	Cushion
5	C. Measure	11:00	1:30:15	Cushion
6	J. P. Clark	6:00	1:25:19	Cushion
7	H. Smith	Scratch	*1:19:13	Pneumatic
8	H. C. Tyler	Scratch	*1:20:00	Pneumatic
9	E. A. McDuffee	Scratch	*1:20:04	Pneumatic
10	W. C. Rands	3:30	*1:23:37	Pneumatic
11	A. W. Porter	3:30	*1:23:39	Cushion
12	P. J. Berlo	Scratch	*1:20:38	Pneumatic
13	F. C. Graves	Scratch	*1:20:38	Pneumatic

* All within the best previous record of 1h. 25m. 11s.

AN English firm is building a cycle to be ridden by twenty-eight men of the First Battalion of the Chasseurs-à-pied. This machine will be in evidence at the fall manoeuvres of the British army.

THE PROWLER.



FOOTBALL.

FIXTURES.

- October 30—Princeton v. Rutgers.
 October 31—Crescent A. C. v. Manhattan A. C., at New York.
 October 31—New York A. C. v. Orange A. C.
 October 31—University of Wisconsin v. Northwestern University, at Milwaukee.
 November 7—Manhattan A. C. v. New York A. C.
 November 7—Orange A. C. v. Crescent A. C.
 November 14—Crescent A. C. v. New York A. C.
 November 14—Manhattan A. C. v. Orange A. C.
 November 14—Lake Forest University v. University of Wisconsin, at Madison, Wis.
 November 14—Beloit College v. Northwestern University, at Beloit, Wis.

WITH November comes the hurly-burly of arms and legs and tumbling bodies which gradually, under the skillful manipulation of captain and coach, resolves itself into something more organized, until by the middle of the month it becomes a systematic plan and play. No one who has not followed the progress of a team under careful coaching fully realizes this development, and few of those who watch the great matches at the end of the month appreciate the amount of practice that has been required to make the play concerted and effective. There is a wonderful amount of method in the seeming madness with which the strong young athletes dash into and through the ranks arrayed and opposed to them.

Among collegians themselves there is a perceptible quiver of excitement as they speak of the prospects of the various teams contesting for the championship, and the merits of individual players are thoroughly discussed.

Perhaps the best of the comparisons which the play of October provides is that which arises from the existence and marked football ability of the Crescent Athletic Club, for this club has annually put in the field a team quite able to give the cracks of the association plenty of practice, and it has now come to be a well-understood fact that both Princeton and Yale shall, in early October, have a meeting with the Crescent team and try conclusions. As the Crescents are mostly college graduates they are thoroughly familiar with the tactics that will be adopted against them, and hence the test is one that carries considerable weight in forming an opinion regarding the new material in both of the college teams.

This season Yale met the Crescents on October 3 and played two thirty-minute halves with them, during which time the collegians ran up a score of 26 points, while the Crescents were unable to make a point. The principal

vantage ground of the Yale team appeared to lie in the weakness of attack displayed by the Crescents. It was not without success that the latter repeatedly checked the advances of the Yale players, forcing them to the third down and the necessity of a kick, but when it came to their turn to assume the offensive, to execute such plays as they themselves selected, they were so weak as to make almost no headway. This fact rendered a judgment of the real merits of the Yale team peculiarly difficult, but there could be little doubt in the mind of the careful observer that in half backs the Yale team of 1891 will be very strong. Not only McClung and Bliss, whose powers have already been tried, but also Dyer and Norton, who were substituted, are all very clever men behind a rush line.

None of them had any opportunity to display any kicking ability, and it is doubtful if in that respect they can uphold the reputation made for Yale by such men as Terry, Richards and Watkinson in the half-back line, while Noyes is hardly a match for Bull, Morrison or Harvey of former Yale teams. Noyes has the proper build to become a good kicker, but he lacks the grace and finish which show power well applied. In the forward line there was a more even distribution of strength than was shown at a similar period last year; for while the October game with the Crescents in 1890 was won almost entirely by smashing work in the centre, that of this year was played more uniformly all along the line.

One week later Princeton met the Crescent team and defeated them by almost identically the same score as that made by Yale, with the addition of two points—28 to 0. To say that this was unexpected to the general football public would be but to half express the surprise that the score awoke. There had been, outside of those who had familiarized themselves with the work of the Princeton team, a very decided conviction that the Crescents would hold the Jersey team down to a very low score, and perhaps even make a point or so against them. Scarce anyone believed that they would make a better score than had Yale. But when one saw the general good, clean swing of the Princeton team one no longer felt that they were weak, but that rather it was the Crescents again. Princeton's centre was stronger than Yale's, but the absence of Heffelfinger and Morrison would of course account for that. In addition the team work of the Princeton men was much more uniformly good than was that of Yale's. Here again one must remember, however, that

a week of practice in October is always productive of rapid advance in team discipline, and it is possible that the team work of the New Haven men had made a like advance.

Behind the line the comparison of the two teams reveals a very even state of affairs, with a slight advantage in Princeton's favor at full back. On the whole the Crescent games therefore show no great degree of difference existing between the two teams who will on Thanksgiving Day meet for the final struggle. We have up to this writing no such opportunity of making a comparison between Harvard and either Yale or Princeton. In fact it is by no means certain that the team from Cambridge will play with Princeton this year. The Yale game is likely to occur as usual at Springfield, and there is a movement on foot to make a three, five, or even nine year agreement between Harvard and Yale in order to secure the stability of this match as an annual fixture, like the boat race between the two. Should such an agreement be entered into the chief advantage would be the probable discontinuance of newspaper discussion between the two universities as to their differences, a result greatly to be desired.

Harvard has played some of the minor teams, and although the halves have been shortened to such an extent as to make it difficult to compare scores, it certainly seems that the Harvard management has adopted a plan which has formerly been more usually characteristic of Yale teams, namely, that of spending the early part of the season in perfecting the groundwork of the play rather than in trying the scoring strength of the team. Such a policy would account for the small scores thus far made, and surely seems a very sound one, considering the fact that from the brilliant work of her team last year there should be no lack of confidence among the players. Harvard has the best material behind the line of any team. It is in the line that the present weakness lies, and it is toward the centre that Captain Trafford and his coaches are directing all their attention. With that gap well stopped up Harvard can enter November with an easier mind.

The University of Pennsylvania bemoans the hard fate which takes her matches away from home, and it does indeed seem hard that Philadelphia should not have one at least of the championship games. It is possible that before this is in type some arrangement will have been made admitting of this. The feeling existing between Princeton and Pennsylvania over the trouble of last season seems to be too deep to admit of a ready readjustment. Then, too, the marked advance in strength which the coaching of Mr. Wagenhurst and Captain Church has given to the University of Pennsylvania team is responsible for the unwillingness of the crack teams to make any concessions. Pennsylvania has become a team to be feared, and as such is evidently regarded by them all. Wesleyan has been fortunate financially, if in no other way, for, thanks to the efforts of her graduate advisory committee, prominent among whom are Messrs. Beattys, Scott and Coffin, a considerable subscription has been raised.

Of the teams outside the association, and particularly of the athletic club teams, we shall hear and see more this month than last.

WALTER CAMP.

BASEBALL.

THE amateur league season of 1891 ended on September 26, that is, the scheduled games in the league championship closed on that date; but the fact that the two leading clubs of the league were a tie in percentage of victories led to a supplementary series of best two out of three games being arranged between the Staten Island A. C. and the Englewood F. C., these being the leaders in the race at the close of the regular season. The record on September 26, when the last scheduled game was played, stood as follows:

CLUBS.	Staten Island A. C.	Englewood F. C.	Crescent A. C.	Staten Island C. C.	Victories.	Per cent. of Victories.
Staten Island A. C.	4	4	8	16	.667	
Englewood F. C.	4	5	7	16	.667	
Crescent A. C.	4	3	7	14	.583	
Staten Island C. C.	0	1	1	2	.084	
Defeats	8	8	10	22	48	

On September 19 the Englewoods led the Staten Island A. C. by a percentage of 666 to 667, and as they only had one more game to play, and that with the Crescents, whom they had defeated in five out of seven games, they felt sanguine of winning the pennant. But on September 26 the Englewood nine were defeated by the Crescents, and that left the Englewoods tied with the Staten Island A. C., 16 to 16 in victories and 8 to 8 in defeats. This necessitated the playing of an extra series, and the first game was played at Englewood on October 3, with the result of a tie game after a ten-innings contest, the score being 3 to 3. This still further postponed a settlement, as three more games would have to be played unless one or the other won two in succession.

The baseball championship series of the Amateur Athletic Union for 1891 ended up in September in a very unsatisfactory manner. Up to September 21 the championship campaign of the A. A. U. had resulted in the success of the New Jersey A. C. in the East, and the Detroit A. C. in the West. In the East the New Jersey and Columbia A. C. of Washington were the last contestants for Eastern championship honors, and in the series of five games played at New York and Washington the New Jersey team won four, and thereby became champions of the Eastern section. In the West the last contestants were the Detroit A. C. and the Cleveland A. C., and the Detroit team won the series, thereby leaving them champions of the West.

Now came the series for the United States championship of the A. A. U., and it was arranged that the New Jersey A. C. champions of the East should play the Detroit champions of the West at Detroit, the series to be five games, beginning on September 21. The New Jersey A. C. team went to Detroit to compete in the series appointed to be played by the baseball committee of the A. A. U., but were deprived of the opportunity to win on the field by the intentional absence of the Detroit A. C. team.

The result was that after going on the field on the first three days of the five appointed for the series and not being met by their Western adversaries, the games were officially forfeited to the New Jersey A. C., and they returned home as the officially announced champions of the Amateur Athletic Union's baseball clubs for 1891, and the possessors of the Spalding champion prize trophy for the same year.

HENRY CHADWICK.

BASEBALL'S popularity seems to have undergone no diminution, if the numbers at the matches in the large cities are an indication. It is to be regretted that it should end in the now usual recriminations of bad faith. It is this continual recurrence which shakes the public confidence in professional baseball.

CRICKET.

SEPTEMBER 28 in Philadelphia will long be memorable in the history of the game in America for the grand victory won by a representative eleven of native American amateur cricketers from the best team of English amateur cricketers that has visited America since the champion cricketer W. G. Grace brought his "gentlemen players" team over to the United States in 1872. Altogether our American cricketers have had thirteen teams of foreign players to meet since the advent of George Parr's professionals in 1859. The professional teams included Parr's eleven in 1859, Willsher's in 1868, Daft's in 1879 and Shaw's in 1881. The two Australian teams—semi-professional—visited us in 1878 and 1882. The visits of the amateurs included Grace's eleven in 1872, Lord Harris' team in 1879, Sanders' English amateurs in 1885 and 1886, the West India amateurs in 1886 and the Irish gentlemen in 1888, finishing up with Lord Hawke's eleven this year.

In nearly all the earlier contests the American teams opposed to the visitors from across the Atlantic comprised twenty-two players. Then a reduction was made to eighteen players and finally we reached the point of equality of numbers, eleven v. eleven. The first "Yankee victory" occurred in September, 1885, when the Philadelphia American players defeated their English amateur adversaries eleven v. eleven. The veteran Young America Club cricketer, Daniel S. Newhall, was the hero of this victory, he being captain of the American eleven and its top scorer. The West India team were defeated in Philadelphia, as also the Irish team, and in both it was eleven v. eleven.

The crowning triumph of our international cricket contests was the grand victory at Philadelphia this last of September, inasmuch as every man on the American team was not only "native and to the manner born," but they were all from clubs of that city only. Moreover, the team Lord Hawke captained on the occasion was the strongest strictly amateur eleven in batting that had ever left England, either for Australia or America.

To show the strength of the team it is only necessary to quote from the record of the best hundred cricketers for 1891, this list including Lord Hawke, H. Milles, S. M. J. Woods, K. J. Key, H. T. Hewett and C. W. Wright, the rest of Lord Hawke's team not being placed as far as batting is concerned. G. W. Hillyard and

Woods are mentioned in the bowlers' list. Here is the record of the players for the season just finished in England:

Names.	No. of		Times	Most runs in one			
	innings.	not out.		Runs.	innings.	Average.	Place.
Hewett . .	27	1	514	65	19.76		33
Woods . .	35	4	589	62	18.35		41
Key . .	28	5	333	59	14.47		71
Hawke . .	24	0	322	126	13.41		84
Wright . .	34	2	400	61	12.50		93

BOWLING.						
Names.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.	
Woods . .	931	273	2241	134	16.72	
Hillyard .	168.4	63	341	21	16.23	

It was against a team including such noted amateur experts of the English cricket world as the above that our Philadelphia amateur cricketers achieved their triumph.

On the day of the contest everything favored the cricketers for their meeting. The weather was exceptionally auspicious, the wicket pitched was the best ever played upon in an international contest, and the three-days match attracted the largest gathering of spectators ever seen at a cricket match in America, fully 15,000 people witnessing the second day's play.

The contest began on September 25 with the visitors at the bat, and before they could be disposed of they had run up the handsome total of 259 runs, of which Lord Hawke contributed 74, C. Wreford-Brown 51 and Messrs. H. T. Hewett, C. W. Wright, Lord Throwley and J. H. Hornsby smaller double figures. In the first innings of the Americans they reached a total of 248, of which G. S. Patterson's 68 was the great feature, double figures being added by Messrs. C. Coates, F. H. Bohlen, W. W. Ralston, R. D. Brown, F. E. Brewster and H. I. Brown, the latter carrying his bat out. In the bowling in these two innings S. M. J. Woods led the English bowling with 3 wickets for 62 runs, C. W. Brown being second with 3 for 90 and the Hon. H. Milles third with 1 for 36. On the American side H. I. Brown led with 4 wickets for 44 runs, W. Scott being second with 4 for 52 and G. S. Patterson third with 2 for 69 runs. Singular to relate, the English amateurs excelled in the infield work and the Americans in outfielding. Hitherto fielding has been the main feature of American cricket teams. Of late years, however, more attention has been given to this important and most attractive feature of cricket in England.

On September 26 the day was mainly occupied by the English batsmen in defending their wickets, and improved fielding by the Americans in supporting the effective bowling led to the retirement of the Englishmen for a total of 171 runs, quite a falling off from their first turn at the bat. In this innings the chief contributors were Mr. Hewett, who topped the score with 48, and Messrs. Lord Hawke, C. W. Wright, Lord Throwley, J. H. Hornsby and S. M. J. Woods, who all scored double figures. This left the Americans 183 runs to get to win, and on Monday, September 28, they went in and got the required total, with the loss of two wickets only, in the presence of upward of 10,000 people, the weather continuing to be delightful. R. D. Brown's 62 not out and G. S. Patterson's 43 not out were the feature of the innings, while C. Coates' 46 greatly aided in winning the game with the loss of so few wickets, as did W. Scott's 19. In the bowling of the second innings

OUTING FOR NOVEMBER.

of the contest H. I. Brown led the American bowling with 6 wickets for 55 runs, H. P. Bailly being second with 3 for 36. On the other side Hon. H. Milles 1 for 39, and Mr. Woods 1 for 59. The full score is appended as a record :

GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.			
<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
C. W. Wright, c. Brewster, b. Patterson . . .	23	c. Bailly, b. Brown . . .	15
H. T. Hewett, b. Patterson . . .	30	l. b. w., b. Brown . . .	49
Lord Hawke, c. Patterson, b. Scott . . .	74	c. sub., b. Bailly . . .	28
Lord Throwley, c. Ralston, b. Patterson . . .	23	c. Law, b. Bailly . . .	13
S. M. J. Woods, c. Law, b. Scott . . .	8	c. Scott, b. Bailly . . .	10
C. Wreford - Brown, c. Coates, b. Scott . . .	51	l. b. w., b. Brown . . .	2
K. J. Key, c. Coates, b. Brown . . .	18	b. Brown	7
J. H. Hornsby, c. Ralston, b. Brown . . .	0	c. Bailly, b. Brown . . .	22
G. W. Ricketts, l. b. w., b. Brown . . .	5	c. Bailly, b. Brown . . .	5
Hon. H. Milles, st. Ralston, b. Scott . . .	9	run out	4
G. W. Hillyard, not out . . .	0	not out	1
Byes	12	Byes	10
Leg byes	4	Leg byes	1
No balls	2	No balls	4
Total	259	Total	171

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.				
	<i>Balls.</i>	<i>Maidens.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Wickets.</i>
G. S. Patterson	160	7	69	2
H. P. Bailly	105	3	62	0
H. I. Brown	115	6	44	4
R. D. Brown	5	0	5	0
C. Coates	25	1	9	0
W. Scott	58	1	52	4
SECOND INNINGS.				
	<i>Balls.</i>	<i>Maidens.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Wickets.</i>
H. P. Bailly	84	3	36	3
G. S. Patterson	35	3	24	0
H. I. Brown	135	7	55	6
W. Scott	45	1	41	0

ALL PHILADELPHIA.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
W. Scott, run out . . .	11	b. Woods	19
C. Coates, c. Hewett, b. Brown	38	l. b. w., b. Willis . . .	46
G. S. Patterson, b. Woods	68	not out	43
F. H. Bohlen, c. Wright, b. Willis	20		
F. W. Ralston, b. Brown, . . .	19		
R. D. Brown, c. Ricketts, b. Woods	15	not out	62
Shaw b. Brown	7		
F. E. Brewster, run out . . .	17		
W. Brockie, run out	0		
H. P. Bailly, b. Woods . . .	6		
H. I. Brown, not out . . .	11		
Byes	21	Byes	6
Leg byes	4	Leg byes	6
No balls	2	No balls	1
Total	248	Total	183

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.				
	<i>Balls.</i>	<i>Maidens.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Wickets.</i>
S. M. J. Woods	170	10	62	3
J. H. Hornsby	40	2	22	0
Hon. H. Milles	50	1	36	1
C. W. Brown	175	7	90	3
G. W. Hillyard	40	3	11	0
SECOND INNINGS.				
	<i>Balls.</i>	<i>Maidens.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Wickets.</i>
S. M. J. Woods	125	8	59	1
C. W. Brown	75	5	41	0
G. W. Hillyard	70	5	26	0
J. H. Hornsby	35	3	5	0
Hon. H. Milles	56	0	39	1

Umpires—George Wright, of Boston, and George Lane, of Staten Island.

Lord Hawke was more than surprised at the result of the first contest of his team's American series. He said after the game :

"There is no telling what you Americans can do. I suppose the next time an English professional eleven comes here you will want to teach them to play cricket. The American conquest of the Derby was an unexpected blow to the English sporting world, and your yachting victories have annoyed us not a little, but if American cricketers can defeat us at our own national game of cricket I think we had better retire from the field altogether."

The Halifax cup matches ended for the season of 1891 in September in the success of the Germantown club's eleven, with the Belmonts a close second, the Merions third, the Philadelphia's fourth and Tioga last.

CLUBS.	Germantown.	Belmont.	Merion.	Philadelphia.	Tioga.	Victories.
Germantown	10	2	1	2	2	7
Belmont	0	10	2	2	2	6
Merion	1	0	10	1	2	4
Philadelphia	0	0	1	10	2	3
Tioga	0	0	0	0	10	0
Defeats	1	2	4	5	8	20

The Germantown club average 20 runs per wicket against their adversaries; the Belmont's average figures of runs per wicket being 19, the Merion's 16, the Philadelphia's 11, and the Tioga's but 8.

G. S. Patterson led the Germantown club's batting averages in the cup matches with 41.38; C. Coates those of the Belmont, with 32.22; S. Law, the Merion, with 48.20; T. H. Dixon, the Philadelphia, with 34.00, and W. F. Wingate, the Tioga, with 14.00.

The leaders of each club in the bowling average of runs per wicket were: G. S. Patterson, for Germantown, with 7.17; J. W. Muir, Belmont, with 6.63; J. B. Thayer, the Merion, with 7.00; C. R. Palmer, the Philadelphia, with 4.84, and E. Eastwood, the Tioga, with 15.00.

The return match between Lord Hawke's English eleven and an eleven of All Philadelphia took place on October 1 and 2 on the Germantown club grounds, at Manheim, near Philadelphia, the result this time a well-earned victory for the Englishmen. The American team were minus the services of three of the eleven which won the first match and had to substitute juniors. In the first innings the visiting team disposed of the Americans for 56 runs, quite a falling off from the record of the first match, but the Englishmen did but little better, as they only scored 119. In the second innings the Americans added 119 runs to their score, making their total 175 runs, which left the Englishmen 94 runs to get to win. This number they scored with the loss of six wickets, thereby winning the match with four wickets to spare, the total score being 177 to 175.

In the first innings on the American side the only batsman who contributed double figures was Frank Brewster, his 10 topping the score. On the part of the Englishmen in their first in-

nings Lord Hawke led with 24, C. Wreford-Brown adding 13 and H. T. Hewett 10, these being the only double figures scored. In the second innings of the Americans S. Welch, Jr., topped the score with 28. N. Downs added 14 and H. I. Brown 10, these being the limit of the double figures scored. In the last innings of the Englishmen Mr. Hewett topped the score with 29, K. J. Key added 22—after being badly missed before scoring a run—and Lord Hawke added 18.

In the bowling on the American side G. S. Patterson led with a total of 7 wickets for 46 runs, H. P. Bailey taking 4 for 72 and H. I. Brown 3 for 25 runs. On the English side Mr. Woods led the score with the good score of 15 wickets for 86 runs, the best of the two matches. C. Wreford-Brown taking 4 for 54.

Lord Hawke's team of cricketers closed their visit to Philadelphia on October 3, their last game being a one-innings exhibition contest played by the English team, which they settled in an innings' play, which yielded them a total of 331 runs, of which Lord Hawke contributed 76, C. W. Wright 55 and K. J. Key 50, not out. They had a delightful time in every way at Philadelphia, one of the players saying in response to a query as to how they enjoyed their Philadelphia visit: "Oh, they treated us awfully nice, you know, and we had the best of times there."

On October 5 the team began a match at Livingston, Staten Island, with sixteen of All New York. It was to have been twelve v. sixteen, but Lord Hawke took cold on Sunday the 4th and was unable to play. The match was arranged by a special committee of the Metropolitan Cricket League of New York, consisting of Messrs. W. H. Rutty, D. A. Munro, H. Martin, E. W. Sadler and C. G. Turner, who gave the victors a very hospitable reception, Mr. Rutty giving them a dinner at the Manhattan Club the day before the match. The sixteen included Messrs. R. O. Davies and F. J. Prendergast, of the Manhattans; C. J. Annaud, of the Staten Island; E. H. Moeran, of the Berkeley A. C.; Archer Brown and A. S. Durant, of the Brooklyn; H. Manley and E. Snelgrove, of the Kings County; W. Clarkson, of the Harlem; J. Rose and C. Ellis, of the New Jersey A. C.; J. E. Roberts, of the Fort Hamilton, and J. W. Smallwood, of the Paterson, together with the professionals Tyers and Mattock, respectively of the Manhattan and Paterson clubs. Mr. T. W. Richardson began play in the match, but had to retire before going to the bat. The absence of Laurence Pool and Mr. Barton, of the Staten Island, and Mr. Cobb, the captain of the Manhattans, weakened the local team considerably.

This match, played on October 5, 6 and 7, ended in a technical draw. The first innings of the contest the English eleven scored 383 and the sixteen of the metropolitan clubs made 122, which obliged them to follow their innings. They had obtained a total of 166, with loss of five wickets, when rain ended the game.

From New York the English cricketers went to Boston, where they played a composite team of twelve players on the grounds of the Longwood Club October 12 and 13, winning the match by 297 to 55.

HENRY CHADWICK.

LACROSSE.

On September 12 the second scheduled game between the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy and the New York Athletic Club's lacrosse teams was played at Philadelphia and resulted in a victory for the New York Athletic Club by a score of 1 to 0.

The teams were as follows:

N. Y. A. C.		Positions.		A. C. S. N.	
J. O'Brien	Goal			W. McDonald	
J. R. Flannery	Point			C. Elliot	
J. Bennett	Cover point			C. S. Powell (captain)	
C. H. Roberts	Defense			E. H. Alden	
G. W. Gilmore				W. Hussey	
L. J. Doyle (captain.)	Centre			S. Pyfer	
F. H. Bent				W. H. Milne	
E. McLean	Attack			C. W. Ogle	
C. A. Bush				H. H. Larkin	
E. H. Gerry	Outside home			J. M. Hall	
A. Burns				R. D. Adam	
W. C. O'Brien	Inside home			F. Schwartz	
E. H. Henrici	Field captain			J. J. McCarthy	

Referee, Mr. Penniman of the Druids.

Goal made by A. Burns in the first half.

On September 10 the first game between the A. C. S. N. and S. I. A. C. was played at Philadelphia. Score: A. C. S. N., 3; S. I. A. C., 2.

The teams were:

A. C. S. N.		Positions.		S. I. A. C.	
McDonald	Goal			Mathews	
Elliott	Point			Miller	
Alden	Cover point			Brown	
Rolls	Defense			Post	
Powell				Ritchey	
Pyfer	Centre			Moses	
Milne				McClain	
Hall	Attack			Chapin	
Ogle				Meharg	
Adam	Outside home			Curry	
Schwartz				King	
Larkin	Inside home			Centre	

Referee, H. G. Penniman of the Druids.

Goals were scored by Hall and Adam for the Navy, and McClain for the S. I. A. C.

On September 26 the same teams, though with their personnel slightly changed, played on the grounds of the S. I. A. C., at West New Brighton.

The final score stood: S. I. A. C., 4; A. C. S. N., 0.

The teams were:

A. C. S. N.		Positions.		S. I. A. C.	
McDonald	Goal			Mathews	
Alden	Point			Miller	
Powell	Cover			Brown	
Park	Defense			Post	
Hussey				Moses	
Pyfer	Centre			Ritchey	
Milne				McClain	
Hall	Attack			Chapin	
Ogle				Meharg	
Park	Outside home			Curry	
Adam				King	
Larkin	Inside home			Whiting	
McCarthy	Captain			Merritt	

Referee, H. G. Penniman.

The final game of the A. A. U. season was played on October 3 between the S. I. A. C. and N. Y. A. C. at Washington Park, Brooklyn, and resulted in the defeat of S. I. A. C. by a score of 2 to 1.

The teams lined up as follows:

S. I. A. C.		Positions.		N. Y. A. C.	
A. Douglass	Goal			J. R. Flannery	
C. Miller (Capt.)	Point			E. H. Gerry	
D. Brown	Cover point			C. H. Roberts	
W. C. Post	Defense			L. J. Doyle	
L. Moses, Jr.				G. W. Gilmore	
A. D. Ritchey	Centre			E. A. Chaloner	
J. F. McClain				F. H. Bent	
E. S. Chapin	Attack			E. McLean	
W. Meharg				W. O'Brien	
W. S. King	Outside home			C. A. Bush	
G. Whiting				Alec Burns	
J. Curry	Inside home			John Bennett	
E. Merritt	Field captain			F. Henrici	

Referee, W. C. Davis, M. A. C. Umpires, J. S. Baum and S. Isles.



LAWN TENNIS.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL
LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

THE championship of Worcester County was decided at Worcester, Mass., by a victory for J. D. E. Jones, of that city, over George Crocker, of Fitchburg. Score: 6-4, 6-1, 6-1.

AFTER several postponements the Dorchester Racquet Club tournament was concluded at Dorchester, Mass. The finals resulted as follows: B. E. B. Mitchell beat R. C. Thomas, 6-3, 2-6, 6-1, 6-3.

THE third annual tournament of the Essex County Tennis League was concluded at Peabody, Mass. A. L. Ripley successfully defended the Pearson cup. Scores:—Final round—R. W. Boyden beat W. L. Walker, 7-5, 6-4, 6-4. Championship round—A. L. Ripley beat R. W. Boyden, 7-5, 6-4, 6-3.

A SUCCESSFUL tournament was held by the Riverside L. T. C. at Riverside, Ill. This club is one of the leading tennis organizations in the vicinity of Chicago, and its courts are excellent, as well as being convenient of access for Chicago players. Many experts of national reputation were entered. The first honors were secured by Chase and Ryerson, the doubles champions of the West. They won the doubles, and in the final singles Chase defeated his partner in a close and well played match.

Singles—Preliminary round—W. L. Myers beat T. D. Boyles, 6-8, 6-4, 6-3; J. C. Neely, Jr., beat H. K. Allen, 6-1, 4-6, 6-2; E. Stratton beat H. McB. Johnston, 6-3, 6-1; J. A. Ryerson beat Roy Buckman, 6-0, 6-3; Morris Johnston beat C. H. Douglas, 6-3, 6-2; R. A. Hamlin beat F. L. Mitchell, 6-0, 6-1; F. Webb beat L. A. Rice, 6-4, 6-3.

First round—Myers beat W. A. Havemeyer, 6-2, 6-2; Neely beat C. A. Fransioli, 6-3, 6-2; Stratton beat W. A. Havemeyer, Jr., 7-5, 6-2; Ryerson beat I. C. Gifford, 7-5, 6-0; M. Johnston beat Hamlin, 6-3, 1-6, 6-4; N. W. Mundy beat F. Webb, 8-6, 6-0; S. T. Chase beat J. P. Gardner, 6-2, 6-3; C. Knickerbocker beat C. P. Belden, 6-3, 6-3.

Second round—Neely beat Myers, 6-2, 7-5;

Ryerson beat Stratton, 6-2, 8-6; Chase beat Johnston, 6-4, 6-3; Knickerbocker beat Mundy, 2-6, 6-0, 6-2.

Third round—Ryerson beat Neely, 7-5, 6-2; Chase beat Knickerbocker, 6-0, 6-3.

Final round—Chase beat Ryerson, 7-9, 7-5, 6-3, 6-4.

Doubles — Preliminary round — Chase and Ryerson beat Allen and Mundy, 6-0, 6-4; Havemeyer, Jr., and Knickerbocker beat Douglas and McDowell, 6-8, 6-2, 7-5.

First round—Chase and Ryerson beat Mitchell and Robinson, 6-2, 6-0; Gifford and Gardner beat Boyles and Havemeyer, Sr., 6-3, 6-0; Hamlin and Neely beat H. Havemeyer and F. Mundy, 6-2, 6-2; Havemeyer, Jr., and Knickerbocker beat Stratton and Kimball, 6-3, 6-3.

Second round—Chase and Ryerson beat Gifford and Gardner, 6-3, 6-3; Hamlin and Neely beat Havemeyer, Jr., and Knickerbocker, 6-4, 6-3.

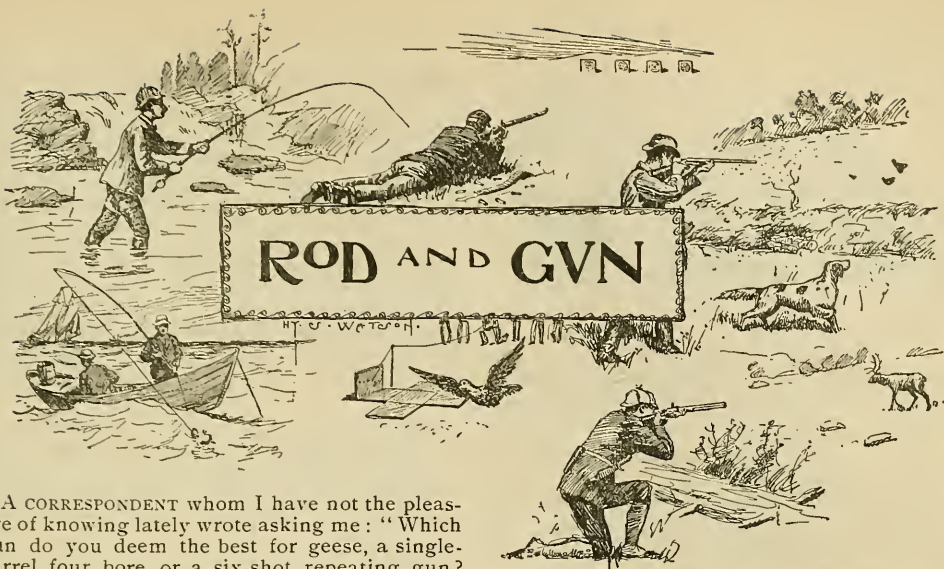
Final round—Chase and Ryerson beat Hamlin and Neely, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3.

Consolation singles—Gifford beat Allen, 6-2, 3-6, 6-0; Gardner beat Havemeyer, Jr., 6-3, 6-4; Boyles beat Douglas, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3; Buckman beat Rice, 6-4, 6-2; Gifford beat Belden, 6-1, 6-1; Gardner beat Havemeyer, Sr., 6-4, 6-3; Boyles beat H. Johnston, 6-3, 6-3; Gardner beat Boyles, 6-0, 6-1; Gardner beat Gifford, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4.

Consolation doubles—Allen and Mundy beat Stratton and Kimball, 11-9, 4-6, 6-1; H. Havemeyer and F. Mundy beat Boyles and Havemeyer, Sr., 6-2, 8-6; Allen and Mundy beat Douglas and McDowell, 6-2, 5-7, 6-1; Allen and Mundy beat H. Havemeyer and F. Mundy, 6-0, 8-6.

THE annual championship of the Pacific States L. T. A. for men's doubles and ladies' singles was held at San Rafael, Cal., on the courts of the Hotel Rafael. The final results were: Ladies' singles—Final round—Miss Crouch beat Miss Walker, 6-2, 6-2. Championship round—Miss Crouch beat Miss Wilkinson (holder) by default. Men's doubles—Final round—Hubbard and Haight beat Bates and Neel, 2-6, 6-4, 6-4, 7-5. Championship round—Hubbard and Haight (challengers) beat Tobin and McGavin (holders), 6-3, 6-4, 6-2.

F. A. KELLOGG.



A CORRESPONDENT whom I have not the pleasure of knowing lately wrote asking me: "Which gun do you deem the best for geese, a single-barrel four bore, or a six-shot repeating gun? I should like your candid opinion."

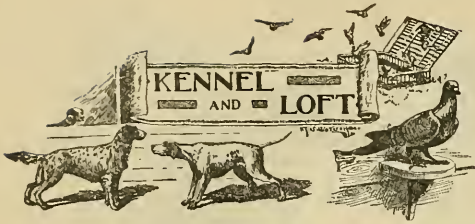
Very good—you shall have it. My candid opinion is that the two weapons mentioned are butchering appliances, suitable enough for a pothunter, maybe, but unfit for a gentleman sportsman's use. Undoubtedly they will kill geese if held right, and the big gun will kill at extraordinary distances frequently, but to my mind two barrels and a killing power, say, as far as 60 yards, should be enough to satisfy any honest sportsman. I have used ten gauges, twelves, fourteens and sixteens, all high-class weapons, and, while I have no desire to force my opinion upon anyone, I must confess that a good twelve gauge, weighing less than 8 pounds, is my ideal, all-round gun for anything that wears feathers on the American continent. With such a gun properly charged, and above all held right, a man can kill geese, swan, crane or turkey just about as far as he can with a ten gauge, and most men will find the former much the handier weapon.

I would advise no man to use a gun larger than a ten gauge, and honestly believe that it would be better were the "shoulder cannons," such as four gauges, not manufactured, and the same might also be said of repeating or magazine shotguns. The ordinary sizes, tens and twelves, are already too deadly in practiced hands for the welfare of our diminishing supply of game. Neither is it good sport to take too great advantage of opportunities. If a sportsman has not skill enough in his art to score with a ten or twelve gauge gun one or two birds from a flock of geese at fair range, it will be better for himself and the cause of pure sport if he improves in his shooting and studies the flight of the fowl rather than purchase a repeating gun, which may enable him to blaze away four or more times before the fowl get beyond range. An increased number of opportunities may hide lack of skill where dead birds are concerned, but mere killing brings no genuine satisfaction. Better far to kill one bird fairly, knowing that it had every reasonable chance for escape and that your skill alone secured it, than to kill twenty by using an appliance which gives you an unfair advantage.

And further, if one does not possess sufficient

sportsman's craft to get within such killing distance of wild fowl as is commanded by a ten or twelve gauge gun, he should not turn his failures to bag game into excuses for using such a murderous affair as a great four gauge. He alone is responsible for his failures. His lack of knowledge of the habits and instincts of the game and of the details of his craft must bear the blame; in fine, he is not an accomplished sportsman. Patient practice, study and intelligent observation will speedily improve his methods, until he can finally fairly outwit his craftiest quarry, and rightly lay claim to the title of sportsman. The use of such a weapon as a four gauge will not encourage the development of his faculties, resources or skill, in which lies the real pleasure. The mere killing of game should never be the object to draw sportsmen afield. Use a weapon which makes the killing too easy and enjoyment and the sport of the operation are lost at once. The shyest and craftiest quarry can be outwitted by man, because reason is greater and has more resources than instinct. The nearer these are matched and the fairer the test, the greater the satisfaction to the successful sportsman. Experience has shown that, with what may be termed the standard weapons, the sportsman has already more advantage on his side than is perhaps good; therefore such engines of destruction as rapid firing or extreme long range guns are not viewed with favor by those who are thoroughly conversant with manly sports. They know the benefits moral and physical to be derived from sport afield and the value of game as a national property, and view with sincere regret its gradual disappearance. They also know wherein lies the purest pleasure of the sport, *i. e.*, in the continual matching of reason against instinct under conditions which render the contest as fair as possible, and that destroying life wantonly or without sufficient cause is neither manly nor right. Therefore they discourage by precept and example excessive killing and the use of any weapons likely to prove too destructive, among which may be classed rapid-firing guns and those larger than what is known as a ten gauge.

ED. W. SANDYS.



KENNEL.

FIXTURES—FIELD TRIALS.

- November 2—U. S. Field Trials Club, Bicknell, Ind.
- November 10—International Field Trials Club, Chatham, Ont.
- November 16—Eastern Field Trials Club, Highpoint, N. C.
- November 23—Gordon Setter Club, field trials, Highpoint, N. C.
- November 23—Irish Setter Club, field trials, Highpoint, N. C.
- November 30—National Beagle Club, trials, Nanuet, N. Y.
- November 30—Central Field Trials Club, field trials, Lexington, Ky.

THE death of so many high-class dogs during the present year, more particularly during the past few months, has given rise to many theories regarding the cause. I place little faith in the acclimatizing theory, so far as regards the statement made by a well-known kennel editor that they should not even be used for stud purposes till at least six months have elapsed. Where our owners make the mistake, in my opinion, is in treating their dogs in the kennel too much as if they were cattle and had no more wants or feelings.

No breeder in England keeps puppies about his kennels the way we do, but as soon as they are able to leave their dam the youngsters are distributed, or at least such of them as are desired to be kept. Many people to whom a few shillings a week are a consideration gladly take a puppy and rear it till it shows whether it is worth keeping or is no better than the vast majority. These puppies are made members of the family, play with the children and are petted by the elders. If they develop into show specimens and get to a large kennel they are treated as far as possible in the same way, made friends and companions of. Some come over here and most of them, if they could, would speedily ask their owners, "Is thy servant a dog?" Take the case of Scottish Prince, for instance. When I saw him at Leeds he was in Mr. Smith's parlor, treated as one of the family. When I next saw him at Poughkeepsie he was confined in a kennel so hot that our party was glad to get into the open air for a little of the refreshing breeze. Attached to the kennel there were several small yards, but without a particle of shade. It was no surprise to me to hear of the dog's death.

Mr. Wade in a recently published letter says his dogs have the run of a 10-acre field. That is the proper way. At the Chestnut Hill Kennels the collies have big lots to run in, with plenty of shade. At the Swiss Mountain Kennels there is a 4-acre orchard, in which the St. Bernards are put all day to play and amuse themselves. There they find plenty of cool shade in summer and pick out the sunny knolls in winter. Only in wet weather and at night are the dogs kennelled.

The sooner American owners recognize the

fact that dogs are just as much in need of pleasure and comfort as they are themselves the better it will be for the health and longevity of their dogs. Men without love for dogs and who simply go into the business for what pecuniary gain they think is in it cannot, perhaps, understand that dogs are intelligent, thinking animals, and it is little wonder that, not being treated in a rational manner, they succumb to disease. Confinement without companionship is as irksome to dogs as to human beings, and they are bound to suffer from it bodily as well as mentally. Treat your dog as you would yourself be treated, and he will "live long and die happy."

JAS. WATSON.

STREATHAM MONARCH, Mr. Moorehead's newly imported bull terrier, is by Streatham Flyer, out of Trentham Baroness. He is two years old and weighs 48 pounds. Streatham Monarch has been under fifteen judges, and has won forty-eight prizes.

MR. C. GARNETT has lost his bloodhound Champion Duchess II. She was in whelp to Champion Darby. She was the dam of Tantrums, Destiny, Dandy and Dorcas.

MR. H. W. LACY will judge all classes at Charleston, S. C., in January. This will be Mr. Lacy's last appearance in the judging ring, as it interferes with his newspaper work.

THE collie Roslyn Dolly, owned by the Chestnut Hill Kennels, at New York, has returned from England, where she was sent to be bred to Gladdie, and has since had ten puppies, nine of which are dogs.

DR. GRAY, of Rochester, has a collie bitch which is entirely white, with the exception of the tip of one ear.

MESSRS. REICK, Jacob Ruppert, Jr., and the Westminster Kennel Club will each give \$100 for a prize to be competed for at New York for the best American-bred St. Bernard.

THROUGH the hard work of Mr. Stone, aided by the liberal prizes offered, the Toronto entries numbered 571, an increase of 100 over last year.

MR. PETERS, of Shelby, Ohio, has purchased the smooth-coated St. Bernard champion Hector from Mr. Reick.

ONE of the most notable of recent events among St. Bernard breeders was the arrival of Lord Bute for the Menthon Kennels, of Phoenixville, Pa. The first service of this great sire was given to Sunray, an Alton bitch owned by the Swiss Mountain Kennels, of Germantown. Sunray is very tall, standing over 31 inches at the shoulder, and weighs at a year old 168 pounds. She was purchased from Mr. Sydney W. Smith, of Leeds, England. This cross ought to bring some prize winners.

THE Pennbrook Hunt, Mr. Mitchell Harrison master, held its opening meet on Tuesday, September 29, with a run of about 3 miles. A fashionable gathering of Philadelphians was present to see the hounds throw off at Roslyn Heights.

ON the closing day of the Hamilton show Mr. Stewart, the superintendent, received a handsome gold locket from the exhibitors as a token of their appreciation of his courtesy to them.

His monogram, A. D. S., was engraved on the face, and on the reverse side was inscribed: "Presented to A. D. Stewart by the exhibitors and handlers at the H. K. C. Show, 1891." Mr. Boggs, president of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, made the presentation.

THE Radnor Hunt Club has disposed of its native fox hounds, and replaced them by forty-three young and nineteen old hounds of imported stock. The latter were secured from the kennels of the Duke of Rutland, Belvoir Castle, England. They were accompanied to this country by the huntsman, Frank Gillard, and two assistants. A two-story building is being erected on the grounds, one of the features being a 12-foot bath for the dogs.

THERE is much complaint of bitches missing this season. Mr. Thomas Shillcock says the same trouble is being experienced in England. He writes: "Where we are to get our young dogs from I do not know; there are none."

MRS. EUGENE CLARKE'S Japanese spaniel Ootah whelped five puppies. This is a large litter, three being the usual limit. They are by Kioto, who is black and white, Ootah being what is called "custard and white." These spaniels make poor mothers, as they are apt to turn cannibals with their small families. Mrs. Clarke owned Champion Koko, a beautiful black and white, who died about three years ago.

ENGLISH *Stock-Keeper* tells us that Scottish Guide was shown at Glasgow, winning easily over Smith & Baker's Young Bute. It is said he was the sensation of the show.

THERE is some talk of Trenton combining a dog show with the annual fair next season. They have splendid opportunities and plenty of ground. If Wilmington could show such a good entry list Trenton should be a big success. The dogs are a strong point of interest at these fairs.

THE reason the Buffalo Kennel Club is not doing much in kennel matters is that they cannot get a suitable hall to give a show in.

MR. A. H. MOORE has purchased from Mr. Booth the St. Bernard bitch Lady Hopeful by Royal Hesperus out of Beryl.

JACK THE RIPPER has changed hands. Mr. Stazier, of Salem, Mass., is getting together a strong kennel of bloodhounds, and has bought Jack from Mr. Blachford.

HORACE, a mastiff belonging to the Flower City Kennels, died after a short illness. He was by Champion Minting out of Duchess.

MR. JOHN GREEN, of Stonehouse, England, has bought from Mr. Shillcock Young Plinlimmon, winner of twenty-six first prizes and cups.

ONE of the most interesting features of the Toronto show was the greyhound racing.

THE motion to abolish puppy classes was not carried at the Canadian Kennel Club meeting.

THERE is the death of another grand dog to chronicle, Watch having succumbed to inflammation of the lungs. He was owned by Mr. Poag, of Toledo, Ohio, and was by Champion Guide out of Sans Peur. A grand-headed dog,

standing over 33 inches and weighing in condition 220 pounds. Watch was born November 9, 1887.

LOFT.

THE training necessary for journeys from 500 miles, or in fact for any flying for record, is a question upon which but few are agreed. Some maintain that a great deal of preliminary work should be done both to get the bird into condition and to teach it the way, and that birds should be let go at least once from the race station before race day; whereas others find their best results from journeys where the new point of liberation is so far beyond known territory that a very wide circle will not bring it within the range of vision.

When the birds of John Hicks, of Allston, Mass., were sent for liberating in Goderich, Ont., on the east shore of Lake Huron, these theories were put to the test. Of the eight birds liberated four had been flown only 250 miles and had 265 miles of strange country to cover, whereas the other four had returned from the start 370 miles away and had only 155 miles of new country before them.

The first returns were two together, one of each lot; so also the second. The third return and fifth bird home was of the untrained; so also was the sixth bird home. There are two birds still to be reported and both are of those previously flown from 370 miles, thus giving the victory to those practically untrained.

Five birds in all have been sent this season for record for distance, namely, St. Paul and Armours, of H. J. Williams; Providence and Lone Star, of Henry G. Thurston, Fall River, started from Pollard, Ala., 1,150 miles, and Bobby Thurston and Domino, of James A. Boutelle, Providence, from Eufaula, Ala., 1,000 miles.

The three from Pollard have never been heard from either as visitors, as shot by the way, or as having arrived at home, whereas the two from Eufaula have been reported as having covered the distance.

The start from Eufaula was at noon of August 31, the two birds being liberated separately, the first having been away out of sight for several minutes before the second was let go. The first to be reported was Bobby Thurston, September 30, Domino's marks being sent on the second day after. These birds have not been sent to me for identification of the wing marks at this writing, but it is said they will be forwarded, and as all depends upon these, I cannot now say more concerning the performance.

The difference in Eufaula, 1,000 miles, and Pollard, 1,150 miles, as stations is not in the distance, but in the location. From Eufaula the course lies between the mountains and the sea. The birds cannot do other, if they continue on, than arrive at home. From Pollard, on the contrary, the air-line course to home takes the *voyageur* at once to the mountains. Unfortunately no other station than in the vicinity of Pollard will give 1,150 miles to Providence and Fall River.

The greatest distance as yet covered by a homing pigeon is to Fall River from Montgomery, Ala., 1,050 miles; the next best is 1,000 miles, from Pensacola, Fla., to Newark, N. J.

E. S. STARR.



EQUESTRIANISM.

THE Country Club, of Philadelphia, diversified the proceedings at their pony races on September 28 in a way much to be commended by the introduction of a handicap for thoroughbreds ridden by gentlemen jockeys and a sweep-stake over hurdles. This is a move in the right direction. The love of horsemanship is seldom restricted to one form, and it was not surprising therefore to see the four in hands of Edward Browning, H. P. McKean, Jr., I. C. Mercer Biddle and H. H. Huston each arrive on the race grounds with their respective parties.

ALL Lenox turned out to see the coach parade at the Pittsfield fair. The prize was awarded to Henry B. Howell, of New York. Henry A. Barclay had his handsome drag in line, as did also Mr. A. R. Shattuck, Mr. A. P. Stokes and Mr. Frederick Gebhard.

THE social side of hunting is developing with commendable rapidity. Large house parties were assembled at the residences of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Colgate, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Astor, Vice-President Morton and Mrs. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Newbold, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Lydia Hoyt, antecedent to the first meet of the Dutchess County Hunt. Hunting promises to be a potent factor in developing country life and adding to its attractions. Witness the hunt breakfast on October 3 at Cromwold, Hyde Park, the elegant home of Archibald Rogers, the master of the hunt.

PONY racing under the rules of the American Pony Racing Association is a development at the country fair as wholesome as welcome. At White Plains county fair at each of three days' pony racing cups were this year competed for.

THE contest for the Alden Polo Cup began on September 14 at the Hingham Club grounds, where the most brilliant gathering ever seen witnessed the game between the Hinghams and the Newport team. The latter won by 24 to 17.

Fox hunting, or rather drag hunting, is well under way with the Long Island and New Jersey hunt clubs. At Orange the Essex County pack is being regularly hunted twice a week. In Pennsylvania the Pennbrook hounds are out twice weekly, but the Radnor and Rosetree clubs do not meet until Thanksgiving Day.

ANSWERS TO OUTING CORRESPONDENTS.

D. T. F., Syracuse, N. Y.—How many hurdles should a 250-yard hurdle race have according to the rules of the A. A. U. and how far apart should they be? *Answer.*—Ten flights $22\frac{3}{4}$ yards apart and same distance between the start and the first hurdle and the last hurdle and the finish.

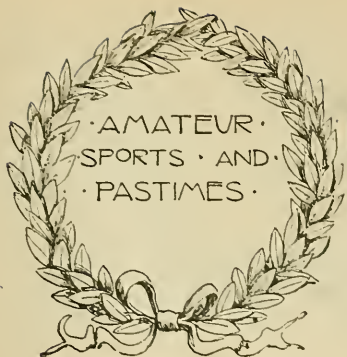
R. W. R., Akron, Ohio.—Yes, as we pointed out in OUTING for August, the Oxford and Cambridge crews make faster time over a winding course of $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles than the Harvard and Yale crews do over a beautifully straight course of only 4 miles. Tides, of course, vary in different rivers, and in any rowing event times are not too reliable. For instance, a wretched freshman crew (Columbia's) this year made fast time. Yet the Oxford and Cambridge crews year after year make the same good time, and they row with immense power in perfect time and excel in watermanship.

H. B., Oakland, Cal.—You will find by experience that para-amidophenol does oxidize more rapidly than either hydrokinon or eikonogen, the two latest developers before it put in an appearance. Its action is therefore more energetic as a developer and the products of the developing process when it is used do not discolor the gelatine film as in the case of all other developers. In solution with different proportions of sulphite of sodium, carbonate alkalies, para-amidophenol develops with varying intensity. Following is the formula recommended for developing by the Lumière Brothers:

Water	parts. 800
Carbonate of potassium	40
Sodium sulphite, crystallized	100
Para-amidophenol	8

It consists of one solution and may be used repeatedly without any apparent deterioration of its developing properties.

F. N. S., Portland, Me.—In cutting sails and fitting rigging the old rule of "thirds" is still adhered to by many of our practical sailmakers who are not familiar with the various algebraic formulæ deduced by theoretical experts. Sails that have the least tendency to drive a vessel's lee side down into the water are termed lifting sails.



Outing

MONTHLY RECORD

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications should be addressed to "The Editor." Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents will not receive attention.

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport; therefore these pages are open to members of organized clubs engaged in the reputable sports of the period. The editors of OUTING RECORD cordially invite full reports of contests and events of interest to officers and members of amateur clubs and associations.

OUTING finds, month by month, its leading features recognized as a mine of information, pleasure and instruction, from which editors everywhere draw nuggets for the edification of their readers. OUTING has not only no objection to this, but has ever announced the pleasure it gives the proprietary to observe the use so freely made of its pages. It asks in return only that credit in each case be given to OUTING whenever extracts are made from its pages. We notice, therefore, with regret, the increasing unprincipledness of a certain class of editors who repay our liberality by stealing bodily whole articles from OUTING without giving any credit whatever. While *imitation* is "the sincerest form of flattery," such use is unpardonable piracy, and unlawful too, and OUTING will be compelled to invoke the law for its protection against such thievery as that of the *University Monthly* of the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton, N. B., which indexes as one of its literary contributions and prints in the issue of October as its own the article "Canoeing on the Miramichi" from OUTING for September, without any reference to the source from which it was obtained.

* *

THE rigor of winter will soon lay its hand on forest and stream and close the field and track, compelling attention to the hundred and one indoor devices for aiding physical development. By the recent improvements in appliances for such exercises, gymnasium work has become more attractive and physical culture at home has been facilitated. The efforts of inventors to produce a perfect rowing machine have culminated in the improved hydraulic machine of Merwin, Hulbert & Co. The hydraulic cylinders are so constructed that the resistance increases with the speed of the stroke, thus reproducing the combined motion of boat, oars and water. Another feature of the M., H. & Co. system of gymnasium apparatus is the new "Tiger Head" chest weight. This is an interchangeable machine with patent swivel. Its

pulley is self lubricating by means of a graphite lubricant, and hence perfectly noiseless, a quality which especially recommends it for home use.

* *

THE reports of the so-called amateur boxing contests in the columns of the daily press go far to disgust patrons of the noble art, and the tactics of the club managers in securing the aid of unmitigated toughs go far to justify the tone in which these events are chronicled.

Take as an example the following from the *New York Herald*, of October 4, wherein it is alleged that Judge Tighe, of the Varuna Boat Club, has announced that his club has given up the idea of excluding boxers from membership. The *Herald* reporter describes an interview which he thereupon had with one of the men who were tolerated last year so long as their services were required, and then they were asked to find other quarters. This was the fate last year of "Mike" Leonard, "Jim" Butler, "Jim" Rice and "Matt" Rice, and the boxers are themselves wary now. In discussing the matter one of the crack boxers of the Downtown Athletic Club, who had been asked to join the Varunas, said: "Well, hully gee! Wat a lot of whalebone Tighe must have. Say! Dat bloke must be an Esquimau, fer he's got a terrible icy front to ax us to jine he's club after der way de Varuna treated dem scrappers last year. Tighe may be a cagy bird, but I tell yee, cully, we've traveled and know our books. De jedge can't fool us. De boxers made all the stuff fer the Varunas last year, and when the season was over dey got de dinky dink for keeps. All dose jays what join the Varunas will get the same desert served to dem. Wait an' see, an' yer'll say yerself dat it's a clean go by. Me join de Varunas, eh? Not on yer tin type." Nice company for gentlemen amateurs to pass the winter with! And, as if to emphasize this, another column announces that:

"The boxing opened in good style with the National Athletic Club's show. Of all the sports on the A. A. U. calendar boxing pays the best and helps to keep many of the smaller clubs alive." If clubs can only be kept alive by such aid they had better cease to be.

The Amateur Athletic Union, in assuming the direction of our national boxing, is responsible for the degradation to which their management has brought as much of it as they have controlled. But the plain fact is that the A. A. U. is no more the nation's boxing representative than the three tailors of Tooley street were the people of England.



Now that the long evenings of winter are once more with us the optical lantern is again brought into requisition by amateur photographers. Not only is it popular with them for exhibiting the fruits of their cameras during various summer outings, but also from the fact that it may be a very instructive instrument, illustrating scientific facts in a most interesting and at the same time impressive manner. Those who have endeavored to exhibit polarized light effects, however, are aware how costly the usual Tricol prism used for the purpose is, and how difficult it is to get one of the large size. At a recent meeting of the British Association a new form, of comparatively trivial expense, which would be very useful for the purpose, was described. Professor Thompson is the inventor. The new polarizer consists simply of a piece of polished black glass (which acts as a mirror) covered with a piece of clear glass. There is by this means less loss of light than when the plain black glass alone is used and also increased polarization. In using this appliance the light from the lantern is reflected on to it by means of a totally reflecting prism. After the first polarization the light is again turned back into its original axis by a second reflecting prism, which latter instrument requires most careful annealing to prevent its interfering with the character of the polarization.

In the old days it was considered necessary to employ a very expensive foreign lantern for projecting photographic slides upon the screen, and as a consequence very few amateurs could indulge in this most fascinating manner of exhibiting their work. More recently it has been found that an instrument costing, say, \$30 answers every purpose for the parlor or small lyceum. Of course, with such an instrument ordinary petroleum light is used in place of the calcium light employed with the large expensive lantern. But the yellow light from the petroleum oil is not only very agreeable to the eyes of the beholder, but is entirely satisfactory for most purposes. The introduction of these cheaper lanterns has undoubtedly had much to do with the widespread adoption of lantern slides as a means of reproducing negatives. In former times it was one of two extremes—either a small toy called a "magic lantern" was used or an expensive sciopticon, costing frequently in the neighborhood of \$200.

The popularity of the hand camera did not seem to wane with the approach of colder weather this fall. Indeed, the hand camera is probably more popular to-day than ever before. There are more varieties on the market, and as a rule they are more ingenious in design and more capable in execution than has been the case since their introduction several years ago.

Speaking of hand cameras suggests instantaneous photographs, as of course most photographs made with hand cameras are instantaneously exposed. And instantaneous photo-

graphs suggest the latest most remarkable instantaneous photographs yet made. I refer to the work by M. Marey, who is working in a similar direction to Professor Muybridge. M. Marey has devoted many years to the photographing of various forms of animal life in rapid motion, but in his latest efforts he may fairly be said to have surpassed himself. Not very long ago he produced remarkable pictures of the moving animal life in a small tank of sea water, but now he has produced an apparatus capable of photographing flying insects! Everyone is familiar with the rapid vibrations of an insect's wings, yet M. Marey has secured them, fixed them by the unerring eye of the camera. So marvelously rapid were the exposures that our readers will hardly credit us when we inform them that the twenty-five-thousandth part of a second was the time occupied in recording each individual view.

Attention has been called to the fading of the pink tint of albumenized paper. In a strong light samples from the best manufactories will fade away in a very brief time. There are some papers of so deep a hue that this fading is an advantage rather than otherwise; but there are also prints of so pale a tint that actual color can scarcely be said to characterize them, though the effect appears decidedly agreeable when compared with pure white paper. It is therefore very disappointing when this delicate tint gradually fades away, as it is so likely to do on even the best albumenized paper. There must be some trouble with the dye which the manufacturers use. Let them investigate coal-tar dyes and obtain a more permanent article. Probably fuchsine could be used for the purpose. It is very cheap and very fast.

The use of soap as a lubricant in burnishing prints is now very old. Some operators apply it by rubbing the print with a piece of flannel which has previously been rubbed against a piece of soap, while others use a spirituous solution of the saponaceous agent. A word of advice: Choose a piece of good wash soap, which is usually a pure soap and not a mixture of rosin, silicate of soda and a series of other substances useful as detergents but not soap, and not so clear as soap. Further, look with suspicious eyes upon the very clear, transparent-looking soaps. Properly made, that is, by dissolving good soap in spirits, filtering, and then evaporating to dryness the product, we have the purest form of soap obtainable. But some photographers purchase the transparent soap to be sure of its purity, and consequently make injurious effects upon the print. Such soap is made to a large extent by adding sugar to ordinary soap; the transparent effect is produced, but unfortunate is the photographer who uses a piece of such as a sample for burnishing.

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

* *

THE exhibition of the works of the members of the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York at the American Institute Fair is unquestionably the best representative exhibition of amateur work ever held in the States. The displays of Prof. L. H. Landy, of the School of Mines, Columbia College, though strictly of a scientific nature, are a striking example of the valuable aid which photography has rendered science.



FIXTURES.

December 3 and 5—Boxing and wrestling tournament and championship meeting of the A. A. Union at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

December 5—Winter games of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

December 12—Williamsburgh A. A.

December 17 and 19—Annual championship meeting of the A. A. U. at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

December 23—Bank Clerks' A. A. boxing and wrestling tournament.

WITH the close of the track comes the season of indoor athletics, and to runner and jumper succeed the heroes of the glove and the sturdy wrestler to carry on the tide of interest, which flows with ever-increasing force. From now to May next boxing matches by the athletic clubs of the metropolitan district will be in order nearly every night. The art of boxing is one thing, the so-called boxing matches of the period are altogether a very different thing. An artistic boxing bout is fought with fourteen ounce gloves, and with the sole object of developing the skillful strategy of the art in points of effective defense and attack. Too many of the boxing matches of the period are neither more nor less than prize fights with four-ounce gloves. Scientific points are not thought of in these vulgar slugging matches. Nearly half of the existing athletic clubs of the metropolis are organized solely to share the gate money which the slugging, knocking-out glove fights of the period yield. The athletic clubs which are organized solely in the interests of invigorating and healthy outdoor and indoor recreative exercise are degraded by the rough and tough element which in some clubs finds recognition and toleration.

A BOMBSHELL has been thrown among the athletes by the proposal of Mr. F. W. Janssen to form a "United States League of Athletic Clubs." The idea is alleged to be to foster among its members only such competitions as the A. A. C. does not hold, such as billiards, bowling, canoeing, court tennis, fencing, football, handball, ice boating, polo and quoits, riding, shooting and yachting; yet beneath this innocent programme there are many who see the cloven foot of a fight for supremacy with the A. A. U. The secretary of the A. A. U. at least is of that opinion. Time will show.

J. S. MITCHELL, N. Y. A. C., established a new record in throwing the 16-pound hammer at the fall sports of the Brooklyn Heights A. C., after winning the event by a moderate throw of 136 ft. 10 in. Mitchell tried for a record, and succeeded in supplanting his previous record of 139 ft. 10½ in. by hurling the hammer 141 ft. 3½ in.

THE fall athletic games of Yale, Harvard, Cornell and Rutgers give promise of much good material for future use. At Yale this was especially the case in the sprinting and hurdling contests. At Harvard, where the freshmen have separate days from the older competitors, it was even more noticeable. It is no slight indication of future possibilities when records such as 5 ft. 3 in. for the high jump, by F. P. Howard, and 20 ft. 1 in. for the broad jump, by B. J. Worman, are made.

At the Harvard handicap meeting on November 6 the games were closely contested and interesting. T. C. Smith, '92 (10 yds.), won the 120-yard hurdle race and E. B. Bloss (3 in.) won the high jump, with a record of 5 ft. 8⅝ in., with B. J. Worman (7 in.) second.

BOWLING.

THE following are fixtures for December:

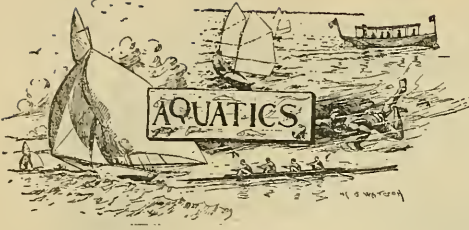
- Dec. 2—Manhattan A. C., at Orange A. C.
- Dec. 2—Jersey City A. C., at North End A. C.
- Dec. 3—New York A. C., at Roseville A. C.
- Dec. 3—Staten Island A. C., at Montclair A. C.
- Dec. 7—Staten Island A. C., at Jersey City A. C.
- Dec. 7—Roseville A. C., at Montclair A. C.
- Dec. 8—New York A. C., at Manhattan A. C.
- Dec. 9—North End A. C., at Orange A. C.
- Dec. 14—Roseville A. C., at Staten Island A. C.
- Dec. 15—Orange A. C., at Jersey City A. C.
- Dec. 15—Montclair A. C., at Manhattan A. C.
- Dec. 17—North End A. C., at New York A. C.
- Dec. 21—Staten Island A. C., at Orange A. C.
- Dec. 23—Jersey City A. C., at Roseville A. C.
- Dec. 23—Manhattan A. C., at Montclair A. C.
- Dec. 24—New York A. C., at North End A. C.

THE Junior Bowling Club of Yorkville—President, Charles Joost; vice-president, Max Arnold; treasurer, John Christman; secretary, Charles Heinz; captain, Charles Skell.

THE Yucatan Bowling Club of Harlem—President, T. P. Kennedy; vice-president, R. Smith; treasurer, W. Davis; secretary, J. McKernan; captain, J. Ritter.

THE Orient Bowling Club—President, John Dies; vice-president, Charles Butt; treasurer, John Willenbrock; secretary, William Spreen; captain, John Kohlmann.

OUTING FOR DECEMBER.



YACHTING.

THOUGH this is the month of December and the yachting season of 1892 is still far remote from us there are many enthusiasts who are even now speculating on the possibilities of the sport of the coming year. There are sure to be some surprises in store in the 46-foot class. A notable one will be the boat now in course of construction by the Herreshoffs to beat the *Gloriana*. This craft will be ready in early spring and there is the usual mystery about her ownership. This much only is known, that she is intended for a New York yachtsman, and will be raced with vigor. Considerable progress has been made on her. She is about 72 feet over all, will have a draught of 10 feet 6 inches, and her length on the load water line is 46 feet. Her overhang forward is considerably more than that of *Gloriana*, and her stern post has less rake. She is to have a large sail plan.

The strange watermelon kind of craft built by the Herreshoffs, of which I wrote in the November number of OUTING, has proved quite speedy. She was christened the *Dilemma*, and her peculiar shape caused her to be discussed with much interest. It was wondered how the stationary centreboard of steel weighing 883 pounds, to which is bolted a cigar-shaped mass of lead weighing something like 2 tons, would answer in practice. Mr. Nat B. Herreshoff says she is a very good boat all around, but that her best sailing point is going to windward. In fact her builders do not hesitate to claim that for her length—she is 39 feet over all—she has proved a more successful boat than *Gloriana*.

Meanwhile Mr. Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., who is really entitled to whatever glory there may be in the design of the watermelon type, has designed a boat to beat *Dilemma*. She is described as "a racing machine with a long overhang, centreboard and wide sponsons above the water to give added stability when heeled. The rig will be the simplest form of jib and mainsail, with no bowsprit."

From the present outlook it seems that there is a likelihood of any number of queer and quaint racing machines making their startling appearance next summer in the waters hereabouts. We are progressing rapidly, and there is no telling where we shall fetch up.

Mr. Mosher, who is now in partnership with Mr. William Gardner, has orders for a couple of steam yachts which he says will beat anything afloat next season, so what with an improved *Gloriana* representing the sailing type, and two Mosher yachts to show what steam is capable of, we ought to have some tip-top sport next season.

Mr. J. M. Forbes' *Wild Duck*, a \$100,000 yacht, enjoys the distinction of being the only vessel of her kind afloat. She is 125

feet long on the water line, 154 feet 6 inches over all; has 23 feet 6 inches extreme molded breadth of beam; her forward lines are sharp and slightly concave at the water. She was designed by Edward Burgess, who put into execution the ideas submitted to him by Mr. Forbes. James T. Boyd, of the Atlantic Works, Boston, designed the engines, and the specifications for her engines, boilers and screws were drawn by Miers Coryell.

The *Wild Duck* is a combination centreboard sailer and steamer. She is built of steel, has engines of 400 horse power, carries a schooner rig with 15,950 square feet of sail, and has a steel centreboard 21 feet long by 6 and $7\frac{3}{4}$ feet wide. She has five watertight bulkheads. Her engines are of the triple expansion type, with cylinders of 10, $14\frac{1}{4}$ and $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and with 18 inches stroke of piston.

On the *Wild Duck's* trial there were a number of experiments to show how long it would take the crew to turn her from a steamer into a sailer and back to a steamer. At the first attempt, when everything was new and stiff, fourteen minutes were consumed in effecting the transformation, but before the trial was concluded it was done in eleven minutes.

The *Wild Duck* has a line of mahogany houses amidships 67 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 6 feet 2 inches high. Forward there is a saloon, next a staircase leading to the dining room and pantry, then the captain's stateroom, then the galley, abaft that the engine room, chart room and the staircase leading to the cabins. The sailors' quarters are below forward. Instead of bunks the men have canvas cribs, which can be stored away in the daytime, thus economizing space. Fifteen persons can be conveniently seated at the *Wild Duck's* saloon table. There are two cabins with three staterooms abaft the engine room, with mahogany ceilings and ivory finished walls. The furniture is magnificent.

A. J. KENEALY.

ROWING.

CONSIDERABLE importance attaches to the recent meeting in New York city of representatives from the colleges of Columbia and Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania, who decided upon the formation of a new intercollegiate rowing association, and which Bowdoin College may also join. The races under the auspices of the association will probably be held on the Hudson River at or near Newburgh. That place was visited by representatives of the colleges above mentioned some time ago and the course there favorably reported upon.

At New London the Harvard-Yale race must always remain the event, since the opportunities for turning out the best crews are superior at Harvard and Yale, and the public love to see the best exhibition of skill. So long as Columbia remains in New York city and college spirit consequently is lacking, as is the case to-day, and Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania employ professional trainers to teach them the "scramble" style of rowing, just so long will the style of rowing at Harvard and Yale be superior to theirs and the race between the latter better worth seeing. This move to the Hudson will draw an audience larger than it would at New London, if only for the reason that its loca-

tion is far more convenient to the respective colleges taking part in it. Increased general interest should spur the crews to greater exertions and thus stimulate boating interests in the respective colleges. Stimulus is sadly needed in at least two of them.

At Harvard nearly all of this year's crew will be available for next year. Some weak places may be strengthened by the infusion of new bone and sinew; but when work commences in the winter the captain will have a lot of experienced oarsmen on hand, a most encouraging state of affairs. On the whole, although it is early to form any correct idea of the crew, rowing prospects look bright at Harvard, and there should be keen competition for the few places at all likely to be vacant.

At Yale not quite so favorable an outlook exists. But one thing may be taken for granted, namely, that there will not be a crew composed only of awkward giants to represent Yale at New London next June. Some other qualification than pounds avoirdupois will be deemed necessary to enable a candidate to succeed in his ambition. Several of this year's lesser giants will be available as a nucleus.

At Columbia, Captain McKee, this year's stroke, has about as gloomy a prospect before him as other captains of recent years. Possibly Columbia's greatest need is a sharp needle with which to pierce the hides of and wake up obstinate but capable oarsmen, or men who might make capable oarsmen if they would only try. Possibly an injection of college spirit or some similar lymph might do some good. But not until a dawdling walk up or down "the Avenue" ceases to be the *summum bonum* of a Columbia undergraduate's existence will she ever have a good crew or other athletic team.

At Cornell they are more than ever convinced that Charles Courtney is the *deus ex machina* who causes Yale to tremble in her boots at the thought of meeting the men from Ithaca. Our opinion of Courtney's scramble stroke is pretty well known. It is magnificent, but not rowing—magnificent in its results. But when Columbia gets a crew at all the equal, physically, of Cornell this year, there will be sighs of anguish at Ithaca.

The University of Pennsylvania, being near Philadelphia, is sleeping, so far as rowing is concerned, so we must wait until it wakes before talking about the crew, which is half U. P. and half Cherry Diamond.

Bowdoin deserves a word of encouragement for its pluck. Few of this year's crew will be available for next year, but we sincerely hope Bowdoin will not be discouraged by that fact, and that she will start to work with a determination to do the best she can with the material on hand. Bowdoin's attempts to place a crew on the water each year deserve the greatest praise. With few undergraduates to call upon, she nevertheless turns out crews that are never despised, but are generally feared. She has only to change her style of rowing from a professional to an amateur one in order to become even more formidable.

CHASE MELLEN.

CANOEING.

It is interesting to note the effect canoe racing has had on all small-boat sailing, and particularly how the experiments in hull and rig

by the canoe experts have affected the minds of all sailors of small boats. The most notable example of this is the St. Lawrence skiff. Before the first canoe meet was held on the St. Lawrence River little if any amateur racing was indulged in, and the boats were good specimens of row-boats but very indifferent sailers. To-day there is not a sailboat afloat, the canoe alone excepted, that can attain the speed of a racing skiff, length for length. The metal drop rudder, metal plate centreboard, steering gear and tiller, method of deck construction, small cockpit and pointed flare coaming, shape of sail and rig, the method of starting races and the general rules that govern them, are all borrowed from the canoe and the canoe association's archives. The popular canoe sail for ten years has been rigged with battens let into pockets to keep it in shape. The skiff uses a batten sail, and this form has lately been introduced among the small cats down East. Canoes have always carried two sails. The skiff formerly carried but one. Now they are rigged with two, the larger one forward, as on the successful racing canoes. A type of boat has lately become popular in Eastern waters called the cat yawl. It is rigged with two batten sails, the smaller one aft—a true canoe rig.

The canoe is a very small boat and consequently comparatively inexpensive, but sailing principles can as well be studied on a small scale as a large one. Experimenting with canoe rigs of various designs costs little and is a pastime every enthusiast indulges in to the extent of his pocketbook, in order to hit upon the best and thereby win races. It costs money to alter the rig of a yacht once completed, and owners are not anxious to spend money in this direction. The canoe has a great advantage over the model yacht as a vehicle for experimenting, since it is handled by a crew of one who is on board, while the model yacht has to be managed from another boat and practically sails only on the wind and on one tack at that.

The method of sailing adopted by Mr. Barrington in the international race, which he won late in the season, and the general style of boat used by him are bound to influence the calculations of those who are planning to build this winter with the idea of doing successful racing next season. The 1892 racing canoe will be practically as tight all over as a corked bottle, either by having a bucket cockpit, which will hold hardly more than a gallon of water, or the cockpit will be self bailing, by being built with a high floor above the water line, which drains into the centreboard trunk. The long sliding seat will be the keynote, and undoubtedly canoemen generally will adopt Mr. Barrington's method of sailing a course with sheets belayed. A return to ballast may be looked for, and heavier boards will be used. The problem that is most difficult to solve is: How can Mr. Butler be beaten in light weather and on smooth water? It is quite safe to say that the majority of A. C. A. canoemen have already "given it up."

The regatta committee appointed to manage next season's races by Commodore Winne is an excellent one, and it may be trusted to frame the best programme of races yet invented, and they will handle the races in a way that the men have not been accustomed to of late years.

C. BOWYER VAUX.



CYCLING.

ONE incident of the late six-day tournament between professionals in New York will raise an interesting question to amateurs. It seems that certain amateurs, high in scale of purity, have accepted pay for service rendered on that occasion. Now, in my estimation, this is not a very grave crime, but the chance to "hit a head" will prove altogether too strong for the average quill driver. These amateurs gave their valuable time and assistance to make the affair a success, and there is no reason why sentiment should compel them to give the management the benefit of their time and experience without receiving an equivalent in the legal tender of the country.

I cannot say that I admire these extreme tests of endurance altogether. While a six-day continuous race may not be as revolting an exhibition as a limping crowd of decrepit pedestrians at the end of a six-day race, still the drain on a man's vitality must be immense, and cannot but have lasting effect on the constitution. I notice the English cycling press has taken a decided stand against a continuance of these long-distance record-breaking trials.

The makers are not much nearer a solution of the tire question than they were a year ago. Notwithstanding the liability to rupture, the pneumatic has many makers and many riders who persist in their claims of unequalled good qualities. These people are right, inasmuch as there are many riders who for the undoubted speed and comfort by the use of the pneumatic are willing to put up with the annoyances attendant on the liability to collapse and the bother of the extra care necessary to keep it in order. In wearing qualities the pneumatic is still inferior to the solid tire, and the question is as to whether the ingenuity of the inventor is equal to the problem presented. The cushion-tire advocates are encouraged in their belief that the cushion is going to be the tire after all, while a few of the foreign makers return to their first love, a solid tire of large dimensions. We therefore close the season of 1891 and find the makers in about as much of a quandary as ever as to what is to be the standard tire of the future. For my part I believe that within the next few years, if not within the next year, the pneumatic will be perfected so that

the causes for complaint, now so obnoxiously prominent, will be reduced to a minimum.

A little bird whispered to me the other day that the league was going to inaugurate a very brisk campaign in the direction of road improvement. The same birdling told me that the league would probably issue monthly a magazine devoted exclusively to the matter of road improvement. This periodical will be circulated generously among the farmers and residents of villages. The work will be put into the hands of an able man and the "gospel of good roads" will be preached earnestly twelve times a year far and wide. I wish the project every possible success. The establishment of a magazine like the one proposed would be an honor to the league and to the present administration.

In the death of E. F. Le Cato cycling in this country has lost a shining light, and his many friends will mourn his loss for many a day. He was at one time connected with the Clark Cycle Company, of Baltimore, Md., and later he had charge of the Chicago cycle department of Spalding Brothers. Mr. Le Cato was only ill a very few days, and indeed many of his friends did not know of his illness until they heard of his death. He was a gentleman and a good fellow.

"Why not depose the constitutional convention of the league and put the supreme governing power into the hands of the national assembly?" said a well-known league man to me the other day, and in reply I wotted not! Constitutional conventions as held by the league have heretofore proved a farce and laughing stock. The idea of a constitutional convention is in theory a beautiful example of popular government, but in actual practice it has proven to be a most dismal failure.

The racing season has closed, and with it the question of the relative speed of Zimmerman and Windle. The Jerseyman seems to have the most admirers, but there are lots that put their faith in "Willie."

Commercially speaking the season has, as a rule, been one of splendid results, although there have been a few bad failures. The result will be one of purification, but the experience has come high in some cases, and much more care will be exercised in the future as to large credits.

New mile world's record—W. W. Windle, 2m. 15s.

New 25-mile road record—Hoyland Smith, 1h. 19m. 13s.

The Premier Cycle Company have received advices from President L. H. Johnson, who is now in England, that many valuable changes and improvements have been made in the famous "King of the Road" lamps for 1892, and among the novelties for cyclers' use is Lucas' "Cyclealities." The Premier Cycle Company will continue their present arrangement with Messrs. Lucas & Son to represent them exclusively in America. A pocket handbook, entitled "Wrinkles for Riders," is in course of preparation by the company. It will contain articles on touring, dress, racing, tips to cyclers, L. A. W., and a list of "King of the Road" lamps and Lucas' "Cyclealities," fully illustrated. Safety cycling for ladies, photocycling and choice and care of the machine will also be treated.

The cycling papers are full of complaints of those who have had machines stolen from them. The greatest care should be exercised by riders in securing their cycles. A word to the wise, etc. It is little use locking the stable door when the steed is stolen. The carelessness with which valuable machines are left unattended by roadside and club is notorious.

The members of the Maryland Division L. A. W., especially those of Baltimore, are making strenuous efforts to secure land and money to build a first-class racing track and general athletic park. Messrs. Chism, Oliver and Cline have the matter in hand.

The matter of arranging a series of match races between Zimmerman and Windle is being seriously discussed.

With faith in his luck without bound,
No coast too steep could be found ;
But he struck a car tend
As he swept 'round a bend,
And his spirit leap'd out through the wound.
—*Bicycle World*.

The number of ladies' cycling clubs in this country is fast increasing. One of the most enterprising clubs of this character is the Buckeye Ladies' C. C., of Columbus, Ohio, and Miss May Reed is its most charming and efficient captain.

The total advertised cash values of the different large meets that have come under my notice come somewhere near \$12,000. Who would not be an amateur?

The Linc. In Club, of Chicago, have a curious collection. It is composed of locks of hair from the heads of prominent cyclists. Mr. Betts and Mr. Herrick were untiring in their efforts to secure these locks during the race meeting at Hartford, Springfield and Peoria. I hear they have secured nearly two hundred "specimens," from the head of President Dunn clear down to some from the heads of the miserable cycling editors.

In one of the consolation races held during the circuit the contestants rode the mile in 2m. 36s. Think of men in a consolation race riding in that time! What must the high flyers be doing? Yes, and not only that, but in that same race Shaefer, one of the men who needed consolation, rode the flying quarter in 29 4-5s., which ties the world's record for that distance.

The Michigan City (Ind.) Cycle Club has been organized with the following officers: President, Rev. H. B. Dean; first vice-president, E. Z. Cole; second vice-president, R. H. Calvert; secretary, Samuel J. Taylor; treasurer, C. E. Barrett; captain, N. V. Cole; first lieutenant, Frank Leeds; second lieutenant, Wallace Lay.

The Saco (Me.) Bicycle Club has organized with the following officers: President, A. B. Seavey; vice-president, Albert S. Berry; secretary and treasurer, Clarence Place; captain, A. C. Berry; lieutenant, G. Herbert Berry.

The wheelmen of Hoboken Heights, N. J., have organized a cycle club. The name selected was the Hudson City Wheelmen and the officers elected were: Captain, William Philips; lieutenant, Henry Zahn; second lieutenant, Andrew Lutz; secretary, John Wiltjen; treasurer, George Janssen.

An incident is related in an English paper where a man was saved from drowning by having a bicycle wheel fitted with a pneumatic tire thrown to him. The tire floated him beautifully until help reached him.

The Huntington (Ind.) Cycle Club has organized with the following officers: President, Chas. F. Ewing; vice-president, Miss Helene Slack; secretary and treasurer, R. J. Day, Jr. As a lady has been selected for the office of vice-president, it will be understood that ladies will be admitted to full membership in the club.

This season has brought about the destruction of a couple of cycle concerns. The Broncho is no more, and if the creditors do not take hold and run the business the fine plant at Westboro will be for sale. The Banker & Campbell Company have gone to the wall. The shortness of the firm's existence and the name of the machine they manufactured, "The Meteor," have some analogy.

The New Haven (Conn.) Bicycle Club have elected the following officers: Captain, J. W. Tabb; first lieutenant, W. C. Booth; second lieutenant, W. F. Bishop.

The first bicycle ever made in this country weighed 113 pounds. Think of that, ye men who complain of a 40-pound mount!

On the subject of cycling on Sunday an exchange has this to say: "While men forget the proper observance of the Sabbath and use the wheel to the annoyance of those who desire quiet on that day, those who are thus annoyed should remember that the wheel has done much toward drawing youth from the vicious haunts of the city into the sweet country lanes, and thus throwing them into close communion with better and purer influences. While none can defend the boisterous conduct of some civilized savages, none will gainsay but that the cycle has been the practical means of saving many a soul from perdition."

The subject of Sunday cycling puts me in mind of the fact that the first cycle club composed of clergymen was formed in Cleveland, Ohio, last month. The name of this pioneer clergyman's club is the Cleveland Clerical Club. Dr. J. H. Hartman was elected captain and Dr. M. L. Berger was elected orderly and secretary and treasurer. These are the only two officers the club will have.

THE PROWLER.



FOOTBALL.

By the time this print is cold the great football matches of the season of 1891 will have been played, and once more the defeated will feel that there is but little sunshine in life, while the winners will see no cloud in their sky of content. It is remarkable what a hold this sport has obtained and how the enthusiasm manifested in these contests has grown until a college football captain can think upon the eve of his match that he will never—no matter how prominent he may become—have so many hopes centred upon his actions as he will upon the morrow when before thirty or forty thousand people he makes his kick, run or tackle.

The teams that win this year will have performed even a greater feat than the winners of previous championships, because the preparation has been longer and more careful than ever before. The principal teams went into training before the opening of the fall term of the colleges, and, without break or pause, every day, rain or shine, have kept steadily at work. This discipline is one of the best features of college athletics, and nowhere is the fact demonstrated more plainly than in football that the discipline which enforces the strictest temperance, implicit obedience to orders, and finally regular work is the discipline that brings the leaders up out of the rank and file and places them at the top.

Even at the very time when these lines are being written the teams of Harvard, Princeton and Yale, although at work for two months, are only beginning to display those fine points of attack and defense which will be the wonder of the crowd at the end of November. November is always the month of brilliancy in football. September and October are the months of the hardest work and apparently the smallest progress, but in November the men have learned their first lessons; they know how to use their strength; they understand why a play succeeds and what will cause its failure, so that when a play is laid out for them each knows that he is not only a part of that play, but also that unless he performs his work in it properly it fails and he is held responsible. Then, too, in November the captains try their best plays; occasionally they send their teams for all there is in them in order to see how far they can be pushed. When such a trial is made, even against a weak team, it is a magnificent sight, for then, even more markedly than in the final matches, can be seen the value of systematic work.

Until we come to review the entire season we shall not discuss individual points of play of men and teams, but the still further progress of the game and the direction it is taking are already sufficiently marked to be commented upon. In the first place the interference by which the runner is aided to attain much distance for his own side has increased in skill until it overbears the tackling to almost too great an extent. This is partly the fault of negligent umpiring, where teams have been permitted the use of hands and arms to a wholly unwarrantable extent. In daily practice either no umpire has officiated or a careless and incompetent one, and men, upon even the best teams, have come to think that a great deal of hand and arm work by interferers is permissible. It certainly is not, and the rule is explicit upon this point. It says that a player cannot interfere with his opponent by the use of his hands or arms, and it means just what it says.

The use of the body and shoulder is legitimate, the use of hand or arm is not, and if they are used the balance of the sport is disturbed, because the tackling is rendered so ineffective as to be well nigh useless in the case of individuals, and the advances can only be checked by massing players at the point of attack. It is the open play that should be encouraged and not the mass work. The massing of men will be done to a sufficient extent if the rules are lived up to, while if they be infringed it will assume an undue preponderance in the play. It will not become necessary to legislate against this if the umpires will carry out the rules, as they did a year ago, but the prevailing laxity among players can only be checked by some stringent umpiring in this respect.

Whether or not this will come to pass in the principal games we cannot now predict, but we can predict that if the strictest kind of ruling in this matter be not used by the men who hold the position of umpire the result must be deteriorating to the sport and probably necessitate specific legislation against interference. Legislation when rendered necessary by the laxity of officials in enforcing existing rules is almost as greatly to be deplored as no legislation, because it presupposes that the rules cannot or will not be enforced, and such a supposition means not only to the player but also to the spectator a state of affairs which usually precedes by only a short time the decline of any sport. Football has grown up in this coun-

FIELD GAMES.

try in the face of strong opposition, has lived and grown popular in spite of many ill-judged acts, but for all that there is a problem which is now presenting itself quite as strongly as have the ones of the past, and that problem is to keep interference within reasonable bounds.

We cannot leave the records of this month without a reference to the development during the season of 1891 of brilliant manoeuvres upon the part of many of the smaller teams. Perhaps none exhibited greater originality than a team from Springfield, which was captained and trained by Stagg, who has been so prominently identified in the past with athletics in Yale College. This young man has shown in a remarkable manner what may be accomplished with a team of men whose individual prowess could not compare perhaps with that of many of the smaller teams, but whose drilling was thorough, and whose plays were designed particularly for the make-up of the men. This team not only defeated several of the fairly good teams, but gave both Harvard and Yale much to think of in the way of original moves and concentrated work. Of such success any man might be proud.

WALTER CAMP.

BASEBALL.

THE most interesting series of amateur club contests of the metropolitan season were those of the championship games of the Amateur League of New York, which included the nines of the Staten Island and Crescent athletic clubs of West Brighton and Brooklyn, the Staten Island Cricket Club and the Englewood (N. J.) Field Club. The contest between the Staten Island A. C. and the Brooklyn Crescents was very close, as was that between the former and the Englewoods. But the Staten Island Cricket Club nine cannot be said to have been in the race after the first month of the campaign. The victory of the Crescents in September over the Englewoods led to a tie score of victories and defeats between the Staten Island A. C. and the Englewoods at the close of the regular series of games, and a supplementary series of at least two out of three games had to be played to settle the question of the championship.

The supplementary games were played in October, with the result of the success of the team of the Staten Island A. C., the scores of the four games being as follows:

October 3—Staten Island A. C. v. Englewood F. C., at Englewood; pitchers Van Zandt, Westervelt (ten innings), 3-3.

October 10—Englewood F. C. v. Staten Island A. C., at West Brighton; pitchers Westervelt, Young, 4-2.

October 17—Staten Island A. C. v. Englewood F. C., at New York; pitchers Van Zandt, Westervelt, 8-1.

October 24—Staten Island A. C. v. Englewood F. C., at New York; pitchers Van Zandt, Westervelt, 12-2.

The Amateur League should increase its membership to six clubs, including the noted New Jersey A. C., and also frame a special code of rules to suit their amateur status, such as extending the distance between the pitcher and batsman to 55 feet and making an extra penalty for a pitcher's hitting a batsman on the neck or head with a pitched ball.

The full record, including all the games played in the supplementary series, as well as those of the regular season, is as follows:

CLUBS.	Staten Island A. C.	Englewood F. C.	Crescent A. C.	Staten Island C. C.	Victories.	Per cent. of Victories.
Staten Island A. C. .	6	4	8	18	.692	
Englewood F. C. .	5	5	7	17	.654	
Crescent A. C. .	4	3	7	14	.538	
Staten Island C. C. .	0	1	1	2	.084	
Defeats . . .	9	10	10	22	50	..

Dr. Currie, of the New Jersey A. C., played for the Englewoods in the last game in October.

The Amateur Athletic Union series for 1891 in the metropolitan district resulted in the easy success of the New Jersey A. C., the record of the series being as follows:

CLUBS.	New Jersey A. C.	New York A. C.	Manhattan A. C.	Cathedral A. C.	Yonkers A. C.	Victories.	Per cent. of Victories.
New Jersey A. C. . .	..	2	4	3	4	13	.929
New York A. C. . .	1	..	1	1	4	7	.636
Manhattan A. C. . .	0	0	..	3	4	7	.538
Cathedral A. C. . .	0	2	1	..	3	6	.429
Yonkers A. C. . .	0	0	0	1	..	1	.061
Defeats . . .	1	4	6	8	15	34	

It was an unsatisfactory season, the race being one-sided for one thing, and the teams were not made up on a strictly amateur basis.

CRICKET.

AFTER leaving the metropolis Lord Hawke's English amateurs were engaged on the grounds of the Longwood Club, at Boston, on October 12 and 13, the English team's opponents being a composite team of twelve players, part American and part English, it being the cricket twelve of the Boston Athletic Association. The English twelve in their first innings were disposed of for 90 runs, of which Mr. Wright contributed 31 and Lord Hawke 21, these being the only double figures scored. On the other side the Boston twelve were retired for 29 runs only, Mr. Bixby's 15 being the only double figure score of the innings. In the bowling Mr. Woods took six wickets for 18 runs and Mr. Hornsby four for 9; while on the other side Chambers took seven wickets for 31 runs, George Wright two for 34 and Howard McNutt one for 22. In the second innings the English team ran up a total of 207, Mr. Hewett topping the score with 37, while Lord Hawke and Messrs. Key, Wright, Brown, Woods and Ricketts all scored double figures. On the part of Boston the twelve were dismissed for 26 runs only, Mr. Dutton's 10 being the only double figures of the innings. Of the bowling in this innings the Englishmen made

quite a record, as Mr. Woods took seven wickets for 7 runs, the best bowling score in an international match, Mr. Hornsby taking three for 12. On the Boston side George Wright led with four for 30 runs, Cracknell taking four for 61 and Chambers three for 61, he being badly punished in this innings. The Englishmen, as will be seen, won the match by a total score of 297 to 55.

The visit of Lord Hawke's team of amateur cricketers ended in Chicago on October 17, after which they visited Toronto and Ottawa in Canada, and in all three cities they defeated their opponents in one innings in each match. The full record of their games in the four Atlantic coast cities of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Baltimore is as follows:

Innings Played.	At Philadel- phia.			At Philadel- phia.			At Staten Island.		
	First innings.	Second innings.	Total.	First innings.	Second innings.	Total.	First innings.	Second innings.	Total.
English	250	171	430	82	95	177	383	..	383
United States	248	183	431	56	119	175	123	166	289
Total	507	354	861	138	214	352	506	166	672

Innings Played	At Boston.			At Balti- more.			Grand Total.
	First innings.	Second innings.	Total.	First innings.	Second innings.	Total.	
English	90	207	297	305	..	305	1,592
United States	29	26	55	70	85	155	1,105
Total	119	233	352	375	85	460	2,697

Out of the eight games played in the United States and Canada they lost but one, drew one and won six. Their total score of runs in the eight games exceeded three thousand, while their adversaries did not get two thousand. The able captain of the team expressed himself as delighted with the kindness and hospitality shown him and his team in all the cities they visited.

The Metropolitan Cricket League's season of 1891 was the most successful one of its brief record. Twelve clubs entered the lists for the league's championship, and they were divided up into two sections, the leaders of each section playing for the championship at the close of the regular schedule series. Here is the record of the season showing the relative position of the clubs according to their percentage of victories:

Clubs.	Victories.	Defeats.	Percentage of Victories.
Manhattan	10	1	.909
Brooklyn	9	2	.818
Staten Island	6	2	.750
New Jersey A. C.	6	3	.666
Cosmopolitan	6	4	.600
Paterson	5	4	.555
Kings County	5	5	.500
Berkeley A. C.	3	6	.333
Fort Hamilton	3	7	.300
Harlem	3	7	.300
Bedford	1	8	.111
New York	1	9	.100
Total	58	58	...

The order in which each club finished in their respective section was as follows: First Sec-

tion—Staten Island, New Jersey A. C., Paterson, Kings County, Fort Hamilton and Harlem. Second Section—Manhattan, Brooklyn, Cosmopolitan, Berkeley A. C., Bedford and New York. The Staten Island and Manhattan clubs, as leaders of their respective sections, played for the pennant, and Staten Island won.

The experience of the league's two seasons of history goes to show that the present plan of the two sections is not the best for the interests of the organization. The sections should be divided each year on the basis of their annual percentage of victories. Taking the record of 1891 as the basis of division for 1892 the first section or class would be Manhattan, Brooklyn, Staten Island, New Jersey A. C., Cosmopolitan and Paterson clubs, and the second section would include Kings County, Berkeley A. C., Fort Hamilton, Harlem, Bedford and New York teams. This would give each club something to strive for outside of winning the pennant, and extend the interest of the campaign beyond the mere championship question.

The leading player of each club in batting was as shown in the appended record:

BATTING AVERAGES.

M. R. Cobb, Manhattan	48.40
S. M. Barton, Staten Island	28.70
J. Rose, New Jersey A. C.	26.25
H. E. Jackson, Cosmopolitan	20.66
Rev. J. D. Evans, Berkeley	16.50
J. E. Roberts, Fort Hamilton	15.22
F. Wilde, Paterson	14.00
E. Snelgrove, Kings County	13.80
A. Brown, Brooklyn	12.62
C. T. Toddings, Bedford	10.83
D. O'Reilly, Harlem	10.66
E. Walker, New York	5.42

The leading bowler of each club was as follows:

BOWLING AVERAGES.

M. R. Cobb, Manhattan	3.06
A. Brown, Brooklyn	3.84
C. A. Ellis, New Jersey A. C.	4.07
J. L. Pool, Staten Island	4.51
H. E. Jackson, Cosmopolitan	4.63
D. A. Lindsay, Harlem	4.73
T. J. O'Reilly, Kings County	5.88
R. Kirkwood, Fort Hamilton	6.30
W. Clarke, Bedford	7.00
W. Clarkson, Paterson	7.20
E. Walker, New York	7.50
Rev. J. D. Evans, Berkeley A. C.	8.27

The batsmen who made the highest double figures of fifty runs and over to an innings were as follows:

N. S. Walker, Jr., Staten Island	103
S. H. Barton, Staten Island	101
R. O. Davies, Manhattan	93
J. Rose, New Jersey A. C.	81
C. W. Lowe, Manhattan	79
T. G. Clarke, New Jersey A. C.	78
S. H. Barton, Staten Island	71
J. Rose,* New Jersey A. C.	70
S. Ogilby, Staten Island	56
H. P. Jackson, Cosmopolitan	55
M. Gordon, Paterson	53
B. C. Bloxom, Manhattan	52
F. J. Prendergast, Manhattan	51
M. R. Cobb,* Manhattan	50
F. Wilde, Paterson	20

* Not out.

Each of these secured a prize bat presented by Mr. Frank Slazenger. Mr. Cobb, of the Mannhattans, won the prize cups for the best batting and bowling averages.

HENRY CHADWICK.



LAWN TENNIS.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL
LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

WHENEVER an important tennis meeting fails to attract its usual number of entries, comment upon the decline of the game's popularity is in order. It is said with a degree of plausibility that the meagre list of players at the tournament given by the Ladies' Outdoor Club at Staten Island is evidence of decline in this important branch of tennis. The failure of the event may be attributed to various causes, but inductive reasoning does not admit of such a sweeping conclusion based on this single instance. The success of the championship at Wissahickon in June indicates an advance in the popularity of tennis among ladies. To be sure the athletic qualities of the game often deter women from taking part in open contests, and many circumstances and causes influence a lady in deciding whether or not she will compete, so that in any particular event there must needs be an uncertainty as to the entries. Publicity is often a serious barrier, and for this reason invitation events should be encouraged.

The season in Canada has been a glorious one, and although the championship has again gone to a player on this side of the border Canadian players have reason for self congratulation on the improvement in their play and the advancement of the game in their country. A lesson should be learned by our players from the work in Canada during the past summer. Interclub and intertown contests are the prominent features of Canadian tennis. In this country such events are infrequent, and the example set by our Northern brothers should remind us of the neglect of this important element in tennis rivalry. The Buffalo and Rochester clubs have demonstrated in their several interclub contests the advantages of these meetings, and it is hoped that the custom, now that it has passed the border, will become general in this country.

The return match between Buffalo and Rochester clubs, at Buffalo, resulted as follows:

W. A. Chase, of Rochester, beat Edward Newhall, 6-2, 6-1.

W. W. Smith, of Buffalo, beat Laurence Angell, 5-7, 6-4, 7-5, 4-6, 6-1.

C. W. Stuart, of Buffalo, beat F. H. Hone, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3.

J. H. Hopkins, of Rochester, beat W. J. Meadows, 7-5, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4.

E. E. Tanner, of Buffalo, beat L. S. Ward, 6-4, 6-1, 2-6, 6-2.

Gibson T. Williams, of Buffalo, beat W. B. Lee 2-6, 7-5, 6-3, 6-3.

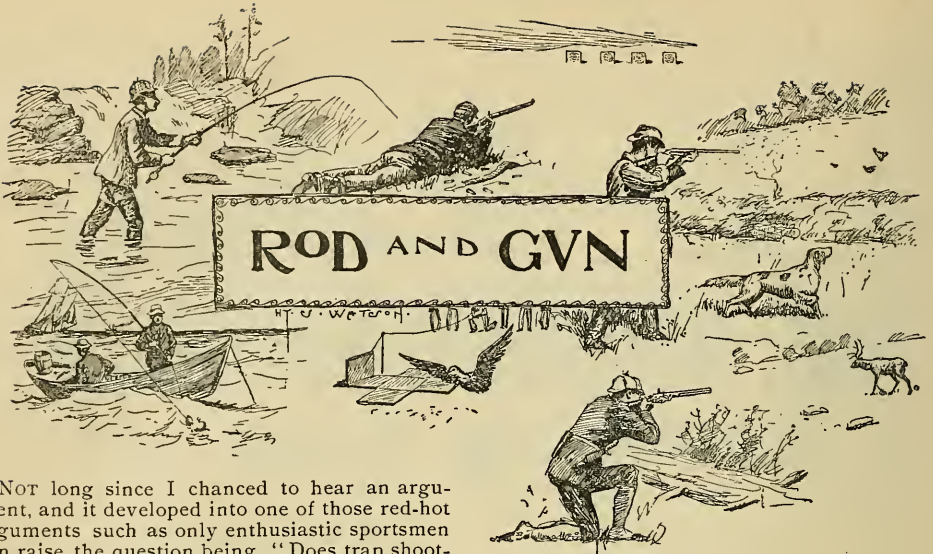
J. A. Archibald, of Buffalo, beat J. B. Bowman 5-7, 6-4, 11-9, 6-4.

The climate of California is exceedingly favorable for tennis, and the season there is almost endless. An interclub league was formed recently, including the leading clubs of the Pacific Coast. In the list of fixtures is found an event for December 5, between the California and East Oakland clubs. Eastern players may well envy their compeers on the Western slope who are fortunate in having facilities for tennis playing during the Christmas holidays.

The singles handicap held at Saratoga in September was won by E. Potter (one-half 30 and two bisques). He defeated W. Meehan (scratch) in the final round, 7-5, 6-4, 6-3. Potter is fourteen years old and shows excellent qualities. Harry Lillywhite was referee and handicapper.

The annual fall tournaments held at the universities, colleges and preparatory schools were remarkable this year for their large entry list and the interest they aroused among college men. This interest is naturally local and the events themselves are classified among club tournaments. Yet their real importance is generally underestimated. With but few exceptions all of our leading tennis players are, or have been, college men, and usually their first ambition for tennis honors is excited in the annual or biennial college tournaments. It is an indication, and even an assurance, of the future stability of the game when we find a full list of entries at these collegiate events. The Harvard tournament, which was won by Mr. Hoppin, '93, had no less than sixty-four entries, and Harvard has always been a famous breeding ground for the tennis turf.

F. A. KELLOGG.



NOT long since I chanced to hear an argument, and it developed into one of those red-hot arguments such as only enthusiastic sportsmen can raise, the question being, "Does trap shooting at artificial targets improve field shooting?" He of trap fame maintained that artificial target shooting was simply practice, that practice made perfect, and that the more a man practiced the better he would shoot as a natural result. The field shot asserted stoutly that artificial targets were no good, that shooting at them positively injured one's field shooting.

Now, as is generally the case in arguments of this nature, each man was partly right and partly wrong. Practice, if wisely directed, should, if not make perfect, certainly improve one's shooting. But it does not necessarily follow that to practice at artificial targets is the best thing, or even a good thing, for one's field shooting. The alleged "knack" of scoring straight strings of artificials is simply the knack of shooting quick and shooting straight under known conditions. But, while a person might naturally think that such shooting would give good results, no matter what the objects shot at might be, the expert trap shot is frequently a very poor performer in the field. In other words, when he comes to shooting at live targets and under field conditions, when the distance of rise, direction, speed of flight, etc., of the object aimed at vary with every shot, he is baffled. He has perfected himself in performing a machine-like movement while standing firmly braced in a certain position. To break fifty targets in succession a man must move like a machine. Every bird is released the same distance from him; there is nothing to interfere with a clear view; his practice has made him perfectly familiar with the manner of flight and the probable speed of it, and the instant the trap springs he knows just where to swing his gun.

The target is a mechanical contrivance and must fly in a prearranged direction, and will perform the flight just so fast and just so far unless some accident interferes. The man stands in the most favorable position, holds his gun in the most favorable position and fires when the target is at the distance where his gun makes the best pattern. When he can so control his nerves and muscles as to perform the few needful movements with machine-like reg-

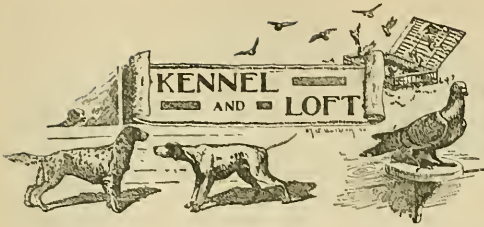
ularity many times in succession he can rank as an expert trap shot. The things most likely to trouble him are the excitement of an actual contest, with money or trophy at stake, and the frequently too audible remarks of competitors and spectators. When he can so steel himself that anxiety about the result or the sound of a friend's voice offering a bet on his performance will not make his nerves quiver or even distract his attention from the work in hand—in fine, when he can make a machine out of himself—he can make wonderful scores at artificial targets.

In the field he misses all the familiar conditions and frequently also misses the birds. He cannot set himself in his favorite attitude, and his machine-like, snappy movement of the gun is impossible and would not yield good results could he perform it. Shots are offered at all distances and under all sorts of novel conditions. One bird shows for a moment almost at the extreme range of his gun, and demands an instantaneous calculation in regard to its probable distance and speed of flight. The next may spring within a few feet of him and demand another calculation and a delay until it gets far enough away. These are new features to the trap shot, and unless he be one of those who learned shooting in the field before turning to the traps he will perform poorly. The characteristic of the good field shot is his ready adaptability to circumstances and his power to instantly vary his motion and favorite method to meet unexpected conditions; that of the expert trap shot is the ability to perform certain set movements with unfailing regularity and precision under known conditions. ED. W. SANDYS.

* *

AN interesting performance to sportsmen is credited to E. D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J., during the Manufacturers and Dealers' Association tournament at Knoxville, Tenn. Shooting under expert rules, with a twelve-gauge Parker gun, he scored a string of forty-five Keystone targets without missing. This is the longest straight string scored under the expert handicap.

KENNEL NOTES.



KENNEL.

JUDGING from reports received, game of all kinds has been very plentiful throughout the Canadian Northwest. Grouse especially appear to have been more numerous than usual, and excellent sport has been enjoyed. The Manitoba Field Trial Club's trials, held this year near Morris, Man., were a marked success and perfectly satisfactory in every way in spite of paucity of entries. A well-known name, that of Thos. Johnson, did not appear in the list of owners represented in the trials, and I believe Mr. Johnson absented himself for what he considered reasons good. If I am rightly informed a disagreement accounted for his absence. While it seems a pity that his kennel was not represented, I have neither the desire nor intention to meddle with matters which can be best settled by the parties most interested. Differences of opinion are bound to arise more or less frequently in every live club, and I only hope, that the "ruffle," if one exists, may be smoothly ironed out in due course, and the Manitoba brethren be found working shoulder to shoulder to achieve a still greater success in the season of 1892.

A difficulty connected with the recent trials was the wildness of the birds—"chickens"—and, I presume, the majority of them sharp-tailed grouse. Any number of them were found, but comparatively few would lie well enough to the dogs to admit of first-class work by the contestants. This trouble might be avoided by holding the trials a bit earlier in the season, which may possibly be done in the future.

Among important fall field trials run in November were the inaugural events of the United States Field Trial Club at Bicknell, Ind., on November 2. The International Field Trial Club's second annual trials, run November 10, near Chatham, Ont.; the Eastern Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials at High Point, N. C., where the Members' Stake was run on November 12 and the Open Stakes, November 16. All of these promised and scored unqualified successes. Private advices from Chatham inform me that quail were abundant and the enthusiasm over the trials widespread.

What constitutes a field trial record is the rock upon which the American Kennel Club and the Philadelphia Kennel Club have parted—it is to be hoped only temporarily. Clearly some limit should be placed on what is a trial, and most breeders will, we imagine, take the view of the American K. C. The proposal to widen the term might work both ways, and if members' stakes at field trials are to be recognized it will be equally proper at specialty club bench shows to have members' classes ranking as equal to open classes at New York or other first-class shows. The parallel holds. JAMES WATSON.

MR. ANDREW MURDOCH, the vice-president of the Hamilton K. C., has purchased the Irish terrier bitch Rugby Norah from Mrs. N. Carthew, of Hertford, England. *Stock-keeper* (England) says: "Through her parents, Rugby Mike and Rugby Sligo, she combines the blood of champions Pagan II. and Bachelor."

MR. FRANK DOLE'S Queen Adelaide, recently imported, after whelping in good shape, lost the entire litter with the exception of one. As she was bred to the celebrated bulldog King Lud the loss is heavy. Mr. Dole is more fortunate, however, in the dachshund bitch Janet, which he bought for Mr. Mannice, she having whelped seven fine ones by the crack dachshund of England, Pterodactyl. Mr. Dole has purchased the bull terrier Ben Battle, that won third at Toronto show, from Mr. Wright. It is whispered that Ben may find his home in California before long. He has also sold Edgewood Fancy to Mr. Wright.

THE New Jersey Kennel Club at a recent meeting decided to hold a dog show, and claimed the dates February 16 to 19, 1892.

DR. BENISON has sold his noted bulldog Forcepts to Mr. Weston Bell.

THE Chestnut Hill Kennels have a good litter of collies out of Maybell by Christopher. Mr. Jarrett, the kennel manager, is justly proud of two of this litter. Roslyn Dolly, who won first at New York last year, has done well by her family, by Gladdie, sire of Sefton Hero and Kinton Diamond.

MR. HOWARD, of Montreal, has bought the deaf bull terrier White Wonder. Someone has announced that a pea was taken out of his ear, and that he now hears. The story is badly told; and it must have been a split pea, half in each ear, for he was stone deaf in both at Boston.

THE world's fair dog show will be held about June 12, 1893. Entries will close last of May. The dogs will be the first occupants of the buildings, which are 50 by 300 feet. !

THE A. K. C. has issued a breeder's certificate which is intended as a protection to purchasers of dogs and a means of identification.

A SANITARIUM has been established near London under the direction of the celebrated English "vet.," Dr. Sewell. There are separate wards for each dog disease, a surgical operation room, dissecting room, bathroom, kitchen and separate exercising grounds for each division of the institution.

MR. REICK has purchased the stud dog Refuge II. from Mr. Robson, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England. He is by Plinlimmon out of Recluse, and was whelped April, 1886. This, added to Mr. Reick's recent importations, Young Keeper and Princess Florence, with Kingston Regent and Marquis of Ripon to back them, makes a strong kennel of St. Bernards.

THE New England Kennel Club will lodge a protest with the A. K. C. against the New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club, of Albany (N. Y.), for adopting a designation which they fancy conflicts with theirs. The protest will undoubtedly fail.

MR. H. BOWS, Salt Lake City, Utah, has purchased the St. Bernard bitch Lady Rosse from Mr. H. O. Milnes.

OUTING FOR DECEMBER.

LOFT.

THE season for flying has heretofore closed with September; indeed, work done in October has always been characterized as late and considered wonderful. This year, however, it promises to continue almost to the close of the year, and for distances that can be covered in fair speed in four or five hours there is no reason why it should not, as for such journeys the birds can be shipped the evening before the start, when the atmospheric conditions of the morrow can almost be determined and the birds thus be saved the long waits that are trying alike to the patience of the owner and the condition of the birds. It was this consideration that made 100 miles the minimum distance in the *Clipper* and *Queen* competitions.

The *Clipper* leg band has excited more interest than has been known in any autumn since 1887, but the unsettled weather during the last weeks of September and the first of October kept the majority of the birds entered for it at home, and wisely so, as shown by the lack of speed and the losses of those liberated.

The Bellevue Club of Philadelphia made the most determined effort. The result in the club race from Odenton, 100 miles, was Mahler's Bullion, 998 yards, and Skelton's Belmont, 994 yards. By the dates of the schedule the 200-miles race should have been flown the week following, but at a special meeting it was decided to postpone this until after the "Line storm," and meantime each member should send his birds to try again from the same station, thus giving the club more bobs at the cherry.

These two prizes closed with November, but with the speed attained during the last week in October operations were practically suspended.

The competition for the *Clipper* opened with the birds of James Stafford, Fall River, in the lead for the journey from Bridgeport, 110 miles, for the average speed of 719 yards per minute, only to be lost next day to Keil, of Harry J. Williams, of Providence, for the fly from the Pulitzer Building, New York, 157 miles in 1,044 yards per minute. This lead was maintained through nearly a month, although there was repeated trial against it, when, on October 14, Horace, of Harry G. Thurston, Fall River, made 1,119 yards per minute from the start in Bridgeport.

For a week the honors remained in Fall River, then Copper King, of J. O'Neill, Providence, called them home with the speed of 1,209 yards per minute, and over the same course.

A later trial was between the Thurston birds to gain the lost hold, four lofts of Providence to gain the honors and the O'Neill loft to keep them. This race, flown October 24, was very curious, in the result embodying many experiences.

The birds of each loft were to be liberated separately and with fifteen minutes between each start, the order being decided before the entry closed. The result was:

Owner.	Start. H. M.	Time Out. Min.	Yds. per Min.
W. Clancy	10.00	No birds timed.	
C. Gregson	10.15	214	858
J. Clancy	10.30	106	936
J. Makin	10.45	177	1,027
J. O'Neill	11.00	132	1,374
H. G. Thurston	11.15	160	1,237

The difference in the speed to each loft was

not due to a difference in the quality of the birds, but to the change meantime in the atmospheric conditions. The distance for the Providence lofts was 103 miles; to Fall River, 111.

The O'Neill bird of the second journey is A. A. Fowle, and, at this writing, has not only the lead, but holds the record for speed from the distance for autumn flying and for the second best in autumn flying from any distance.

The companion prize, the *Queen* ankle, was limited to hens, and although the trials were quite as many as for the *Clipper* there were only two speeds recorded.

Maggie, of W. H. Hillebrecht, Jr., Pittsburgh, was the first to have a hold, the speed, 827 yards, with which it was first claimed from 165 miles, being increased to 958 yards, made in the journey from Springfield, Ohio, 205 miles, in the second trial. The last remained unchanged until October 20, when Miss Liberty of the O'Neill loft, Providence, made the journey from Bridgeport in 1,209 yards per minute, and the next Saturday over the same course increased this to 1,374 yards.

Pigeon fanciers are beginning to understand that a bird's ability or lack of it is not to be judged by precedent, but "the first shall be last and the last shall be first" comes nearer to the expressions of experience; that condition and accidents by the way, rather than the bird's ability or will to do, are the governing powers. An instance of this was in the last journey of the Pittsburgh birds, that from Greenfield, Ind., 310 miles. The entry was eight birds, six of which, judging from past performances, would do well, and two, Queisser and Daysy, that might come in late but would probably stay out. Queisser was well bred, but in the Springfield start for the 200-miles journey he declined to go away and at evening was caught and sent home by express. Daysy made the journey by air line, but was a very long time about it. The start from Greenfield was Sunday morning. There were no returns at evening, but early Monday six returned together, and with Queisser and Daysy the first to enter the loft.

The tournament for the prizes offered for record flying which have characterized the season of 1891 has done more to increase the interest for and in the sport than all else combined. The repeated trials under different atmospheric conditions have led to a better understanding of the traveling pigeon and of the conditions for speed in aerial navigation.

Several important transfers from the Royal Blue Line lofts at Woodbury, N. J., mean more for the sport than that the birds have been sold, and another season will show new centres for record making, notably at Colmar, Pa., with the Cloverdell Stock Farm the home; at South Manchester, Conn., by the birds of R. L. Collins & Son and at New Brunswick, N. J., to the lofts of Robert Adrian.

"Montgomery," registered 1,258, has gone from the loft of J. R. Husson, New York city, to that of Henry G. Thurston, Fall River. It was flown but once, and that in September, 1885, from Montgomery, Ala., to Fall River, 1,054 miles, the greatest distance covered by a homing pigeon, a record as yet unbroken. While at the American Institute Fair in December, 1885, it was sold to Mr. Husson, in whose loft it has since remained. E. S. STARR.



EQUESTRIANISM.

WITH the American Pony Racing Association an assured success and a permanent organization, and with the rapid increase in hunt-club and other amateur race meetings, the necessity has arisen for more comprehensive and stringent rules to govern such affairs. No branch of amateur sport can afford to permit professionalism to creep into it, as it certainly will into amateur racing unless prompt measures are taken to prevent it. There is much to be said in favor of a national steeplechasing association, somewhat after the English model, but with a few differences. I would recommend that such an institution should be governed by a board of control, as in our regular racing association, and have the power of awarding and cancelling licences to gentlemen riders. Such a course, if due caution were exercised in the distribution of licences, would insure real amateurs against riding in races with professional jockeys or stable boys from the race track who are regular jockeys in everything but name.

By the way, while on the subject of steeplechasing, why not have more real steeplechasing? Pony races are all very well and gymkhanas very amusing, but are we not overdoing the 14-hand business a little? Everyone cannot play polo, and who wants to keep a lot of little 14-hand screws for the mere pleasure of racing them three or four times a year? Real steeplechasing will develop our hunters and give us an improved strain of thoroughbreds, and we will have grand sport in the meantime.

By the time this number of *OUTING* is on the news stands the seventh annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of America will have become a thing of the past. Judging from the entries, both as to quantity and quality, it will excel last year's show in the same proportion that each year's has excelled its predecessor since the first exhibition. As an institution its popularity has increased immensely, and some idea of the hold which it has taken upon society may be obtained from the fact that the private boxes alone this year brought \$40,000 at public sale.

The Richmond County Hunt Club of Staten Island is very popular, and its runs so far have been productive of very good sport indeed. Among those who are frequently seen in the

field are Miss Maud Bonner, Mr. Bryce Whyte, Mr. Adolph Outerbridge, Dr. Van der Poole, Mr. Emil de Yonge and Mr. Charles D. Freeman, M. F. H.

The Country Club of Philadelphia cannot hold a horse show like the one which takes place at the Madison Square Garden each year, but it can and did, on October 31, hold an out of door show which was in every way a credit to the club and to the horse lovers of Philadelphia. Among the more prominent winners were Mr. A. J. Cassatt, Mr. Mitchell Harrison, Mr. Edward Morrell and Mr. Mercer Biddle. Mr. Cassatt obtained the lion's share of the blue ribbons, and the horsemanship of his daughter, Miss Kathryn Cassatt, in handling a tandem, was very much admired.

Coaching is very delightful sport at this time of the year, and it is no wonder that the coaching clubs of New York and Philadelphia are in a prosperous condition; and now that a club is talked of in Boston we may look for their formation in other cities as well. Why not a national coaching association, which could hold a grand parade in New York, or Newport, or whatever place might be most convenient?

Saturday, October 24, was a great day for steeplechasing, as both the meetings of the Boston Country Club and the Radnor Hunt Club occurred on that day. The latter meeting was productive of much the better sport, but at least one of the Boston events was extremely interesting. I refer to the match steeplechase of two miles and a half, between Independence and Welshel. The race was closely contested and resulted in a win for Independence.

At Radnor the Members' Cup was won by Lemuel C. Altemus' Alfonso, and the Radnor Stakes, the most interesting event of the day, went to Mr. B. F. Clyde's Miss Gough. The last event was the Hunters' Cup, a leaping competition, and Juno, the winner, who is owned by Mr. Mitchell Harrison, will probably be heard from at the New York horse show.

The pony races of the Hempstead Farm Racing Association were run off at Meadowbrook on October 10. The first race, a scramble of 300 yards for ponies 14.2 and under, was won by Talamah Stable's gr. g. Chieftain, ridden by Mr. Pelham and followed in by Mr. George Whitlock's blk. g. The Crow, ridden by Mr. Foxhall Keene. The second race, the Jackpot Stakes,

a handicap sweepstakes of $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile for horses 15 hands and under, was won by Mr. W. C. Hayes' ch. c. Carteret, owner up, with Mr. John Duryea's br. g. Lorillard, ridden by Mr. Rhodes, second. The third race, the Junior Champion Stakes of three-quarters of a mile, for ponies 14.1, was won by Mr. Arthur White's ch. f. Pocahontas, ridden by Mr. Hayes; Polo Ranch Stable's g. g. Champa, ridden by Hogan, second. The fourth race, the Hempstead Hurdle Plate for horses and ponies of 15 hands or under, 2 miles, over eight hurdles, was won by Talamah Stable's Roulette, ridden by Mr. Hewett, with Mr. Harbord's ch. m. Nina, ridden by Mr. Hayes, as runner up. The last race on the programme, the Meadowbrook Cup, a steeplechase for registered and qualified hunters, of 5 miles, the first four over fair hunting country, was won by R. S. Palmer's br. g. Kismet, ridden by Rowan, defeating Mr. George Stonebridge's br. m. Topsy.

If it were possible for a horse to show injury as quickly as a man makes known his ailments, the future career of a valuable animal would sometimes be saved. The ponies in polo, for instance, become so excited, perhaps by their riders urging them, that not until after a game is through will an animal show where he has been hurt. It may have received injury during the first part of play and borne with the strained muscle or ligament until given a chance to be quiet, when resumed action would display the hurt. It probably is almost impossible for a rider to detect injury to his animal in a polo game if the play is at all fast.

ALFRED STODDART.

ANSWERS TO OUTING CORRESPONDENTS.

Robert Erskine Rose, Los Angeles, Cal.—The article you mention on California quail was unavoidably crowded out, but will appear in February or March.

F. Walter Bachelder, Holyoke, Mass.—The Intercollegiate Football Official Rules are published by A. G. Spalding & Brothers, 241 Broadway, New York city.

Frank C. Robinson, Pasadena, Cal.—The following extract from the A. A. U. definition of an amateur contains an answer to your question: "An amateur is one who has not entered in an open competition; or for either a stake, public or admission money, or entrance fee; or under a fictitious name; or has not competed with or against a professional for any prize, or where admission fee is charged."

James B. Northrop, Denver, Col.—We have inquired concerning the "Ideal Handbook" and find that a new edition has been published by the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn.

James McV., Chillicothe, Ohio.—The Kennel Club register is republished in volumes. Volume VIII. was completed on December 31 last. If you will refer to OUTING for February, 1890, you will find an article devoted to the setter; and much information on the pointer is contained in "Borderer's" article "Our Four-Footed Friends" in OUTING for November, 1889, and in Mr. Morris' articles on field trial winners in OUTING for October and November last.

Louis E. Crandall, Beloit, Wis.—There is no weekly kennel register published in America,

but you will in all probability find the information you want in *Forest and Stream*, or *Turf, Field and Farm*, of New York; the *Fanciers' Journal*, of Philadelphia, or the *American Field*, of Chicago.

W. D., Rochester, N. Y.—It is so. Mr. E. C. Willard, while in America, refused to appear before the curtain in response to recalls. Instead when the curtain rose the audience saw him in the same pose as when it dropped, half smiling his appreciation. He gives as a reason for this that an actor should be seen on the stage only as an actor and in the part he plays. When he steps in front of the curtain, bowing and smiling or addressing the audience, he is part actor, part citizen, and consequently wholly neither. This opinion of Mr. Willard's has been provocative of much discussion, many agreeing with him and about as many taking the opposite side of the argument.

John M. Taylor, St. Augustine, Fla.—Several winter coaches run from London: One to Oatlands Park, one to Hampton Court and two to St. Albans. The first of these, the Old Times, driven by Mr. T. Harveyson, leaves Northumberland avenue at 11 A. M., and passing Kingston Vale, Hampton Court, Hurst Park and Walton, Oatlands Park is reached at 1 P. M., and after a two hours' stop there it gets back to town at 5 P. M. The Vivid, driven by Arthur Fownes, leaves the Hotel Métropole at 11:30 A. M., and goes to Hampton Court by way of East Sheen and Richmond, reaching there at 1:20 P. M., and getting back to London at 6:15 P. M. The Defiance, driven by a brother of Arthur Fownes, leaves the Hotel Métropole also at 10:45 A. M., and traveling by way of Hendon, Stanmore and Watford, reaches St. Albans at 1:45 P. M., and makes the Hotel Métropole on its return trip at 5:45 P. M., which only allows a stop at St. Albans of an hour and a quarter. The fourth London coach, the Wonder, driven by Mr. Rumney, also runs between London and St. Albans.

S. S. South, New Orleans.—Michigan salt comes from briny water taken from wells, located, strange to say, near to the shores of the great freshwater lakes. The brine is evaporated by the sun, by hot air or steam pipes (the last two being, of course, more expensive than merely placing the water in the sun to dry out). The residue is the domestic salt in crystals, but it takes 500 gallons of ocean water to make a bushel and 60 gallons of the Michigan well water. The more rapid the evaporation the finer the crystals and the better the salt. Sun evaporation is the slowest, producing the larger crystals, which have to be crushed, the disadvantage of this being that crushed crystals pack into lumps. Bed salt is still a finer grade, made as follows: The deposit is found in a rock state deep in the earth. Pure water is let into it. The rock dissolves. The water is made to flow to the surface and the evaporation process leaves the deposits as crystals. Of this liquid 22 gallons produce a bushel. The principal industries are in Michigan and in New York State (Warsaw, bed salt—Syracuse, brine). But Michigan, in this as in many other commodities, leads the country. Its production reaches 4,000,000 barrels annually, equal to nearly 11,000 barrels for every day in the year.

Outing Monthly Record.

THE pine logs will lighten up many an old open fireplace and the merriment of the Yuletide be running high when this holiday number of OUTING shall reach our readers. For them "the icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind" will have no terror, for he who, fond of gentle sport and pastime, fosters healthful recreations carries within him always the merry cheer and casts about him ever the shadow of a happy soul.

The white-clad mountains invite to the sport of a snowshoe walk, the denuded forests to the joys of the chase, the ice-locked rivers and lakes to a run on skates or winter's craft upon its silver-liveried cover and to a dive below for the game that feels itself securely housed for many a month. There is in brief no barrier to the merriment of him who follows OUTING's steps. To him the ice-bound months are "a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly," and each season brings in turn so much of sport that "who lives to nature rarely can be poor" is very truth.

And those even who live only in the memory of pleasures past the pine-log fire doth invite to a recital of the merry sport that once was theirs, and so "when winter's time-bleached locks do hoary show" those sons of Nimrod, no longer able to break the speed of the antelope or to ensnare the wily deer, draw lustily of the cup of joy which in the long ago they ran brimful in forest and afield, on lakes and streams, and the remembrance of which giveth cheer not only unto them, but those just waxing hot for the chase.

Beside all who delight in such recital at the fireside OUTING covets a place. Enlarged by sixteen pages of reading matter, most of which tell of experiences rare in the wilds of the plain, the depths of the forest, or our rare-climbed mountain sides, may these richly-freighted pages of the holiday-attired January number add abundantly to the cheer of the Yuletide at the hearthstone of every reader of OUTING. And with these Christmas greetings our wish is unto all casting about them the wholesome influence of OUTING that 1892 may be unto them a sweet cup, brimful of cheer—in short, a blissful year.

J. H. WORMAN, Editor in Chief.

OUTING for 1892 will continue on the plane made for it in the January number. The staff of artists has been enlarged and the editorial list of writers strengthened, so that in each specific field of amateur sport OUTING will speak with its wonted authority. The "Record" pages will again have the direct supervision of Malcolm W. Ford, whose name is now only associated with OUTING. The complete story, which has become a feature of OUTING, will be invariably adhered to. Serials of a character worthy to succeed "Saddle and Sentiment" will be introduced when this great story of the turf shall have run its course.

Attractive to lady readers will prove the department of sports afield, to be conducted by Pauline E. Johnson, whose contributions to OUTING need no indorsement here, and the department of amateur photography for ladies, to be conducted by Catharine Weed Barnes, who enjoys the distinction of being first among the notabilities in amateur photography.

A series of valuable papers on yachting by Mr. George A. Stewart, the worthy successor of the much lamented Burgess; a symposium on college rowing, three articles tracing the history of the American turf by Mr. F. Trevelyan; regular papers and editorials by Walter Camp, Chase Mellen, Malcolm W. Ford and others of like repute and authority on athletics and college sports; a series of exceedingly interesting articles on cycling in the by-paths of this world, besides a number of stories from President Bates and Dr. Stokes; numerous papers, besides regular editorials on photography, articles on fencing and on the sword in sport, the games and sports of Japan, Mexico and Spain; on hunting experiences in India, Ceylon, South America and Africa; adventures in camp on the plains and the field of battle; besides regular articles on fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, cricket, tennis and the National Guard will make OUTING for 1892 in very deed a complete library of athletics, pastimes and sports afield. May we not hope that each regular OUTING reader will add another to the list, so that OUTING shall close the year 1892 with even brighter prospects and a broader scope?

THE tennis world is called upon to mourn a heavy loss. In this country no one has given more enthusiastic support to lawn tennis than the great sporting goods manufacturers, Messrs. Wright & Ditson, of Boston, Mass., and it is therefore with a heavy heart that the official organ of the U. S. L. T. A. records here the death of Henry Ditson, the junior member of the much esteemed concern of Wright & Ditson.

It was our good fortune to know Henry Ditson. A New Englander of the best blood by descent, he was a man of his convictions, quick of speech and frank to a fault. An intensely shrewd bargainer in business, he proved none the less a most genial associate out of business. An enthusiast in any cause that gained his support, he became a most generous devotee to the gentle sport of tennis.

No tennis player of any note but was a friend of "Harry Ditson," as he was familiarly called. At all the leading tournaments he was present, and gave encouragement and material assistance whenever and wherever needed. Two years ago last summer, and again last year, he went to England seeking the co-operation of the crack tennis players of Great Britain for an international tourney, and he and his partner would have furnished funds to almost any amount to carry this scheme successfully had the English tennis players consented to come. We were in London while these negotiations were pending. Up to that time we had known him only as a business man. Then his social qualities came to the surface, and we learned to know Henry Ditson as an enthusiast for tennis far beyond the pale of selfishness.

It is cause for gratulation that his life was bound up so intimately with George Wright, the "veteran" baseball and cricket player, for he, having been under the enthusiastic spell of his late partner, will surely see to it that the cause of tennis shall not suffer.



THE promising new developing agent, hydrochlorate of para-amidophenol, of which we have spoken in these columns on two or three occasions—is growing in popularity and its excellent qualities are being every day more widely recognized. As a result of the latest experiments with this developer the following formula has been obtained, which I gladly give to the readers of OUTING:

Dissolve in 2 quarts of distilled or rain water, which has been heated to about 150° Fahr., 1¼ ounce (480 grains) of granulated sulphite of sodium; then add 2 drams of para-amidophenol hydrochlorate, and finally 1¼ ounce of granulated carbonate of sodium. Filter, and put up in well-stoppered bottles. This developer will keep indefinitely if ordinary caution is used, and may be repeatedly employed in developing.

As the use of this excellent developer increases the price of para-amidophenol decreases, as we predicted. Whereas formerly we were compelled to pay 25 cents for only 16 grains of this agent, a half ounce may now be obtained for only \$1. Should para-amidophenol be as generally adopted and enjoy as great a popularity as hydrochinon and eikonogen did in their time—and there is no reason why it should not—it is reasonable to suppose that its price will become even lower than those developing agents which are now passing out of use.

A movement has been started in England and America to raise a substantial fund for the benefit of the discoverer of the gelatine-bromide process, who is now seventy years old and in great want. To Dr. Robert Leach Maddox is due the credit of the discovery of our modern dry-plate process. Others perfected the method which he first gave to the public, but he is undoubtedly deserving of the greatest honor and gratitude. Without doubt many of our readers who are enjoying their work with the camera, without knowing to whom their gratitude for the discovery of the dry plate is due, will feel interested enough in this movement to contribute to the fund now being raised. To all such we extend a cordial invitation, and will gladly receive at this office and acknowledge in this column any and all contributions which are sent in. Already about \$1,000 has been raised, though the circulars describing the movement have not as yet been issued.

From time to time we have recorded the names of eminent personages who have become interested in photography. The latest of these is no less a person than the German Empress. During her trip last summer she conceived a fancy for photographing some of the prettiest places which she saw, and now she has become so infatuated with the gentle art that she takes a camera with her wherever she goes, and is said to spend half of her royal time in the dark room. She is herself an excellent subject, as the photographer who recently made her portrait can

testify. He found her very gracious and agreeable, and had no trouble whatever in obtaining the particular poses which he desired. Her husband, the Emperor, however, has caused photographers and dealers in photographs a good deal of vexation, for by changing his appearance twice within a short time of late he has on two occasions thrown out of the market a great many photographic portraits of himself which were in stock, but he is so good a sitter that photographers can forgive the seeming fickleness which caused him first to grow a beard and then within a few months to do away with it.

Last month we spoke of the latest hand cameras which have been devised and manufactured. We have now to note a more ingenious contrivance for photographing by hand than has yet been put upon the market. Its appearance is truly deceiving. No one would suspect for a moment a lens and dry plate (or film) lay concealed in the harmless-looking books which compose the camera. Its outward appearance is exactly that of three books in a strap, and the imitation is so perfect that even those familiar with the various hand and so-called "detective" cameras have been deceived by it.

Photography has at last been accorded a department by itself at the world's fair. It will be classed as No. 821, grade 147 of the Department of Liberal Arts, and provision has been made by the chief of that department for the exhibition of the specimens of every amateur and professional in the country if they so desire. They should be directed to Mr. Edward H. Peabody, Chief of the Department of Liberal Arts of the World's Fair, Chicago, and classified in accordance with the numbers which we have given.

One of the suggestions which was made in OUTING many months ago seems to have been taken up in different quarters and is being put into practice; that as to the use of the camera at home, especially in photographing interiors. Besides the pleasure to be derived from making photographs of familiar rooms in one's home and thus keeping a record of changes in arrangement, etc., which are made from time to time, what a source of pleasure such photographs may be to absent members of the household! I think the time is coming when a photographic apparatus will become an important part of every household's general furniture. Its use will certainly be attended with a great deal of pleasure, and as time goes on photographs made with it will become more and more valuable until they are invaluable. W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

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FOREIGN photographic journals are paying a good deal of attention to the subject of collodion-chloride printing paper, and Mr. Walter E. Woodbury has given in *Photography* a detailed description of this paper, in which he says that it is gradually but surely superseding albumen for the basis, as it were; to contain the silver salts used in positive printing is becoming more and more apparent. The advantages of collodion over albumen are manifold, and the whole process of preparing the paper, printing, toning, to the finished point are much simpler details, giving better and more permanent results. One of the chief reasons of its simplicity lies in the preparation of the paper. In the preparation of albumenized paper, sensitizing, etc., several operations are necessary, with collodion only one.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY FOR WOMEN.

THOSE who have given careful attention to photographic affairs cannot fail to have noticed how greatly women are becoming interested in them—interested, I mean, in the sense of actually taking hold of the work and accomplishing something that is really valuable. Photography—beyond its interest as a fascinating recreation—has positive educational worth in more ways than can readily be mentioned, so various and widespread are they and so constantly increasing. Any woman, in whatever path of life, who has gone deeply into the work and tasted the keen enjoyment of feeling she has gained, never will allow it to be considered in an undignified light. That which has enabled her to constantly see a succession of new pictures along what she supposed was a familiar path, and has opened her eyes to the ever-shifting panorama about her in city street, on a journey or even in the home circle, cannot but call upon her to pay her debt by giving others some of the delight that she has enjoyed. Painting alone does not do this, and where one woman becomes a successful painter a dozen can make good photographs; but to accomplish it they must do much individual thinking and actual labor. Let a woman pass through an exhibition of landscape paintings, for instance, and she is not nearly so likely to carry away a good conception of the pictures as if she had tramped over the ground with a camera, under divers difficulties it may be, developed her plates and made the prints. Besides the pictorial record being a true one she generally gets considerable side information impossible to detail and discovers within a narrow radius of her own home beauties hitherto unknown to her.

"I had no idea," was said to me once by a friend, "that there were such pretty places near my home until you had photographed them." Women who live among beautiful scenery or picturesque surroundings, can find no more worthy and helpful recreation than making a record of them. If it were desirable to earn money, what more pleasant way of doing it, and such views would command a sale. When I see the kind of pictures often sold at various points of travel in my journeys it has seemed as if some apostle of good taste ought to arise in the educational interests of the traveling public, as not one photographer in fifty has any idea of a correct point of view. One woman writes me that she lives 40 miles from a railroad, among the mountains. Many a city worker would be glad of her opportunities.

From widely-separated parts of the country come requests from women for advice and it will be my pleasant duty to answer them in this department of OUTING. It is intended to be for them a means of help and encouragement in this work of photography and whatever experience has taught and is teaching the editor is at their disposal. There is no reason in the world why women should not be able to explore the innermost secrets of this art-science, become expert chemists and mechanics as well as artists and designers. Let them turn all the patience taught by their training in household detail to account and let the new occupation teach them to be systematic. The average

woman is too much given to confounding over-carefulness in petty details with system, and they are radically different. She must learn that a broad, far-seeing judgment is not incompatible with close attention to details, and she must learn to decide quickly but at the same time carefully. Where the slightest mistake in combining certain chemicals is likely to cause a serious accident a woman will learn to be clear headed, ready to act quietly but firmly in emergencies, and what she thus learns gives her readiness of resource joined to the habit of utilizing for practical purposes every unusual experience and thus prove to her a real mental and moral helper. Photography is elevating work when one gets beyond considering it as a kind of sleight-of-hand performance, and it is confidently hoped that this department will prove to many a new source of strength and encouragement in mental improvement. No effort will be spared to make it so, the results of actual experience and earnest thought will be given, and it is for women to take full advantage of the generous and liberal position assumed by this magazine and realize the opportunity offered them. They will find sympathy and considerate criticism in their efforts and all communications will receive careful attention.

There is much misunderstanding on the subject of camera work, its expense, requirements, etc., which it is hoped may be partly cleared away by opening this new channel of communication with the great army of camera workers. Photography, with its many arms, is reaching out in all directions in the earth and even into the arcana of the heavens, and no one can foresee all the possibilities of its future. It is the part of wisdom not to decry or seek to laugh it down, but recognize in some measure all it can be made to mean, and become as a new teacher in the intellectual advancement of woman and, through her, affect everything she influences, which is to say the world at large. That influence might better be for good than evil, and anything and everything which can tend to strengthen her mental grasp and judgment should be gladly welcomed by her. She possesses, inherent in her organization, a wonderful power for hard work, but it needs to be guided so as to utilize and not waste its strength. She will find in photography an ever-widening field of interest, useful as well as pleasant to others besides herself, and in which she can hardly fail to gain a deeper reverence for what the brain of man can accomplish, still more for the Power which created both that brain and the mighty forces of nature which it is able to guide at will. The world moves, and as long as those forces operate new means will be found by man's fertile brain to utilize them, and I firmly believe that in photography is latent a world of useful agencies which women should make it their duty to bring to light. It rests with them to improve their opportunities.

CATHARINE WEED BARNES.

FIELD excursions are among the pleasantest and, for practical purposes, the most profitable of the methods of developing ability. A very pleasant one was recently made by the Society of Amateur Photographers of N. Y. to Connaught, N. Y., and Dingman's Ferry.



FIXTURES.

January 17—Athletic Club of Schuylkill Navy tournament.
January 23—Indoor championship games of the A. A. U.
at Madison Square Garden, New York.

AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPION ATHLETES FOR 1891.

75-yards run*—L. H. Cary, 7 4-5s.
100-yards run—L. H. Cary, 10 1-5s.
150-yards run*—J. P. Lee, 16 2-5s.
220-yards run—L. H. Cary, 22 4-5s.
300-yards run*—W. C. Downs, 33 4-5s.
440-yards run—W. C. Downs, 51s.
600-yards run*—W. C. Dohm, 1m. 18 2-5s.
880-yards run—W. C. Dohm, 2m. 4 1-5s.
1,000-yards run*—G. R. Fearing, Jr., 2m. 22 3-5s.
1-mile run—T. P. Conneff, 4m. 30 4-5s.
2-mile run*—W. D. Day, 9m. 39 2-5s.
5-mile run—T. P. Conneff, 27m. 38 2-5s.
10-mile run—T. P. Conneff, 55m. 32 4-5s.
¾-mile walk*—W. R. Burkhardt, 5m. 3 2-5s.
1-mile walk—T. Shearman, 6m. 56 2-5s.
3-mile walk—C. L. Nicoll, 23m. 24 2-5s.
4-mile walk*—E. D. Lange, 29m. 48 4-5s.
2-mile steeplechase—W. T. Young, 10m. 50 2-5s.
120-yards hurdle, 3 ft. 6 in.—A. F. Copland, 16s.
200-yards hurdle, 3 ft. 6 in.*—F. C. Puffer, 26 3-5s.
220-yards hurdle, 2 ft. 6 in.—H. H. Morrell, 25 1-5s.
300-yards hurdle, 2 ft. 6 in.*—A. F. Copland, 38 4-5s.
Standing high jump*—S. Crook, 4 ft. 11 in.
Standing broad jump*—S. Crook, 10 ft. 8 in.
Running high jump—A. Nickerson, 5 ft. 8½ in.
Running broad jump—C. S. Reber, 22 ft. 4½.
Three standing broad jumps*—G. S. Robertson, 34 ft. 4¼ in.
Running hop, step and jump*—J. P. Connolly, 44 ft. 10 in.
Pole jump for height—T. Luce, 10 ft. 6½ in.
Pole jump for distance*—A. H. Green, 26 ft. 4½ in.
Putting 16-pound shot—G. R. Gray, 46 ft. 5¾ in.
Putting 24-pound shot*—G. R. Gray, 33 ft. 11¾ in.
Throwing 16-pound hammer—J. S. Mitchell, 136 ft. 1 in.
Throwing 56-pound weight for height*—J. S. Mitchell, 15 ft. 2 in.
Throwing 56-pound weight for distance—J. S. Mitchell, 35 ft. 3½ in.

* Events decided at the indoor championships.

Individual tug-of-war championship—C. A. J. Queckberner.

Individual all-around championship—A. A. Jordan. Individual cross-country championship—W. D. Day.

BEST AMERICAN AMATEUR ATHLETIC RECORDS.

Running.

100 yards—John Owen, Jr., 9 4-5s.
120 yards—L. E. Myers, 12s.
125 yards—C. H. Sherrill, 12 2-5s.
150 yards—C. H. Sherrill and John Owen, Jr., 14 4-5s.
200 yards—Wendell Baker, 20s.
220 yards—L. H. Cary, 21 4-5s.
250 yards—C. H. Sherrill, 25 4-5s.
300 yards—L. E. Myers, 31 3-8s.
440 yards—Wendell Baker, 47 3-4s.
600 yards—L. E. Myers and W. C. Downs, 1 m. 11 2-5s.
880 yards—W. C. Dohm, 1m. 54 1-2s.
1000 yards—L. E. Myers, 2m. 13s.
1 mile—W. G. George and T. P. Conneff, 4m. 21 2-5s.
2 miles—W. D. Day, 9m. 32 3-5s.
3 miles—W. D. Day, 14m. 39s.
4 miles—W. D. Day, 20m. 15 4-5s.
5 miles—E. C. Carter, 25m. 23 3-5s.
10 miles—W. D. Day, 52m. 38 2-5s.
15 miles—Sidney Thomas, 1h. 27m. 11 3-5s.
20 miles—J. Gassman, 2h. 13m. 5s.
25 miles—J. Gassman, 2h. 52m. 24s.

Walking.

1 mile—F. P. Murray, 6m. 29 3-5s.
2 miles—F. P. Murray, 13m. 48 3-5s.
3 miles—F. P. Murray, 21m. 9 1-5s.
4 miles—T. H. Armstrong, Jr., 29m. 40 4-5s.
5 miles—W. H. Purdy, 38m. 5-8s.
6 miles—E. E. Merrill, 45m. 28s.
7 miles—E. E. Merrill, 54m. 7s.
8 miles—J. B. Clark, 1h. 2m. 8½s.
9 miles—E. E. Merrill, 1h. 10m. 8s.
10 miles—E. E. Merrill, 1h. 17m. 40¾s.

Hurdling—2 ft. 6 in. high.

100 yards, 8 hurdles—A. F. Copland, 12 4-5s.
120 yards, 10 hurdles—A. F. Copland, 14 3-5s.
220 yards, 10 hurdles—J. P. Lee, 24 4-5s.
250 yards, 10 hurdles—G. Schwieger, 31 4-5s.
300 yards, 10 hurdles—A. P. Copland, 37 3-5s.
440 yards, 10 hurdles—P. J. Finneran, 57 2-5s.
440 yards, 20 hurdles—A. F. Copland, 1m. 9 4-5s.

ATHLETICS.

3 ft. 6 in. high.

100 yards, 8 hurdles—H. L. Williams, 13½ s.
120 yards, 10 hurdles—H. L. Williams, A. F. Copland and F. T. Ducharme, 16s.
121 yards, 10 hurdles—A. F. Copland, 16s.
100 yards, 10 hurdles—F. C. Puffer, 26 3-5s.
220 yards, 10 hurdles—J. Lafon, 34½ s.

Jumping.

Running high jump—W. B. Page, 6 ft. 4. in.
Running broad jump—C. S. Reber, 23 ft. 6½ in.
Standing high jump—Samuel Crook, 5 ft. 1½ in.
Standing broad jump—M. W. Ford, 10 ft. 9¾ in.
Three standing broad jumps—M. W. Ford, 34 ft. 4½ in.
Standing hop, step and jump—J. W. Rich, 29 ft. 11 in.
Running hop, step and jump—E. B. Bloss, 44 ft. 11½ in.

Pole jump for height—H. H. Baxter, 11 ft. 5 in.
Pole jump for distance—A. H. Green, 26 ft. 4½ in.

Weight Throwing.

Putting 16-pound shot—George R. Gray, 46 ft. 7¾ in.
Putting 21-pound shot—George R. Gray, 39 ft. 1½ in.
Putting 24-pound shot—George R. Gray, 33 ft. 11¾ in.
Throwing 16-pound hammer—J. S. Mitchell, 141 ft. 3½ in.
Throwing 21-pound hammer—C. A. J. Queck-berner, 90 ft. 3 in.
Throwing 56-pound weight for height—J. S. Mitchell, 15 ft. 2 in.
Throwing 56-pound weight for distance.—J. S. Mitchell, 34 ft. 11 in.

MALCOLM W. FORD.

BOXING.

THE success of the New York Athletic Club's boxing tournament of November 28 furnished a convincing proof of the popularity of the noble art, their immense gymnasium being packed to its utmost capacity with the better class of our sport-loving citizens; and as a means of elevating the art of boxing it was a laudable experiment, for hitherto the competitions held in this club have been mainly between so-called amateurs, who competed for money with which to purchase prizes or to devote to any other purpose they thought proper. The demands of prominent boxers of this class having become exorbitant, the directors of the club decided to dispense with them and engage in their stead professionals, or boxers who box for money without any assumption of stipulation as to the uses to which it should be devoted.

Other reputable athletic institutions would do well to follow the example of the N. Y. A. C. in this respect, with a view of forcing men who are not, in the true sense, amateurs to enter the ranks of the professionals. This will lead to the extinction of sham clubs, whose only means of subsistence has been this barnacle of sport.

Several instances occurred at the N. Y. A. C. tournament which would have promptly been suppressed in the old boxing ring, for when men then boxed they were obliged to strike with the padded portion of the boxing glove, that which pads the knuckles or back of the hand.

That palming or heeling should be again allowed is to be regretted, not only because it is inconsistent with the chivalrous application of the manly art, but because its practice requires a different attitude and style of action to those used in striking with the knuckles. The practice of hitting inhand is also a detriment to the development of ability in striking with the clenched fist.

Thirty-two years' experience in every phase of pugilistic and boxing life emphasizes the decided opinion that the enhancement and popularity of boxing depend upon its elevation, which means stripping it of all coarseness and brutality and reducing it to its primal and only justifiable basis of an amateur sport for the development of physical and mental qualities.

FENCING.

ON November 21 the team competitions for fencing with foils were held at the Central Turnverein, Sixty-seventh street. The Fencers' Club, represented by Messrs. William Scott O'Connor, Charles Tatham, A. V. Z. Post and Charles Nadal, scored the highest average of 158.77 points. The N. Y. A. C. came next, scoring 155.37. It was represented by Dr. Hammond, Messrs. Sam. T. Shaw, G. L. Day and Dr. B. F. O'Connor. The Central Turnverein followed with a score of 139.43, while the N. Y. Turnverein got only 107.37. So the Fencers' Club won the first of the three competitions gained, which will make the victorious organization possessor of the challenge cup offered by the Central Turnverein, and to be known as the Amateur Fencers' League Cup. Messrs. William Scott O'Connor and B. F. O'Connor (who competed under the colors of the N. Y. A. C., although he is one of the old members of the Fencers' Club, where he acquired the elements of his instruction for five years before joining the N. Y. A. C.) are the two leading amateurs of New York with the foils. Their superiority over the other competitors was evident. It is due to the use of the tactics which they were taught from the first of their fencing lessons, and which they understood and profited by. These tactics, which are ignored, unfortunately, by 99 per cent. of fencers, professionals included, are the syntax of the art; only the real lovers of fencing appreciate, work for, and master them. With their application, all progress is possible; otherwise, after a certain routine, acquired by long practice, the ignorant, although striving hard, improve their style but little or not at all, and are surprised at remaining at the same stage, while others distance them rapidly. The great question to be solved is the getting of a competent instructor. Messrs. Tatham, Fencers' Club, and Bothner, Central Turnverein, have remarkable qualities, but they depend a little too much upon their physical advantages.

Dr. Hammond, N. Y. A. C., who won the championship last year, possesses a splendid physique; but there is a lack of solid foundation to his learning, and he seems to have never been spoken to concerning the study of tactics.

Mr. Shaw, who won the championship two years ago, somewhat by accident, would be very much assisted by supplementary instruction from the beginning, to correct the movements of his which are too wild, and to acquire more skill in directing his point. Messrs. Haubold and W. T. Heintz, C. T., disclosed very essential qualities which need developing by instruction; that received thus far has been elementary only. Mr. Allaire, the crack man of the N. Y. Turnverein, shows good will, but no science at all; and so long as he remains stiff and will not improve his position he is doomed to linger at the same stage he reached years ago.

To sum up. Messrs. O'Connor excepted, I found that all the participants fenced in about the same way and showed that they lacked at least two-thirds of a course of normal and methodic instruction. Nevertheless there is in all this something very flattering for those who devote their time to instruction in the art, I mean for the professors: Messrs. Frederick, of the N. Y. Turnverein; Senac, of the N. Y. A. C.; Koch, of the C. Turnverein, and Jacobi, the instructor of the Fencers' Club for two years, Captain H. Nicolas, who founded the Fencers' Club and devoted seven years to the education of its members, was vastly pleased with the well-deserved success of his former pupils. Only two suggestions: First, for such a number of contestants, as fair chance is offered to each, the bouts should be best two out of three instead of three out of five; second, a second class should be organized, to increase the number of fencers and not confine the amateurship to a necessarily limited number of crack swordsmen.

CURLING.

THE representative curling organization of the United States is the National Curling Club of America, and the annual meeting for the arrangement of the curling matches for the season of 1891-2 was held in New York at the rooms of the Caledonian Club, on New York, on December 3, on which occasion the following clubs sent delegates: James Kellock, Caledonian Club, New York; A. Lewis, New York Club; James Stevens, Jersey City; T. Nicholson, St. Andrew's, New York; I. Frazier, Yonkers; John Gray, Thistle, New York; James F. Conley, Empire City, New York; G. B. Teins, Caledonians, Brooklyn; George Macgregor, Thistle, Brooklyn; T. Wallace, Manhattan, New York; John Peattie, Utica; George Cranford, American, New York; John McHay, Albany City; J. McCredie, Empire, Albany; G. Sage, John O'Groat, and D. Foulles, of Milwaukee.

At this meeting the executive committee of the National Club arranged the grand matches of the season as follows:

The East Dalrymple medal contest, at Central Park, January 7, 1892.

The Gordon medal contest, at Van Cortlandt Lake, January 13, 1892. Contest to begin at 10 A. M.

The McClintic medal contest, at a point to be decided by the grand officers, January 19, 1892.

International Gordon medal contest, at New York city or vicinity. Time to be elected upon after corresponding with the Canadian clubs.

The prospect of favorable weather for curling this winter was regarded as very good, the ex-

ceptionally cold weather on November 30 inaugurating skating at an earlier date than usual in the metropolitan district. It is very likely that the New York clubs will open the season with their "point" medal contests early in January at the Van Cortlandt Park Lake, as the ice forms thicker there than at Central Park and earlier in the season. The curling rink at Hoboken, too, which was successfully inaugurated in 1891, bids fair to be an active one in January. At the meeting of December 3 the time fixed for the members of the local curling clubs to attend the annual sermon at the North Presbyterian Church, at Thirty-first street and Ninth avenue, was the third Sunday in January. The officers of the National Club were assigned the duty of selecting the date for the grand international curling match between the United States and Canada. Due notice was taken of the demise of that esteemed patron of the grand old game, Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, who died in 1891. The Gordon medal match, which is to be played at Van Cortlandt Lake in January, will be the interesting contest of the season. The Brooklyn curling clubs anticipate a good season's sport on the large lake at Prospect Park this winter. The Caledonian and Thistle clubs are the leading curling organizations of that city.

H. CHADWICK.

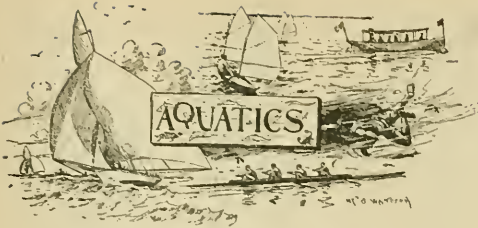
BOWLING.

FIXTURES of the Athletic Bowling League:

- Jan. 4—Staten Island A. C., at Manhattan A. C.
- Jan. 5—New York A. C., at Jersey City A. C.
- Jan. 6—Roseville A. C., at North End A. C.
- Jan. 6—Montclair A. C., at Orange A. C.
- Jan. 11—Orange A. C., at Staten Island A. C.
- Jan. 12—Montclair A. C., at New York A. C.
- Jan. 13—Roseville A. C., at Manhattan A. C.
- Jan. 13—North End A. C., at Jersey City A. C.
- Jan. 18—Staten Island A. C., at North End A. C.
- Jan. 19—New York A. C., at Orange A. C.
- Jan. 20—Manhattan A. C., at Roseville A. C.
- Jan. 20—Jersey City A. C., at Montclair A. C.
- Jan. 25—Manhattan A. C., at Staten Island A. C.
- Jan. 25—North End A. C., at Roseville A. C.
- Jan. 25—Orange A. C., at Montclair A. C.
- Jan. 26—Jersey City A. C., at New York A. C.
- Feb. 3—Jersey City A. C., at Manhattan A. C.
- Feb. 3—Roseville A. C., at Orange A. C.
- Feb. 3—North End A. C., at Montclair A. C.
- Feb. 4—New York A. C., at Staten Island A. C.
- Feb. 8—Jersey City A. C., at Staten Island A. C.
- Feb. 8—Orange A. C., at North End A. C.
- Feb. 9—Manhattan A. C., at New York A. C.
- Feb. 9—Montclair A. C., at Roseville A. C.

ONE of the best schedules arranged to be rolled during the coming season is that of the Amateur Bowling Association. Its conditions are perfectly fair. Each of the eight clubs will roll a series of three games with each of the others, one on the home alleys, one on the opponents' alleys, and the third on neutral ground.

THE Staten Island Amateur Bowling League has been reorganized for the coming season with the following officers: President, E. Lears, Corinthian A. C.; V.-P., H. Brown, Ivanhoe B. C.; sec. J. M. Mersereau, Richmond B. C.; treasurer, H. E. Clarke, Richmond B. C.



YACHTING.

FAST and phenomenal craft are becoming more and more the rage. This remark applies alike to steam and sailing boats. During the past three months there has been much excitement caused by the newspaper contest that Mr. Norman L. Munro, the enterprising owner of the speedy launch *Norwood*, waged against Mr. W. R. Hearst, the owner of the Herreshoff yacht *Vamoose*. Owing to a breakdown the *Norwood* was not able to meet her rival. But Mr. Hearst sent *Vamoose* to Milton Point to give a speed exhibition under the management of the American Yacht Club. A course of one statute mile was measured off by the same wire used on the *Norwood's* trial on the Merrimac River in 1890, in which she is said on excellent authority to have beaten the world's record by making the mile in 1m. 57s. There is no doubt that this speed was made. It was sworn to by disinterested men of unimpeachable integrity and veracity; but it should not be forgotten that the conditions were unusually favorable.

The *Vamoose* made 25 statute miles in one hour on her trial trip. She has the faculty of keeping up her steam and maintaining her speed. This quality is one of great value in a steam yacht. To make a spasmodic burst and accomplish a mile in double quick time abounds in glory and glitter, chiefly of the tinsel variety; but to settle down to business in a workmanlike way and reel off 25 miles an hour for four hours is the chief desideratum. The *Vamoose* can probably do 20 miles an hour and keep the speed up all day. She has an exceptionally progressive and liberal owner, and Mr. Theodore Heilbron, her engineer, is a man of rare ability. Her boiler is of English design, one of the Thornycroft pattern that has proved so successful on the English torpedo boats.

In the exhibition run off at Milton Point *Vamoose* went over the measured mile four times. The results were as follows: First mile (against tide), 2m. 50s.; second mile (with tide), 2m. 30s.; third mile (against tide), 2m. 30s.; fourth mile (with tide), 2m. 35s. Her fourth mile would have been made in 2m. 10s. had not her steam steering gear broken down. She had just warmed up to her work and was in splendid trim for a burst of speed.

C. D. Mosher, an engineer hailing from Amesbury, Mass., designed the hull, boiler and engine of the *Norwood*. He got the idea of the boiler from the Thornycroft type, but he made some alterations and improvements and patented them in this country. He has always claimed that if Mr. Munro would only give him full control of the boat and sufficient time to prepare her for racing he would guarantee to beat *Vamoose*.

On Saturday, November 7, Mr. Munro gave an exhibition race of the *Norwood* off the Atlantic Yacht Club House, Bay Ridge. Mr. Mosher had nothing to do with her. She made her first mile in 2m. 12 2-5s. and her second mile in 2m. 26s. This last would have been a phenomenally fast mile had not the spring of the safety valve given way and the steam run down from 200 pounds pressure to 150 pounds. But it was a very creditable exhibition take it all in all.

A. J. KENEALY.

THE Gas Engine and Power Company, of Morris Dock, N. Y., have dredged out a basin on their property in the Harlem River with 12 feet of water at low tide for the winter storage of yachts, and there are now laid up there Commodore Starbuck's *Tillie*, Mr. I. H. Ladew's *Oriente*, Mr. W. E. C. Benedict's *Oneida*, Mr. Thos. H. Hall's *Republic*, Mr. H. B. Clafin's *Puzzle*, Mr. James Roosevelt's auxiliary yacht *Half Moon* and a number of other craft. Winter quarters adjacent to first-rate facilities for repairs are a great convenience.

ROWING.

RECENT events have drawn public attention to the system under which, in some of our colleges and universities, graduates have a joint control with the undergraduate in things athletic; that is to say, the competitor is handicapped with the influence of the non-competitor. Detrimental resulting consequences do not exist everywhere, yet there are some colleges where they undoubtedly do, and it is to those that I wish especially to offer a few suggestions. Of course my text is chiefly meant to draw attention to the evil of divided responsibility among graduate and undergraduate committees. I for one see very little sense in graduate interference of any kind. At Oxford and Cambridge, where athletic affairs of all kinds run along as smoothly and successfully as could be wished, undergraduates take care of football, rowing, cricket and every other sport without any help (or hindrance) on the part of graduate supervising committees. An old rowing or football man is often invited to coach a crew or team, but the government of each branch of sport is entirely in the hands of the undergraduates themselves. True, the treasurer of some of the clubs is generally a graduate, often a don, but the managing body is composed solely of undergraduates who are members as a rule of the crew or team themselves. Even at Eton and Rugby, schools where boys are fitted for the 'varsity, the boys take care of their own teams. Now, to say that such a thing is impossible with us is to admit that young Americans have not as much capacity for self government as young Englishmen. No one will admit that this is true; then why have such things as graduate, advisory or high-sounding titled committees composed chiefly of graduates?

No one will object to the advice of an experienced graduate oarsman during the training for a race, but let the principle of "government for the people by the people" rule at our colleges as well as at Washington. Will anyone say that Arthur Cumnock was, when an undergraduate, incapable of managing the Harvard football eleven? And was Arthur Cumnock the only undergraduate who ever was or

will be capable of doing the same thing? Is the receipt of a piece of parchment at the end of four years the only good proof that a man is able to manage the training of a crew or team? Advisory committees have been tried with far from universal success. Let those who bear the brunt of the battle choose their own advisers. Don't make the captain of a crew a mere helpless puppet, and one on whom is showered the blame of a defeat or who is not credited with a victory, with which he may have had little or everything to do. Let the undergraduates govern themselves. They are proud of their 'varsity and work hard for her glory. They have enough intelligence to ask the advice of experienced men; if not, a season or two will teach them the wisdom of doing so. And what does a lost season amount to in the series of years that will come and in comparison with the advantages of harmony? This friction between graduates and undergraduates is worse than senseless; it is a barrier in the way of success.

And now for another great evil in the present system of college athletics, and one far more universal—the practice of begging undergraduates to do something for their college. If a man is so totally devoid of college spirit as to need to be nagged in order to be induced to row for his college, far better let him go, and put a block of wood in the boat. The effect will be much better on the *morale* of the college. To one who has seen true college spirit, such a course is pitiful. It is fatal to the prospects of the college, athletically speaking, and ruinous in its effect on the character of the undergraduate himself. Make a position on a crew a thing worth striving for of itself, a means to do something for one's college that will always be a matter of pride to look back on. A proper college spirit is a near relative of patriotism. A man who goes through college without getting more than a skin-deep feeling of that spirit is more apt to be a cynic than a patriot in after life. He who is unwilling to help in maintaining the honor or prestige of his college will not be apt to put himself to any unselfish effort on behalf of any cause in after life.

Cease begging men to row or play; make it the ambition of every undergraduate, not incapacitated by physique or hard courses, to do so; make him feel it an honor, as it really is, to row in a race at New London or Newburgh. Make the winning of the right to wear the dark blue of Yale, the crimson of Harvard, the blue and white of Columbia, or the tiger stripes of Princeton, a matter of keen competition among undergraduates.

Let them thus learn the inner meaning of the words, "the dear old 'varsity." Let them thus learn to feel the joyous blood tingle in their veins at the mention of the 'varsity's name. In short let them learn to love their 'varsity and to love to do her honor.

CHASE MELLEEN.

CANOEING.

THE two important events of the year for the American Canoe Association are its annual meet—the camp and races—and the November meeting of its executive committee. The meet is held in August and all members are at liberty to attend. The business of the year is transacted at the November meeting of the officers. The division officers are elected at the division

meets, usually held in June and July. The commodore and secretary-treasurer are elected at the general meet, and they, together with the librarian, who is elected for three years, and the division officers compose the executive committee. All officers except the librarian are elected annually. The retiring officers send in their reports to be read and approved by their successors at the November meeting, and the business of the year is then mapped out and passed upon, the constitution, by-laws and racing rules are amended, if changes have been made necessary; the place for holding the meet is decided on, and the various committees appointed by the commodore have their duties assigned them. The business of the division meets is left entirely in the hands of the division officers and is not usually brought up for action till early in the spring.

The officers for 1892 assumed office and held the executive committee meeting in Albany on November 14. The meet of 1891 was in the hands of the Eastern Division, but it was held in the territory of the Central Division at Willsborough Point on Lake Champlain. The meet of 1892 is in charge of the Central Division, and the same camp site as that of 1891 was again agreed upon, mainly for economical reasons, though a very strong desire was manifested to hold the meet of 1892 on the St. Lawrence, where the meet of 1893 will certainly be held, as it will be in the hands of the Northern (Canadian) Division. The unusually large expense account of the last meet ran the A. C. A. treasury into a deficit of nearly \$500. All of the division treasuries have balances on hand, quite enough to make up the present debt, but it is not proper or expedient to draw on them except for a temporary loan, and enough money can be saved to pay the debt by returning to the camp ground of 1891, on which so much has been expended. The committee decided to again try a three weeks' meet—two weeks having been the time previous to 1891—and settled on the dates August 5 to 26, the racing to take place during the middle week. No changes of consequence were made in the constitution or by-laws. The racing rules were amended slightly. The limit of 40 pounds weight for racing paddling canoes was dropped, "rocking," "fanning" and such jockeying in sailing races were prohibited, and it was made possible to change the racing rules during the year, after due publication of proposed amendments by a mail vote of the executive committee. An immense amount of detail business was satisfactorily transacted and the present board of officers showed marked ability by the way every question brought up was discussed and disposed of.

Commodore C. Y. Winne has appointed on the regatta committee Messrs. Gibson, Oliver, Barney, Quick and Jones. This committee formerly consisted of three members, but Mr. Winne added two more in order that the work might be divided. The preparation of the programme of races is in the hands of Chairman Gibson and Messrs. Oliver and Barney, and the labor of running the regatta at the meet will be attended to by the chairman and Messrs. Quick and Jones. Messrs. Gibson and Oliver are ex-commodores, having long been members, and are men of marked executive ability.

C. BOWYER VAUX.



CYCLISTS this month will be turning their minds toward the possible changes that may be looked for in next season's machines, and a few notes on the subject may not be amiss. In England the medium through which the information is conveyed is the great annual exhibition now of international fame and importance, the Stanley Show.

In former years the Stanley Show has been held in the month of February, but a new departure has been taken this year and the show has been held in London during the week commencing November 27 and ending December 4.

The manufacturers of England and America here are first introduced to the changes, novelties and improvements which their rivals in the trade will put into the market for the following season.

It is remarkable that very few changes or alterations will be made in the now generally accepted types of safety. The diamond is the almost universal type of frame which is used by the makers of high-grade wheels; in fact the straight or cross frame is now never used except in some of the cheaper grades, and even in these lower grades many of the makers are presenting most excellent forms of the diamond frame. The changes which are most noticeable in the general make-up of the 1892 machine are, first, a longer space between steering centres and longer wheel base. The usual form of the steering head is the socket and, of course, ball bearings, though my attention has been called to one form of steering by which the socket is done away with. The particular advantage of this form I fail to see, except that it may lighten the machine a few ounces. There is no doubt but that the lengthening of the wheel base is a good thing, and with the two changes, as noted above, we must admit that the safety bicycle has nearly reached the stage of perfection in form and construction, and that whatever changes are made hereafter will be of minor importance.

One of the things on which the "doctors disagree" is the relative desirability of direct and tangent spokes, and from all indications I should judge the doctors will continue to disagree for some time to come. For my part I believe that the direct spoke is about the correct thing for a safety, the tangent being a relic of the necessities of the ordinary. The tangent undoubtedly looks better and makes a stiffer wheel,

but the question arises, do we require as stiff a wheel in the smaller type as we did in the days of big 58-inch ordinaries? A well-built 30-inch wheel with tangent spokes has absolutely no give, so that, when it receives a severe shock, fracture is more likely to occur than when a wheel has more elasticity, as it does have in the direct spoke construction. This difference of opinion is, however, of such small moment that no doubt makers will continue to produce both styles of construction according to popular fancy and individual choice.

The serious question, and one that is still far from settlement, is that of tires. There is no doubt but the pneumatics have established themselves firmly in favor, though the past season's experience has shown that they were far from perfect. We, however, are promised this coming season improvements in the compressed air tire which will bring it at least a big step toward the desideratum, and from what I have seen of the new forms of the different tires I am encouraged to have faith in the subsequent attainment of the end aimed at. Certain it is, as I have always maintained, that there are too many good qualities in the pneumatic tire to ever relegate it to the shelf of useless inventions. Whether the difficulties will ever be entirely overcome and the tire brought to such perfection of construction as to embody the requisite resilience of the pneumatic and the wearing qualities of the solid I very much doubt. The aim now of the inventors is to produce a pneumatic tire in which not only the chances of bursting will be reduced to a minimum, but the ease of repair will be much greater, and in this latter particular I have seen several new tires which certainly appear to have the elements of being practical.

Many of the makers still pin their faith to the cushion tire, and this form in certain of its present forms, and others which will be produced, will hold its own in popular favor until the end of time. I have also been shown, in confidence, one or two new patents of cushion tires which I shall treat of in particular and detail at some future time, and I will also describe the new patterns of the pneumatics in detail in the near future.

Taking all in all the riders will have no cause to complain of lack of enterprise on the part of the manufacturers in their efforts to bring the

bicycle to a state of absolute perfection. Money and brains are not lacking, and experience is being taken advantage of by all.

I met a man the other day who had spent part of his summer in England, and he told me of the excellence of the surface and grade of the Great North Road, over which all the road records of England have been made. "I do not wonder," said he, "that the records which have so astonished us have been made; just fancy a road superior to the surface of Central Park, stretching away for nearly 200 miles. The start for record-breaking attempts is usually made at Hitchin, some 30 miles from London, and finished at York. The road passes through Biggleswade past the famous hostelry of 'Dan' Albone, and on through a country charming in scenery and unparalleled, as regards record-breaking qualities."

The English and American cycling editors are having it hammer and tongs over the old question as to the relative efficiency of the timers of the respective countries. What bosh all this contention is, and at the same time I must in the cause of justice raise my feeble voice against the absurd position taken by certain of the English press, that our system of timing is faulty and the watches used are inferior to those used in England. There are no better and more skillful class of timers in the world than the men employed by the American racing managers. They are men who are officially recognized by the trotting associations and their timing is never questioned. As to the quality of their watches, I opine that those used in the English events are not one whit better, and in fact if they are as good we can congratulate them on having as perfect watches as skill can produce and money buy. I must say I rather sympathize with the indignant outbursts of some of the American cycling editors protesting against the implied insult to the honesty, integrity and skill of American timers in the suggestion made by some of the transatlantic authorities that English timers be sent to America in 1892 to check the correctness of the native watch manipulators.

The sport of cycling never loses anything by having a season of enforced abandonment of the wheel. If we had a perpetual summer and riding was possible the whole year round as a sport and pastime it would decline in interest, though the man who used the wheel for practical purposes would be benefited, and in that way the trade would reap a benefit. The practical use of the cycle ought by all means to be encouraged, and while I should regret to see the interest in the use of the machine for pleasure and sport decline, I think that every effort should be made to popularize the use of cycles for business purposes. I am told that the use of the carrier tricycles in London for light expressage is most common, and that the butcher and the baker and small tradesmen in that city very commonly use the "carriers" for the purpose of delivering their goods. Of course, however, the streets of London admit of such a condition of things, while those of New York are of such poor quality as to make such comparative universal use an utter impossibility. What a shame it is that Gotham, one of the foremost cities of the world, should be cursed with such outrageous apologies for streets!

THE PROWLER.

I DON'T like to hear cycling glibly spoken of as "a craze." It isn't "a craze;" it is a solid, substantial fact based on years of probation, and the cycle has come to stay. "A craze" for a thing does not last; the taste for cycling is growing, and will last because of its well-proven merit both as a practical vehicle and as a means of pleasure.

THE Capital Cycle Club, of Washington, D. C., will give thirty-two social entertainments this winter. In about half of these the lady friends of the club members will participate. The C. C. of Washington is one of the most energetic and wide-awake organizations in the country.

THE first Americans ever to stand on Ararat's peak are W. L. Socheltben and I. G. Allen, Jr., two young cyclists from St. Louis, Mo., who are now riding round the world on cycles. The top of Mount Ararat is almost inaccessible, and has only been ascended by six persons so far as known, two Russians, two Englishmen and lastly the two St. Louis boys.

OUR Australian correspondent writes us that cash prizes for cyclist races are an established thing throughout Australia, and New Zealand and Tasmania are about to follow suit. At the great race meeting of the year, "the Austral wheel races," there are already 300 entries for the six events. For "the Austral," a prize of \$1,000, there are over sixty competitors and it promises to be a great success. Pneumatics are steadily coming in favor. A racing men's association has been formed to govern cycle racing in the colony, and judging by the interest displayed it is likely to be very successful. Geo. W. Burton, the Australian round-the-world cyclist, has again returned from a trip to Norway and Sweden and received an enthusiastic reception.

KINGMAN & Co., of Peoria, Ill., have added cycles to their many lines of goods and have secured large Western and Southern territory for the Centaur clipper and several other makes.

ONE of the signs of the times in the cycling world is the presence of Mr. John Icely Warman, of the firm of Warman & Hazlewood, of Coventry, who is here for the purpose of consulting with the head of their American house, Mr. T. Henry Sweeting, as to the desirability of erecting a factory at Philadelphia or some other desirable location for the manufacture here of the cycles of the company in lieu of importing them.

THE honorary secretary of the National Cyclists' Union of England has favored us with the definitions of the "ordinary" and "safety" cycles drawn up by that body. This information will be valuable to those of our readers who may be contemplating a test of their powers when next abroad, for it will enable them at once to ascertain the qualification of their favorite mount:

"For ordinary bicycle races (safeties barred).—Any two-wheeled one-track machine carrying one rider, and driven by pedals on cranks acting direct upon the driving wheel without the interposition of levers or power or speed gears of any description.

"For safety bicycle races (ordinaries barred).—Any two-wheeled one-track machine carrying one rider and driven by either of its wheels in any manner other than by pedals on cranks acting direct upon the driving wheel."



FOOTBALL.

THROUGH a dreary drenching rainstorm, a raw day, and on the hardest kind of unprotected seats, sat thousands upon thousands of people, and, although the game had been practically won and lost for half an hour before the call of time, one could see no gaps in the black masses of spectators at the Yale-Princeton football game of 1891. Forty thousand people saw the contest, and their interest seemed never to flag from start to finish. Five days earlier over twenty thousand people went to Springfield to witness the Yale-Harvard match, and there cheered themselves hoarse in the ebullition of their enthusiasm. The audiences were alike in their interest, and rain would not have driven the Springfield crowd from the field any more than it did the New York audience. The startling problem begins to face Yale and Princeton regarding their Thanksgiving Day game of accommodating a steadily increasing crowd every year.

That there was no room for more a year ago at Eastern Park, that additional preparations were this year made, and still there was no room to spare even on a rainy day, leads one to wonder what the crowd may be in another year under favorable conditions, and what in the world the managers will do with them. Advanced prices seem only to augment the eagerness to be present, and it does not make the least difference whether the game promises to be close or a walkover. This year the indications were that Yale would have a rather easy time of it. As a matter of fact she didn't, but no one knew that until the game was in full swing. Seats sold at the most astonishing premiums and choice ones were, for a modest purse, impossible even weeks before the event. But this does not mean that those who were not able to bid large prices could not enjoy the game, for, in truth, there was hardly a seat of the entire 30,000 which did not command an almost perfect view of the game, but only a small portion of these were under cover.

As a spectacle, the two crowds at Springfield and New York, while quite different in effect, easily surpassed anything ever seen before at any athletic event on this side of the water. The audience at Springfield was divided into two distinct classes, the red and the blue, for the entire eastern side was reserved for the Harvard sympathizers, while the western division belonged to the Yale adherents. The large stands at the ends of the field held the unclassified or

neutral element. This division at Hampden Park was quite as effective in its way as the more heterogeneous mingling at the Manhattan Field, and the cheering was thrilling even to those who had no special interest. At Manhattan Field the effect was grander to the sight, but the cheering and general demonstration seemed more turbulent and conflicting.

As for the teams that contested for the honor of first place there is room in these records but for very brief remark. The two games were both well played, hard fought and finally won past peradventure of a doubt. At the end of the first half of each game there was more or less room for doubt as to the comparative merits of the contesting teams, but the second half added such scoring as to make the victory sure. Yale showed the best team work, and neither Harvard nor Princeton seemed able to stop the furious onslaught with which Yale carried the ball upon the opening of a half straight from the centre down to the inevitable touchdown. Princeton having watched the Harvard game and seen the Yale team when they had the ball make that remarkable dash for the enemy's goal, knew—must have known—exactly what to expect as they came out on the field in New York for the second half when, as at Springfield, Yale should have the ball in her possession. Indeed it seemed as though the Princeton team were prepared and exerted themselves to the utmost, so that when Yale had reached the 10-yard line they all but checked the advance; still for all that they were unable to bring the ball to a standstill, and Yale repented her remarkable achievement of the previous Saturday.

Had anyone wished a complete and satisfactory demonstration of the fact that the present game of football did not necessitate brutality of conduct he could have done no better than watch these two most important games of the season of 1891, for in them there was not a man hurt nor was there any case of disqualification. That this was in no way due to any one-sidedness of the contest the results give evidence. In fact, there never were two such cleverly played and interesting matches as those of this year, and they will long stand as illustrative of the result that may be produced by careful and well-considered coaching when applied to promising football material.

The University of Pennsylvania met something of a surprise in the unexpected strength of the Wesleyan team, but for all that succeeded in winning the match and thus breaking the

long series of alternate victories for either college. It is only fair to compliment Wesleyan for the improvement shown in the final week of the season in spite of the odds which seemed strongly against them. Nor is it right not to notice the strides Pennsylvania is making toward being rightly feared by the cracks in the association. Amherst and Williams had a hard and bitter struggle, but a fruitless one, and they must wait another year to bring the matter to issue. West Point took vengeance upon Annapolis, and even to their own astonishment, I fancy, wiped out the disgrace of the army last year by sending the navy under the waves of a crushing defeat. Cornell deserves more than a scant word of praise for the strong team sent East, which gave Princeton such a rub and that, too, late in the season. The Crescents once more demonstrated their sound football education by defeating all rivals in their league, while the Boston Athletic Club took sweet pleasure in scoring upon Harvard.

WALTER CAMP.

BASEBALL.

THE withdrawal of the Manhattan Athletic Club's baseball team from the Amateur Athletic Union arena is a change likely to interfere materially with the A. A. U. season of 1892. Mr. Chasseaud, the manager of the Manhattan baseball team, in referring to the club's withdrawal said: "Yes; we have played our last game in the Amateur Athletic Union, and next season we will join the Amateur Baseball League, composed of the Staten Island A. C., Staten Island Crickets, Englewood Field Club, and Crescents of Brooklyn. An advantage of the Amateur League is that paid batteries are permitted. It is almost impossible to get a man to go behind the bat and break his hands solely for the fun of the thing. I have assurances that other A. A. U. clubs in this vicinity will join the Amateur League, which will undoubtedly be a strong organization next summer."

This foreshadows the enlargement of the Amateur League's circuit from four clubs to eight for 1892, and then it will be the strongest organization of amateur clubs in the country, as it will contain not only the two Staten Island clubs, with the Englewoods and the Brooklyn Crescents as now, but also the New Jersey A. C., with the Manhattan A. C., the New York A. C. and the Berkeley A. C. added, making a very strong eight-club circuit. The season of 1891 in the A. A. U. arena was not satisfactory to any club in the circuit. In the first place the pennant race was too one-sided, the New Jersey A. C. team having it all their own way from first to last; but the strict code of rules issued by the A. A. U. was not observed by a single club. The experience in local amateur baseball circles for the past two years would go to show that the only plan admitting of any financial benefit to the athletic clubs from their baseball teams is that which admits of the employment of professional pitchers and catchers for their teams. This is the rule which has governed the Amateur League since its organization, and it has enabled the clubs to hold their teams together better than was possible under the plan introduced by the A. A. U. in 1890. The latter was very good in theory, but it could not be practically carried into effect. The ex-

perience of the amateur seasons of 1890 and 1891 in the A. A. U. baseball arena was such as to make the respective club teams undesirable combinations of amateurs and semi-professionals, that is, of players who were paid for their services sub rosa. Now, the amateur clubs, with their rule of employing professional battery players, worked up a very attractive season in 1891, while the A. A. U. season was in every respect a failure, its code of rules being almost dead-letter laws, its pennant race one-sided, and its "gate" not enough to pay ordinary club expenses.

HENRY CHADWICK.

CRICKET.

No season in the cricket annals of the metropolitan district ever equaled that of 1891, either in the character and number of the contests which took place or in the skill exhibited in all the departments of the game. The championship season of the Metropolitan League was the best on record, and the number of matches played during the campaign from April to October inclusive exceeded that of any previous cricket season in New York. The visit of the team of English amateurs—mostly college players—under the captaincy of Lord Hawke added greatly to the interest of the local season. The interchange of visits between the leading clubs of Philadelphia, Boston and New York also materially aided in giving éclat to the metropolitan cricket season of 1891.

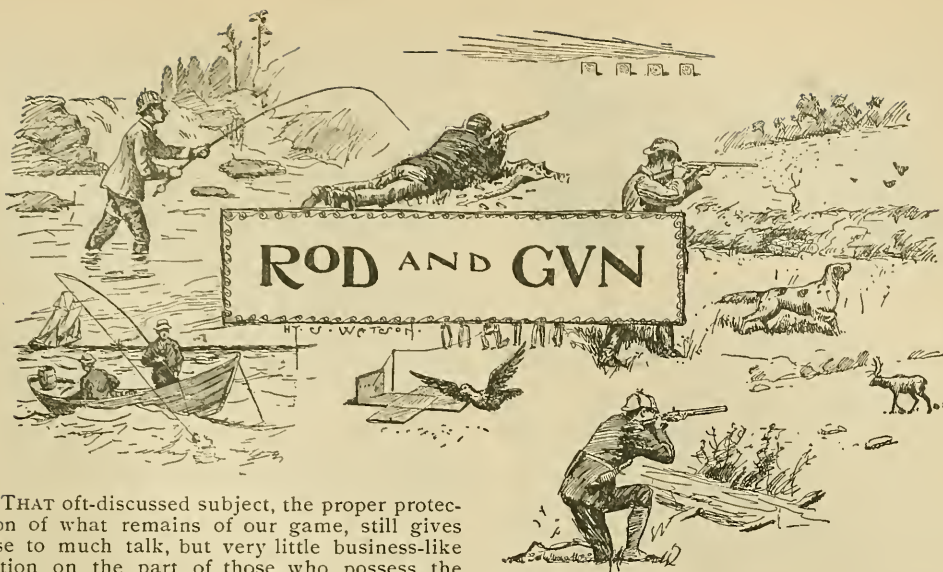
The movement of the prominent local athletic clubs such as the New York, the Manhattan, the Staten Island and the Crescents of Brooklyn to follow the lead of the New Jersey A. C. and the Berkeley A. C. in placing cricket teams in the field in 1892 bids fair to make the season of next year even more attractive than that of 1891. Under such circumstances the contest for the cricket championship of the local athletic clubs in 1892, such as the Staten Island, New Jersey, New York, Manhattan and Crescent, would alone present a special attraction. The Boston A. C. has a very strong cricket team, and it purposes to match its club eleven against a picked eleven of the New York athletic clubs in 1892. The Staten Island Cricket Club has a fine inclosed ground, and the Berkeley A. C. and the New York A. C. both have excellent cricket fields inclosed, and the Manhattan A. C. will have a field for the wickets at the Manhattan Field in 1892.

The Columbia College A. C. will also have a cricket field at command next year, and then the Columbia College cricket club will be reorganized.

The taking in of cricket into the best of the club sports by the New York and Manhattan athletic clubs will do a great deal for the game in the metropolis in 1892.

It is a matter of surprise and regret that neither Yale nor Princeton has a cricket team, while Harvard and the Pennsylvania University both have strong cricket elevens. Our colleges in the East ought to turn out as strong teams at home as those of Oxford and Cambridge in England, not to mention the great schools of Eton and Harrow, which are nurseries supplying accomplished cricketers ready made. The value of scholastic preparation for university honors is well understood there.

HENRY CHADWICK.



THAT oft-discussed subject, the proper protection of what remains of our game, still gives rise to much talk, but very little business-like action on the part of those who possess the power to do any real good. Of late I have received quite a number of letters bearing upon the matter. Several contained the same query, *i. e.*, "What do you think of the sale of game?"

Now, what I think of selling game is just what any sportsman is bound to think—that never a bird should hang in the market; but I have no intention of going that far in print. A man's private opinions, desires, fads or whatever they may be termed, are apt to be tinged with a bit of selfishness, no matter how fair minded or well meaning he may be.

Some of my correspondents are of this stripe, and they denounce unreservedly the law which allows game to be sold in market at certain seasons. They apparently utterly lose sight of the fact that many and weighty reasons can be advanced in support of a law which allows the sale of game during certain months. In connection with the framing of what are termed "game laws" many interests beside those of sportsmen pure and simple must be carefully considered, as they have every right to be. Therefore it is hardly wise nor exactly good common sense to rail away at random against measures the difficult task of which is to fairly protect several interests that are really directly opposed to each other. Laws are framed *pro bono publico*, and the existing game laws of a number of States and also of some provinces of Canada are by no means poor examples of fair, wisely-framed legislation. Of course I know, and am quite ready to admit, that allowing the sale on public market of any kind or all kinds of game has a marked influence in decreasing the quantity of game in the country.

But, looking at the matter fairly, one is compelled to admit that had there never been a market shooter the game was bound to disappear (that is, particular varieties) in course of time. Civilization means death to moose, elk, caribou, deer, etc., and—I cannot resist it—to the Indian who owned them all. In time we will probably have deer forests well stocked and carefully protected in regions from which the animals have recently been driven by the advance of home makers. Possibly even some of the greater *cervidae* may in course of time be

restored to their ancient haunts by the same methods.

Our water fowl will surely disappear as the country advances. These things are foregone conclusions and the progress of the country would bring them about in any case, but as it is the market shooter has hastened the natural result. The sale of game is the sole reason for the market shooter's existence, and unless wisely regulated it will complete the extermination of certain birds and animals long before such an unfortunate result need have become an unavoidable necessity.

ED. W. SANDYS.

THE majority of American sportsmen may not be aware of the fact that a high-grade "patent ejector" gun of unequaled shooting qualities is now manufactured on this side of the Atlantic. Such a weapon has been brought out by the Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, N. Y., and it is the intention of the makers to turn out guns of this style equal to the best, no matter where made.

EXPERTS in the field and at the traps alike acknowledge the great merit of the L. C. Smith gun, manufactured by the Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, N. Y. Both the hammerless and hammer guns of this firm are hard shooting, strong, finely finished and very handsome weapons, one of which with ordinary care should last a man's lifetime and never disappoint its owner when held right. Many important matches have recently fallen to the L. C. Smiths.

THE Ideal Manufacturing Company, of New Haven, Conn., have brought out a new implement for sizing bullets, which should prove a most useful adjunct to a rifleman's outfit. The tool is simple, strong and of convenient size, the levers by which pressure is put on being in shape something like a pair of nut crackers. The dies, of which any calibre can be used, swing upon centres, and the pressure punch upon a pivot, which insures perfect alignment with the pressure. One tool carries any standard die from .22 to .50 calibre.



KENNEL.

FIXTURES.

January 18—Pacific Coast Field Trial Clubs trials, Bakersville, Cal.

THE Washington City Kennel Club will hold a show March 8, 9, 10 and 11. Washington gets the dates previously given the Maryland Club, as the latter will not hold a show this year.

MR. RÜCK, of the New York Kennels, while in England recently purchased Princess Florence for something like \$4,000. This grand bitch is well known by all St. Bernard breeders. Mr. Rück also bought Refuge II., a son of Plinlimmon and Recluse, dam of Lord and Lady Melrose.

THE English pug bitch Champion Set Set died a short time ago at the age of fourteen years. She won many prizes in her time. She was the dam of Champion Stingo Sniffles and was owned by Mr. Sheffield, of Birmingham. Stingo Sniffles was a wonderfully good pug and beat everything in his day.

COLONEL NORTH has presented the greyhounds Dingwall and Kate Cuthbert to "Buffalo Bill." They will be sent to Colonel Cody's ranch at North Platte, Neb.

THE collie bitch Hera, owned by Mr. E. Huidkoper, whose puppies won first at Cleveland this year, has a litter of five by the same sire, Prince Charlie.

MR. G. R. MURRELL, of Walworth, has sold some bull pups, and also some St. Bernard whelps, to Mr. A. Daly, an American gentleman of histrionic celebrity.

MR. MOLE, the Canadian veterinary surgeon, has recently cured a six-year-old bitch which suffered from chorea for four years.

MR. W. C. REICK has added to his kennel the smooth-coated St. Bernard Keeper, Jr., and Mr. Paul H. Hacke has received two more Barzois from Russia, a dog and bitch.

MR. R. M. ISHERWOOD has a rough-coated St. Bernard pup, bred by John W. Fornof, at the Illinois St. Bernard kennels, which weighed 123½ pounds at six months.

THE second annual dog show of the Central City Kennel Club will be held at Jackson, Mich., February 16, 17, 18 and 19. Dr. Edwin L. Kimball is secretary.

MAJ. J. M. TAYLOR has been engaged for the last two years in compiling a book which will be published in February. It will contain full records of field-trial winners from their inception at Memphis, 1874, to the present year. It will also give records of bench shows and prize winners with owners' names. The standards of all recognized breeds will be included.

MR. A. CLINTON WILMERDING has bought the cocker spaniel Champion Black Pete from Mr. J.

P. Willey, of Salmon Falls, N. H. Pete is by imported Obo, Jr., out of Phonsie; Obo, Jr., by Farrow's Champion Obo (E. 10452), out of Nellie (E. 12736); Phonsie, by Champion Obo II. (4911), out of Blackie III. (4912). Black Pete has won many prizes, and his get have done well on the bench.

THE National Greyhound Club will determine by vote whether the club shall have an official list of judges for dog shows, who they shall be and whether members can show under other than the designated judges. A little too much coercion in this programme.

SEMINOLE KENNELS have sold the Irish setter Elio, a son of Champion Elcho, Jr., and winner in the Canada circuit, to D. J. G. Ely, Hamburg, Conn.

CHESTNUT HILL KENNELS' St. Bernard bitch Donna Silva, which missed to Plinlimmon, has been bred to King Regent, of the Swiss Mountain Kennels.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN has bought the collie bitch Blue Ruin. She has a litter of seven puppies by Christopher, four of them being blue like their dam.

THE United States Field Trials were held at Bicknell, Ind., from November 2 to 9, with the following results:

Pointer Derby, first series—G. A. Maclin's Donovan with H. F. Wood's Forest Lassie; H. F. Woods' My Lady with Ong & Shuttleworth's Dude N.; Dr. J. R. Daniels' Promotion with Scudder & Munson's Black Chloe; St. M. M. Mundy's Phantom with Scudder & Munson's Manitou; J. H. & J. A. Hunter's Black Wonder with Frederick Joy's Abbess of Kent. Second series—Donovan with Forest Lassie; Black Wonder with Promotion; Manitou with My Lady; Black Wonder first money, \$200; Promotion second money, \$175; Manitou and Forest Lassie divide third prize, \$125.

Setter Derby, first series—C. A. Travis' Doc Quinn with J. H. & J. A. Hunter's Hoosier Girl; Blue Ridge Kennels' Hope's Mark with H. J. Smith's Ruby Gladstone; T. J. Widrig's Boy with A. J. Gleason's Belle of Alma; R. B. Morgan's Bruce M. with Wun Lung's Sister; J. M. Vaughan's Don with Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper; N. T. Harris' Flyaway with A. J. Gleason's Gloriana; B. Ridgeway's Booth with Blue Ridge Kennels' Reel; A. Corrodi and C. S. Greer's King Irex with Poston & Burdell's Latonia II.; J. I. Case, Jr.'s Monnie with owner's Eric Elcho; T. J. Widrig's Tough with A. J. Gleason's Maid of Alma; D. E. Rose's Wun Lung with M. C. Wile's Frank Doncaster; H. J. Smith's Frenzi with Blue Ridge Kennels' Lady Eveline. Second series—Hope's Mark with Wun Lung's sister; Wun Lung with Bob Cooper. Final—Hope's Mark with Bob Cooper. Hope's Mark first money, \$200; Bob Cooper, second money, \$175; Wun Lung third money, \$125.

Hope's Mark is by Gath's Hope out of Lady May. Bob Cooper by Roi d'Or out of Miss Nelly Y. Wun Lung by Captain Bethel out of Enid.

All-Aged Pointer Stake, first series—J. E. Guinotte's Rosaline Wilkes with Dr. J. R. Daniels' Promotion; G. W. Amory's Bounce with J. H. Kerr's Joe H. K.; C. C. Weaver's La Grippe with Mrs. Geo. A. Castleman's Rex; Dr. D. W.

Yandel's Ben, A. with Jas. Beard's Nutwood; W. R. Fishel's Don Fishel with J. H. and J. A. Hunter's Black Wonder; A. J. Gleason's Paxico with Louis Stuchmer's Pearl's Fan; J. E. Guinotte's Bertraldo with P. H. Gotzian's Naso Bow of the Elms; McGuffin & Madison's Pickwick a bye. Second series—Ben A. with La Grippe; Rex with Paxico; Black Wonder with Pearl's Fan. Final—Black Wonder with Ben A.; Black Wonder first money, \$200; Ben A. second money, \$175; La Grippe, Paxico, Pearl's Fan and Rex divided third money, \$125.

All-Aged Setter Stake, first series.—S. A. Elliott's Noble Count with E. O. Damon's The Corsair; Blue Ridge Kennels' Countess Rush with Richard Merrill's Paul Boo; H. T. Smith's Joe R. with J. H. and J. A. Hunter's Daisy Hunter; E. H. Osthaus' Fingal with Geo. A. Maclin's Bonnie Bondhu; N. T. Harris' Simonides with B. Ridgeway's Lon Noble; P. E. Gregory & Brothers' Nannie G. and H. J. Gleason's Don's Nellie; Paul H. Gotzian's Minnesota with George W. Earhart's Blue Duke; J. I. Case, Jr.'s Cigarette a bye. Second series—Daisy Hunter with The Corsair; Bonnie Bondhu with Paul Boo; Daisy Hunter, first money, \$200; The Corsair, second money, \$175; Bonnie Bondhu, third money, \$125.

THE New England Field Trials were held at Assonet, Mass., on November 3 and following days. In the Derby the awards were: E. R. Sperry's Kit Carson, first; E. O. Damon's Becky Noble, second, and J. L. Well's Countess divided third with D. A. Godwin, Jr.'s Snipe. The all-aged stake was won by E. O. Damon's Rod's Whim, second to E. W. Durkee's Nahmke Philip, and third divided between G. W. Lovell's Spot R and C. C. Gray's Miss Monarch.

At the International Field Trials held near Chatham, Ont., November 10 and following days, the prizes were won as follows:

Derby—T. G. Davey's Rhuilas, first; E. H. Gillman's May I., second; W. B. Wells' Luke, third, and Thomas Johnson's Manitoba Patti, fourth.

All-Aged Stake — Thos. Johnson's Ightfield Blithe, first and special; T. G. Davey's Canadian Jester, second; T. G. Davey's Westminster Drake, third; W. B. Wells' Cambriana and Dr. Jos. Kime's Lady Spot divided fourth.

THE Eastern Field Trials were again held at High Point, N. C., beginning on November 12 with the usual members' stake, which was run as follows:

F. R. Hitchcock's Roi d'Or with H. B. Dur-yea's Bettye S.; F. R. Hitchcock's Tory Lieutenant with Geo. T. Leach's Guy. Second series—Guy with Bettye S.; Guy won first, \$100; Bettye S. won second, \$75; Tory Lieutenant won third, \$50.

The other stakes were divided as follows:

The Derby, first series—N. Wallace's Maud Noble with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Lora; Charlottesville Kennels' Exile with J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Camille; Charlottesville Kennels' Mainstay with Royal Phelps Carroll's Robespierre; O. W. Donner's Wagtail with Colonel Purcell's Tall Son of York; Harry Northwood's Amy Robsart with Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper; Royal Phelps Carroll's Iza with N. T. Harris' Wun Lung; Blue Ridge Kennels' Hope's Mark a bye. Second series—Robespierre

with Bob Cooper; Wun Lung with Lora; Camille with Hope's Mark; Maud Noble with Amy Robsart; Camille alone; Bob Cooper with Wun Lung; Hope's Mark alone; Bob Cooper with Camille; N. T. Harris' Wun Lung, first, \$500; Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper, second, \$250; J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Camille, third, \$150; F. F. Miles won the breeders' cup, value \$100, to breeder of winner of the Derby.

All-Aged Stake, first series—J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Rupert with B. M. Stephenson's Top Mark; J. R. Purcell's Nicodemus of Ion with N. H. Wallace's Pansy Blossom; A. L. Sanford's Frank W. with Geo. G. Harley's Joy H.; Dr. Hartman's Albert's Duchess with Wm. Mahone, Jr.'s Graphic VI.; Bert Crane's Natalia II. with Charlottesville Kennels' Maid of Kent; Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Antevolo with J. H. and J. A. Hunter's Daisy Hunter; Geo. P. Jones' Sam R. with J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Orlando; J. Shelley Hudson's Dolly Hill with W. W. Titus' Dick Bondhu; C. C. M. Hunt's Grouse with E. O. Damon's The Corsair; N. Wallace's Count W. with Hamstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen; William McKennan, Jr.'s Flight with J. Shelly Hudson's Dad Wilson, Jr.; Greenfield Hill Kennels' Harry C. with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Blade; Charlottesville Kennels' Wild Damon with Edward Gray's Count Eric; E. W. Durkee's Nahmke Philip a bye. Second series—Top Mark with Natalia II.; Rupert with Antevolo; Orlando with Daisy Hunter; Maid of Kent with Grouse; The Corsair with Count W.; Duke of Hessen with Harry C.; Dad Wilson, Jr., with Count Gladstone; Blade with Count Eric. Third series—Orlando with Antevolo; Daisy Hunter with Harry C.; J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Orlando, first, \$500; J. A. & J. H. Hunter's Daisy Hunter, second, \$250; Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Antevolo, third, \$150.

Champion Stakes, first series—J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Chance with J. H. and J. A. Hunter's Daisy Hunter; B. M. Stephenson's Tribulation with Charlottesville Kennels' Rip Rap; G. M. Avent and N. T. Harris' Antonio a bye. Second series—Daisy Hunter with Antonio; Antonio won first, \$225, and a cup value \$100.

THE great coursing meeting of California was held by the Interstate Coursing Association on the Nevada Bank estate, about 16 miles from Merced, on November 10 and 11. The amount of work done was remarkable, no less than fifty-six courses being decided in exactly ten hours' working time. The summary of the stake is as follows:

M. Tiernan's Cath. Hayes beat T. Coony's Dandy Jim; Jas. Byrne's Juno beat W. J. Heney's Warm Belt; J. J. Rademaker's Al Farrow beat T. W. Sheehan's Molly S.; J. Cranston's dog Whip beat Callahan & Kennedy's Tom Schapp; W. E. Wadam's Twilight beat D. Shannon's Sun Dial; John Eagan's Bessey beat Jas. Byrne's Tyrant; T. A. King's Moonlight beat D. D. Roache's Dan C.; M. Tiernan's Glen Farron beat T. Coony's Queen Bess; T. P. McInerney's Johnny Rex beat T. J. Cronin's Dan O'Connell; Dr. W. E. Wadam's Headlight beat H. M. N. Spring's Native Son; P. D. Nolan's Dark Rustic beat P. F. Canovan's Bend Or; Thos. Hall's Joe McAuliffe beat P. F. Canovan's Blanco; D. D. Roache's Dolly Varden beat H.

OUTING FOR JANUARY.

M. N. Spring's Duke of Milpitas; John O'Brien's Sacramento Girl beat Thos. Farrell's Bride; Jas. McDonald's Laurelwood beat D. & R. Shannon's Sea Shell; Callahan & Kennedy's Snowflake beat J. F. Carroll's Monarch III.; John Eagan's Governor beat J. E. Watson's Great Expectations; Perry Curtiss' Skyrocket beat D. D. Roache's Mountain Hare; Fred Neary's R. E. Lee beat B. Dougherty's Daisy; T. J. Cronin's Depend On Me beat H. C. Lowe's Prince Rupert; S. Milliken's Short Stop beat T. Collins' Fly; T. P. McInerny's Tom Fritz beat John Hough's Dexter; Jas. Cox's Sam Nash beat T. J. Cronin's Jennie G.; B. Grogan's Wolf Tone beat John Baker's Fanny; F. D. Nolan's Scout beat T. Coony's Carbine; J. Byrne's Nellie Bly beat B. Nolan's Natty; T. P. McInerny's Dazel beat Fred Neary's Madame Blavatsky; Robt. Boyd's Zulu beat D. Shannon's Silverton. First ties—Catharine Hayes beat Juno; Al Farrow beat Whip; Twilight beat Bessey; Moonlight, a bye; Jennie Rex beat Headlight; Joe McAuliffe beat Dark Rustic; Sacramento Girl beat Dolly Varden; Snowflake beat Laurelwood; Skyrocket beat Governor; R. E. Lee beat Depend On Me; Short Stop beat Tom Fitz; Sam Nash beat Wolfe Tone; Nellie Bly, a bye; Dazel beat Zulu. Second ties—Catharine Hayes beat Al Farrow; Twilight, a bye; Joe McAuliffe beat Jennie Rex; Snowflake beat Sacramento Girl; R. E. Lee beat Skyrocket; Short Stop, a bye; Nellie Bly, a bye. Third ties—Catharine Hayes, a bye; Joe McAuliffe beat Snowflake (\$20); R. E. Lee beat Short Stop (\$20); Nellie Bly, a bye. Fourth ties—Joe McAuliffe beat Catharine Hayes (\$50); R. E. Lee beat Nellie Bly (\$50). Final—Joe McAuliffe (\$500) beat R. E. Lee (\$250).
JAS. WATSON.

LOFT.

A SECOND prize, companion to the *Clipper* leg band, and to be its counterpart in appearance and value, and to be known as the Frank Queen Anklet, offered for the best average speed by a hen from 100 miles or over previous to December 1, has given added interest to the season.

The conditions are identical with those governing the *Clipper* prize, except that the sex of the bird must be made known at the time of the entry.

The best average speed for this up to October 1 was made by No. 67 of W. H. Hillebrecht, Jr., of Pittsburgh, from Columbus, Ohio, with Helen, of T. T. Mather, Philadelphia, second.

In a trial from Carlisle to Lansdowne, 102 miles, a hen was among the first returns, but unfortunately was not timed. Again, later in a journey from Barboursville, Va., to the Virtue Club's lofts, Philadelphia, three hens of George Goebel made 894 yards per minute, but, contrary to rule, their wings bore their owner's name and address and they were therefore disqualified.

In the journey from Carlisle to Lansdowne the birds were liberated from the fair ground, and one, Ben C., of Perry C. Clark, brought a message from the liberator. The distance covered was about 100 miles. The bird was first of the Clark entry to return and was second bird at home. The time out was three and a half hours. The journey was with unfavorable atmospheric conditions.

The final journey in the last of the tournaments that characterized the season of 1891, that for the *Clipper* and *Queen* prizes, was flown on Thanksgiving Day from Perth Amboy, N. J., to the loft of Mr. D. Connally, Mt. Bowdoin Station, Boston. But although the 1,006 yards per minute made by Forty Minutes, the first bird at home, was more than was expected considering the weather and the season, it fell far short of the speed by which Miss Liberty and A. A. Fowle held the lead during the last month of contest and which carried the honors at the close.

Providence is one of the oldest centres in American pigeon flying, but it was not until last year that the birds that home there were really put to the test. Nor would they have been even as yet if the tournaments with prizes had not been offered, and with conditions that gave every owner full and complete liberty to take advantage of whatever offered in wind, weather and the direction of the course.

How ably the birds responded and the tasks they have set for the flyers of this year who would be in the lead the following table of journeys to Providence of best speeds from each of the distances of a series will show:

Miles.	Bird.	Owner.	Yds. per Min.
100	{ Miss Liberty } { A. A. Fowle }	J. O'Neill	1,374
150	Nelse Innes	J. Clancy	1,294
250	Watrous	J. Clancy	*1,472
250	Gen. Washington	J. Makin	*1,465
300	Collier	W. Haden	1,300
350	Schmid	J. Clancy	1,080
450	Mandigo	H. Williams	1,130
535	Gen Washington	J. Makin	2d day after
550	J. H., Jr.	H. Williams	2d day after
1020	Bobby & Domino	J. Boutelle	One month

* From time as claimed.

† Counting from time of finding.

The speed for 100 miles not only wins the *Clipper* and *Queen* prizes as best of the year, but breaks the record for the distance, 1,343 yards per minute, held by Van Opstal, of Baltimore, since 1885.

For the 450-miles speed seven birds have equal credit, and are alike entitled to more, inasmuch as the birds were not seen to return, but were found in the loft at the time taken as time of arrival at home. This journey also holds the George W. Childs prize of the year, the distance being the greatest covered in the day during the season. It is a curious coincidence that this prize was held in 1890 for the same distance, 450 miles.

Pigeons and pigeon flying were given much and serious consideration at the last conference of the Ministers of France, and the result will be a most careful reenumeration of the pigeons owned and bred within French territory and a strict accounting for all that come within its boundaries, whether by land or sea.

It is said that the report of the work done by the birds of France, as evidenced in the competition for the national prizes, was not considered entirely satisfactory by this council until the explanation was offered that the exercises were in the nature of difficulties to be overcome, that the birds might be prepared when required for service as governmental message bearers.

E. S. STARR.

coach will be repainted and fitted up for next season, as the past one has been very successful. The whips have usually been Mr. C. H. Joy, Mr. E. D. Beylard or Mr. F. H. Prince.

A riding club has been organized in Detroit. The club has one uniform of steel gray and another of blue for state occasions. The membership of the club is limited to fifty, and it is officered as follows: President, D. J. Campau; vice-president, Levi L. Barbour; secretary and treasurer, John B. Crosby; directors, Charles M. Swift and D. O. Haynes, who, together with the officers, constitute the board.

What with the Myopia, Orange, Philadelphia Country Club, Harvard and several other polo clubs, all in good shape, we have a prospect of very good polo next season. The American Pony Racing Association has done much to cement the polo class and to encourage the game itself.

ALFRED STODDART.

ANSWERS TO OUTING CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H. R., South Manchester, Conn.—The best record for "hitch and kick"—high kicking—is 9 ft. 8 in., by C. D. Wilbur, Annapolis, Md., on June 6, 1888. The running high kick was 9 ft. 1 in., by C. C. Lee, New Haven, March 19, 1887.

C. D. Lovejoy.—As yet para-amidophenol is not very generally in the market. A small amount of the substance was imported by the Scovill & Adams Company some time ago, which was quickly exhausted by the demands of the experimenters and a second quantity somewhat larger has recently arrived in this country. We therefore think you may be able to obtain it at the salesrooms of the aforesaid company at 423 Broome street, New York. It will shortly, undoubtedly, be on sale in the various photographic supply shops of the country.

P. R. K., Milwaukee, Wis.—Dixon Kemp's book is the best one we know of on yacht designing. He draws both English and American yachts. The price of the book is \$16.80, and we will forward it to you upon receipt of this amount if you wish to own a copy of it.

The best yacht builder we know of in this country is Geo. A. Stewart, the successor to Edward Burgess, who is associated with Binney.

R. W., Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "Will you give me a few points for practicing running high jumping? I have practiced for about two years but would like to improve, for I intend taking part in an exhibition at the Y. M. C. A."

The running high jump is a game where style has a great deal to do with a big performance, and the records show that athletes who stick to it improve greatly in the heights they clear. A man may be very strong and active in the legs, yet at the same time be a very poor running high jumper. Those who practice it do not, as a rule, take any other exercise specially to strengthen their legs, and it is thought that the best method of practicing for it is to begin with the bar at a height which one can easily clear and put it up inch by inch until the height becomes too great to leap over. Beginning with the bar very low, or at a height which can easily be cleared, always seems useless to the novice;

but it is far better to clear a height which can be easily accomplished many times than to go over the bar once by straining one's self. The average novice, however, cannot restrain himself in exercise, for he usually jumps with friends, and the spirit of rivalry is prominent in practice as well as in competition. Hardly two men can be found who jump alike, and when it is taken into consideration the great heights that are cleared, displaying at the same time so many different styles, one need not bother concerning the adoption of any particular way of leaping. It is not necessary to take a long or a hard run, for by approaching the bar rather slowly one can get a much better lift than if he rushes at it with so much speed that he cannot rise. The main points to bear in mind are to jump as easily as possible, for then the muscles of the jumping leg are not overworked. By this method great heights cannot be cleared in practice, but it will be found to pay best in the long run.

Thos. McE. V., Syracuse.—"1. Can a pitcher curve the ball in two different directions with one hand? 2. Which direction of rotation corresponds to which direction of curvature?" No pitcher ever lived who could curve a ball in two opposite directions with the same hand, because he cannot give a ball the two opposite lateral "spins" with the same hand. He can curve it to his left if he be right handed and to his right if he be left handed. If a pitcher could curve a ball in either direction—to his right or left—he could command a salary no pitcher ever received.

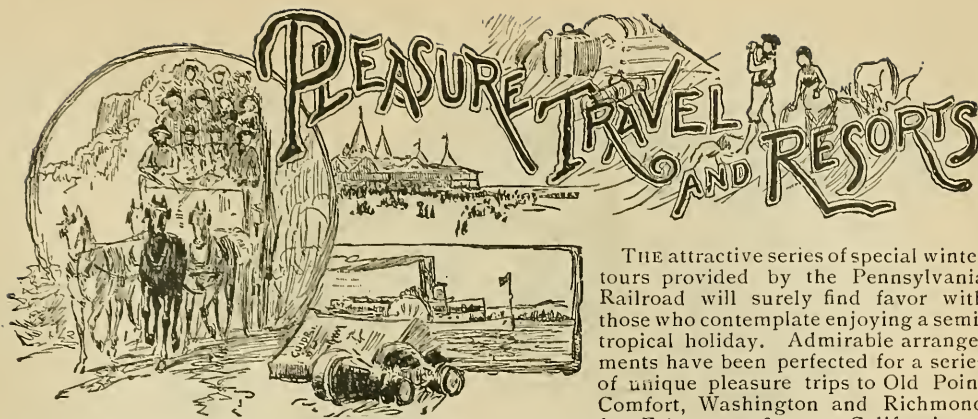
If a right-handed pitcher faced the south and pitched a ball from north to south the "whirl" of the ball would be from east to west, just as he would spin a top. That motion would deflect the ball in the direction opposite to its rotation, or to the east.

Our correspondent can easily relieve his mind on this subject by watching a right-handed pitcher pitch to a right-handed batter. The curve will always be away from the batter. Anything that goes near him is a swift, close, straight ball. This is the knowledge of experience.

Let him remember these few things: The motion the pitcher gives to the ball is exactly that which a boy gives to a top, only the boy twirls the top by use of a string wrapped around it and the pitcher "twirls" the ball by using the first two fingers as the boy uses the string.

W. W., Montreal, Canada.—In a boat of the sort you describe the greatest beam should be seven-tenths of the length from the stem at the load water line, and the mast, if a spritsail and staysail are adopted as her rig, should be 4 ft. 10 in. from the fore part of the stem at the load water line. Her boom with this rig may be 17 ft. to 18 ft. long. This will determine the outline for the sails; 350 ft. of canvas is a good area for her. We appreciate your "John Bull" courtesy in recognizing the pre-eminence of our Yankee yacht builder.

J. McP., the younger, Pittsburgh, Pa.—To say that constant practice at artificial targets would actually injure a man's field shooting would perhaps be going altogether too far. An expert in the field is not likely to derive any benefit, beyond passing amusement, from trap shooting at artificials.



MUD, slush, snow, rain, frost—these uncomfortable features of our winter—need never be endured, save by those who are fast in the stocks of unrelenting business.

A PLEASANT voyage via one of the Quebec Steamship Company's elegantly-appointed vessels enables one to reach beautiful Bermuda's balmy atmosphere, where, amid a wreath of tropical foliage and bloom, o'er-taxed nerves and failing strength may find the surest heal-all—nature's own. The curing and resting process is most pleasant and thorough when the health seeker is surrounded with the many little comforts and luxuries usually enjoyed at home, and these will never be missed in Bermuda at such inviting hosteleries as the well-known Princess and the Hamilton, each a model of excellence in equipment and management.

In our own South, too, the winter tourist finds entertainment and countless beautiful features to help while away a holiday. The orange groves of Florida and California, the fishing and shooting and outdoor winter pastimes enjoyed at their numerous resorts, cause the traveler to speedily forget the discomforts of the climate he has left behind. These enjoyments are distant, 'tis true, but the perfection of modern traveling facilities annihilates distance. A trip via the Clyde line of steamships, the Savannah line, or such routes as the Santa Fé, the "Sunset Route," "Ogden Route," "Shasta Route," C., B. and Q., Plant System, Florida Central, etc., is so enjoyable that semi-tropic lands are reached ere one thinks of distance.

DEVOTEES of tennis, and all the world of fashion which it gathers round it, herald the St. Augustine tournament as a harbinger of spring, whilst yet the sleigh bells tinkle in the Northern air or rude Boreas swirls the snow storm. Florida is indeed the perfection of climate alike for players and spectators; not too hot for exercise, yet warm enough for all the social outdoor pleasantries; and what can add more to the convenience and comfort of the Southbound traveler than the pleasant run down the coast in one of the elegant steamers of the Clyde line, which leave New York tri-weekly for Jacksonville. Of a truth the lines of a modern traveler are cast in pleasant places. The St. Augustine tournament this year should be a greater success even than last year, and the Clyde steamers for February should be taxed to their utmost capacity with the wielders of the racket seeking honors in Southern tennis fields.

THE attractive series of special winter tours provided by the Pennsylvania Railroad will surely find favor with those who contemplate enjoying a semi-tropical holiday. Admirable arrangements have been perfected for a series of unique pleasure trips to Old Point Comfort, Washington and Richmond for February, 1892; to California on February 24, March 24 and April 20, 1892; to Mexico on February 10, 1892, and to Florida on February 2 and 16 and March 1, 15 and 29, 1892. Better opportunity for visiting the South could not be desired, and no effort will be spared to make the tours thoroughly enjoyable. Superbly-appointed special trains, in charge of an agent and chaperon, will convey travelers to selected destinations, and a very convenient ticket arrangement, which covers all traveling expenses, will save a vast amount of worry and trouble.

THE many natural beauties of the far-famed Adirondacks will be easily accessible when the season for healthful outings again arrives. By making Boonville, N. Y., on the R., W. and O. R.R., the initial point to these charming wilds, travelers will find admirable facilities for reaching the most attractive points. A 12-mile trip by stage from Boonville brings one to Moose River, thence 8 miles via F. C. R. R. to Minnehaha, where steamer is taken for Old Forge, at the foot of the Fulton chain of lakes. The Forge House offers excellent accommodation here, and the trip is continued by steamer to the head of the Fourth Lake, where will be found another good hotel.

The favorite route from Fourth Lake to the Saranac River lies through Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth lakes of the Fulton chain to where the Saranac River begins, and where Miller's Hotel and the Ampersand are located. This trip can be made from Fourth Lake, with a guide and ordinary outfit, in two and a half days, and good camps are scattered all along the route.

THE provisions for the comfort of patrons of the Vermont Central are striking illustrations of the perfection of modern railroading. Travelers between New York, Boston and Montreal find genuine comfort all the way and are not slow in showing their appreciation of this popular route.

NEVER was the truth of the "survival of the fittest" more apparent than in these rushing days when competition becomes practically a war and only genuine worth and unflagging effort can triumph. The advantage of a thorough business education to the young men and women of to-day can hardly be overestimated. Now, if ever, can such educational institutions as Meads' Business College, of Syracuse, N. Y., truly claim to be national advantages. Knowledge is indeed power, and the graduate of Meads' goes forth well equipped for the battle of life.



THE champion light weight—a short ton of coal.

BIRDS of a feather flock together; women with high hats sit all over the house.—*Texas Siftings*.

RULES of the road—Surveyors' chains.—*Puck*.

WINTER hath its openings as well as spring. The small boy who ventures on thin ice may be as effectually swamped as the husband who has invested in an Easter bonnet for his wife.—*Puck*.

THE dried codfish is the only fish that wears its shirt open on the back.—*Texas Siftings*.

A LIBERAL EDUCATOR.

MR. JOLLIBOY: "Well, I must say that college does a boy a great deal of good."

MR. SAKESALIVE: "Is that so?"

MR. JOLLIBOY: "Yes. My son came home for Thanksgiving, and between betting on football and playing poker the young rascal won enough from me to keep him in pocket money for a year."—*Puck*.

A NEW RULE ABOUT TIPS.

WAITER (to customer about to leave the restaurant): "You've forgotten something, haven't you?"

CUSTOMER: "I guess not. I've got my overcoat, cane and hat. What have I forgotten?"

WAITER (extending his hand): "The tip, if you please, sir."

CUSTOMER: "I had a fowl dinner, didn't I?"

WAITER: "Yes, sir."

CUSTOMER: "Well, according to the new baseball rules there are to be no more foul tips. Good day!"—*Texas Siftings*.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "Why did David use a sling to kill Goliath?"

LITTLE BOY: "'Cause he hadn't any giant powder for his gun!"—*Texas Siftings*.

REPUTATION may be a bubble, but he is an unwise man who bursts it.—*Puck*.

THE man who would fish successfully must bait his hook, even if he has to hook his bait.—*Texas Siftings*.

"MAMMA," said little Nell, "is it the artificial rain that makes the artificial flowers grow?"—*Baltimore American*.

A DOG is property when he is stolen, but he is not property when the assessor comes around.

YOU can kill a stream by damming it, but you can't kill a cat that way.—*Texas Siftings*.

LEAVES from nature's note book strew the ground so thickly just now that "he who runs may read."—*Binghamton Republican*.

SCHULTS: "Do you see that dog of mine over there?"

MILLER: "Yes, I see him. Right smart-looking dog."

"You bet he is. That dog has got more sense than I have."

"Is that so? Well, some years ago, I had a dog just like that one of yours, still he hadn't sense enough to go in out of the rain."—*Texas Siftings*.

TIME is money; but it doesn't apply to the time of the losing horse.—*Puck*.

ONE of the aggravating things about house-keeping is that as soon as the weather gets so cool that ice is not greatly needed it ceases to melt rapidly.—*Buffalo Express*.

A CURE effected by a laying on of hands—Spanking a child for general cantankerousness.—*Morning Journal*

A FOX skin is worth a dollar; but it's the hardest way to earn a dollar to get a fox where you can skin him.—*Richmond Recorder*.

WHEN amateur sparrers contend for a cup, the cup should be in the shape of a punch bowl.—*Texas Siftings*.

THERE are two kinds of women in the world—one kind sits and cries silently about her wrongs, and the other storms and raves about her rights.—*Atchison Globe*.

A TUMBLE-DOWN affair—A wrestling match.—*Texas Siftings*.

ONE of the new guide books, "Chicago and Its Environs," begins on the other side of the Atlantic. That's Chicago all over. It won't be long before they're running their alleged environs out into stellar space.—*Puck*.

Too Much Trouble To Prepare Soup?

On the contrary, dear sir or madam, with Armour's Extract of Beef the trouble is infinitesimal. Not much trouble required to prepare the following:

RECIPE FOR PLAIN SOUP STOCK.

To two and one-half quarts of water add one ounce of Armour's Extract of Beef, one medium-sized onion, four cloves stuck in the same, one turnip, and one root of stalk celery, eight pepper corns, one bay leaf, and one even tablespoon of salt. Boil from twenty to twenty-five minutes on a slow fire, then strain out the vegetables. Two quarts of stock will be the result of this preparation, as the one pint of water will evaporate during the process of cooking.

And if you would like to know how to prepare a variety of Soups and Sauces—using this "Stock" as a foundation—send us your name and address and we will take pleasure in mailing, free, one of our Cook Books.

Armour & Company
Chicago



Extend from Mackinaw City and Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., to Duluth, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., and Bismarek, N. D., traversing the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota, and opening up a comparatively new country, the development of which has made rapid strides within the past few years. This territory is attracting general and wide attention.

The pine and hardwood of the country are sources of wealth that have not escaped the lumbermen, and the entire region is being traversed by prospectors, stimulated by the rich finds that have made enormous fortunes for other men.

The output of iron ore from this section exceeded 10,000,000 tons in 1890, while the production of copper is greater than ever.

The Park Region of Minnesota and the valleys of the Red, James and Cheyenne Rivers reached by these lines are among the finest farming sections in the Northwest.

For further information, rates and time tables, write or call on A. L. FULENWIDER, Gen. East. Pass. Agent, No. 353 Broadway, New York; GEO. I. HUMPHREY, Trav. Pass. Agent, No. 211 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.; VAN DEARING, Dist. Pass. Agent, Jackson, Mich.; C. B. HIBBARD, Gen. Pass. Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

OUTDOOR PASTIMES FOR WOMEN.

THE day has departed when it was considered ungentle and masculine for women to participate in outdoor sports. Within the latter half of this practical century America, at least, has decreed that feminine beauty and feminine health are synonymous, and to attain these womankind clamored long and loudly at the iron portals so jealously closed by that most exacting of monsters, Good Form, betwixt her and her brethren, who themselves regarded the luxury of sports as their exclusive right. But the moment man championed the beauty of color, of splendidly-developed figures, of firm flesh and a springy, tireless footstep as the truest attributes of girlish loveliness the difficulty ended. Women, like men, learned to despise the beauty (?) of idleness, of listless hands, of pallid cheeks, of languid, doughy figures, and they welcomed the time when men, in conjunction with Mrs. Grundy, accorded to the world of women the privilege of healthful exercises, where strong life-giving airs and genial sunshine need not be filtered through the glass and garniture of four square walls before it became refined (?) sufficiently for feminine lungs to inhale and feminine faces to be bared to.

Years ago that dainty, essentially lady-like game, la grace, and that queen of elegance in pastimes, archery, comprised the limit of outdoor sports for women. Perhaps these were diversified by a mild bout at shuttlecock and battledore; but as for a sport that would tone up one's muscles, hardens one's flesh, develop the chest and send the blood bounding with life and warmth through one's veins, why, our grandmothers would have turned to their tambour work, their spinning wheels and embroidery frames in horror at the very mention of such things.

Then appeared that insidious and, alas! insipid thing, croquet, invented more for the purpose of furthering bad tempers and flirtations than physical development. But it was the thin edge of the wedge after all, and as such one should respect it, for close upon its heels followed lawn tennis, as it was called in its infancy, and from this little seedling burst forth the blooming bouquet of health-giving games, and namby-pamby, inane young girlhood awakened to the realization that the present age demanded of her nothing more perfect than the physique of the goddesses of ancient Greece. That Diana who

Dropped her silvery bow
Upon the meadows low

was far more of an ideal beauty than the wasp-waisted, bepowdered, bepatched caricature of robustness that femininity boasted in "ye olden times."

And to-day there is little indeed from which we are barred out—riding, sailing, swimming, rowing, paddling, cricketing, fishing and even shooting, and the latest thing approved—cycling; but in enumerating these all on a wild midwinter night one feels the pulse of a hot national blood athrob in one's veins, that demands with every heart beat a special mention of Canadian national winter sports, in which both lads and lassies participate. And one instinctively yields to the impulse, saying, "And now abideth these three—skating, tobogganing and snowshoeing," but the greatest of these

is snowshoeing, particularly on a night when a cold northern moon hangs aloft and the world beneath it looks like a big Christmas card with its crystallized pine trees and its fringes of icicles glittering and shimmering in the pale cold light.

Then our youth doffs its feathers and finery, dons its blanket coat, worsted toque, and shod with shoes aboriginal tramps forth through forest and field with a care-free gait, the sturdy step and rollicking laughter known only to rosiest health and—Canada. And what maiden is there in our strong young country who considers her feet too fragile to be encased in three pairs of woolen stockings, then bound about with a pair of gay moccasins and strapped to the network of a big, unwieldy snowshoe! And what is there in the first steps she takes that transforms those huge duck-footed looking shoes into a web of wings that skim over field and fence and drift, with the ease of Hiawatha's magic moccasins and the delicious vigor that Canada's daughters alone possess.

Few girls look prettier in evening dress than in a blanket suit (the most sensible thing ever devised for weathering a northern climate). The short light skirt and loose double-breasted coat, each bordered with the brilliant stripes and "buttonhole" stitched edges, look very little like the homely couch covers for which they were originally manufactured. And, some way or other, the face that laughs out at you from its nest of upturned coat collar and little curls astray from the confines of the brilliant toque has a certain gypsy likeness, a touch of sauciness and merry vitality one seldom sees in a ballroom. And, oh! what an irresistible bit of color she is, from the tassel on her toque to the gaily-embroidered toe of her moccasin. True, the latter may not be quite as Cinderella-like as the French heeled slipper that her little foot will fill at the Governor's ball to-morrow night, but it is close and pliable and warm, and a Canadianne loves her buckskin shoon, heelless and flat as it may be.

Given a moonlit night, an atmosphere when the mercury drops to zero, or as much below as it can, a 5-mile stretch of drifted snow, an escort stalwart and brave, whose hand is strong, whose arm is muscular, whose foot is fleet and tireless, and little Lady Canada is content. She will snap her fingers at Fate, laugh in the face of Fortune and tramp for hours by the side of the big jovial lad, racing him down hill, having her small mittened fingers smothered in his brawny paw as he assists her up that long, long slope and over that high and marvelously frequent fence. Then comes the little stretch of forest land where the black cedars shut out the moonlight and the way is very uncertain. They halt. He raises his face, lays his hand, cup shaped, across his lips and gives a weird, long call. Through the shadows and cedars floats a reply from their comrades who have tramped far forward. He responds, they double it, and after a little argument, in which she asserts that she "can see as plainly as if it were day, and that she can get along famously by herself, thank you," he takes her hand authoritatively and trudges along, winding in and out among the trees and making the way far more difficult than need be.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.



EVERY work by Archdeacon Farrar has a high purpose and bears the mark of his rich scholarship. In "Darkness and Dawn" these attributes are evidenced in every page. Rome under the emperors, and especially in the days of Nero, has been the theme of many historians and novelists; but no work has, so far as we can recollect, dealt with the supreme and deeply-interesting problem which underlies Archdeacon Farrar's work: why a religion so humble in its origin and so feeble in its earthly resources as Christianity should have taken captive the intellect of the civilized world. The author asks that it may not be treated as a novel, for the outline of it was imperatively decided for him by the exigence of fact, and not by the rules of art. Nevertheless, few novels are as interesting or deal with human passion and folly and social and political depravity with such masterly skill. Roman life, with all its pagan splendor, its cruelty and bloodshed, its vices and its virtues, lives again. Nero and Agrippina, Tigellinus and Poppæa show the worst that heathen Rome could be and the worst she could do. Well might it appear that, with the Church in its poverty and its persecutions, and not with the world and its gorgeous criminality, lay the secret of man's hope and happiness. [Longmans, Green & Co., New York.]

"PATTERSON'S ILLUSTRATED NAUTICAL DICTIONARY" (unabridged), by Capt. Howard Patterson, author of "The Common Sense Navigator," etc., forms an invaluable book of reference for all interested in nautical subjects, ranging from the frail canoe to the ponderous man-of-war. Every feature of sail and steam craft, from keel to truck, from bedplate to funnel, is fully described and explained by practical text and 500 descriptive engravings. [Publication office, 99 and 101 Fourth avenue, New York.]

THE latest important addition to the literature of sports, pastimes and exercises is a series of eight volumes called "Handbooks of Athletic Sports," edited by Ernest Bell, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge. These will prove most useful as books of instruction and reference to all interested in the subjects covered, as they contain many valuable hints for perfecting one's self in recognized athletic and kindred amateur sports. Special chapters are devoted to pastimes and exercises for women, and all contributions are from the pens of authorities in the several departments of English games. The series is profusely illustrated and also contains many explanatory diagrams which lend additional interest to pleasantly-written instructive matter. [London, Geo. Bell & Sons.]

"STAGE LAND," the curious habits and customs of its inhabitants, described by Jerome K. Jerome and drawn by J. Bernard Partridge, is one of those sidelights on the profession which are always popular and, in the garb in which this work introduces its subject, deservedly so; for while the author brings a close knowledge and a caustic humor to the letterpress, the artist has carried forward the author's ideals in a series of admirably drawn illustrations. The stage hero and heroine, the stage villain, the stage servant, the child, the comedian and the stage sailor are a gallery of worthies whose portraits especially appeal to our artistic reminiscence. [Chatto & Windus.]

"THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE," by Stanley I. Weyman, is more of an English family history than a novel. It deals with a most interesting period, the early years of the reign of Queen Mary, when the Catholic religion was just re-established, and onward during the throes of the Reformation. The whole work throws valuable light on the movements of a time in which the reader generally finds himself buried under uninviting tomes of religious controversy, and should be especially welcome and interesting to those whose ordinary opportunities of research have not made them intimately acquainted with the England of the sixteenth century. [Cassell Publishing Company, New York.]

"ANGLING SKETCHES," by Andrew Lang, will, notwithstanding the somewhat low estimate in which the author holds his angling accomplishments, well repay the fisherman whose inclination tends toward the capture of trout and salmon in the streams and lochs of Bonnie Scotland; but its chief charm on this side the Atlantic will be found in the series of stories with which, like all good anglers, the author lards his pages. [Longmans, Green & Co., New York.]

"MODERN AMERICAN RIFLES," by A. C. Gould ("Ralf Greenwood"), is a volume likely to find favor with admirers of both the target and sporting rifles. It contains a great deal of useful information about the manufacture and valuable qualities of many kinds of rifles; also chapters on sights, positions in rifle shooting, aiming, holding and firing; the trajectory of bullets; care of the rifle; construction of ranges; targets used in America; ammunition and bullet making and the rules governing rifle shooting. The author writes with the pen of experience, and has the knack of imparting information in a manner which the expert or novice will readily understand. Illustrated. [Bradlee Whidden, Boston]

OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

THE policy of Proctor's Theatre is to encourage native authors, and the list of its successes is a fitting tribute to the patriotism which inspired the policy and the sagacity with which the plays have been selected. "Shenandoah," "Men and Women," "All the Comforts of Home" and "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" have each in turn become as familiar as household words. To these may now be added "The Lost Paradise," which is nightly attracting and satisfying overflowing audiences. Indeed so great is the demand for admittance, beyond the possibility of satisfaction, that there can be no doubt no other attraction will be necessary during the present season.

"A TRIP TO CHINA TOWN," Hoyt's diverting nonsense at the Madison Square Theatre, has taken a new lease with changes in the cast and an improved performance. Eleanor Beebe is now playing *Tony*, and rollicking as the fun of "A Trip to China Town" is it is sternly kept within the lines of prudence and common sense. A really clever performance is not marred by the slightest approach to buffoonery, and whoever loves song and merry jest and the sparkle of lively wit will find them all in "A Trip to China Town."

"THE COUNTRY CIRCUS," at the Academy of Music, New York, is a spectacular comedy in the literal sense. The glamor of the tented show, which pervades the whole entertainment, catches the audience and holds them through all the old familiar scenes. The Meer sisters in their double-bareback jockey act, Mr. George Kline and his comical donkey, "Topsy Stockton," and Professor Conrad and his trained animals are especially attractive to the juvenile patrons of this very amusing entertainment. A real circus ring is built upon the stage; indeed "The Country Circus" is more than a name—it is a fact.

THE attractions of "Miss Helyett" at the Star have been enhanced by the assumption by Laura Bellini of the character of *The Spanish Maiden*, a part which exactly fits her vocal abilities, and by the addition of Mamie Cahill, the danseuse, and extra ballet. Ere this is published "Miss Helyett" will have taken up fresh quarters by transfer to the Standard, where it may be confidently expected it will successfully hold the boards for many weeks.

THE stage has a patois of its own for most nationalities, from the pigeon English of the Chinese to the Bowery tough, and many of its creations have become the fathers of a new philology. Mr. Heege, the author of "Von Yonson," who, by the bye, impersonates his own hero, at the Park, has added to the roll of stage patois that of the Swedish emigrant—the type of the solid, slow but hearty Scandinavian. There is pathos as well as comedy in "Von Yonson," and its three weeks at the Park will be all too short for it.

SIDNEY DREW and Gladys Rankin Drew wanted no greater attraction during their stay at the Standard than "That Girl from Mexico," which alike amused its audiences and afforded critics with long memories an excellent oppor-

tunity of unburdening their historical reminiscences. One traced the paternity of the play back to the palmy days of Charles Matthews at the London Royalty in 1865, only to be pounced upon by another bookworm, who had unearthed it in an anterior French source. It is of slight moment where the material came from; Mr. Gordon has clothed it in all that is valuable to the modern playgoer.

"THE TYROLEAN" has finished its first successful season at the Casino. It will be followed by a series of old favorites and past Casino triumphs, including "The Gypsy Baron," "The Brigands," "Nanon," and "The Bat," in all of which Marie Tempest will sing the prima donna's music, and that is equivalent to saying that they will be worth the hearing. "Nanon," the first of the revivals, could not well fail to continue its old success, and it will be a very long time, judging from its reception, before the next in order will be necessary.

AT Palmer's the established favorite "Alabama" has been drawing crowded houses, to a large extent composed of Southerners, whose appreciation, notwithstanding a significant but futile attempt to prejudice them against it, is fully as warm as that of their Northern brothers. Several old favorites are projected to follow "Alabama." The first, "Jim the Penman," is one of the strongest of modern plays. It has the advantage of nearly the same cast as on its original production.

"THE JUNIOR PARTNER" has gone through some very judicious weeding and padding, and is in every sense a better play than on its first production. Mr. E. J. Hanley is now appearing in the title rôle of *E. J. Ratcliffe*, and "The Junior Partner" runs on its weekly career with no prospect in sight of the end.

DALY'S gave a delightful though short season of "As You Like It," as only Daly's company can render it, and are now playing a four-act comedy, by Pinero, entitled "The Cabinet Minister." The theme is English, but the characteristics are cosmopolitan. Miss Rehan is not in the cast, but Daly's all-round company find able representatives for all the parts in this clever play. The estimate of "The Cabinet Minister" will vary very much. Those who look for the heroic will be disappointed, but those who are satisfied with a skillful setting of modern society life drawn by a master hand and rendered with perfection of dramatic rendering will acclaim it a success.

"LADY BOUNTIFUL" at the Lyceum met a distinct requirement in the tastes of so numerous a section of the playgoing public, and it ran with undiminished favor until the peremptory necessities of producing Mr. Buchanan's new pastoral comedy drama "Squire Kate" displaced it. We have not seen the last of "Lady Bountiful;" its sterling merit will insure its repetition at no distant date. "Squire Kate" is an adaptation from the French by Robert Buchanan. In the original even it was free from the characteristics which jar upon the sensitive mind. It was very successful in Paris, and in the hands of so skillful a playwright as Mr. Buchanan it has been wrought into a typical Lyceum success.

Outing Monthly Record.

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport; therefore these pages are open to members of organized clubs engaged in the reputable sports of the period. The editors of OUTING RECORD cordially invite full reports of contests and events of interest.

The OUTING Company, Limited, does not hold itself responsible for the safety of manuscripts and illustrations submitted, but promises to use all due caution in the care of the same. Manuscripts typewritten will receive earliest attention. The conditions under which a manuscript is submitted should always be stated.

OUTING readers will gladly welcome back to its pages the now returned world traveler and famous explorer THOMAS H. STEVENS, who with his cycle girdled the world for OUTING at a time when such a deed was bold indeed, and who has just achieved the greatest feat of his life by a successful expedition From the German Ocean to the Black Sea in a Steam Launch, despite the dangerous rapids of the Iron Gates. The words of the Odyssey as given by Pope will hereafter be read in our slightly changed version (the underscoring is ours):

*Tumultuous waves embold'd the billowing flood:
All trembling, deafen'd and aghast he stood!
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave;
Fear faced the mighty, yet but nerved the brave.*

If "out of this nettle danger OUTING pluck this flower safety" for Thomas H. Stevens, what shall our readers say of THRO' DARKEST AMERICA WITH CANOE AND CAMERA, one of the most extraordinary journeys ever performed? No annals of the silent craft and bending paddle have made record of bolder deeds than in this trip for OUTING, and the story of this perilous journey as it will be told to our readers by the hero and heroine, Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull White, will make OUTING for 1892 a most remarkable budget of adventure. Let our readers say whether we do not speak faint in word and loud in deed.

J. H. WORMAN, Editor in Chief.

* *

WE regretfully called attention recently to the growing tendency of certain editors to adopt articles from our pages and reprint them from OUTING as if original contributions to their

own papers, and we instanced "Canoeing on the Miramichi." We are glad to say that satisfactory assurance is given that the omission of the name of OUTING was an unintentional neglect.

Very different is the conduct of the San Mateo Item, of San Mateo, Fla., which published, without acknowledgment, an article from our columns on "The Florida Razor Backs," and giving in excuse that they had seen the article in a dozen Florida papers without any acknowledgment to OUTING. Up to date the San Mateo Item has failed to inform its readers of the fact that OUTING has the enterprise to push Florida interests by inserting in its columns articles likely to attract the sportsman to Florida, and that such "editors" as that of the San Mateo Item acknowledge these services by stealing our articles bodily without credit, even after they know the credit to be due to OUTING.

* *

QUITE a strong feeling has been growing for several months that there is room in this country for another athletic organization which will serve the same purpose to the class it will cater to as the Amateur Athletic Union does at present. The membership of the latter is composed of clubs both large and small and rich and poor, and although it may, on the whole, represent a very varied athletic interest, still many of the clubs which are members of it feel that their interests could be better served by a smaller organization made up of clubs having more of a uniform social, financial and athletic standing. The sentiment among the large and wealthy clubs in New York is rather in favor of the new league, for the present condition of the A. A. U. is not satisfactory to some of them.

The real cause for the feeling that a new league would benefit clubs containing a large social membership is the fact that in the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U., for instance, there are clubs which seem to have been formed merely for the purpose of giving boxing exhibitions. Most of these clubs neither own nor control any property and in a commercial sense are irresponsible. They consist of a few members who are banded together, it is thought, in most cases simply for pecuniary gain. Boxing contests as a rule draw many spectators, and it is very rare that the receipts do not far exceed the expenses. Many clubs have given boxing contests which would impress the average outsider that the organizations were on a very sound basis simply on account of the many spectators attracted, when the fact may be that half a dozen individuals have run the whole show and pocketed the profits. It would be impossible to correctly estimate the number of such clubs now in the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U., but there are enough of them to cause much power to be wielded in legislation. The new league proposes for one of the qualifications for membership that a club must own or control property worth a certain amount. This rule will effectually debar all clubs whose membership exists only on paper.



A GOOD deal of interest has been manifested by amateur photographers in para-amidophenol hydrochlorate, the new developing agent which I have commented upon in these columns on two or three different previous occasions. Prof. Charles Ehrmann, associate editor of the *Photographic Times* and instructor in the Chautauqua School of Photography, has been perhaps more active in his investigations with this promising developer than any other American expert. He announces as a result of his experiments the following formula, and I have no hesitation whatever in recommending it to the readers of

OUTING :

NO. I.	
Water	32 ounces.
Sulphite of sodium	1 ounce 5 drachms.
Carbonate of potassium	6½ drachms.
Hydrochlorate of para-amidophenol	85 grains.
NO. II.	
Metabisulphite of potassium	1 ounce.
Hydrochlorate of para-amidophenol	3 drachms.
Boiling water	3½ ounces.

Add to this solution a saturated solution of caustic soda until the precipitant which is formed is redissolved. The solution is then diluted with from five to fifty times its bulk of water, as the exigencies of the exposure may demand.

Some of my readers may want to know how to make a "saturated solution," to whom I explain that a saturated solution is one which contains all of a substance which a given solvent will hold in solution. It is made by adding a substance to water or whatever the solvent may be, until it no longer dissolves and falls to the bottom in the form of a precipitant.

Professor Ehrmann's formula is modified by simply adding water; that is, when an exposure has been ample, or, perhaps, too long, the image will suddenly appear on the plate as soon as it is immersed in the developing solution. The developer must then be weakened by gradually adding water to it. When the exposure is approximately correct the image will steadily grow in detail and density in the developing solution and will not require the addition of any water.

Mr. John Carbutt, who has also experimented with para-amidophenol to some extent, announces that he obtains better results by adding a little hydrochinon to it. "I recognize it as being closely akin to eikonogen in giving detail," he writes, "and perhaps a little quicker in action; but for quick emulsions to get density I should either add hydrochinon to it or follow it with a restrained hydrochinon developer."

Thomas J. Bray, an amateur who takes especial delight in experimenting with new developers, writes that he has found para-amidophenol to be especially excellent in developing bromide paper. "It is slower than ferrous

oxalate, but I get a brilliant color. It works slow, clean and clear, with good whites, and gives any color, from a pretty gray to a brilliant black. I believe it is the coming all-around developer."

The new developer which has recently been introduced to America under the name of "Rodinal" has been analyzed by Professor Ehrmann and is found to be nothing in the world but a concentrated solution of para-amidophenol. Any amateur can make it for himself under the formula which I have already given, as "Rodinal" is virtually a solution made up after that formula. This is certainly an interesting thing to know.

Several months ago I spoke of the plan which has been formed to make a map of the entire heavens by means of photography. The International Photographic Congress, organized several years ago by a number of astronomers for this purpose, has recently (for the third time) met at the Paris Observatory and has agreed upon the latest arrangements for carrying on the photographing. Owing to political events in Chili and troubles in some of the other South American states, it will not be possible for all of the work to begin at one time, as was originally proposed. Among other things decided at the last sitting of this congress "guide stars" were chosen, which is to say certain stars were selected which must constantly be held at the same point of view in order that every star may be represented upon the map by a point and not by a measurable space. They furthermore decided to leave each observer a certain latitude, not to exceed forty minutes. A certain liberty of action is therefore left to each observer, the congress simply determining the end to be obtained. The congress adjourned after having made the best arrangement that the present state of astronomical photography allows for a work of such gigantic proportions and immense difficulty. When the map is completed it will show the starry firmament just as it appears to the inhabitants of the earth; and as this will be done by photography alone, all errors of observation will be wholly eliminated.

A new use of photography is suggested by the expert chirographer of the Circuit Court of St. Petersburg. He has lately been engaged, with the assistance of a physician and by the aid of chrono-photography, in making interesting studies on the handwriting of different people. Chrono-photography is the process by which instantaneous pictures are produced of objects in rapid motion. While a person writes one letter, for instance, three or more pictures can be made of his hand and pen. In this way every motion of the hand of a writer is resolved, so to speak, into its elementary muscular impulses. As the latter are subject to the nervous conditions of the writer, the writing depends more for its appearance and expressiveness of character on the temperament of the writer than on anything else. The results of Mr. Burinsky's studies show that the opinions of chirographic experts on the identity of handwriting are in many instances erroneous; for under certain nervous conditions various persons may produce writings that are perfectly similar in character, while one person may at one time write in quite a different manner from that employed at another time.

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY FOR WOMEN.

THE *British Journal of Photography*, edited by that eminent authority, Mr. J. Traill Taylor, called attention recently to an article in the *American Amateur Photographer* on the women members of the Chicago Camera Club. Mr. Taylor urged the English societies to encourage women joining their brother amateurs and working together. There should be no sex in art or science. Another well-known writer, Mr. Friese Greene, advised the Bath Camera Club to admit women and get the credit of helping them before they went ahead and learned how for themselves. It has been suggested to me many times to organize a separate camera club for women, but the idea, for several reasons, seems very inadvisable.

To begin with, women as a class have not yet the requisite scientific training and experience to work progressively by themselves. Not all the natural inspiration in the world can ever fill the place of trained experience. They would not advance a hair's breadth and their mental growth would be of no appreciable value. Women must open their eyes to face the sharp realities of actual experience and attrition with other minds before they can fairly judge of their own work. In order to learn it is necessary to go among those who know more and not less than you do, who have learned how to bear "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and up to date the weight of photographic experience, as might be expected, rests with men. This is not ascribing to them any special mental qualifications for the work, but simply acknowledging that if women wish to learn to accomplish anything really valuable they must forget the accident of sex and go where they can best get information, whether it be to men or women. When they fail let them not fall back on the natural deference paid to women to condone such failures. You disarm criticism of its worst sting, turning its poison into a helpful medicine by accepting it pleasantly, and add at the same time to your own creditable standing. No two pair of eyes ever yet saw one thing alike, and it injures no one to ignore his or her own point of view occasionally. Providence is not in the habit of making human beings infallible, and the person who cannot change his opinion simply confesses himself no wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Some two or three years ago an article appeared in an English photographic magazine, and was copied in an American one, protesting against women being admitted to camera clubs, saying plainly that many men would resign if women were admitted. The writer seemed to have the idea that a club, even where it claimed to have a scientific or artistic purpose, was in reality merely an excuse for recreation in the most unlimited sense of the word and no woman with any self respect could think of joining such an organization. Since then the temper of the photographic world has greatly changed and there are few societies now which positively refuse her admission. She is, however, handicapped by the fact that her work is really more sharply criticised than a man's, requiring to be very good to pass muster. This is partly due to the fact of the heavy preponderance of the men

over the women workers, so that what the latter do is brought into sharper prominence than if there were more of it. All the more credit to them when they do succeed; but they must remember that it is never safe to rest on one's oars, and that progress is like rowing against the stream—if one does not keep at work the current will sweep the boat backward.

In Europe such women as the Countess Loredano da Porto, Mrs. S. F. Clarke and Mrs. Hignett have won high honors, but American women are not behind their foreign sisters in mental qualifications, and they have certain advantages not possessed by the former.

On the continent of Europe it is rare that a camera society has a special room for its meetings, and it is not considered reputable for a woman to belong to one, though, as in Great Britain, they compete at exhibitions in a separate class. I must, to be consistent, protest against separate awards to women. If their work is unworthy of being classed with that of men it would be better to entirely exclude it than set it off in a class by itself. The latter offers no fair test of woman's work, and it would be far more satisfactory to await years for public recognition and feel then that one had gained a prize of real value. If women prove their work to be good enough for ranking with that of their brothers it is only a question of time when it will have equal consideration. At the international exhibition held last May in New York this barrier was thrown down, and it is better to fail utterly under such circumstances than succeed as did the boy who said he was next to the head in his class, but acknowledged there were only two in the class. It is to be hoped that the Boston exhibition for 1892 will not erect the old barrier.

In the recent amateur contest instituted by the *Buffalo Express* some of the finest work sent in was by such women workers as Miss Cornelia Needles, of Philadelphia; Miss Rose Clarke, of Buffalo; Mrs. Wilson, of Chicago, and Miss M. H. Smith, of Birmingham, Conn. The list of good workers is increasing, and this was proved also in the print exhibition lately held in Syracuse. Among the pictures at this exhibition noticed as specially good in the January number of the *American Amateur Photographer* were those taken by Miss E. V. Clarkson, Miss A. R. Phelps, Miss Bessie Dickinson and other ladies. In both of the New York societies women are admitted as members, and, we believe, in Brooklyn also. During the latter part of this month Miss C. W. Barnes is to lecture before the Brooklyn Academy of Photography, and she, with Miss E. A. Slade, is represented in the "Lantern Slide Interchange" for 1892. CATHARINE WEED BARNES.

[Amateur photography has taken such strides recently that OUTING has increased its facilities for handling this subject in a way that cannot fail to be appreciated. The *American Amateur Photographer* will be sent with OUTING to one address for \$3.50. This periodical is edited by Miss C. W. Barnes and no better work can be offered for women. Miss Barnes is well acquainted with what is necessary in this subject, and many of the points she writes of have been commended by journals catering to experts.]



FIXTURES.

- February 13—Boston (Mass.) Athletic Association indoor open amateur games at Mechanics' Hall.
 February 15—Prospect Harriers and Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., indoor games.
 February 20—Company K, Thirteenth Regiment, games, armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 February 20 to 22—Clipper Athletic Club boxing tournament, New York.
 February 22—Prospect Harriers open amateur cross country run, Long Island.
 February 29—Long Island Amateur Athletic League indoor championships, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE incorporation of the University Athletic Club may be the beginning of a different era in amateur athletic sport. No matter whose fault it is, quite a strong prejudice exists against such organizations as the Manhattan and New York athletic clubs, simply on account of the class that largely makes up the membership in these two organizations. College men want a club the management of which will be much more conservative than either that of the M. A. C. or N. Y. A. C. These two latter ones engage in practices which it is safe to say do not give a good impression of amateur sport among the general public. One of the features of the new University Athletic Club will be to endeavor to create an interest in amateur athletics among the better class of people. The fact that only graduates from colleges are eligible to membership insures a social status for the U. A. C. which will be considerably above that of the two premier athletic organizations of New York city. But it must not be inferred that the latter do not have in their ranks men whose wish is that amateur sport should be managed much better than it is now.

One of the chief causes of complaint among the better element is the practice of large clubs to have their emblems worn in competition by anyone so long as he is a good athletic representative. Cases happen continually where men on the grand stand are ashamed to admit that so-and-so, who may have just completed some meritorious athletic feat, is a member of their club. Any club having such representation must expect to be alluded to in words which are too familiar to need mentioning. If the U. A. C. develops into a genuine college athletic organization the probabilities are that nearly every athlete that may wear its emblem will be welcomed socially as well as athletically. This will be an unusually pleasant state, for pride in the club's athletes will not only be much stronger individually, but more generally distributed than it is at present in a number of big clubs. The feeling that prompted the incorporation of the U. A. C. has been growing for

some time, and although up to now men of refined athletic tastes have been satisfied with clubs having a fine plant for social purposes, still the abuses have become so pronounced lately—chief among which is the looked down upon athletic representation—that an organization known to be above unpleasant practices will be favored.

There is no reason why either the Manhattan or New York Athletic Club cannot be just as proud in regard to who enters their doors or wears their emblem as it is intended that the U. A. C. will be, but the fact is that their officers have not as yet considered it a question worthy of notice. When it is remembered that a club's athletes visit many places, the impression that they give reflects corresponding credit or discredit upon the club; this is a much more important question than many officers in various large athletic clubs are prone to admit, and so long as these organizations find enough members who are content with the present state of athletic representation there will be little cause for complaint, but if the U. A. C. in the future takes the cream of patrons of sports the now existing institutions may feel it considerably to their disadvantage. The U. A. C., however, must control a large and splendidly-equipped athletic and social plant before much inroad will be noticed elsewhere, and before this is obtained the fully-matured organizations may have corrected the evil which at present handicaps them.

THE Harvard *Crimson* in a recent issue said: "A great scheme is being planned in England which promises to be of interest to Americans, and especially to Harvard. It is proposed that every four years there should be held in London an English festival which should consist of contests, in preference cricket and running. These contests were at first to be open merely to the English colonists, but it is now proposed to admit America. This action is taken in view of the splendid showing that our athletes made abroad last summer, and also of our games against Lord Hawke's team of cricketers." The *Crimson* speaks wisely in saying that athletes who were sent by the Manhattan Athletic Club made a good showing last summer. In fact, it was a showing that is appreciated in England much more than the average American probably thinks.

ATHLETICS.

BOXING.

BEFORE the Marquis of Queensberry's now celebrated rules were propounded glove fights were of common occurrence in the London sparring saloons. They were then fought under the London prize ring rules, with the difference that one minute's rest was allowed between the rounds and that wrestling was prohibited. It was considered that, in consequence of the more or less vitiated atmosphere indoors, it took a man twice as long to recuperate than though he were in fresh air. When the men closed they were ordered to break and sent to their corners, the same as if they had wrestled for a fall in the ring, and thus finished the round.

The marquis, in a letter to the *London Referee*, says "his rules were intended to govern sparring contests between gentlemen, not glove fights." With alterations and additions they are now far more brutal, as applied to any contest in which there is any semblance of a fight, than formerly. That ten seconds are totally insufficient for a man to recover after being knocked down—and perhaps more or less than half out—is most apparent, and favors strength over skill much more than the old rules. Why not abandon them and return to those which were the outcome of generations of experience? Let the men box as many or as few rounds as they like to make, about fifteen minutes; then decide who is the best, and, if unable to do so, order another and if necessary another until the judges can decide. Boxers should consider the coarse, brutal and unmanly act of striking a man while he is unprepared, or in a defenseless position, and in the name of decency they should wear shirts while fighting. The Philadelphians boxed none the worse with theirs on, and they added refinement to their appearance. Two of them succeeded in winning A. A. U. championships.

The continued increase of the popularity of the manly art was evinced by the fact that two championship tournaments were held at the Metropolitan Opera House within two weeks. The first was given by the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union on Thursday and Saturday, December 3 and 5; the second by the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States on Thursday and Saturday, December 17 and 19. The finals in both tournaments were productive of full houses and very fine sport. Eight well-matched contests were fought during each evening. The improvement in the average boxer since last year was very noticeable, both in the quality of his boxing and his behavior while fighting. A few instances of one man striking at another while he was unprepared or not on guard occurred, but skill and chivalry go together, and with the development of the former we may confidently expect a corresponding improvement in the latter.

In the Bank Clerks' Athletic Association boxing tournament we failed to find a single entry from the members of that institution. An old professional, upon being asked to describe the difference between an athletic association and a sporting club, replied that the former is a combination to encourage athletics among themselves, the latter a syndicate which induces athletes to compete for their pleasure or financial profit, or both. We hope the Bank Clerks will

steer clear of the methods of athletic organizations with unenviable reputations.

FENCING.

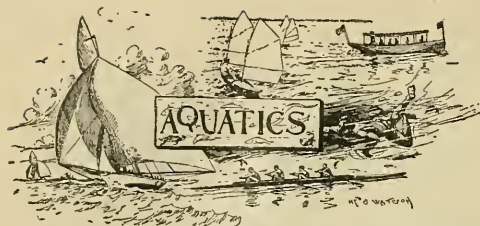
FENCING should be encouraged in this country and become a regular branch of a youth's education, instead of being a select exercise reserved for the wealthy class. There is much talk about physical development and athletics, but what is shown the observer? Even if athletic organizations are numerous, only a small portion of their members keep in practice, outside of the "crack" or athletic members. These represent the club whenever there is any show or contest, but in some cases they have no other privilege; they are forbidden access to the part of the club house devoted to social intercourse, and many call them professionals in disguise. What are the other members about? They witness the performances and abstain from practicing themselves.

My opinion is that boxing is being given up more and more by refined people; it tends to brutality, and a gentleman dares not risk receiving a black eye or getting a damaged nose in exercising, with the prospect of filling social engagements in the evening. Fencing steadily practiced will completely satisfy those who appreciate vigorous body exercise for the benefit of health. A law of nature is that for the education of the body there is nothing to compare with play for the young and simulated fighting for grown people. Boxing would be excellent for that purpose; but, as said above, the style has become too brutal to be favored by refined people. Fencing offers the advantage of being a lifelong, intelligent, healthy and thorough exercise for the body.

A student of fencing encounters at the beginning some difficulties which at times alarm him. These difficulties are only apparent and are easily overcome if the instructor is competent. The principles are so clear, so precise that they should be quickly understood when well explained, and easily assimilated. Then the practice allows a perpetual enjoyment. The fencing institutions in this city should take seriously in hand the dissemination of a taste for the art. Lately a league was started, but its first step was to organize tournaments and competitions for championships. Instead of fencing for medals, prizes or championships, the best and most experienced fencers should exhibit their skill as an encouragement to others.

This would be the best way to popularize the sport, but unfortunately it is not in accord with the American spirit. However, fencing is not American and should not be so organized, else it will die from exclusiveness in the hands of a few, instead of prospering for the good of the many. There are about a dozen real fencers in New York; there should be two thousand at least.

Regarding the usefulness of learning to fence with both hands, it should be said that this depends upon whether the pupil wishes to win matches or engage in all-round exercise. It is always well to have both sides of the body developed equally, but one who has spent his time doing this cannot be as proficient with his combating arm as if he had specially trained that only. There are no fencers in America who are good with both arms.



CANOEING.

THE notes in OUTING for January covered the official doings of the A. C. A. executive committee at their annual meeting in Albany, November 13, but omitted any mention of the fact that the members of the committee went as the guests of the Mohican Canoe Club and were treated most hospitably. The dinner at the Delevan House after the meeting was a grand reunion of old friends. There were five ex-commodores of the A. C. A. present, besides many others who in times gone by had held office.

The regatta programme for the meet next August has been published and comments and criticisms thereon asked for.

The three record events head the list and of course are as usual: Combined sailing and paddling alternately, 3 miles; paddling, half mile, and sailing, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. A time limit of one and one-half hour has been put on the combined race and one of two hours on the sailing race, both of which are welcome innovations. The two Trophy events have not been changed in any particular. There is a special paddling race for open canoes and single blades, also an unlimited sailing race of 6 miles. This race will determine who are to sail for the Trophy.

The Novice and Pecowisc cup races are on the list as usual, also the club sailing race, which grows in popularity each year. There is a combined race for "general purpose" canoes exclusively. Among the other events which have usually been called is placed a war canoe race, which has failed heretofore because there has never been more than one of these boats at a meet. The Toronto canoe attended the meet in 1889, the Yonkers canoe in 1890 and the Mohican in 1891. This year it is hoped that four war canoes can be brought to the meet, so that a crew from each of the four divisions can enter and race. Four 30-foot canoes with crews each of fourteen paddlers and a steersman would be about the finest sight ever witnessed at an A. C. A. meet, and the enthusiasm that would result from the division rivalry would add materially to the sport at the annual camp. It would be difficult to improve on this programme, and it is not surprising that no modifications have been suggested.

The Marine and Field Club and the New York Canoe Club have named their regatta dates for next June. There has already been some unofficial correspondence between Mr. Ford Jones and the officers of the N. Y. Canoe Club about another international race for the N. Y. C. C. cup, and it is highly probable that a series of races will be sailed early in July. No formal challenge has, however, as yet been received by the club from Mr. Jones, or rather the

Canadian club to which he belongs, and from which the challenge must come.

The Royal Canoe Club, at their annual meeting in London, England, materially changed their sailing rules, which have remained unmodified for three years, and now the sliding seat may be used. The Challenge Cup rules have also been changed, and this year one race will settle the question as to who will hold it for a twelvemonth. The full text of the new code has not been received as yet, but it seems probable from the notes published in the English papers that it is now possible for an American to compete on a fair basis for this coveted trophy. It is to be hoped that one or more Americans will challenge and sail for it, as the field of entries is unlimited. The new rules also make it possible for other canoeists than members of the R. C. C. to sail with a fair chance of winning, and it is quite likely that men from the Mersey and Tyne will appear at Hendon when the Cup race is called next May or early in June. This cup has been raced for annually for the past fifteen years and has always been held by members of the R. C. C.

Nearly 100 canoe men who do business in New York and live in the city or its vicinity have organized a winter club which they hope to make a permanent institution. All canoe club members are eligible. A meeting room has been rented, and on Monday nights through the cold weather meetings will take place. The room is at the disposal of the members at all times, and it is expected that a few men will be there every evening. The object is simply to bring men together in a pleasant way, having a common interest in canoeing, and who otherwise would not be likely to meet except during the canoeing season. Members of the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will at all times be welcomed at the club room. The present club room has only been engaged until April, as by that time the success or failure of the scheme will be demonstrated.

Three kinds or classes of canoes are now recognized by the racing rules—sailing racers, general purpose canoes and paddlers. The general purpose canoe was defined by the new rules of 1891, and was intended to supply the place formerly occupied by the sailing racers before they were evolved into racing machines almost pure and simple. This class did not appear to advantage at the 1891 meet; but from present appearances it seems certain that many of the hitherto out-and-out racers are building this class of boats and will use them at the next meet. The modern racing canoe is not a comfortable all-round cruiser certainly.

C. BOWYER VAUX.

ROWING.

THE new year promises to be an exceedingly interesting one for the rowing world. Whether or not an international race will take place, there will be races enough between our own colleges to keep spectators and the knowing ones alike busy. There is some talk about one of the leading colleges taking up rowing again after many years' idleness in this field. There are, no doubt, many colleges situated near very small streams, it may even be canals, which for this reason hesitate about attempting to form crews. Now, for their edification, let us take a look at the water at Oxford and Cam-

bridge. The Isis is a small stream, in many parts almost too narrow for two eights to row abreast, the water is sluggish except during floods, the stream is practically a canal, since there are locks every few miles, and upon the home course there are not many places where it is easy to turn an eight.

The course from Ifley Lock to Folly Bridge is about a mile and a half long, possibly a bit longer. A towing path for the river traffic, which is carried on by means of canal boats towed by horses, runs along one side. At Cambridge the Cam is even narrower, it being little better than a ditch, and the conditions are about the same as at Oxford, except that they are even less favorable from a rowing man's point of view. At both places there is what is known as the Long Course, that at Oxford being some 4 miles down the river, below Sandford Lock. The Cambridge one is even farther away, it being near Ely. The water is livelier, especially on the Ely course, than in the respective home courses, yet for the last sixty years, more or less, rowing has been the favorite amusement, and the natural drawbacks have been overcome by the exercise of a little will power and the sport brought to the highest point of excellence. The number of really first-class oarsmen to be seen on the Isis or Cam on almost every day of the university year would make the mouths of Harvard or Yale rowing enthusiasts fairly water.

Perhaps it may be useful here to outline the method of training the dark and light blue crews. In *OUTING* for February, 1891, I gave a fairly complete sketch of the method of training in vogue at Oxford, and it will not be necessary to do more now than to point out the way in which Oxford and Cambridge crews begin on quiet and finally reach tidal water. At home they row on placid streams with slow currents, unless running full during a freshet. The coaches either run on foot or ride horseback along the towing path, an infinitely better method of coaching than if they should be pulled along in a pair-oar in which two raw oarsmen vainly endeavor to keep up with the eight. They are better able to take a broad view of the crew in the first case. After about three weeks of this home coaching the crews journey to livelier water, Oxford going to Mapledurham as a rule, about half way to London, where the Thames is broader and more of a stream, and Cambridge going to Ely, where they get good, lively water. A steam launch meets the dark blues at Mapledurham and the regular coach joins them in her.

After a week or ten days at those places, Cambridge often getting to Ely earlier and remaining there longer, the next move is made to Putney, where tidal water and the famous Putney-Mortlake course are reached. And such a course as it is! Winding like a snake in death agony, with cross currents, eddies, long reaches where the full force of the wind is felt, again others where high banks offer shelter, it is crowded with all sorts of craft, and in another sense crowded with memories of forty or fifty inter-varsity aquatic battles, of a Harvard-Oxford race, in which Harvard had the misfortune to meet what was probably the finest "four" ever afloat, of many a struggle for the world's championships between professional

scullers from every part of the world. It is also a course where the best oarsmanship in the world can be seen on any March day, when the idols of the moment, the Oxford and Cambridge crews, are afloat. Every "bargee" vies with every other to see to it that the crews shall have a clear course each day, and the watchful, all-powerful Thames Conservancy guards them from harm. Here, my masters, Rowing is to be seen!

Now, why should any of our colleges fear to take up rowing if a canal or stream wide enough to allow an eight-oar to get along is within reach? Why should they not take up one of the grandest sports in existence? Studies need not suffer. Do you need proof of this? Then read Andrew Lang's "Oxford," where he calls rowing men the "salt" of the university.

Again, let me urge upon the boating authorities of this land the necessity of systematic and thorough organization at the beginning of the year's operations. Choose your "stroke" now and stick to it. For heaven's sake let it be as little like the ordinary "professional" style as possible. Do not theorize as to dynamics or any other "mics" of this or that stroke. Experience has shown that the Oxford and Cambridge "stroke" (they wouldn't know what that meant there) is the best.

No American crew has ever met a really representative one from the Isis or Cam successfully. Columbia's victory at Henley was over college, not university, crews, and Trinity Hall, at Philadelphia, was only a college crew. Mr. Robert Cook, of Philadelphia, is an authority for the assertion that the Oxford style of rowing is the best. Not only the stroke should be good, but attention should be paid to each man's oarsmanship. Look to his physique, make him regular in his work, come down like a thousand of brick upon slouchiness or careless gymnasium work. Develop his lungs, heart room, back and leg muscles, and his pluck. Make each one take pride in his work and endeavor to bring out all the good that judicious, systematic and intelligent training will undoubtedly do him. Let each college strive to turn out the best crew ever afloat, and although all can't win, *OUTING* wishes all the best of luck. * * CHASE MELLEEN.

THE series of articles on rowing begun in this issue, and to continue through March and April, should have the attention of all oarsmen.

YACHTING.

THE racing sloop *Pappoose* of the 40-foot class has been purchased by Mr. Mott, of Oswego, N. Y., from Mr. Davenport Galbraith. The *Pappoose* is to go round by sea and the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, where some good racing is expected between her and the *Yama*, which was built two years ago by Wintringham at Bay Ridge from a Fife design. The *Yama* is also owned at Oswego by Mr. Allen Ames, and has taken a good many prizes in the Lake Yacht Racing Association's regatta in 1890 and 1891.

THE steam launch which THOMAS H. STEVENS, the great traveler and explorer, used in his venturesome yachting expedition FROM THE GERMAN OCEAN TO THE BLACK SEA (as told in *OUTING* for April, 1892, and following issues) was expressly built for him by Clay & Torbensen, of Camden, N. J.



CANADIANA.

THAT capital winter game, ice hockey, has found hosts of supporters throughout the Dominion. It may now be considered as much the national game during winter as lacrosse is in summer. Developed in the Province of Quebec, it soon spread to Ontario, receiving hearty encouragement in the city of Ottawa. Hockey, in its scientific form, was first played in Toronto about two years ago, where it at once attracted the greatest attention, especially among lacrosse players and men of athletic turn who were good skaters. Last year the Ontario Hockey Association was formed and some exciting contests resulted before the association cup was finally won by the Ottawa Hockey Club from the St. George's Club of Toronto. Should weather permit a number of good matches will be played this season in which the new Osgoode Hall team, of Toronto, is expected to prove dangerous.

THE much-abused Canadian climate made a strange record during the past year. Golfers played the royal game during nine months of the twelve on Canadian links, and on New Year's Day last a number of enthusiasts played upon the green, which was then in fair condition. Only one week of bad weather spoiled sport during the close of the year, and while players at St. Andrews, Scotland, were driving red balls over links of snow, the Canucks were going it on the green.

THE slice of southern sultriness meted out to Canada for what was supposed to be her winter season played havoc with the usual winter sports up to January 1, 1892. Montreal curlers, however, managed to get to work on New Year's Day, and there was much noise of the captains and shouting at the Thistle, Caledonia and Montreal rinks. Turkeys were curled for as the lovers of besom and stane in the commercial metropolis know how to do, and there were lunch and fun galore.

A MEETING of the Montreal branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club was held at the Thistle Rink January 2, with the president, Mr. Geo. Brush, in the chair. Competitions under the auspices of the branch were arranged for

and Dr. Geo. Hutchinson was elected second vice-president. The preliminary competition for the Governor General's prize and the branch tankard was set for the last week in January and the Stancliff cup for the first week in February.

LAST season was the most successful in the history of Rugby football in Canada, and there is every prospect of the game steadily advancing in popularity. The one thing required to harmonize rules and make the contest for the championship of Canada a permanency has been secured in the newly-formed Canadian Union. The heroes of '91 were the strong fifteen of Osgoode Hall, Toronto. They defeated in turn Ottawa, Hamilton (champions 1890) by 24 to 4; played Toronto 'Varsity to a draw when darkness fell, the score standing 10-10; won the challenge cup of Ontario Rugby Union from 'Varsity by 18 to 4, and finally beat Montreal, champions of Quebec, for the championship of Canada, by 21 to 10.

THE first important hockey match of the season was played at the Crystal Rink, Montreal, January 8. The contestants were the M. A. A. A. team, of Montreal, and the Ottawas, of Ottawa, Ont. The latter won by 4 goals to 3. The M. A. A. A. team previously held the championship of the Canadian Association.

SIR ADAM WILSON, the great patron of amateursport, who died recently in his eightieth year, is quoted as saying concerning the Toronto Athletic Club that it was one of the best institutions that had ever been projected in Toronto for the advancement of the moral and physical strength of young men, and that in joining, although he had decided that he was too old to go on another board of directors, still he felt that to be on the one of the T. A. C. was an important duty, and he not only gave pecuniary aid but gladly recommended the T. A. C. among his friends. His spirit in lending aid in this respect was very similar to the one shown by William R. Travers, who for some years up to 1887 was president of the New York Athletic Club.

OTTAWA curlers are playing a rink series this winter, matches every other night, with eight rinks competing.

NOMAD.



CYCLING.

DURING the dull season men like to talk over what has been done and recount the particular contest they either took part in or were interested spectators of. A partial retrospect may therefore not be out of place just at this particular time.

First, may I be allowed to take off my hat to the League of American Wheelmen for having made such tremendous strides in membership. Never has there been such a year of advance. On January 1, 1891, the league numbered 17,763, while on January 1, 1892, it was 23,335, a good solid gain of nearly 6,000. The league in the early days of 1891 passed successfully through one of the most difficult complications with the A. A. U. on the racing question, and notwithstanding the extreme position taken by certain members of both organizations common sense and sound counsel prevailed. It was a matter of give and take. The A. A. U. demanded that certain rights which had been wrongfully taken from certain of its members be restored and on the other hand the L. A. W. insisted on being recognized as the supreme authority in cycle racing matters. It may be remembered, however, that the L. A. W. authorities distinctly put their foot in it when they made the celebrated suspensions, and before the year 1891 was born they had ample time to see the error of their ways. Under the circumstances they did nobly, and the errors they made were not of the heart but of the head.

As a racing season the year 1891 must go down to history as being at the top of the heap. Never, even in the palmy days of Ducker, has Springfield seen such a meet as was held there last September, Hartford was right up to standard and Peoria held a good meet, though I am sorry to notice that the results were such that the Peorians do not feel justified in having a meet in 1892. This rather looks as though the racing supremacy was still held in the East.

Among the most prominent of the road-racing events were the annual affairs—Pullman-Chicago, Irvington-Milburn, and the Boston Athletic Club 25-mile race. In the latter event Hoyland Smith put the 25-mile road record down to 1h. 19m. 13s. In England the road and track scorchers have also been at the records, Holbein having made the 100 miles in 6h. 5m. 26s., and the great Land's End to John o'Groat's having been lowered to 4 days 11 hours, the dis-

tance being 871 miles. On the track Holbein has made the twenty-four hour record 361 miles 1,446 yards. The mile track record belongs to America and was made by W. W. Windle in 2m. 15s., just one second faster than Osmond's performance in July, 1891, of 2m. 16s. Other records have received a shaking up, but the above are the most prominent.

Among the famous racing events the great world's record race held at Springfield will be looked on for many a day as being one of the most brilliant contests ever witnessed on the cycle path. To look back, the time limit placed on that race seems the height of audacity. Think of placing a time limit of 2m. 23 2-5s.! And yet the winner, W. W. Windle, did the mile in 2m. 23 3-5s., and Zimmerman wasn't one-fifth of a second behind him, and seven out of a field of nine finished the mile within 2m. 26s. Doesn't it seem as though it would be many a day before that event would be beaten or even equaled? Had there been no other brilliant events during the season that one alone would stamp the year 1891 as being the most remarkable in racing annals.

The fabulous value of the prizes offered and awarded at the principal tournaments has been the cause of no end of controversy, many maintaining that the recipients of these prizes were not much better than professionals. In consequence of this view of the case some have held that the imaginary barriers had better be thrown down altogether and cash prizes be given to the racing men, while the more conservative are in favor of restricting the value of prizes to comparatively nominal sums. To both these propositions the race promoters are opposed. First, because the bulk of the prizes are donated by members of the trade and others, and second, in case it was decided to give cash prizes equal in value to the prizes now offered the drain on the cash receipts would be so heavy as to preclude the possibility of any profit. Again, they argue that if the value of the prizes is limited the crack men will have no inducement to race. There is good solid food for reflection in these objections to the proposed changes, but they are logical and very meaty.

The trade, as a whole, has nothing to complain of, and with few shady exceptions the cycle trade for 1891 has a clear and pleasant record of prosperity and profit. The McKinley bill has done much to put a damper on the importers, both present and prospective. The

home manufacturers have had all they could possibly buckle to, and more, too, in a good many cases. A move has been made by several of the English manufacturers looking toward establishing branch factories here, and in this way they can come into equal competition with the American makers. There has been a steady businesslike effort made by the American and English makers to perfect the safety, and there has been a gratifying absence of attempts to introduce startling novelties simply for the sake of satisfying the morbid appetite of the public and thus corraling the nimble dollar.

The riding public in both countries, and in fact the trade at large, generally wait until the Stanley Show has taken place before they place their orders, and until that great event comes there is an air of mystery and knowing reticence among the manufacturers which is supposed to impress one deeply, but is really amusing. After conversation with several who were at the show, and after a careful perusal of the current English weeklies, I do not find that anything very particularly startling or novel was revealed at the Crystal Palace. There was healthy evidence of determined effort on the part of all exhibitors to perfect the machine in the way of construction, detail and finish. The novelties worthy of notice were only two in number—the geared ordinary wheel, which may survive the best of a year's experience, and the disk or spokeless wheel, the latter being an invention intended to overcome the resistance caused by windage, and if theory and practice, when applied to cycle construction, did not so often clash, I should be tempted to prophesy success for the spokeless wheel.

I am rather surprised that the idea of a perfectly dustproof chain and gear case has not received the attention of the makers more than it has. I believe that I have said previously in OUTING that the perfected safety will have such an attachment, and now I am more than ever firmly convinced that this will be so. If there is any one part of the machine that needs protection against undue and excessive wear that part is the chain gear, with its multiplicity of wearing surfaces and its exposed position. I have seen a chain-gear protector made by a Mr. Harrison, an Englishman, and while it is much better than nothing it will stand a lot of improving before it can be called a success. Its good points are that it does absolutely protect the gear and the chain from dust, and keeps them well lubricated, while its faults are that it is cumbersome, difficult to detach in case of necessity, and, worse than all, the lower tube of the frame has to pass through the case on a slant, and the joints thus made between the case and frame have to be soldered. Now, I believe the ingenuity of inventors is fully equal to the task of giving us a dustproof chain and gear case which shall be easily detached in case of necessity, and also will not have any soldered joints, which are very apt to break from continuous jar.

The enthusiastic pneumatic men must possess their souls a little longer in patience if they expect the makers are going to put a tire on the market which will absolutely not burst nor collapse. The tires have, however, been greatly improved, and the proportion of failures for 1892 is bound to be much less than ever before.

Though some of the late inventors have put on the market pneumatic tires which they claim will not fail, I must take this optimistic statement *cum grano salis*, as emanating from an enthusiasm and a belief which are at least pardonable in an inventor. We are getting nearer perfection, however, and I don't want to see the procession stop until "perfection" in the pneumatic tire is reached.

THE PROWLER.

* *

NEWS NOTES.

"ZIMMERMAN is going to England," "Zimmerman isn't going," etc., "'Jimmy' hasn't decided what he will do," etc.—thus the weekly press has been juggling with the question of Zimmerman's possible movements. The cold, hard, unsympathetic fact is that the N. Y. A. C. will decide as to what Mr. Z. will do. Racing circles have been stirred up over the fact that Zimmerman was the recipient of \$25 cash from the Worcester (Mass.) Club. The accused says he thought that the money was to cover certain expenses and was not intended as a bonus. He returned the \$25, but the racing board have the matter under advisement.

THERE is "talk" that the principal manufacturers will be in the field again with "promateur" racing teams next season. I do not believe it, for a burnt child dreads the fire.

THE uncertainty of Osmond's visit to this country is as "uncertain" as it can be, and yet the papers must discuss something.

ENGLAND was literally smothered with American cycling and sporting editors during November and December. The idea seemed to strike them all at once and each one didn't know that the other fellow was going.

THOMAS STEVENS, the OUTING round-the-world tourist, is successfully lecturing on the subject of his adventures. OUTING for April will begin a series of articles on this traveler's latest achievements.

THE professional boom this fall had a very rocket-like career. It was siz, boom, ah! and now the stick has reached the earth, and all that remains of the pyrotechnic display is the blackened case and a few unpaid bills.

THE grand stand at the Glenmere track, West Lynn, Mass., was destroyed by fire December 30. The Glenmere, in Rowe's palmy days, was one of the best known tracks in the States.

It is a fact to be deplored that very many of the light wheels which will be imported to and made in this country will have the handle bars so shaped as to induce and encourage "round-shouldered riding."

AN exchange makes the statement that there are 582 bicycle factories in England. As a matter of fact there are less than 200 which can be properly dignified by the name of "factory." There are hundreds of "back alley and garret makers" who adopt big names and get out a score or two machines per year.

THE Capital Cycle Club, of Springfield, Ill., recently gave a smoker to their friends. The committee in charge were E. Hopperkamp, M. P. Reed and E. T. Hartman.



LACROSSE.

WHEN the end of one season is at hand and the championship has been awarded, the question naturally arises as to what will be done during the season that follows.

In comparing the games of 1891 with those of other years we can easily see the improvement which lacrosse has made in respect both to the attendance at the games—which is by no means an unimportant item—and the manner of playing.

At a time when there was not so much rivalry between the different teams more attention was paid to individual than team work; but during the last few years this has given way to the necessity of developing the individual power of a man in connection not only with the position in which he plays but also with regard to the men who play on each side of him. If an example be needed as to the advantage of this kind of playing and the result which is sure to follow, no better can be given than to point out the playing of the New York College team.

When these boys started playing the game they saw at once the necessity of practice, and the spirit of rivalry was such, and so many tried for positions on the first team, that as many as thirty at a time would appear to practice.

With the narrow limits that they were forced to play in, owing to the spectators crowding around them, they were obliged to dodge and pass until it has become a feature of their play to such an extent that they excel in it more than in any other point.

This team, which is by all means the most promising of any of the younger ones, is subject to the greatest disadvantage, inasmuch as the faculty of the college does not support them; but it looks as though the boys neither feared nor cared, for they stick at the game with the greatest persistence, and any of their best players could easily obtain places on the first-class teams. But the great trouble with them at present is that they are slightly inclined toward "big head," which might hurt them if they were not warned, and as they are the coming players it is really worth while to remark it.

At one time there was a great probability of forming a second league, and it is by no means out of the question now, but instead of the C. C. N. Y. wishing to join this league they thought they were good enough to play matches with such talent as the New York and Staten Island athletic club teams. This is their mistake, for it requires victory to obtain support, and should

the New York College team become disheartened or lose the support of their fellow students a natural death of the team might ensue. If the team continues to play it is destined to become as fine as any in the country. The training which players receive while at school is more valuable to them than that found at any other period, and for the sake of the game, as well as the players themselves, everything should be done to foster and not dishearten the growing generation of "crosse wielders."

The prospects of all the teams for the coming year are the best. The Manhattans will be strengthened by several Canadians. The New Yorks and the Schuylkills will probably have some new players of the best order, and while the ex-champion Staten Island team looks to the outsider to be in a bad way, yet it is barely possible that chance and a little common sense will put them in the way of a team which may hold its own with any.

LIONEL MOSES, JR.

FOOTBALL IN TEXAS.

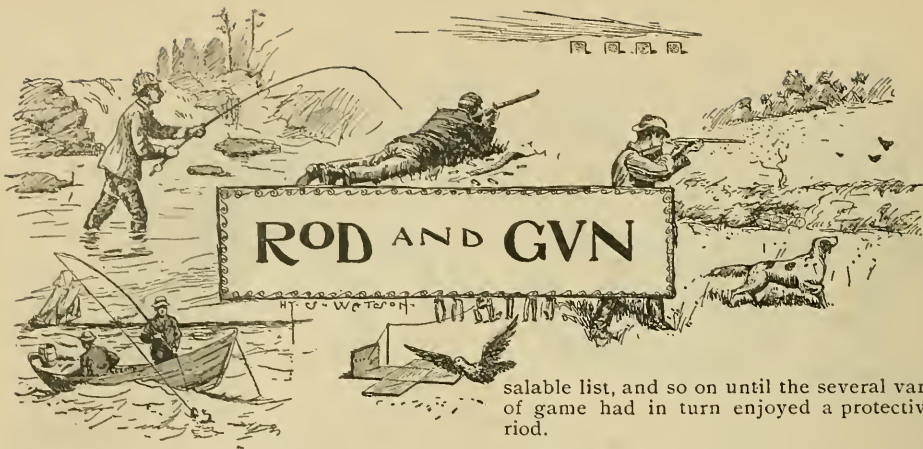
SPIRITED football in Texas indicates that amateur sport there is following the great advance which has marked all gentlemanly pastimes in the East. A fifteen from Fort Worth met a similar team from Dallas on the latter's ground at the Rugby Union game. The time of the game was two halves of forty minutes each, with ten minutes' intermission.

The following constituted the field:

Dallas.	Position.	Fort Worth.
Parsons	Goal	Healy
Ritchie	Half back	Spencer
Mottram	Half back	Chamberlin
Merewether	Half back	Carlton
A. W. Stewart	Quarter back	Brookman
Gilmour	Quarter back	Allan
Gamon	Forward	Strong
Forbes	Forward	Kaufman
Griffiths	Forward	Brennan
Fraser	Forward	Lem Day
De Zouche	Forward	Jere Lehane
Arbuckle	Forward	McCart
C. W. Stewart	Forward	Fenton
Henry	Forward	A. Martin
Bassett	Forward	Captain Messer

At the referee's whistle the score stood Dallas, 24; Fort Worth, 11.

Clubs have been formed to play, "inter-collegiate rules," in Galveston, Greenville, Sherman, Waco and other towns, with every evidence of being successful. The officers of the Dallas Club are: George W. Stewart, president; C. W. Gilmour, treasurer; G. W. E. Merewether, captain; Wyndham Robertson, secretary. The membership is fifty-six.



SOME non-migratory species of game, such as several varieties of grouse, the turkey, the quail, rabbits, etc., might easily be preserved for all time if afforded a reasonable amount of protection. Prairie chicken, ruffed grouse, quail, etc., can stand a comparatively close settlement of country—certainly one as close as an agricultural country will admit of—and still thrive and increase rapidly in numbers, provided that the rate of their destruction by means of firearms is so restricted as to maintain a proper balance between the production and destruction. Here is where the great difficulty in connection with allowing game to be sold asserts itself. Already the number of true sportsmen has increased so astonishingly that only the most carefully planned and thoroughly enforced legislation, aided by a manly forbearance in killing game on the part of the sportsmen themselves, can possibly prevent a too rapid destruction.

The market shooter cares not one whit about the preservation of game for future sport. He is out for money and wants as much game as he can get now—hang the sport and the future! So long as it is lawful and profitable for such men to sell what game they can kill, they will kill and sell as much as they can.

It would be, according to my judgment, a wise and timely move to prohibit the sale of grouse of all kinds and quail for, say, a period of at least three years. This would give a fair idea of just how much the market shooters are responsible for the decrease of our game, and should so lessen the annual slaughter as to give the birds every chance to increase.

Vigorous opposition to such a protective measure would surely come from the dealers and from consumers who do not kill game for themselves and have no sportsmen friends to provide for them. Such opposition would be natural enough, for there are millions of people who purchase game, though caring naught for sport. To keep game from the markets entirely would be too high handed a measure to find favor in this country, but the sale of one species might be prohibited at a time, so that the market would always have some game for consumers. Say, for instance, that the sale of grouse of all kinds be prevented for a term of three or four years until their numbers increase sufficiently. Then these might come to market, and quail or turkey or cock, etc., go on the non-

salable list, and so on until the several varieties of game had in turn enjoyed a protective period.

I confess to a liking for an occasional turn at the traps, especially when live birds are used, and I fancy that the majority of keen sportsmen, like myself, find the long, dull days of February and March drag somewhat wearily. During such periods the shooting of a few friendly races for the price of the birds, the suppers for the party or some trifling stake, furnishes welcome amusement. The jolly reunions of men of similar tastes at the club house and traps are wondrous pleasant; but there is too frequently a serious drawback to the otherwise sportsman-like proceedings. I refer to the poor quality of the birds trapped upon such occasions.

Sport apparently must possess a certain element of cruelty to appeal strongly to manly human nature; but one of the tests of good sportmanship lies in the decreasing of the cruelty as much as possible. It is not good sportmanship to stand at score with every advantage yours, and armed with a great ten-gauge loaded with everything the law allows, to pound the life out of a lot of half-conditioned weak-winged, bedraggled pigeons. Straight strings of such birds mean nothing, and the performance perhaps rivals killing rats with a club in the matter of sport. Never a weak bird should be trapped. Only strong conditioned flyers are worthy of a gentleman sportsman's skill.

English sparrows are first rate for trap shooting, and are just about fit to fall to half an ounce of No. 9 driven from a hammerless sixteen gauge. The sparrow is an unworthy little wretch, and merits no better fate; but I never like to see the beautiful little snow bunting sent to the traps. These invaluable winter gleaners are so easily netted that dealers naturally depend upon them to supply customers, but to make such use of the birds is a serious mistake. Pigeons and sparrows answer well enough, but sportsmen should insist upon all birds being in good condition and fit to take full advantage of what little chance trap shooting allows them.

The great fault of artificial target shooting is that it is apt to encourage a very rapid, snappy style, which spoils a man for "holding on," or swinging the gun with the even, unchecked motion so necessary for long crossing shots and for shooting waterfowl. The best feature of shooting "inanimates" is that it makes a man "handy with his gun," hence it is excellent for beginners, as it aids them in learning how to bring the gun to the shoulder smoothly and rapidly.

ED. W. SANDYS.



KENNEL.
FIXTURES.

February 9 to 12—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago.
February 16 to 19—Central City Kennel Club, at Jackson, Mich.
February 23 to 26—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York.

OUTING for March will contain an article on the Saint Bernard by James Watson.

The English *Stock-Keeper* announces that Mr. J. F. Smith, of Sheffield, has added another stud dog to his list, a rough-coated Saint Bernard, son of Watch, of which great things are expected.

MR. J. L. LITTLE, the clumber fancier, has donated through the Spaniel Club \$20 for specials in the clumber classes at New York Show.

LAST year there was dissatisfaction among those exhibitors at New York whose dogs were benched in the basement. This year, if it is possible, all will be on one floor.

To keep down the number of entries the entrance fee will be \$5 for each dog. As an offset to this, and to keep up with the times, there will be about \$2,000 more prize money.

CHICAGO certainly offers a good premium list. In large breeds the challenge prizes are \$30 and \$20; open classes, \$25 and \$15, besides medals. The entry fee for these classes is \$4. In setters, pointers and collies the prizes are \$20 and \$10 in challenge, and the same with silver and bronze medals in the open classes. Foxhounds, greyhounds and deerhounds have \$15 and \$10 in challenge, and the same in open, with silver and bronze medals for third and fourth. Other prizes are \$10 and \$5 in challenge and open classes. There are kennel prizes ranging from \$25 to \$10. A \$25 special for the handler with best conditioned lot of dogs; \$25 for best kennel of sporting dogs, and the same for non-sporting; also \$25 for best kennel of toy dogs entered by one exhibitor. Entry fee for toys is \$2, and all other breeds, except those already mentioned, \$3. R. J. Sawyer will judge Saint Bernards; H. L. Goodman mastiffs, Great Danes, Newfoundlanders, fox terriers, bulldogs and bull terriers; Roger Williams Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds and greyhounds; P. H. Bryson, of Tennessee, will have English setters to take care of; J. Davidson will judge Irish and Gordon setters, cocker, clumber, field spaniels, foxhounds, beagles and bloodhounds. Pugs and toys have been apportioned to Dr. Cryer, of Philadelphia; pointers, Chesapeake Bays, Irish water spaniels and miscellaneous, to Tim Donoughue, of La Salle, and to John Long, of St. Louis, are given the collies.

MR. PAUL SCHUMACHER, Frankfort, Germany, has sold a smooth-coated Saint Bernard dog called Marko to Mr. Geo. W. Schenck, of Lyons, Ia. Marko was bred by Dr. Caluminus.

It is said that a show will be given in Brooklyn next fall, under the auspices of the National Greyhound Club, and under the management of Mr. Mortimer.

VLADIMIR, of the Hornell-Harmony Kennels, one of the Krilutt-Elsie litter, is dead. He was always shown with Princess Irena, a litter sister. The loss to Messrs. Nixon and Fellows is a heavy one.

THE English *Stock-Keeper* says: "Mr. Arthur Ray, who intends to go in for breeding Saint Bernards on a somewhat extensive scale, has bought the prize bitch Lady Mirza, 27,234, by Plinlimmon—Lady Adelaide, in whelp to Donnybrook Fair."

THE Bulldog Club will offer at the New York show five solid silver cups, value \$650; thirteen solid silver club medals, value \$130; one kennel prize of \$25 and twenty cash prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5 in eight classes, making a total of \$200 more and a grand total of \$1,005. Only club members can compete for these specials. Mr. George Roper will be the judge.

MR. D. C. LUSE, owner of the American Coursing Kennels, Great Bend, Kan., has received from M. Phister, Cincinnati, six imported greyhounds. Four are half brothers and sisters to Fullerton, winner of the Waterloo Cup three times in succession. The hounds are Norwegian, Belle of Elthan, Beunerito, Nettle, Fuld and Carrick. They come from the kennels of Colonel North.

FRANK DOLE has imported for Mr. Thayer the fox terriers Miss Dollar and Brockenhurst Tyke. Both have won numerous prizes on the other side. Mr. Dole has himself imported the bull terrier Champion Sir Monty II., winner of about fifty prizes. For Mr. Manice, who owns Windrush, Rioter and Janet, he has imported the dachshund bitch Venus II., a winner on the other side.

AT last there is authentic information of the age of old Plinlimmon. He was whelped June 29, 1883, and was by Mr. N. M. Potchecary's Pilgrim out of Mr. T. Hall's Bessie II. It will be seen that he was getting on well in years.

COL. B. RIDGWAY, of Germantown, Pa., has purchased the celebrated pointer Promotion, winner of the pointer Derby and absolute Derby winner at the Central Field Trials, and second in the pointer Derby at the United States Field Trials.

THE \$500 trophy that will be given at the New York show by Messrs. Reick, Ruppert and the N. K. C. for the best American-bred Saint Bernard, whelped after 1890, is now being made. Figures of Prince Regent, Scottish Prince and Princess Florence will be modelled in relief. The New York *Herald* is also donating twenty-five bronze medals for the best specimens in different breeds at the show.

DR. FOOTE has lost Rochelle Otero and a good dog pup from distemper.

THE South Bend Kennels have bred their Saint Bernard bitch Nymph to Sir Bedivere.

MR. T. POWERS, of England, has sold three Edgbaston Marvel pups to A. H. Megson for \$1,000, the latter gentleman also paying \$2,000

for the collie Southport Pilot, that won over Sefton Hero. Mr. Megson allows the late owner five free services of the dog.

JOHN FURGESON, Chestnut Hill, Pa., has imported a good pair of Dandie Dinmonts.

A SHORT time ago Mr. Paul Hacke secured a couple of wolves, and under the direction of Dr. J. B. Grimes Mr. Hacke's pack of Barzois were given an alleged wolf chase. The agent of the Humane Society intends to lay this before the board at the next meeting. Mr. Hacke pleads that he was not present, and was given to understand that a wolf chase did not come under the penalty of the law.

THE Seminole Kennels, Chestnut Hill, have purchased the English setter dog Sir Frederick. He is by Champion Royalty out of Olinda, by Champion Sir Allister.

MR. DARLING, of New York, has purchased from Mr. James E. McKillop two young deerhounds of the old Glengarry and Badenoch strains; also a Gordon setter by Ballocknyle Don out of Nell Gwynne, winner of third at the last Edinburgh show.

DR. WESLEY MILLS has published a new work entitled "The Dog in Health and Disease."

MR. ROLAND P. KEASBEY has purchased the Sussex spaniel Beau from Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto; also the Sussex spaniel Bessie, by Chance II., out of Newington Cyprus.

MR. S. P. SLATER, of New York, has bought from Mr. Moore an eighteen-months-old bitch by Champion Ben Lomond out of Capitola. She will be registered as Princess Emma. He has also purchased a puppy from Mr. Moore.

THE Hempstead Farm Kennels have secured the services of Mr. Angus Cameron, of England, to train their dogs for the field, it being their intention to go into field-trial competitions extensively.

THE Swiss Mountain Kennels have a fine litter of Saint Bernards by King Regent (21,115) out of Dart (19,905). They are evenly marked, very large and have grand, big heads. These kennels have also a fine litter of red cockers by Cherry Boy out of Lady Gay, with one of black cockers by Champion Jersey out of Chip K.

THE Galen Pug Kennels, of Clyde, N. Y., have a bitch a year old, by Champion Dude out of Minnie A., weighing only 4¼ pounds. She is described as being nearly perfect in every way.

THE Swan Kennels, of Westchester, N. Y., have purchased the smooth Saint Bernard dog Prelate, by Parson out of Appolona, also Appolona, by Champion Apollo out of Brunhilde, from Mr. John Keegan, of Brooklyn, and the rough Saint Bernard Lord Chumley, by Ivanhoe out of Lady Emily, from Mr. F. A. Franks, Jersey City.

MR. GEORGE W. LOVELL, of Middleboro, Mass., has purchased the pointer dog Pontiac. Ben Lewis will handle him on the circuit. Mr. Lovell has a good litter of pointers by King of Kent out of Lass of Kent. Among other good ones in his kennel may be mentioned an English setter bitch by Mingo II. out of Cambriana.

MR. HALLOCK H. HILL, of North Attleboro, Mass., has purchased the Boston terrier bitch

Cricket II. from John N. Swazey, Bucksport, Me.

CONRAD in the *Fancier's Gazette*, England, says: "At no period in the history of Saint Bernards since the time of old Tell have we been so badly off for champion dogs as we are at the present. Tell was imported by Mr. J. C. Macdona, about twenty-five years ago, when he was making up what was in its day the finest kennel of Saint Bernards in the world. Tell was not large, was nearly self colored, with no white on head, but he was full of quality, which he transmitted to his get, his blood running through the veins of the best dogs we have had. Young Bute, Sir Hereward and Siegfried are direct descendants from him."

MR. W. L. WASHINGTON, of the Kildare Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa., has a good string of Irish setters. The list includes Champion Dick Swiveller (22,914), Kildare Doris (21,915), Ileene (21,625), Red Rose, Ch. Biz out of Ch. Lady Clare and Rose Boromhe (22,916).

CHAMPION JESSIE, one of England's famous collie bitches, passed away November 29 at the good dog age of thirteen years. She was the victor in many a bench-show contest, and as a brood bitch succeeded in producing such good specimens of the breed as Dublin Scot, Nullamore, Duchess and Chang.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club met December 18 at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. A rule was adopted referring to registration in the Canadian Kennel Club Stud Book similar to the rule of the American Kennel Club, viz., no dog will be eligible for registration unless his pedigree can be traced back for three generations. In future dogs, to be eligible to the title of champion, must win three firsts in the challenge class, one of which must be secured at a show with an exhibit of 500 dogs or more. Messrs. Gorman, Stone, Michener and Williams were appointed a committee to revise the Stud Book. Twenty-one new members were admitted to the association.

A MEETING of the Boston Terrier Club was held in Boston, December 16. Eight new members were elected. The following experts were elected as the club's approved judges to officiate the ensuing year: Dr. J. S. Saunders, J. W. Newman, W. C. Hook and N. A. Knapp. Cash specials will be offered at New York, Boston and Chicago as follows: \$10 for best kennel, \$10 for best dog, 20 to 35 pound class; same amount for bitches same class; \$10 for best dog, 10 to 20 pound class, and bitch class same amount.

TICKS seem to be one of the plagues of Australia. The *Queenslander* has the following item about these pests: "Ticks still proceed with their ravages on the canines. Mr. J. Stewart has, I hear, recently lost three fox terriers from tick poison, and in these cases the ticks had the impudence to come to the kennels in which they were secured. Mr. Warry has lost his Saint Bernard, fourteen ticks having a hand in his decease. There are many other cases I have heard of, and in one instance the dog, a rough terrier, recovered after a severe spell of paralysis. Dog owners must be particularly cautious and diligently search their pets daily. A foal

OUTING FOR FEBRUARY.

out Samford way has become paralyzed from tick poisoning, and although it clings to dear life small hopes are entertained for its recovery. A correspondent mentions that he recently came across a bandicoot apparently helpless. He caught it and found it quite paralyzed and discovered dozens of ticks on it. The bandicoot died a short time after it was found."

ENTRIES for the sixteenth Westminster Kennel Club show at Madison Square Garden, New York, February 23-6, close on February 8. This show promises to eclipse all its predecessors. The value of the prizes and cups, aggregating \$8,000, to say nothing of prestige, will attract the best of the best.

THE Philadelphia Kennel Club field meets, open to members only, were held on December 15 and following days at Dentonsville, Va. The members' stake was won by Col. B. Ridgway's King's Mark, Charles Heath's Lena second, and W. B. Smith's Ben-Hur Franklin third. The Derby was won by Col. B. Ridgway's Booth, L. Shuster, Jr.'s Hazel second, and his Philadelphia Press divided third with F. G. Taylor's Katie Noble II. The all-age stake was won by F. S. Brown's Edgemark, Dr. J. A. Hartman's Albert's Duchess second, and F. S. Brown's Peg Woffington third. JAS. WATSON.

LOFT.

MR. JOHN D. ABEL, Baltimore, Md., owner of the bird Van Opstal, whose record from 100 miles was broken by the birds Miss Liberty and Clipper, of Mr. Joseph O'Neill, Providence, in winning the *Clipper* leg bands, says I have made a mistake; that the story I told in 1883 when the journey was made does not agree with what I tell to-day.

After quoting a portion of OUTING's January story in the *Fancier*, of Baltimore, he adds:

"The above appears over the signature of Mrs. E. S. Starr in OUTING for January. In the last few lines the writer says that the record of Van Opstal, of Baltimore, was beaten.

"We assert that Van Opstal still holds the record from 100 miles, and in proof of such we reproduce the following extract from the *Homing Pigeon* of July, 1883, the writer's own publication:

"John Abel, of Baltimore, Md., gave the necessary notice of his intention of entering for the 100-miles record and prize. The Federation representative in Baltimore was T. L. Hooper, and by him the birds were marked and shipped, the returns received and reported to the secretary, and his agent was timer at the loft. The start was from Cumberland, Md., at 9:06 A. M., home time, June 20. The returns were one 11:35 A. M., two at 11:36 A. M. Time out, 149 and 150 minutes. Distance air line, 117 miles. Average speed, 1,384 and 1,372 yards per minute. The first return, the red-checker cock Van Opstal, Sr., is Hansenne stock; was hatched in December, 1881. Its best previous record was made in September, 1882, from Pen Mar, Md., 60 miles air line in 83 minutes; speed, 1,271 yards per minute."

"I think Mrs. Starr should look up her records before placing them in print, and not rely entirely upon memory for such important facts."

I admit the difference, but that the first told was an error was published, I think, in 1886. I cannot at the moment say where, but in the

Brooklyn *Eagle* Almanac for 1887 or 1888 the figures appear that I to-day acknowledge as correct. This reads:

"From 100 miles. Average speed, 1,347 yards per minute. Made by Van Opstal. Owned by John Abel, Baltimore, Md. Start from Cumberland, Md., at 9:05 A. M., June 20, 1883. In loft at 11:35 A. M. Distance, 113.7 miles."

The difference is in the different figures given as the distance, and was the outcome of the action taken by the association back of the rules governing the record, that distances, previously obtained by map measurement, should thereafter be computed by mathematical calculation. It is the difference between the 117 miles of map measurement and the 113.7 miles that makes the difference in the figures of the speed.

The record for each distance of a series for the flying year of 1891, as offered for probate at the meeting for awarding the prizes held in Fall River, Mass., January 21, was as follows:

THE RECORD FOR EACH DISTANCE OF A SERIES FOR THE FLYING YEAR, AS OFFERED FOR
PROBATE AT THE MEETING FOR AWARDING THE PRIZES HELD IN
FALL RIVER, JANUARY 21.

Miles.	Yards per Min.	Bird.	Owner.	Home.	Prize.
100	*1,374	{ Miss Liberty The Clipper }	J. O'Neil	Providence	{ Queen. Clipper. Pulitzer.
150	1,294	Nelse Innes	J. Clancy	Providence	
200	1,326	Lone Star	H. G. Thurston	Fall River	
250	1,472	Watrous	J. Clancy	Providence	
300	1,288	The Collier	W. Haden	Providence	
325		Sleepy	G. E. Hook	New Bedford	{ World's watch. Stockkeeper cup.
350	1,733				{ Royal Blue Line gold. Schmidt.
350	1,119	Romeo	B. Borden	Fall River	
450	1,120	Mandigo and five others	H. J. Williams	Providence	
500		Next evening, Somerset	H. Skelton	Philadelphia	So. Mass. P. A. prize.
535		Sec. morning, General Washington	Joseph Makin	Providence	
1,000		One month, Bobby or Domino	J. A. Bontille	Providence	

* Breaking the record.

+ Holding the George W. Childs prize for the greatest distance in the day through the season.

† The speed less than was made being calculated from time of finding.

E. S. STARR.

EQUESTRIAN SPORTS.

THE recent ruling of the Board of Control, which takes effect from January 1, 1892, and which provides for the exclusion from the regular summer tracks over which they are in authority of all owners, trainers, jockeys or other participants in the winter racing which takes place at the Guttenburg, Gloucester and other tracks in New Jersey between the months of September and May, is the most conclusive and aggressive move which that honorable body have yet made in the interest of pure and honest racing. Although the rule may seem unjust at the first glance to the small and poorer owners, whose horses must be kept at work the year round to provide oats for their stables and bread for their households, yet upon soberer reflection every true lover of sport must acknowledge its necessity at this time. The Board of Control represent a class which follows racing, not as a business, but as a pastime—the only class that can afford to be conscientiously and scrupulously honest at all times. Racing on the winter tracks has fallen to a level which makes it a parody on the name of sport, a mere gambling machine, operated in the interest of a few mercenary owners and the pool rooms throughout the country. Such a state of affairs would naturally lead to much jobbery, and it is generally thought that scarcely a day passes when races are not “fixed” or the entries are not “padded” to make the betting more tempting in the various pool rooms. In the interest of pure sport, therefore, the Board of Control find it necessary to disassociate themselves from the set managing winter racing, and hence the imperative rule which has created such a stir in horse-racing circles.

Philadelphia is to have a horse show on the lines of the New York show, which will, however, be an out-of-door affair. It will begin on Decoration Day and will last four days. Sufficient funds for the prize money have already been subscribed by a number of Philadelphia's wealthy citizens, and the grounds of the Philadelphia Cricket Club at Chestnut Hill have been secured for the occasion. Many original features have already been devised by those interested, one of them being a system of judging by which the judges will not know the name or catalogue number of the exhibits, thus insuring judgment upon form alone. The trotting and draught classes will probably receive more attention than at New York, and several of the crack trotters have already been promised as exhibits. The names of the subscribers, as well as those of the judges, with the exceptions of Colonel Waring, of New York, who will judge saddle classes, and Colonel Parsons, of New York, who will judge trotting classes, are withheld for the present. ALFRED STODDARD.

ANSWERS TO OUTING CORRESPONDENTS.

A. A. K., Salt Lake City.—What is termed the gall bladder, or gall, is not found in the deer. This is also true of several species of quadrupeds.

T. H. W., New York.—If the boy is to have an expensive weapon a double hammerless twelve gauge of about 7½ pounds weight should suit him admirably. Such a gun, if built by a maker of repute, will give service for a lifetime,

providing proper care is taken of it. Hammerless guns—once the working of them is properly understood—are safer than those with hammers. A high-grade gun is the best, safest, and cheapest in the long run. A single barrel is good enough in its way, but if the boy is to become a sportsman he might just as well start right by mastering the handling of the weapon which he must use in a couple of seasons. The top-snap action is as good as any.

W. H. W., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—“In OUTING for last November it is said that the Boston Bicycle Club is the oldest club in this country. Will you kindly give me the date of its organization?” *Answer.*—The Boston Bicycle Club was actually organized February 5, 1878, although preliminary steps were taken and signatures secured for the membership list nearly a month in advance of this.

E. W. E., Fair Haven, Conn.—“Can you inform me of a place within 100 miles of Fair Haven and handy to a railroad, where the country is sufficiently wild with plenty of heavy timber for squirrels, with a lake or a pond? I have a cabin in the woods of North Lynn on the banks of a good-sized pond, but the fishing is not anything extra.” *Answer.*—It is difficult to find such a spot as you wish so near civilization. There are parts of your State heavily wooded, but the probabilities are that they are owned or controlled privately. There is no record of their being open for general usage.

B. J. McC., Salt Lake City.—“There is an excellent amateur fencing club in this city and I ask if it is possible for this club to be enrolled in the Amateur Fencers' League of America. It is hardly probable that the club would be often represented at the different meets, but it has sufficient standing to consistently request for this membership.” *Answer.*—Write to the secretary of the Amateur Fencers' League, W. Scott O'Connor, 53 Broadway, New York.

W. D. H., Albany, N. Y.—“Please inform me where I can purchase a good book on training for distance running?” *Answer.*—In OUTING for June, 1891, appears an exhaustive article on middle and long distance running by Malcolm W. Ford, who with his own experience embodies that of several celebrated long distance runners. Assuming you wish advice for an amateur, no better work can be recommended.

F. D. S., Springfield, Mass.—“What is the best record for putting a 16-pound shot?” *Answer.*—From a 7-foot circle, 46 ft. 7¾ in., by George R. Gray, New York, September 19, 1891.

L. A. C., Christchurch, N. Z.—“A team of athletes from this country will probably visit England next summer to compete in the championship games. We may return via America and compete at important games there. When will the American championship games for 1892 be held?” *Answer.*—The American championship games will probably take place in September or October, while the English fixture is generally held in June or July. This will give your team time to compete in all the important English games and then in contests of a corresponding importance in America. According to the constitution of the Canadian association their championship games must take place on the last Saturday of September.

CYCLING FOR WOMEN.

Now that the spring is upon us the cyclists begin to think over the past and to plan for the future. Where to go, how to go and when to start for the first outing is a question. My sister wheels, don't start without giving your steeds a complete overhauling after the winter's rest. I wonder how many of you can take your wheels to pieces, clean and examine them and put them together again? Suppose it is a rainy day and you have two or three hours to spare, don't you think you might as well learn how now as any other time?

The very first thing to do is to provide yourselves with several pieces of soft flannel, a small saucer of coal oil (it will smell unto heaven, but never mind), your oil-can well filled with bicycle oil, and two small plates or saucers to hold some little fixings which you will need to keep carefully after you have detached them from the wheel. You have, of course, your large and small wrench and screw driver handy, your apron tied on, and your first act is to turn your horse upon his back, or rather turn your wheel over, and stand it upside down, resting it on the saddle and handle bars firmly. I am taking my own wheel apart for you, but all wheels are enough alike to guide you by one. The first thing you will remove is the chain guard, which is effected by loosening the nut on the pedal crank and removing the crank. Next you strip your horse of his muscles by taking off the chain, which is done by loosening a little screw you will discover in the chain if you run it round until you come to the right place.

Then you must free the front wheel by loosening the nuts which hold it firm, lift out the mud-guard stays—those slim black rods—and that lets the front wheel free. You will want to clean its bearings as it lies on the table (of course you have a roomy empty table), so you must unscrew a small cap which you find on one side of your wheel, at the same time pressing up the axle on the under side tight against the hub, or sundry small steel balls, which are your "ball bearings," will escape and roll in every direction. Keep them in, for if you lose any you will have to pay ten cents apiece for new ones. They are made of very hard cold rolled steel.

We have a laugh on an inexperienced cyclist who, having carelessly lost some of these little chaps, substituted buckshot, to his serious undoing, as the soft lead flattened out under the subsequent pressure. There are twenty-two of the wee rollers in my wheel, eleven on either side of the axle. You will find also on the axle a mill-edged affair which is called the adjusting cone. For freeing and cleaning the centre and rear bearings proceed as for the front and don't get them mixed.

To clean your pedals, remove the nut on the inside of the crank, pull off the pedal, loosen the nut on the other side of the pedal, pull off the D washer and unscrew the cone, carefully noticing when you replace it that you get it on square and even, as the thread it turns on is very fine and easily spoiled. If you have the

chance, capture an experienced wheelman and compel him to sit and watch as you dissect your wheel. Ask him the name of every part and look them all carefully over, so that you'll feel acquainted.

Don't be satisfied with a bowing acquaintance either. You won't if you are a real, genuine wheel lover. Use the coal oil for cleansing the wheel thoroughly, and oil it with your oiler as you put it together. Should you find your handle bars too high or so low as to make you stoop in wheeling, loosen a small nut you will find in front of the brake rod, then loosen the nut on the head (the perpendicular front bar of the wheel), and you can raise or lower the handle bar as you wish. Make every nut as taut as possible whenever you have had occasion to loosen them. It's a good deal easier to see to that at first than to be reminded of it by a cruel sprawl in the face of some jeering urchin or long-faced and disapproving dame.

I have undertaken the editing of this page of OUTING, with liveliest anticipations of an interesting and pleasant summer with such of my sister wheels as will use it for their and my benefit.

Any questions as to dress, tours, or the thousand and one subjects of delightful interest which occur to folks of kindred tastes, will, I hope, be quickly and freely sent in, that our page may be of use to us all.

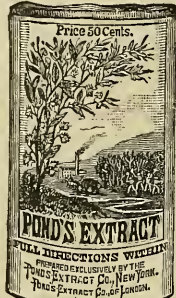
Already a letter has come from Minneapolis inquiring about the proper costume for women who ride. I think many a rough tumble is the penalty of riding in a skirt too long, improperly lined and not sufficiently full. The very most "comfy" skirt I ever wore is three yards wide, lined half way up with slippery and strong sillesia, and pleated evenly on to a shallow yoke at the waist. An easy bodice need not be untidy, but it must be lightly boned in every seam, for the corset on the cyclist is an impossibility, that is for any real riding. It does no great harm to lace, if one is obliged or content to potter about on asphalted boulevards; but for real riding, climbing, long and varied spins, the woman in the corset will fare like the last little pig who cried, "Wee-wee-wee—I want to go home."

For spring riding, therefore, the neat navy blue serge with postillion basque, navy spats and very easy shoes, a yachting cap and blue veil, or a natty walking hat, with one or two unobtrusive quills and a ribbon band, will make a cyclist a thing of beauty as she skims easily through the highways and byways and sniffs the "smell of the green things growing." Riding a wheel needs a dress as neat and trim as belongs to the horseback rider. A divided skirt is good, if the overdress be well lined, and please don't forget to sew five little leaden "sinkers" firmly under the lower front edge of your skirt, in case the wind should rise while you are taking your constitutional, which I hope you'll enjoy as only the winter weary cyclist can.

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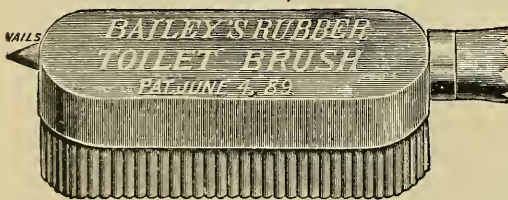
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OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

EVER since the days when *Falstaff* and *Prince Hal* changed places and played each others rôles as alternate prince and jester, actors who have achieved notoriety in one plane have been tempted to travel out of it into its extreme opposite, sometimes to display unexpected excellence, sometimes to prove only too plainly the limitations of their talent. W. H. Crane, as *Winfield Farragut Gurney*, in "For Money," at the Star, is of the former class, for in this pure and simple farce his acting is every whit as effective as in the more serious impersonations upon which his reputation rests. His support is in the main efficient, though by no means remarkable, the only real piece of characterization, other than the hero's, being the subordinate one of the leader of the strike, played by Mr. Padgett. The tendency on the part of the subalterns, especially in the yachting scenes, to rush about the stage *en masse*, with or without necessity, is one which the stage manager should correct; activity is not acting and effective grouping is more telling than unnatural excitement. In real life people would not so act, and why should not the stage conform to social proprieties?

"THE COUNTRY CIRCUS," at the Academy of Music, is the children's paradise, and children of a larger growth are by no means backward in their appreciation. It fills a very useful function in the scheme of metropolitan entertainment, and bids fair to be a perennial. Well, there is room for it in cosmopolitan New York.

THAT Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown" should be well past its hundredth performance and give no sign of abatement in patronage is an evidence that the class who go to a theatre to enjoy rollicking fun is legion. To such "The Trip to Chinatown" certainly presents the needful occasion, for, absurd and incongruous as much of it is, it has the happy faculty of provoking continued mirth.

THAT the Lyceum company cannot only cover, but effectually so, the faults of construction in the plot of "Squire Kate," but present it night after night to large, critical and fashionable audiences to their infinite delight and satisfaction, is a triumph of which they may well be proud. One is so used to smoothness, culture and success at this theatre that it is but seldom needful to particularize, but there is a scene in "Squire Kate" in which Georgia Cayvan rises beyond the ordinary method of the actress into the inspiration of the artist, and raises great expectations of her future. The scene when she is under the influence of the belief that her sister has come between her and her lover is one which one cannot afford to lose the opportunity of seeing.

A VERY old friend at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, "Blue Jeans," is running as merrily as if it had never been away, and what we said of it on its production a year ago is equally applicable now, but 300 performances at one theatre speak more forcibly than individual opinion.

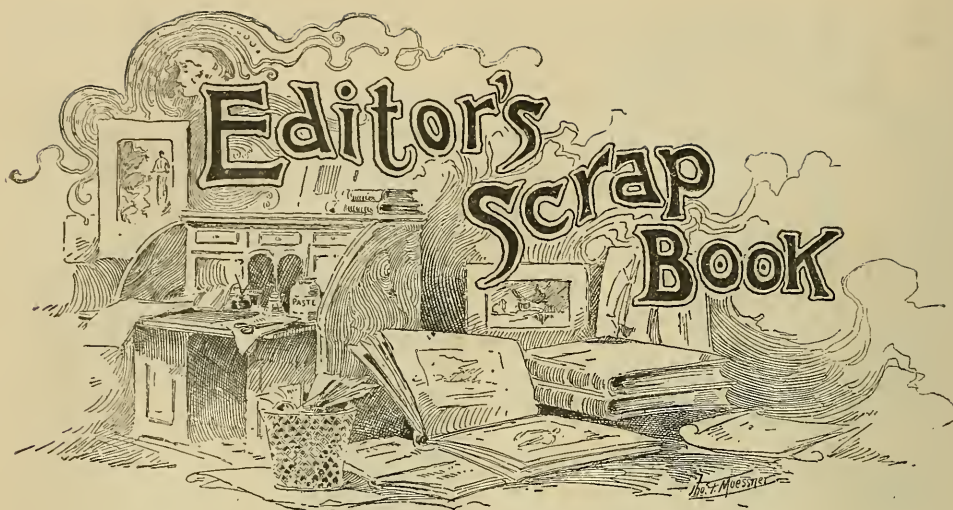
"THE LOST PARADISE," well past its hundredth performance, has proven the most suc-

cessful of the remarkable series of popular plays presented at Proctor's Theatre, Twenty-third street, and its drawing power shows no sign of waning. It is a play with a theme for all, and that is its golden secret. The lesson it teaches is that of humanity, and therein lies its power. It inspired Marie Petravsky, after witnessing a performance, to write to the management: "It is a sign of the times that a play with a purpose so strongly defined as that of 'The Lost Paradise' appeals to popular taste. There was a period not long since when such a production would have given rise to grave apprehension, when the slumbering resentment of the masses would have rendered a stage representation of the relations between capital and labor a dangerous innovation. 'The Lost Paradise' is a tale simply told, yet replete with suggestion. It hints at what exists, with glimpses of truth, tinged by that bitterness begot of inequality. A deep underlying purpose is there, not so much in the words of the characters that move through the drama as in the powerful situations and contrasts exhibited. The tableau of the rich man's daughter side by side with the daughter of the factory hand is full of life and pathos. The line of demarcation is great and unmistakable, but the emotions of the two fathers are identical. That 'touch of nature that makes the whole world kin' is what one feels in the applause evoked by this scene, so full of meaning. The speech of Schwartz, demanding increase of pay for his fellow workmen, the unswerving sense of duty shown by the foreman to his comrades and the concession made by the capitalist all point a moral and indicate a revolution in public taste. Such a play is of more benefit than a sermon. When the rich can be brought to look upon a panorama of misery and to listen to and applaud sentiments of justice, then springs the conviction that the *fin de siècle* has achieved something at least more lasting than the afternoon tea comedy."

THE personality and popularity of Francis Wilson permeate the Broadway and would insure a cordial reception, if not permanence, to any play in which he was the hero, but "A Lion Tamer" has achieved a position which shows that its support is mainly on account of its inherent fitness. Large and fashionable audiences, not only of New Yorkers but of contingents from suburban towns, have testified to this, and the "Lion Tamer" bids fair to make the fourth of its kind which have recently reached their hundredth performance.

"THE LAST OF THE HOGANS" at Harrigan's continues the success which "Reilly's 400" initiated, and Dave Braham goes on his way rejoicing his admirers with songs as fresh and delightful as those which won him fame in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

THOUGH the old familiar faces are no longer to be seen at the Casino, the enchanting tone of Marie Tempest's voice and the ever-welcome airs of the series of Casino operatic successes will linger in the ear for many a day. The last week was fittingly divided between "Nanon" and "The Tyrolean," with Marie Tempest in the leading rôle.



THE pedestrian is a man who generally puts his whole sole in his work.—*Baltimore American*.

"HELLO, old man! have any luck shooting?"

"I should say I did! Shot seventeen ducks in one day."

"Were they wild?"

"Well—no—not exactly; but the farmer who owned them was."—*Harper's Bazar*.

IN GOOD WIND.

Now the foreign pugilist

Comes on a slugging mission;

Though we don't know much about his fist,

His wind's in good condition.—*Puck*.

ON a yacht the boom has a bad habit of swinging around and sending unwary skippers into oblivion. In politics it frequently works the same way.—*Chicago Times*.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

DEBTOR: "I can't pay you anything this month."

COLLECTOR: "That's what you told me last month."

DEBTOR: "Well, I kept my word, didn't I?"—*Texas Siftings*.

TWO of the hardest things to keep in this life are a new diary and a sharp lead pencil.—*Norristown Herald*.

NOTHING is more disheartening to a man than the discovery that he has married a woman who loves to keep his writing table in order.—*Elmira Gazette*.

AN AMICABLE AGREEMENT.

SHE wore the violets of Yale,

And I a Harvard rose;

And though she seemed so slight and frail,

We almost came to blows.

With wordy argument we fought,

With passion and fatigue,

Until, at last—a happy thought!—

We formed "A dual league."

—*Puck*.

VAULTING AMBITION.

"WAS he hurt by falling at the hurdle?"

"Yes; but he hopes to get over it."—*Puck*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

TEACHER: "Hans, name three beasts of prey."

HANS: "Two lions and a tiger."—*Texas Siftings*.

LOCALLY FORECAST.

SUMMER, autumn, winter, spring,
Which of the seasons shall I sing
'Twixt Christmastide and All Fools' Day,
In the latitude of New York Bay?

Cold wind, fog, spring zephyrs, snow,
Ice, heat and hailstones all in a row—
By what name shall our belt be known?
Intemperate or Horrid Zone?

Mayhap proud science may relieve us,
So hotchpotch weather will not grieve us—
But she must, to do it—dollars to cents—
Eliminate all of the elements.

R. W. M., in *Puck*.

IT is hard to draw the line between good and evil; but how does the other political party manage to get all the bad men?—*Puck*.

A NEVADA hunter spent three months looking for a bear, and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE best thing out—A conflagration.—*Drake's Magazine*.

OVER the left—A right cross counter.—*Puck*.

ON THE BRIDGE CARS.

MRS. FULTON: "What a terrible crush!"

MRS. JORALEMON: "Terrible! and no bargain counter. What a waste of energy."—*Puck*.

UNDER the rose—The thorn.—*Puck*.



THE inauguration of a through sleeping-car service between New York and Boston and the Pacific Coast by the management of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad will surely be appreciated by the traveling public, especially by tourists bound for Frisco and the famous resorts of Southern California. Tourists, under the new arrangement, can leave Grand Central Station, New York, on any Tuesday afternoon prior to April 19 or upon that day, and travel to San Francisco without change of car or delay at any point. The through sleepers will be carried on fast express trains equipped with dining cars, so that regular meals may be had in transit. Special conductors will have charge of the through cars, and no effort will be spared to secure comfort and enjoyment for tourists. An attractive combination of routes is offered, and the marvelous mountains of Colorado will in every case be traversed by daylight. A tasty illustrative pamphlet descriptive of the routes has been issued by the New York Central and it fully explains the chief attractions of the tours.

WHAT traveler but has at some time or other been the victim of ill-finished hose? In respect of finish the goods manufactured by the Shaw Stocking Company, of Lowell, Mass., are unsurpassed. For comfort and wearing qualities they carry a special line of "Shawknit" stockings for wheelmen. A trial will prove their merits.

How often when far from available medical advice a wholesome medicinal article of diet is necessary, especially in cases where a patient has difficulty in retaining nourishment upon the stomach. Then the old-time favorite, "Imperial Granum," comes to the rescue.

ONE of the most useful catalogues of the year yet to hand is a handsomely illustrated book, styled the "Chubb Catalogue for 1892," published by the well-known T. H. Chubb Rod Company, of Post Mills, Vt. Everything in the fishing line is described and illustrated, and anglers will find a surprising amount of valuable information between its neat covers.

VISITORS to Boston, especially officers of the army and navy, will find the American House one of the snuggest hosteleries in the "Hub." It is most conveniently situated, and the fame of its cuisine is known far and wide. Success to the new proprietors, Messrs. Keeler & Pocock.

THE second part of "The Fishes of North America," by Wm. C. Harris, editor of the *American Angler*, more than fulfills the high expectations of all who received the initial number. The work, to be published in forty parts, will contain complete descriptions of all the fishes of American waters that are taken with hook

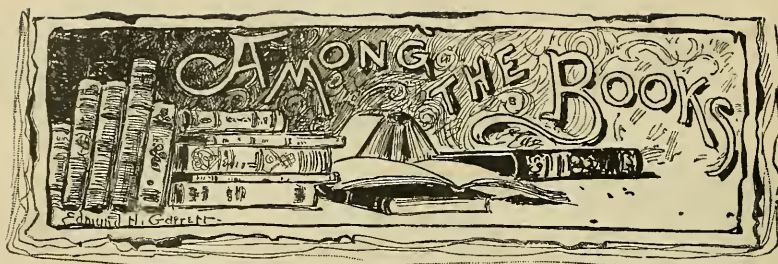
and line. Each part contains two fish portraits 12 by 18 inches, those in Part II. representing the rainbow trout and the yellow perch. The fine artistic merit of the plates and the correctness of the text make this publication a most desirable one for the sportsman's library. [Harris Publishing Company, 10 Warren street, New York].

ONE of the sure signs of approaching spring is the seed-grower's catalogue. The well-known seed growers and breeders of thoroughbred live stock, W. Atlee Burpee & Co., of Philadelphia, have issued theirs, and a handsome one, too, styled "Burpee's Farm Annual for 1892." One of the most valuable properties of the seeds sold by this enterprising firm is that they grow.

THAT artist in advertising, Henry C. Squires, the well-known dealer in sporting goods, of 173 Broadway, New York, knows well the benefits resulting from attracting public attention to honest goods. For several seasons Mr. Squires has issued some of the handsomest catalogues that ever left presses in this country, and this season he surpasses his best previous record.

A most interesting, tastefully designed and beautifully illustrated catalogue for 1892 has been issued by the Gas Engine and Power Company of Morris Heights Station, New York city. This company makes a specialty of naphtha launches and engines, fast craft of its build being now sold in almost every part of the world.

THE development of the love of out door sports and pastimes and the growing tendency of our leisured classes to avail themselves of the many attractions which our own South offers for the pursuit of them during the winter months cannot be better exemplified than in the necessity for such a tri-weekly service as has been instituted by the Clyde Steamship Company betwixt New York and Jacksonville and all Florida points. That such a fleet is required by the exigencies of modern life is one of the signs of the times, and a healthy one, too. Every improvement in the means by which the areas of social and sporting attractions in the circling seasons can be reached widens the constituency that can participate in them, and those who follow the rather hackneyed but expressive phrase, "Go South, my friend," can have no greater inducement or pleasanter introduction to it than one of the Clyde line steamers.



"ONE SUMMER IN HAWAII," by Helen Mather, leaves the regret the authoress herself often expresses, "that I have not seen more of the natives." Considered mainly as a picture of the life of the English-speaking colony of the Sandwich Islands, which after all is perhaps the most important factor to the visitor, it is an exceedingly pleasant, chatty and graphic description of a fragment of a well-nigh perfect world; an after Eden where humanity can dwell without the curse, where life is a dream and time goes by on silken wings. Very few leaves from a journal are so worthy of publication. [Cassell Publishing Company.]

"A GIRL IN THE CARPATHIANS," by Ménie Muriel Dowie, is the narrative of a summer's wanderings in East Galicia. The authoress, a young Scotchwoman, traveled in the garb of a music-hall burlesque actress, rode in the manner which most young ladies recognize as the prerogative of the other sex, smoked cigarettes with like freedom, and generally abandoned all conventional characteristics. If this had been enforced by the unwonted difficulties which the passage through the district presented, it might have been condoned on the plea of necessity, and if any new or interesting scientific knowledge had been added to the world's store by her efforts it might have been said that the end justifies the means; but we fail to see any reason either for the display of her eccentricities or the publication of the story of her wanderings. The book is the flighty and incoherent jottings of a very young lady, whose observations and experiences were scarcely worth the recording. [Cassell Publishing Company.]

"PHOTOGRAPHIC OPTICS," a text book for the professional and amateur, by W. K. Burton, is a useful publication. [The Scovill & Adams Company, New York.]

"LOST IN SAMOA," by E. S. Ellis, is a good example of the use of legends of the beach-combers of the South Sea Islands, those vagrant convicts who have from time to time escaped from the penal settlements of New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land and West Australia and settled on the lonely islands of the Pacific, material out of which the novelist and narrator of adventure, especially if he be so experienced an author in this department of fiction as E. S. Ellis, can weave incident without end. [Cassell Publishing Company, New York.]

IN "The Biography of a Locomotive," by Henry Frith, the author aims to impart, in the form of a story, knowledge of the design and purposes of the railroad locomotive and to tell the daily round of duty of the heroic railroad men, whose work the public know but superficially. Only a thoroughly efficient engineer could have made the intricacies and mysteries of the shop and the engine house and the routine of the signal box and the freight yard interesting; and none but a practiced writer could have so skillfully enveloped the subject with dramatic interest. [Cassell Publishing Company.]

"LITTLE SMOKE," a tale of the Sioux, by W. O. Stoddard, will be mainly interesting to youths, to whom, in the form of the story of a fascinated boy who first joins his uncle prospecting in the Black Hills and is afterward captured or inveigled by Indians, it will convey a great deal of information on the subject of Custer's fatal campaign; for "Bert," the hero of the story, lived with the Indians actively engaged in the transactions which culminated in General Custer's death and the destruction of his command. The illustrations by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh vary very much in merit. [D. Appleton & Co., New York.]

WHAT may be termed the skating volume of the "Badminton Library" forms an invaluable book of reference for all interested in its leading subject, or in curling, tobogganing, ice sailing and the game of bandy. Skating is handled by J. M. Heathcote and C. G. Tebbutt; figure skating, by T. Maxwell Witham; curling, by Rev. John Kerr; tobogganing, by Osmond Hake; ice sailing, by Hy. A. Buck, and bandy, by C. G. Tebbutt. The entire volume is profusely illustrated with portraits of noted skaters, etc., and a wealth of figures and diagrams explanatory of almost countless graceful movements of the expert skater; also many artistic representations of curling, ice sailing, etc. [Little, Brown & Co., Boston.]

BOOKS received—"Better Dead," by I. M. Barrie (Rand & McNally); "The Blue Pavilions," by "Q" (Cassell Publishing Company); "Koloktrones Klepht and Warrior," by Mrs. Edmonds (Macmillan & Co.); "Mistress Brancan," by Jules Verne; "Pretty Michal," by Mauras Jokal; "Indian Idyls," by "An Idle Exile," and "Through the Red Letter Windows and the Old River House," by Theodor Hertz Garten (Cassell Publishing Company).



Outing

MONTHLY RECORD

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport; therefore these pages are open to members of organized clubs engaged in the reputable sports of the period. The editors of OUTING RECORD cordially invite full reports of contests and events of interest.

The OUTING Company, Limited, does not hold itself responsible for the safety of manuscripts and illustrations submitted, but promises to use all due caution in the care of the same. Manuscripts typewritten will receive earliest attention. The conditions under which a manuscript is submitted should always be stated.

THE Amateur Athletic Union on March 13, 1891, decided to award prizes at the end of that year under the following conditions: Scoring to be done on the basis of 5 points for first place, 3 for second and 1 for third in each contest.

For all-round individual excellence—First, second and third prizes to be awarded respectively to the three athletes making the highest three aggregate scores in all individual or team national championship contests of the A. A. U., including the annual championships of running, walking, hurdling, jumping, bicycling, heavy weights, boxing, wrestling, fencing, swimming, lacrosse, baseball, bowling, football, gymnastics, and all other events in which national championships may be given by the A. A. U. For special individual excellence—First prizes to each of the six athletes who shall make the highest aggregate scores in these six subdivisions of athletic sport: Running, walking, hurdling, jumping, bicycling and heavy weight contests; points to be scored in national championships and such events in the respective association championships as may be identical with any national championship event.

The successful are as follows: For excellence in the championship meetings of the Amateur Athletic Union: J. S. Mitchell (weight thrower), New York A. C., 14 points; G. M. Hammond (fencer), New York A. C.; L. H. Cary (sprinter), Manhattan A. C.; T. P. Conneff (distance runner), M. A. C., and C. A. J. Queckberner (weight thrower), M. A. C., a tie for second and third prizes, each scoring 10 points.

For excellence in the championship meetings of the Amateur Athletic Union and its several associations:

Running—L. H. Cary, M. A. C., and T. P. Conneff, M. A. C., a tie, each scoring 20 points.

Walking—C. L. Nicoll, M. A. C., 16 points.

Hurdling—A. F. Copeland, M. A. C., 15 points.

Bicycling—W. F. Murphy, N. Y. A. C., and C. M. Murphy, N. Y. A. C., a tie, each scoring 5 points.

Jumping—A. Nickerson, N. Y. A. C.; C. S. Reber, Pastime A. C., St. Louis, Mo., and T. Luce, Detroit (Mich.) A. C., a tie, each scoring 10 points.

Heavy weights—J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 5 points.

THE eleventh annual meeting of the United States Lawn Tennis Association was held in New York city, and the election of officers resulted in the following: President, H. W. Slocum, Jr.; vice-president, Howard A. Taylor; treasurer, Valentine G. Hall; secretary, S. F. Whittlesey; executive committee, J. S. Clark, Philadelphia; Dr. J. S. Dwight, Boston; C. E. Stickney, Springfield; O. S. Campbell, Brooklyn; E. B. Tuthill, Chicago, and the other officers of the association.

The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$1,050. It was decided to establish a championship in mixed doubles, and the Wright & Ditson ball was again adopted.

The following dates were allowed:

March 15 and following days—Magnolia (Fla.) tournament.

March 22 and following days—St. Augustine tournament for the championship of Florida.

March 29 and following days—Tampa Bay tournament for the championship of the Gulf States.

There was considerable discussion concerning where to hold the championship in doubles. The Staten Island Cricket Club, under whose auspices they have been held for three years, wish to hold the fixture again provided the final championship match be played at the same time. The Narragansett Pier Casino also made a bid for the matches and some delegates favored Saratoga, but the executive committee are to select the place.

The championships in ladies' singles and doubles will be played upon the grounds of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, as will also the new mixed doubles fixture.

Those who may be contemplating a trip South in connection with the Southern law-tennis tournaments should inquire into the facilities of the tri-weekly service of the Clyde line from New York.

* * *

A CUSTOM has been introduced in the metropolitan amateur arena known in the olden time as "revolving," that is, the playing of a member of one club as a player in the nine of another club. It was this custom that gave the deathblow to the amateur clubs in the metropolis away back in the sixties, and if it be kept up in the same district in 1892 it will be equally fatal in its effects. It came into vogue in 1890 in the Amateur League arena, when Mr. Westervelt, of the Englewood F. C., became also a member of the New Jersey Athletic Club baseball team. Last year it was carried to greater extremes than before, the New Jersey Athletic Club taking Messrs. Westervelt, of the Englewoods; Fountain, of the Crescents, and their own pitcher, Mr. Currie, to Detroit with them, thus making their team a picked nine instead of a legitimate club nine.

Both Messrs. Westervelt and Fountain were also regular members of the New Jersey A. C., as they were of their own clubs. But that does not alter the case. The self-same revolving plan would admit of the Staten Island Cricket Club strengthening their team when playing against their Staten Island rivals or the Brooklyn Crescents by the temporary accession of the Currie battery to their team.

HENRY CHADWICK.



PHOTOGRAPHY in the colors of nature is at last an established fact.

The discoverer of the process is Mr. Frederick E. Ives, of Philadelphia. It was patented July 22, 1890, under the name of "Composite Heliochromy."

Mr. Ives' process, briefly stated, consists in first making three photographs to represent the effect of the object photographed upon the three fundamental color sensations (in accordance with the theory of color visions now accepted by all scientists) and then combining these photographs by superpositions, either by projection with the triple magic lantern or in transparent gelatine prints.

These three negatives are made at one time, in one camera, by simultaneous and equal exposure on a single sensitive plate, involving no more trouble or expense than the production of an ordinary negative. A simple camera for accomplishing this has been invented by Mr. Ives, for which patent is pending. Lantern slides are made from these three negatives on a single plate in the ordinary way, and are projected with a single source of light in an ordinary magic lantern, sunlight being preferable.

To use Mr. Ives' own words: "Lantern slides made from the heliochromic negatives and exactly reversing their light and shade must also represent the effect of the object upon the respective color sensations. One lantern positive when seen by transparency in red light reproduces the effect of the object upon the primary red sensation. Another, viewed in the same manner by green light, reproduces the effect of the object upon the green sensation. The third, viewed by blue-violet light, reproduces the effect upon the blue sensation. Evidently the combination of these three images into one must form a reproduction of the object as seen by the eye, correct in form, color, and light and shade. Such a combination is effected by projecting the three pictures with a triple optical lantern, so that they exactly coincide upon the screen. The result is what we have been led to expect.

"We have here a true solution of the problem of reproducing the colors of nature in a screen picture, dating from November, 1888. Previous to the publication of my new principle it was assumed by Cros, Poirée and others that if the projection method were employed each picture should be projected by the same kind of rays as those which acted to produce it. In my method, as I have already stated, a picture made by the joint action of red, orange, yellow and yellow-green rays, but chiefly orange, instead of being projected by a similar mixture of spectrum rays, is projected by red rays only. Similarly the picture made by orange, yellow, green and green-blue rays is projected by green rays only, and that made by

blue-green, blue and violet rays, by blue-violet rays only. That is the true principle, yet nothing of the kind had ever been suggested. The process is capable of giving results which are above criticism, except of that hair-splitting kind which applies also to the ordinary photographic process as a means of reproducing objects which have no color. The most serious objection to this method of solving the problem is that its only commercial value would lie in its application to the illustration of lectures.

"Dr. Stolze, who was one of the first to recognize the genuineness of this solution of the problem, doubted if, even in theory, color prints from the same kind of negatives could be made to furnish such a perfect solution. A year ago I also believed that there were theoretical difficulties in the way of realizing a perfect process with color prints. Only recently have I succeeded in showing what relation the colors of the prints must bear to the colors of light used in projection, in order to perform exactly the same function and, under like conditions of illumination, secure equally perfect fulfillment of theoretical requirements.

"In the projecting method we build up the luminous image by adding light to light. White light is produced by the mixture of three colored lights used for projection and black by their suppression. But when we carry out the process to produce permanent pictures the paper which may form the basis of the picture is itself white and it is the shadows that are built up by the superposition of color prints.

"Nevertheless, the color print has exactly the same function to perform as the lantern positive, *i. e.*, to absorb and suppress, by its shading, light affecting one primary color sensation. If we remove our three positives from the lantern the screen is evenly illuminated with white light. If we replace the one representing the green sensation, its shadows will absorb the green light, with the result that the screen bears a picture in the complementary color, pink, on a white ground. In the color print method we commence with a white surface, which corresponds to the fully illuminated screen, and the shadows of the color print representing the green sensation, when laid upon this surface, absorb the same kind of rays as the shadows of the positive in the lantern and with the same result, a pink monochrome picture on a white ground. Superposing the other two color prints upon the first one on paper is like inserting the other two positives in the lantern.

"This explains why the primary sensations are represented by prints having shades of the complementary (absorbing) color. It is the lights and not the shades of the color prints that represent the effect upon the respective primary color sensation. It is only necessary to use dyes that completely absorb red light, but neither green nor blue violet for the print representing the red sensation; green, but neither red nor blue violet for the green sensation; blue violet, but neither red nor green for the blue sensation, in order to obtain from my negatives a color-print heliochrome that exactly fulfills all theoretical requirements, provided that it be examined in the same kind of white light that we obtain in the screen projections by mixing red, green and blue-violet rays."

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY FOR WOMEN.

CIRCUMSTANCES have of late impressed one fact strongly upon my attention, and it would seem as if those women who by fortuitous circumstances or the helpful interest of expert friends have gained a prominent position should remember that with such a reputation comes responsibility. This is twofold, toward themselves and others. Whether, like Malvolio, their greatness is achieved by themselves or thrust upon them it is alike incumbent on them to maintain the same, and this is not possible without constant study and effort. Even after laying a foundation of solid scientific and mechanical education one should often examine it and see if the masonry holds firm. In this day and generation we are so apt to see what the centuries have cherished as established facts proved to be only "such stuff as dreams are made of" that it behooves us to constantly take heed of where we tread. I would urge on all women camerists to work out as far as possible their own photographic salvation and would repeat my oft-repeated injunction not to seek it in purely women's societies.

In neighborhoods where the mental atmosphere is specially suited for educational progress, and where the social forces do not hold too powerful a sway, it is possible to succeed with literary, art, musical or dramatic clubs, but this is more difficult where the scientific element has to be considered. While one can make great advances in all these branches of mental work it is with them all a question of degree, more than of kind, one can attain nearer perfection in the work, but the character of it does not vary, while in such work as photography the horizon line is ever stretching in different directions, and the mind has to be actively engaged to keep in touch with the constantly occurring variety of scientific discoveries or one is soon hopelessly left far behind. Those who would become weary beyond telling with the unvarying repetition of musical practice, or take little interest in using the brush with greater or less skill, will find scope for their utmost mental versatility in dealing with the deep mysteries of photography. I have heard it said by painters that it was often necessary to lock up or give away their cameras, as they were apt to prove serious rivals to brush and palette.

The constant improvement in printing processes alone keeps one on the *qui vive* to follow and understand them. The taste must indeed be difficult to satisfy which cannot be suited by the many different ones from which it is possible to select. Take for instance all the changes it is possible to create by different methods of treating bromide paper, depending wholly on the developer used. It seems like a revelation to many people that every kind of photographic print cannot be treated alike, and they utterly fail to understand that if silvered paper yields a positive image, requiring no development, why with bromide paper the same should be latent or faint, as with platinum or plain prints. They smile indulgently when told that in this work of making prints a keen mental grasp and quick artistic perception not only can be used but are positively required for success. Each printing method has qualities fitting it for some special purpose and style of picture, making it very in-

appropriate for others, and there is scope for the exercise of the most cultivated taste. I have found it possible in photography to utilize considerable previous experience in music, painting, literary and dramatic work. In fact the wider one's general mental education the more will it enable one to find in camera study. It is no mere way to kill time but an educator of more or less value according as it is appreciated and used.

In considering a woman's responsibility to other women the first and main point to impress on her is to forget in one sense that she *is* a woman. I mean as far as relates to her manner of working. She should discard the rôle of attractive helplessness and blind reliance on masculine judgment and learn to find out things for herself, respecting so truly her dignity as a separate mental entity as never to expect favors on account of it, but be able when necessary to give reasons for the faith that is in her.

The best and highest kind of independence is never obtrusive, but when it has honestly earned an honorable position firmly but quietly insists on its receiving proper respect. Make it apparent, all women who undertake camera work, that you are in earnest, that you can and will begin at the bottom and work your way up, and you will find masculine hands outstretched not to assist you over the hard places but ready to grasp yours in genuine hearty recognition of your success in getting over them for yourselves.

Assert nothing for which you cannot give chapter and verse, and above all do not let yourselves be justly accused of petty jealousy toward other women, but hold out the right hand of fellowship to everyone who works faithfully, always ready to acknowledge merit, insisting, however, that it shall be genuine, and no matter how successful you may be never let yourself be persuaded into believing you will not every day find ways to improve your results. The mixture of the serpent and the dove is needed in this work of helping others, as it is elsewhere; for, however great may be your conceded skill, much of the welcome with which your advice is received will depend on your presentation of it. Speak the truth and "speak it from your souls," but clothe it in the mantle of true charity toward the failures of others, remembering your own.

It is rumored that a woman's camera club is to be started in Harlem, and from over the ocean comes talk of one in London. The English still hold to separate competitions and awards for women, but when such good work is being done by them it would seem as if they might be considered to have passed beyond the infant class in photography. As spring approaches the actinic quality of light improves and outdoor work grows in favor. Those women whose forte lies in figure studies can combine that line with landscape work very successfully. In future editorials I shall consider various ways in which women will find photography helpful and interesting, and I would request that any information pertaining to the progress of women in camera work be sent to me, that it may receive proper recognition and encouragement.

CATHARINE WEED BARNES.

OUTING FOR MARCH.



FIXTURES.

March 5—Boston (Mass.) Athletic Association games for schoolboys, Mechanics' Hall.

March 5—Seventy-fourth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., indoor games, Buffalo.

March 16—Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union gymnastic championship competitions, New York city.

March 22-26—Amateur Athletic Union annual fencing championship, Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, New York.

THE chief point in establishing a new amateur athletic league for the United States is the great increase of sport among the better class of people. The time is passing away when indulgence in manly athletic pastimes causes one to be associated with a non-desirable class, but legislation for amateur sport is at present unsatisfactory to many who engage in it only in a recreative sense. It is no wonder then that the movement on the part of this class is making stronger headway than many thought would be the case.

The proposed new league has not at present reached a stage of development sufficient to warrant any decided opinion being given about it, but the mere fact that there is quite a strong movement to establish such a body shows that many think amateur sport may safely be divided into classes. There are clubs in England which allow members of only certain institutions to compete in their games. The London Athletic Club, for instance, confines its competitions to members of certain associate clubs, private schools, the civil service and those invited by L. A. C. members. Its games, therefore, are composed of a good class, which in turn works to the benefit of the club in many ways. Will the same principle be applied to American amateur athletics?

The proposal to establish the new athletic union has brought out in an incidental way some very startling facts, showing the enormous numbers of the members of athletic clubs and the monetary value of their interests. The following is a table of the largest clubs, showing approximate membership and property of each as estimated:

	Members.	Property.
S. I. A. C., Staten Island . . .	1,000	\$100,000
Crescent A. C., Brooklyn . . .	1,600	90,000
Athletic Club of Schuylkill		
Navy, Philadelphia . . .	1,800	150,000
Columbia A. C., Wash., D. C. . .	1,200	120,000
Boston A. A., Boston . . .	2,500	400,000
Chicago A. A., Chicago . . .	1,500	500,000
Denver A. C., Denver, Col. . .	1,000	250,000
Cleveland A. C., Ohio . . .	1,200	50,000
Louisville A. C., Ky. . . .	800	75,000
Detroit A. C., Mich. . . .	1,000	700,000
Montreal A. A., Canada . . .	1,200	225,000
Athenæum C., Toronto, Can. . .	1,200	50,000
Southern A. C., New Orleans . .	1,200	40,000
Olympic A. C., San Francisco . .	1,500	230,000
New York A. C., New York . . .	2,500	475,000

Manhattan A. C., New York . . .	3,000	850,000
Staten Island C. and B. B. Club .	500	70,000
Englewood Field Club, N. J. . .	800	50,000
Palma A. C., Jersey City . . .	600	50,000
Jersey City A. C., Jersey City . .	600	50,000
A. C. of Buffalo, Buffalo . . .	1,500	100,000
Providence A. C., R. I. . . .	700	Building
Montclair A. C., Montclair . . .	600	75,000
Orange A. C., Orange	600	75,000
Pastime A. C., St. Louis	1,200	75,000
Memphis A. C., Tenn.	600	70,000

At a recent meeting of the trustees and council of the University Athletic Club a circular was issued, parts of which are as follows:

After careful consideration the committee believe that the building formerly occupied by the New York Racquet Club, No. 55 West Twenty-sixth street, is better adapted to the immediate requirements of this club in its appointments and equipment than any other available property in the city, and they have great pleasure in announcing the securing the option to lease these quarters for a short term of years from May 1, 1892 (or from an earlier date if they can be made ready), with privilege of renewal at a favorable rental.

This building offers many advantages. In addition to two racquet courts there is a gymnasium with a considerable equipment, which can be completed at a comparatively small expense. There are also Turkish baths, shower baths, two bowling alleys, billiard room, fencing and boxing rooms and a running track. There are other rooms which can be utilized as lounging and reading rooms, while the restaurant and kitchen facilities are deemed sufficient to meet the necessities of the club for the immediate future. It may be added that it is designed to make this club a vigorous athletic club, and not a rival among purely social clubs.

The trustees have reached the conclusion that, with a moderate expenditure, these quarters can be furnished and made ready for occupation before May 1, 1892.

The present number of members, and the number of applications for membership already filed, leave no doubt as to the existence of a widespread desire for such a club as this is designed to be, and the trustees have entire confidence that, long before the option for the lease expires, the membership will exceed the number which would justify the club in making the proposed lease.

The annual dues are \$50 for resident members, with an initiation fee, for the present, of a like sum. For non-resident members they will be one-half of the above amounts.

The entrance fee and half of the annual dues of original members will be payable on the first day of April next, and thereafter the dues will be payable semi-annually, on the first days of April and October.

BOXING.

AN impression prevails among those whose knowledge of boxing is limited to their witnessing some of the boxing tournaments promoted by the Amateur Athletic Union, or its constituents that the exercise is too coarse and brutal to admit of its being practiced by men of refinement. This is not to be wondered at when it is considered that the sole aim of the promoters is

to make large profits out of their ventures, they realizing that where one would pay to see two of the most skilled exponents of fencing give an exhibition of their art, masked, padded and with buttoned foils, twenty would do so to witness a real fight between two unskilled men with sharp swords and unprotected bodies.

The rules propounded by Jack Broughton a hundred and fifty years ago, and continually added to by succeeding generations, for the purpose of stripping pugilism of as much brutality as was consistent with the result of the contest, have been practically ignored. Chivalrous conduct, being a detriment to bringing blood and knock-outs, is considered too tame, and such unmanly conduct as striking with the unpadded part of the hand while the opponent is half stunned or in a helpless position through not being discouraged has been encouraged. Still, with every inducement to win by any means, the acquisition of skill has most undoubtedly led to a desire on the part of the pugilist to strive for victory in a fair and manly manner.

Opponents to boxing as well as those on the fence who point to the glove fights in which the glove is only used as an evasion of the law, which are promoted by real and sham athletic clubs as a means of profit or entertainment, "who get their pleasures from another's pain," should realize that if two pugnacious, coarse uncultured men, unskilled in the art of fencing, fought each other with foils the contest would be quite as brutal and far more dangerous. They should also be reminded that these tough unscrupulous amateur pugilists acquire the primitive skill they display in their glove fights by practicing at their meeting places in a much less vicious manner. Boxing is undoubtedly the best of all exercises for the development of man's mental and physical powers, but in order to be agreeable to men of refinement the objective feature of its practice must be the means.

The glove is intended for protection, not for punishment. If a person who puts the gloves on with you wants to lick you it is sure evidence that the refining influences of civilization have not eradicated the last remnant of the savage from him. Don't box with a man of this kind; they are continually cropping up in both boxing and fencing rooms. None of the gentlemen who use the place will box or fence with him, consequently the only practice he can get is with the boxing or fencing master. From the former he gets what he tries to give his instructor, with probably more than current interest, and endeavors to satisfy his resentment by publishing stories about the professor's brutality. The latter soon disheartens him with repeated proofs that his views on unscrupulous methods are futile when opposed to the steady and skillful application of established principles.

It occurs to us that the boom boxing is having this season should have instigated more strenuous endeavors on the part of athletic associations to elevate the art. Crowded houses have characterized boxing tournaments. The golden harvest reaped by the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union by their boxing at the Metropolitan Opera House probably covered their losses at Madison Garden, where other athletic sports were the feature. The A.

U., as well as other real or sham institutions which fatten on the profits derived from boxing tournaments, know that any endeavor to refine the art will jeopardize the financial success. But where the venture is that of associations established presumably to elevate the sport we expect them to pay some regard to their duties to the public, instead of centring their endeavors upon their profits. When the amateur athletic millennium arrives we shall be able to chronicle the fact that gentlemen of breeding box themselves instead of paying coarse and uncultured persons to slug for their amusement. The decline of the Roman empire commenced when the Romans began to make their slaves do their fighting.

An agreeable feature in the gymnastic exercises by the members of the Dr. Savage Physical Development Institute was a bout with the gloves between Dr. Teaman and Professor Austin, boxing master to the institution. The exhibition exemplified the science of boxing practiced in a manly manner, neither swings nor knock outs being made or attempted, nor the small pat-a-pat gyrations frequently put forward as scientific sparring. The set-to was an illustration of clean, rapid and definite hitting and counter hitting, in which the doctor proved how a gentleman of breeding may attain knowledge of the manly art.

FENCING.

THE Amateur Fencers' League of America should not be a tributary of any union; the committee of this league should represent a free and absolutely independent association.

Fencing stands above all athletics, and is, I cannot repeat too often, the exercise par excellence for refined and intelligent people. Why should it be mixed up with athletics, taking its place amid those at the end of the list, while it should figure at the head?

If the fencers' league is a serious organization, if its committee is composed of real lovers of fencing, it should sever all connection with the A. A. U., and carry forward its mission of popularizing the art. What should be its programme?

I will try and furnish some hints and points.

It should declare emphatically its absolute independence; it should start a City of New York Fencing Association, every facility of joining it being offered to all fencers in the city.

The dues should be calculated to cover only the expenses and be consequently as low as possible.

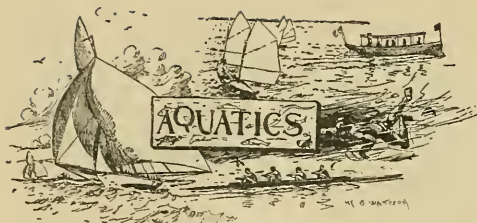
The rooms of the association should be large and centrally located, with plain apparatus for showers and washstands.

Every member should be able to receive there instruction from his private instructor, whom he should pay and bring with him.

The rooms should be open daily from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.

A weekly fencing bulletin should be started in which all news could be found by members as to what was to take place during the coming week at the rooms and items of interest to the association generally. That would dispense with all other modes of correspondence among the members and make much printing unnecessary, every member receiving the bulletin.

CAPTAIN.



YACHTING.

THIS is the month that arouses yachtsmen from their hibernal torpidity. Barring the possibility of a blizzard, this is the accepted time when the amateur, exulting in the proud ownership of a staunch little craft, gets her in readiness for the delightful work of the season. With your earnest yachtsman the season begins early and ends late. The breezes of the latter end of March and the beginning of April have a snap in them that is far more healthful and exhilarating than the coy and paltry airs of sweltering midsummer. Thus the lucky proprietor of a small yacht should make it a point to get all the fun possible out of his boat, and with this end in view she should be put into commission as soon as possible. In this way he will be to windward of his brother yachtsmen who possess big schooners or steam yachts that are rarely fitted out before the first week in June and miss much by such tardiness.

The amateur of moderate means who owns a single-handed cruiser, or has a share in a sturdy sloop or cutter or a weatherly Cape Cod catboat, manages to harvest considerably more true enjoyment out of the sport of yachting than those that go down to the sea in palatial vessels of great size. Those daring Corinthians that brave the steep seas sometimes encountered off Sandy Hook in the spring, in little boats rigged and fitted out by themselves, are just the fellows that OUTING delights to encourage. The prosperity of the clubs especially devoted to boats of moderate dimension is a significant sign of the times. The young man of to-day takes as naturally to the water as a duck, and the result is that the present is the flourishing era of the mosquito fleet.

In the evenings, now fast lengthening, in all these clubs are to be seen signs of activity that augur well for coming sport. Members spend their spare time in caulking and painting the hulls, scraping and varnishing spars, overhauling standing and running rigging, and doing those thousand and one odd jobs inseparable from the proper care of a boat. Lucky, indeed, is he that had the foresight and opportunity to haul his craft out at the close of last season and to box her in tight and dry. In this way she is sure to come out far more satisfactorily this spring, and although the cost may have been rather trying to those with slender purses, still this precautionary measure will be found an eminently sound investment.

The slovenly yachtsman that at the end of the season takes no heed of his spars, his running gear or his sails should amend his evil ways. I heartily hope that he may reform. Mercenary motives alone should prompt him to take care of his property. A suit of sails stowed away in a damp condition is sure to rot and the

same remark applies to sheets or halyards. One man will get five years' wear out of one suit of duck, while another will go to the sail maker every two years. And all for the want of a little work and a wee bit of foresight!

The coming season promises to be actually brilliant so far as small craft are concerned. Numerous additions have been made to the mosquito fleets, and it is a matter of sincere congratulation that they are of a superior type. There is, of course, any amount of splendid sport in a "sandbagger," but the earnest and progressive yachtsman would not go into mourning if the type were to become absolutely extinct.

The success of the Yacht Racing Association, under the skillful, enlightened and liberal guidance of Commodore A. J. Prime and his competent staff, is a matter of sincere congratulation. The association since its inception has done much to promote fraternal feelings among the members of the smaller clubs and in every way to enhance sport. It is now an assured success.

The Corinthian Navy, too, which is devoted exclusively to tiny craft, has reached a highly prosperous stage. Organizations such as this cannot fail to develop the sport of yachting.

In passing from small craft to those of a larger type it must be admitted with regret that few additions are to be made to the racing fleet this season. The chief interest will of course centre about the 46 footer built by the Herreshoffs for Mr. Archibald Rogers, of Hyde Park, N. Y., to beat Mr. E. D. Morgan's *Gloriana*. Mr. Rogers is a yachtsman of celebrity. With the cutter *Bedouin*, in her good days before she was outbuilt, he won the Goellet Cup and other prizes. He has done much to insure success by engaging Charles Barr and his crew of professionals, and thus there is no doubt that the new yacht will be excellently handled. The contest between the *Gloriana* and Mr. Rogers' craft is sure to be very interesting, for both gentlemen are sportsmen.

At this writing the rumor reaches me from an authentic source that Mr. Morgan, fearful that *Gloriana* may be outclassed by Mr. Rogers' 46 footer, has commissioned the Herreshoffs to build him an improved *Gloriana*. If this should prove true it will of course add to the interest of the racing season. Owing to the marked reticence of the Herreshoffs and the disinclination of Mr. Morgan to talk I have not been able to verify the rumor.

The old battle of the 46 footers will be resumed with renewed vigor, for it is one of the commendable traits of American yachtsmen that they never know when they are beaten. This is especially true of Mr. Prince and the other owners of the centreboard craft *Beatrix*. They were by no means convinced that this remarkably able boat could not be "tuned up" to such an extent as under certain conditions of sailing to beat the *Gloriana*. A number of other Boston experts thought the same.

The success of the "ballast-fin" boat *Dilemma*, which the Herreshoffs built as an experiment last season, bids fair in the near future to inaugurate a type of racing machine that may be productive of fine sport. The Herreshoffs have built one of this model to be exported to Scotland and another for Mr. Morgan, while

Mr. Gardner has designed one of similar shape that he confidently believes will hold her own with the "ballast-fin" craft built at Bristol.

In the schooner class two 90 footers are in course of construction. One, designed by Mr. Gardner and building at Lawley's yard, South Boston, is likely to beat all keel schooners of her length; that is, if one can judge by her shape and unless all the canons of scientific naval architecture are erroneous and deceptive. The other craft is from the board of the veteran designer, Mr. Cary Smith, and Piepgras is building her at his yard at City Island. She will be a handsome boat and speedy, and, like the other yachts of Mr. Smith, her owner will be able to turn in at night in a howling gale, knowing well that he is as safe as though in his bed at home. This in an era of "diving bells," and "contraptions" is a consideration of the highest importance. A. J. KENEALY.

* * *

ROWING.

OF the victorious Harvard crew of 1891 all the members are in residence at Cambridge, but it is unlikely that more than four of them will be members of this year's crew. Mr. Perkins, the excellent captain of last year, by reason of his accident in the spring was forced to resign that position, and Mr. Kelton was elected in his place. Of the others Lynam and Vail will most likely not train for the crew unless their services should become indispensable, and Powers, last year's stroke, is also on the doubtful list. This leaves Kelton, Cummings, Rantoul and Newell as the available nucleus of this year's crew. Therefore four places will very likely have to be filled by new men. Promising material is on hand, fortunately, and the supporters of Harvard have no reason to feel discouraged. Blake and Williams, of last year's freshman crew; Acton, an untried man, but who shows good promise, and Bartholomay are perhaps the most prominent candidates for the vacant places. At this early period all speculation as to the make-up of the crews and all criticism of the men must be more or less conjecture.

We will not venture, therefore, to say more now than that there is promise of a good crew at Harvard. From last year much may be learned as to the desirability of choosing the coaches early and sticking to one style of rowing. Last year's crew lacked life and dash, and it was chiefly because the Yale crew was an exceptionally clumsy one that Harvard finished so far ahead of it. What seemed to me most needed in the Harvard boat was a genuine hard drive with the legs and a combination of leg and back work. The work of the crew impressed me as being pretty, but by no means powerful. There was more arm work than there should have been. It would be well to devote early attention this year to eliminating this feature and to introducing really hard leg work.

Captain Hartwell at Yale has an unpleasant task before him. He must replace a great many of last year's crew, and there will not be quite so much *avoids* in the waist of the boat this year. Yale has learned the lesson that Oxford and Cambridge did years ago, viz., that there is a limit of size and weight, no matter how strong a man may be physically or how much luck

he may have. Giants are put outside the pale of 'varsity crews. But one lesson Yale also has thoroughly learned, and that is that there is no such word as fail. Her crews train as hard under failure and discouraging circumstances as when everything is in their favor. They train to win always. It is greatly to be hoped that Ives will row again this year. It would be unfortunate if such an excellent oarsman should be crippled permanently. Paine will also probably row, but as in the case of Harvard it would be mere conjecture to say more about the make-up of the crew yet.

Columbia will not have a 'varsity crew this year, unless present appearances greatly belie the true state of affairs. But a freshman crew will be put on, and it will be better trained than last year's galloping one. The boating authorities at Columbia will do well if they take the greatest pains with this crew. Some of the material is distinctly good. The future of rowing there, for the next few years at least, depends upon the fate of this freshman crew. It should be coached and trained as carefully, conscientiously and thoroughly as any 'varsity crew ever was.

If a man is taught how to row properly when he first gets into a boat, the rudiments of the exercise will become a part of his nature, and this would greatly facilitate coaching for the 'varsity crews. There would cease to be so much trouble to get good men for the latter—that is to say, experienced men who knew something about rowing before they tried for the crew. Many former freshmen oarsmen know next to nothing about rowing properly when they come to try for the 'varsity crew. The fault largely lies in the selection of inexperienced coaches and in treating them altogether as a secondary matter. If it is worth while having freshman crews at all, it is worth while having good men and training them properly.

The "leading college" referred to last month as about to take up rowing again has decided not to do so, which is a great pity.

The proposed English festival which is to be held every four years in England, and at which all English-speaking peoples would take part in athletic contests of all kinds, would be an excellent institution. Rowing in particular would be greatly benefited by such contests. The idea is a grand one. Think of all English-speaking nations meeting in friendly rivalry once in four years to prove which one was better developing strength and becoming physically more perfect! Think of the incentive it would be to proper physical culture, and that it could not fail to result in improving the race in all quarters of the globe! Let it be established, by all means.

CHASE MELLEN.

* * *

CANOEING.

THE Canoeists' Club in New York, which is a winter club primarily of all those interested in canoeing who live in or near New York city, has proved to be a decided success. The rooms in the Racquet Building, corner of Twenty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, are open daily and the Monday evening entertainments have been well attended. Mr. Poultny Bigelow gave recently an informal lecture on his 1891 cruise down the Danube.

OUTING FOR MARCH.

CANADIANA.

QUITE a marked boom in aquatics is apparent in that sporting burg, the "Ambitious City" of Hamilton, Ont. Always among the foremost of the lake sailors, the jolly tars of Hamilton propose to surpass the best records of the past during the season of 1892. Three new 25-footers, by Weir, will join the fleet. One of these is Mr. L. Thompson's; another, carvel built, cutter rigged, with iron keel, is for Messrs. G. Judd and C. L. Harris, and the third is a sloop-rigged, clinker-built boat for Messrs. Brugge Brothers.

THE annual meeting of the Ottawa Canoe Club was held February 2, and the following officers were elected for the year: Commodore, Francis H. Gisberne; captain, W. H. Cronk; secretary-treasurer, H. C. Cross; auditor, E. King; official measurer, A. Adamson; executive committee, H. E. Abock, H. Roy, E. A. Black and S. C. Clark. The club is strong financially and has plenty of the genuine canoeing material. The coming season is confidently expected to be the most successful in the history of the organization.

A CURLING match at Hamilton, Ont., between the Buffalo and Hamilton Thistle clubs resulted in a victory for the Canucks by thirteen shots. Four rinks a side played.

AT the twenty-first annual meeting of the Toronto Gun Club the following officers were elected for the year: President, William Miller; vice-president, W. R. Leeming; treasurer, William Bugg; secretary, F. Fensom; executive committee, Gerard Heintzman, M. Walsh, B. Pearsall, F. Martin, George Pearsall and George Briggs; auditors, T. C. Smith and R. Gallagher. The club is in a flourishing condition and will provide a lively series of matches at live and artificial birds during the season.

THE Princess Hockey Club, of London, Ont., has elected the following officers: Honorary president, T. Beattie; president, W. J. Reid; vice-president, P. Mulkern; secretary, O. D. Holman; treasurer, W. J. Lynn; executive committee, J. Betts, W. Lynn, G. McBeth and D. Mill.

ONE of the most interesting snowshoe fixtures of the year in Canada is what is termed "Veterans' Night" of the famous St. George Snowshoe Club, of Montreal. As may be imagined, the "old uns" then turn out in force, and though some of them have snow enough on their heads to make fair shoeing, for enthusiasm and true snowshoer's spirit the veterans excel the younger wearers of the red cross. OUTING's representative has attended several of these gatherings, and none were more pleasant than the last, which was held, as usual, at the club's beautiful mountain home. Proceedings opened with a capital supper at 6:30, to which those who had tramped over the mountain or driven to the rendezvous did ample justice. Then all hands adjourned to the ballroom, where songs, recitations and dances lent speed to the all too fleet wings of time. A number of American visitors were raised in a marked degree in the estimation of their hosts by clever and timely speeches—and still more so by the club's stalwart "bouncing contingent."

THE annual Green steeplechase of the Montreal Snowshoe Club over the mountain to the Athletic Club House was won by George Ransom, time, 22m. 45s.; W. Baillie, second, in 22m. 49s.; J. Ness, third, 25m. 33s.; C. B. Goodwin, fourth, 26m. 10s. Seven runners started.

BOWLING is very popular in all the larger Canadian cities this winter. One of the closest matches possible was rolled at Ottawa, between the Ottawa team and the Victorias of Montreal. Ottawa finally won by a score of 3,037 against the visitors' 3,036.

LOVERS of ice yachting have had plenty of sport on Toronto Bay. A recent sweepstake race between nine yachts over a course of about 15 miles resulted in a decided victory for G. Aykroyd's *Reindeer*, with N. Aykroyd's *Snow-drift* second, W. Campbell's *Dolly D.* third, John Hanlan's *Island Girl* fourth, F. Hall's *Parnell* fifth, G. Phillipp's *Volunteer* sixth, T. Lundy's *Redbird* seventh, J. Whitney's *Oriole* eighth, and J. Gooding's *J. B.* last.

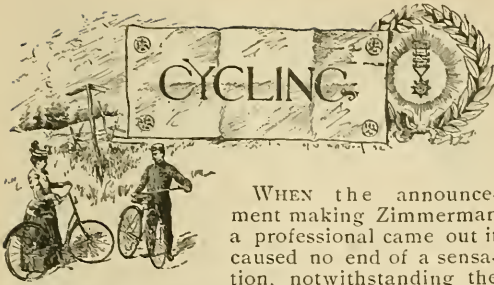
MR. WILLIAM ANDERSON, well known as a strong defense player of the Ottawa Lacrosse Club, and for one season captain of the team, died on January 30, in his thirty-first year.

It is quite within the possibilities that Canada will ere long have several eight-oared crews. There is no good reason why such cities as Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton and Ottawa should not have representative eights, and an annual rowing fixture between McGill and Toronto universities would not only boom rowing, but would soon become an event of extraordinary interest.

THE directors and shareholders of the Rose-dale Athletic Ground Company, of Toronto, treated the Toronto Lacrosse Club most handsomely at the winding-up meeting previous to the club's removal to new grounds in North Toronto. A reduction of \$500 was made in the last season's rent and the grand stand and fences were presented to the club to be used on the new grounds. Mr. Geo. Massey also presented the club with his stock in the old company, \$50 shares being now worth \$90.

THE annual open steeplechase to Lachine of the Argyle Snowshoe Club, of Montreal, was won by W. Mason, Argyle; time, 65m. 03s.; W. Gentleman, M. A. A. A., second, 65m. 50s.; J. Turnbull, Argyle, third, 67m. 10s. Special club prizes were decided in the same race, being won by W. Mason, J. Turnbull, R. Steel and R. Kell. Eleven runners started.

THE skating races of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, held at the club's open rink, excited great interest. The results were as follows: Snowshoe race, two laps, F. O'Brien, first; J. T. Wilson, second; J. Ness, third; time, 2m. 35¾s. Boys under twelve, half mile—K. Boon, first; R. Ward, second; time, 2m. 10s. 440 yards—Charles Gordon, first; W. Bellefeur, second; time, 48s. Boys under fifteen, same distance—D. Brown, first; W. McLean, second; time, 2m. 10s. One mile—Charles Gordon, first; W. Bellefeur, second; time, 3m. 17¾s. Backward race, half mile—W. Barlow, first; W. Garipey, second; time, 2m. 12½s. Three miles—Charles Gordon, first; W. Bellefeur, second; time, 11m. 01s. W. Irwin won the hurdle and P. Bishop the barrel race. NOMAD.



WHEN the announcement making Zimmerman a professional came out it caused no end of a sensation, notwithstanding the fact that many of the knowing ones stoutly asserted that the racing board would have a chance to pass judgment on the Worcester affair. Mr. Zimmerman can, however, congratulate himself that the edict went forth before he had actually sailed for England. The margin of time between the edict and sailing day was very narrow. Mr. Zimmerman was booked on one of the steamers which sailed on January 30, while the edict came forth only two days before.

So far so good. Mr. Zimmerman has sowed and he reaped, even though he was almost immediately reinstated; but why stop at Zimmerman? If he was guilty and had the misfortune to be found out, is it any reason why others, who have been more discreet, should escape and still be allowed to pose as "spotless and pure?" Perish such injustice, though I am frank enough to admit that while suspicion points persistently toward other racing men equally as prominent as Zimmerman, the proof is elusive. The racing board cannot act on mere rumor, and the parties who, if they would speak, could clear or condemn the objects of suspicion keep as mum as oysters. Hence the difficulty.

The racing board ought to act slowly before declaring that any amateur has forfeited his standing, but having once declared it should stand by the decision, and the man thus put out of the amateur ranks ought never to be allowed to get back, unless the grounds on which the decision has been rendered prove to have been false. The policy of the league in the past on this matter of expulsion and reinstatement has not been one that commands admiration. On the contrary, it has been a policy of vacillation, a sort of seesaw, a policy of "now you see it and now you don't." It is to be hoped, for the good name and dignity of the L. A. W., that the policy of its future racing boards will be one of more firmness than has distinguished its predecessors. My advice to the racing board is: Be sure you are right and then go ahead, and stick to it. Let there be no looking back and no reinstatement unless in cases where appeal shows the evidence to have been false. By this method of procedure the league will establish itself firmly in the respect of all amateurs, and its frowns and actions will carry more terror to the heart of the wrongdoer than it now does.

Many say that the removal of Zimmerman from the amateur ranks would deal a death-blow to the racing interests of the country. If this is so, then the sooner the league recognizes that the racing interests depend on the actions of any one or any dozen racing men, and acts

accordingly, the better will the true interests of amateur sport be conserved. I do not believe that racing interests depend on the action or the expulsion of any number of men from the league, provided always that the evidence is sufficient to cause expulsion.

Invention on the tire question has at last taken a turn in what I call the right direction; that is, the inventors, recognizing the fact that pneumatic tires of the form in which the resistance of the compressed air is maintained by using very thin side walls will burst more or less, are now trying to invent the best and quickest method of repairing. They have gotten hold of the right idea. If we will have pneumatics we must expect more or less failure, and the way to meet the inevitable is to devise some method of making quick and reliable repairs.

President Dunn's resignation has not ceased to be a seven-days wonder. It came in the face of repeated assurances from that gentleman that he was not ready to resign. His reason for the apparent summersault is that having put the roads improvement committee in the way of doing good work he felt that his mission had been accomplished. Unkind things have been said of Mr. Dunn, both before and after his resignation. This is usually the case when work is done gratis; the more a man does for nothing the more severe are the kicks he receives from those he has been serving conscientiously and gratuitously. Certain phases of human nature sometimes cause the milk of human kindness to turn to gall and wormwood. Mr. Dunn retires with the gratitude and well wishes of all sincere league members.

C. M. Murphy is squaring off at Berlo and threatens to tell tales of the South Boston flyer, while Berlo retaliates and says he will give away Murphy. Here is a chance perhaps to get at the true inwardness as to who is really an amateur. Let the racing men get to quarreling, "giving away" each other, and there will be lots of music and plenty of work for the racing board. For my part I should not be sorry to see that bubble pricked, even if the air which will thereby be released be not of the sweetest character. There has been a good deal of loose talk going about as to the venality of this and that one. Loose talk and rumor do not count for much, and either the parties who claim to know so much and wink so wisely had better stop the wagging of their tongues or "speak out in meeting" to some purpose.

There is not a single man in any of the great racing teams but whose name I have heard mentioned with slurring innuendo. The cycling papers are full of such cheap talk and the racing fraternity look wise and insinuate that if they could tell all they knew so and so would go by the board. A truce to such prattle! Let these men who pretend to know so much say something definite instead of confining their information to winks, frowns and innuendo. It is not fair; they are either doing a gross injustice to the man they thus cast suspicion on or they are doing the vast body of amateurs grievous wrong by withholding information which would result in placing the guilty man where he belongs.

I begin to think that there is altogether too much serious "business" in this glorious

"sport" of ours. It is well enough to expect and require that the trade be run on strict business lines, and to a certain extent we must require that the affairs of the league be also run on rational and sensible lines; but we are getting too hypercritical and too apt to criticize and hold up to stern censure the very men who are giving their time and best energies gratuitously to further the best interests of our splendid national organization. If every member of the executive committee was the recipient of a good fat salary they would not be subjected to any more severe and alas! sometimes acrimonious criticisms. To hear some people argue one would think that the office of president of the league carried with it a big salary and perquisites untold, while the truth is that the unfortunate but enthusiastic incumbent leaves the office out of pocket, unless he be a good-natured man and philosopher with a full appreciation of the gross ingratitude of human nature. I suppose that I ought to be happy in the thought of the wonderful growth of cycling during the past few years, and I am; only my happiness is tempered with the memory of the good old days when all cyclers were really brothers and amateurs and didn't care a fig for league politics. Those were happy days.

THE PROWLER.

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THE new winter club house of the Indianapolis Zigzag Cycling Club was opened quite recently by a "smoker." About 300 wheelmen were present. The rapid growth of the organization proved some time ago that the suite of rooms in the Lorraine Block was too small. The board of directors was instructed to select a new location, and their work resulted in the leasing of the house 144 East New York street. The building has been elegantly furnished throughout. On the first floor are parlors and reading rooms, a large room for the storage of wheels and the dining room and kitchens. The entire second floor, except the secretary's office just at the head of the stairs, is used as a billiard room. The members of the club feel justly proud of their success in obtaining this handsome home. A cordial invitation is extended to all visiting wheelmen.

A PHOTOGRAPH of the participants of the "open century" held last October by the Taunton (Mass.) Cycle Club has been sent to OUTING. The club's name at the time was Belmont Club Wheelmen, but at last November's meeting it was voted to make it Taunton Cycle Club. The run was held from Taunton to Lexington and return and was most successful. Every man that started finished, and most of them were quite fresh and able to ride quite a number of miles after the finish. Seven out of the twenty-five were new riders and two had only been riding from four to five months (one of the latter did not even ride a high-grade wheel). The day could not have been better. Following is a schedule of the run:

Start—Taunton, 5:15 A. M.; arrived Stoughton, 17 miles, 6:48 A. M.; lunch. Left Stoughton 7:23 A. M.; arrived Mattapan, 28 miles, 8:30 A. M.; left Mattapan 8:40 A. M.; arrived Brighton, 38 miles, 9:45 A. M.; breakfast. Left Brighton 10:45 A. M.; arrived Lexington, 50 miles, 11:45 A. M.; left Lexington 12:15 P. M.; arrived Brighton, 62 miles, 1:30 P. M.; dinner. Left

Brighton 2:45 P. M.; arrived Canton, 80 miles, 4:20 P. M. Left Canton 4:35; arrived Taunton, 100 miles, 6:40 P. M.; riding time, 9h. 30m.; stopping time, 3h. 55m.; total, 13h. 25m.

One of the party, on the outward trip between Stoughton and Mattapan, while going down a hill at a rapid rate took a bad header, but after the wheel was fixed and he had been straightened out a little he pluckily kept on and finished.

THE Fostoria (Ohio) Bicycle Club is a growing organization. Its officers are: President, A. E. Mergenthaler; vice-president, D. R. Ballmer; secretary-treasurer, S. L. Ghaster; captain, Olle Teesh; first lieutenant, Harry Gilbert; second lieutenant, Ed. Loveland.

THE Utica (N. Y.) Cycling Club had music, speeches and a general jollification at the house warming in its new quarters. The officers are: President, George C. Hodges; vice-president, A. B. Gardner; secretary, G. U. Owen; treasurer, A. D. Hobson; captain, L. R. Divine; lieutenants, Frank Miller, Ed. Martin; trustees, George Wheelhouse, Fred. Hazard, F. H. Gouge, E. Searls Jones; house committee, B. H. Divine, F. J. Carr, F. H. Bice, A. H. Dobson, E. H. Crosby; racing committee, Fred. P. Hammes, George W. Chadwick, Arthur Grant; road committee, A. B. Gardner, F. H. Gouge, George Wheelhouse.

THERE is a very good chance that Kaufman, Canary and Maltby may meet and decide the question as to their relative claims to the title of "champion trick rider."

H. E. LAURIE, who visited this country a couple of years ago as one of the Ormonde Cycle Company team, is now in this country with the intention of establishing himself here in business.

A FEW months ago E. M. Aaron, former secretary of the L. A. W., was reported as dying at a small Southern town. Now we hear he is collecting insects in Brazil and has earned the title of professor.

THE old Park Cycling Club, of Chicago, moved into their new \$50,000 club house recently, and marked an occasion in the Chicago wheelmen's life.

THE ingenuity of inventors has run riot in the domain of tires. The latest fad is one filled with water. What next?

ATTENTION is called to the fact that wheelmen and tourists in general can act as agents for the International Cyclopædia, published by Dodd, Mead & Co. On page xxii. of OUTING advertisements a description of this useful work can be found.

THOSE who have had experience in any kind of exercise can hardly fail to appreciate the Hartford stand and trainer. This ingenious apparatus is for a cyclist's midwinter or rainy day use, to keep the muscles in good condition, so that they may be used on the road at a day's notice. Read the advertisement on page xv.

THE following officers were elected at the recent annual meeting of the L. A. W.: President, Charles L. Burdett, Hartford, Conn.; first vice-president, F. F. Sheridan, Springfield, Ill.; second vice-president, Dr. G. Carrollton Brown, Elizabeth, N. J.; treasurer, W. M. Brewster, Quincy, Ill. The place and dates for the next meeting are Washington, July 18, 19 and 20.



LACROSSE.

WITHIN two months active preparations will have commenced toward the making up of the lacrosse teams for the ensuing year. It is always gratifying to hear that the colleges are interested in the game, for to them one looks for its development. There has been for a long time an intercollegiate league, but few of the teams of which it is composed have ranked as high as the teams in and around New York. Each year has seen marked improvement both in the individual and the team playing, and it will not be very long before we will see the collegians as champions of the States.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have a first-class team this year, and it will be an acquisition to the league. This is due to the efforts of Cone, who played end rush on the football team, and Amber, who were both old Druid L. C. players. Besides these players, there are Minor, Schoff, Weber, Hansell, Church, Friedenwald and Thompson, all old players, with others who expressed a desire for positions on the team.

Lehigh University seems to stand the best chance of winning the league championship, having lost but one or two of last year's players and gained one of the Druid's best men—Symington.

In and around New York nothing particularly new has occurred. The New Yorks, as was expected, have slightly changed the personnel of their team. The Manhattans have lost one of their best players, Marson, who also captained them. This loss will be particularly felt, as he was both a fine player and had the welfare of the game at heart. It is understood that W. C. Davis, an old Staten Island player, will take his place.

After much talk in regard to Dave Brown and much comment regarding his joining the Manhattans it is certain now that even should he not play with the Staten Islands next year he will not play against them. He has resigned from the Manhattans and is almost sure to play in his old place, no matter what has been said to the contrary. It is likely that Sam Isles, the indefatigable Jersey City player, will have made up a very good team by the opening of the season. He deserves the highest praise for his persistent efforts and it looks as though they would be crowned with success, for already he has some good players on his list to try for the team.

At Baltimore all the efforts of the leading lacrosse players have been in the direction of forming an athletic club, of which lacrosse will be the principal feature. The scheme seems to be on the fair road to success, thanks to H. G. Penniman.

The scores of the A. A. U. lacrosse series for 1891 are as follows:

On August 29, at Polo Grounds, N. Y. A. C., 3; A. C. S. N., 2.

September 7, at Staten Island, N. Y. A. C., 5; S. I. A. C., 2.

September 12, at Philadelphia, N. Y. A. C., 1; A. C. S. N., 0.

September 19, at Philadelphia, A. C. S. N., 3; S. I. A. C., 2.

September 26, at Staten Island, S. I. A. C., 4; A. C. S. N., 0.

October 3, at Washington Park, N. Y. A. C., 2; S. I. A. C., 1.

The limitation of the contests last year between the Staten Island team, the Schuylkill Navy team and the team of the New York Athletic Club was not conducive to the best interests of lacrosse, and we hail with satisfaction the probability of a national lacrosse association to direct and control the game. The National Lacrosse Association would, of course, supersede the existing organizations and lift lacrosse into a higher plane than it has lately held in the States. It will be a relief to get beyond the dust of some recent controversies and recriminations, the result of a too provincial atmosphere.

LIONEL MOSES, JR.

BASEBALL.

I HAVE often wondered why the Amateur League did not formulate a special code of playing rules to govern its clubs, outside of the league code of professional rules in several respects. For instance, why should it not test the merits of Ward's rule of placing the pitcher's box back 5 feet further, so as to admit of greater opportunities for strategic skill in batting than is possible under the existing rules? A severe penalty for pitching at batsmen's heads should be introduced, too. But the main point is to lessen the danger from the excessive speed of the present delivery by increasing the distance between the home base and the front line of the pitcher's position.

The disruption in the college baseball arena, which prevented a tri-club season between Harvard, Yale and Princeton in 1891, hurt college baseball greatly. The three universities ought to have a regular championship campaign together, admitting of at least a game each on their respective grounds, if not two. Last year's contests were very unsatisfactory, owing to the absence of any games between Harvard and Princeton.

Looking over a copy of De Witt's Guide for 1875, which I edited for over ten years, I found the record of the games played between Harvard, Yale and Princeton in 1875. Here is the record:

May 26, Yale-Princeton, at Princeton	14—4
May 29, Princeton-Yale, at New Haven	3—0
June 26, Yale-Harvard, at Cambridge	9—4
June 28, Yale-Harvard, at New Haven	11—4
July 3, Yale-Princeton, at Brooklyn	9—4

The Yale team that year were as follows: Pitcher, Avery; catcher, Bigelow; on the bases, Jones, Maxwell and Carter; short stop, Wheaton, with Smith, Morgan and Knight on the outfield.

HENRY CHADWICK.



LITTLE Lady Canada loves the bold caresses of the reckless March winds, the gleam of frozen streams and the pallid beauty of a land snow laden. They are hers by right of inheritance, and right well she knows their value—nor would she be decoyed away from them permanently, though all the tangles of tropical vegetation, all the island gems of dreamy southern seas were offered her in exchange for her broad domain of snowy hills and shadowy, mysterious forests.

It is a cold March night and the whole land sleeps 'neath a spotless blanket. The lamps shine bright in hall and parlor, and old-fashioned fireplaces are piled high with honest beech and maple logs. Within doors all is cheery comfort; the curtains are close drawn, and mater and pater have settled themselves with their books and papers.

A ring at the bell, and presently a great, strapping young fellow, clad in blanket suit and moccasins, invades the old people's snug quarters. His face glows with ruddy health, his eyes are bright and his mustache is full of ice. In a rich, jolly voice he asks, "Is she ready? The others have gone on." Cunning rascal that he is, 'twas by his contriving that the others were persuaded not to halt outside. This is one of the regular snowshoeing nights, and his question is answered by a merry voice calling down the stairs, "You're five minutes too soon, but I'll be down in a jiffy."

Light of foot in her tiny moccasins as a fawn and eager as a child she trips into the room a moment later, forming a charming little picture in her gaily-trimmed blanket garb. Well may his face light up as they exchange greetings, for she is a dainty, wee, winsome thing, never more attractive than in her present costume.

Forth into the night they go, shoes are tied on, and side by side they follow the trail of their friends, now half a mile in advance. A faint call and musical laughter behind them cause both to halt for an instant. "Bob and the girls," he mutters, then seizes her mittened hand, and the pair of them run rapidly forward until they gain the shelter of a broad stretch of woodland. They know what they are about, do these young people, and they have no idea of either being overtaken by the party behind or of overhauling the party in advance.

Then comes a clearing, where the moonlight contends with a yellow rival glowing from the windows of a cosy farm house from whence come sounds of revelry, for the first instalments of the party have already arrived. He forgets to drop her hand until they reach the doorstep, where they pause a moment. He hal-

loos to the laggards behind them, and when they enter they are greeted with a chorus of sneers and reproaches from the smart ones, who tell them they are lazy, and "We beat you," and many other disagreeable things, and yet her eyes are dancing, her cheeks glowing—is it with something more than the splendid exercise? She tells them: "We are not last, anyway," and she looks as if she did not care, while he gets hold of a whisk, brushes the snow from her moccasins and laughs into her eyes.

They are all ready for supper—more than ready. She is "vulgarly healthy and hungry," she tells the hostess. Ah! what is sentiment to a snowshoer when a delicious hot supper is before her? No lovelorn maiden she, with wasted cheek and saddened eye—not a bit of it. The crisp night air has given her a crisper appetite, her lungs are as strong as her love, her cheeks as hot as her heart, and some way or other he likes this wholesome lass beside him all the better for the honest fashion she has of disposing of an honest meal.

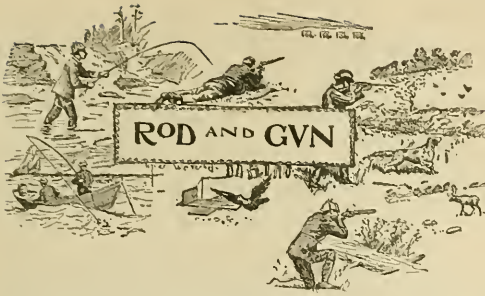
It is late when the chaperon calls them all to order, but he and she coax for "just one more waltz, please." They get it, of course, and oh! how lightly they twirl over the wide kitchen floor (the parlor carpet and moccasins swear horribly at each other in the dance); then they all say good night, button themselves into their furry coats once more, and leave the genial ruddy light of crackling wood fires for the shivery rays of Luna's lamp. The snow crunches beneath his knee as he bends it before her and straps to her foot the light ash framework with its netting of deer sinew and semi-circular decoration of gay little scarlet woolen balls. Then off and away they fly, with laughter, jest and song, tramp, tramp through the frosty night, while the stars grow white and icy aloft as the moon sets behind a ridge of silvery hills, and smiles good night through a fringe of bare gray trees, and after a time the city lights twinkle out across the final stretch.

"Tired?" she echoes as they say good night at the doorstep of her home, while she tucks her snowshoes under her arm and gives him her unmittened hand for a second, "Not I, why I feel as fresh as at the start." He waits until the door shuts her away from him, and then she hears him whistling softly to himself far away.

There is a glowing grate fire in her room that melts the snow on her outside wraps before she can unfasten them, but she is soon in a dressing gown and warm, soft slippers, sitting on the rug before the pleasant blaze and sipping hot beef tea someone's kindly hand has left all ready for her. Then her eyelids grow very heavy, her limbs listless, her hands indolent and burdensome in her lap. It is the blessed exhaustion that follows open-air exercise, the delicious lull of warmth after cold.

Her cheeks respond in crimson to the flames before her, to the grand young throb of health within her, as she rises with lazy effort, smiles drowsily to herself at some pleasant thought of the hours just flown, and in two minutes more she tucks herself snugly into her couch. Her eyelids close, her breath comes warm, full, even, and content in a sublimity—aye, a nobility—of weariness, little Lady Canada sleeps.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.



I HAVE received a couple of letters from gentlemen who handled their own dogs in the International Field Trials last November, and each letter contains the same questions—*i. e.*, "What do you think of a special stake for next season's International, dogs contesting to be trained and handled solely by amateurs?" Now, I am glad that there appears to be even a remote possibility of such a stake becoming a feature of the trials, for I am strongly inclined to the belief that it could readily be made the most interesting event of the International trials. It would also tend to encourage good sportsmanship, for your thorough sportsman should be able to bring his dogs to fairly good trial form alone and unaided. I'll admit that comparatively few gentlemen sportsmen can train dogs properly—that is, if the result of their breaking is to be compared with the work of professional breakers and handlers. But I claim that it is not fair to so decide the matter.

The gentleman sportsman, and of necessity amateur dog breaker, cannot possibly devote the needful time to putting a "piano finish" upon his dog's education as does the professional. With the former it is a labor of love; with the latter a labor of lucre. The professional makes his living by training and handling dogs and has nothing else to attend to, while few, indeed, of gentlemen owners can afford the time to thoroughly educate one or more dogs and fit them for the ordeal of a race against rivals schooled and conditioned by men who make a life specialty of canine education.

To pit an amateur breaker and handler against a professional would be something akin to asking a gentleman to train a trotter against a professional hand, and finally to drive his protégé against an animal steered by a Splan or a Doble. The professional is surely the better man in every branch of sport, else there would be no necessity whatever for our amateur definitions. Constant practice, and the very fact of dog breaking being his business and regular occupation gives the professional breaker an advantage which perhaps no purely amateur rival can hope to overcome. Coolness and judgment, coupled with keen readiness to take every advantage of his opponent during the running of a heat, are characteristics of the professional, while the amateur is apt to be a trifle nervous in actual handling and perhaps not quite *sharp enough*. For there are tricks in all trades, and the professional dog handler is full of them.

A mistake on the part of an inexperienced handler may ruin the chance of a dog that is perhaps actually the best bit of stuff in the whole collection, and, further, if such a dog has only received the commonly unfinished breaking of

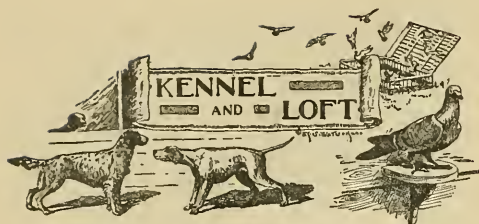
an amateur, he will be almost certain to make some error during the excitement of a trial that will throw him out of the race. Here is where the professional has much the best of it. I would therefore suggest that a special stake for dogs owned, trained and handled solely by amateurs should be added to the International programme, and thus give every gentleman sportsman, especially the ubiquitous one-dog man—too poor to pay for dog education—an even chance.

Canadian salmon fishers and a number of their American brethren interested in the Northern waters are considerably troubled over the prospect for sport the coming season. Of late there has been a growing scarcity of salmon in many waters that formerly afforded unrivaled sport, and the cause of this falling off is undoubtedly too close netting. Legitimate fishing with the rod would never deplete a crack salmon river, but nets are entirely different, and considering the number of them employed on the route of the fish from the sea to the spawning ground it is a wonder that any fish manage to ascend their native streams. One thing is certain—the Dominion Government must take prompt action to improve upon the present unfortunate condition of affairs or the day is not far distant when the noble salmon will cease from troubling. The law at present demands that all nets should be raised from 6 P. M. on Saturday until 6 A. M. on the Monday following. This, however, is not always complied with, and the decrease of the fish proves that the period is not sufficiently long to properly protect them. A wiser law would compel the raising of all nets during three full days and nights of each week, and I understand that lessees of rivers and other fishermen will petition the Government for the passing of such a law. That they may meet with success is the earnest wish of all who understand the matter. The salmon is too valuable to Canada to be neglected.

I notice that a small army of fellow sportsmen have gone to war over the question of retrieving at field trials, and the columns of the sporting journals contain plenty of evidence that men of experience differ broadly over the matter. What the argument really means is should "forced retrieving" be encouraged or not? Unquestionably, if one judges two dogs that are equal in bird sense, speed, range, general field qualities and appearance, and one is a willing retriever while the other is not, he of the bring-hither accomplishment is the better dog for a sportsman's use. A perfectly trained dog should retrieve, and one that does not do so is not an all-round, top-notch, no matter how good he may be at his other work. How the mischief are we to get birds out of water, slough or dense cover if our pointers and setters won't bring them to us? Must we have stump-tailed spaniels at our heels, too? Still, many a dog has been ruined by the forcing process, and it should not be resorted to without careful consideration of the pupil's temperament.

The Restigouche Salmon Club, of Metapedia, P. Q., composed of wealthy Americans, has obtained complete control of the Metapedia River by purchasing Lord Mount-Stephen's fishing rights and his property and buildings at Cauperscal.

ED. W. SANDYS.



KENNEL.

FIXTURES.

March 8 to 11—Washington City Kennel Club's bench show at Washington, D. C.

March 15 to 18—Duquesne Kennel Club's bench show at Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE accounts of the American Kennel Club for the year 1891 appear in the January number of the club's official publication, the *American Kennel Gazette*, and the exhibit is a most flattering one. The grand result is that after starting with a balance of \$3,297.41 the year closed with a surplus of \$4,580, and this in the face of an enforced expense of about \$900 caused by legal troubles. From this balance the cost of printing the stud book for last year has yet to be deducted. Last year's bill for the 1890 volume was \$1,064.13, and this will be a little higher owing to the increased size of the volume. Anyway, \$1,200 should cover it, and deducting that amount still leaves a cash balance on hand of \$3,300.

This happy result is due to the competence of those officers more immediately connected with the management of the club, and it is easy to see that the balance will be \$6,000 in another year. It has been suggested that with such a revenue it would be well to reduce the price of registration from \$1 to 50 cents, but there does not seem to be much complaint on the part of supporters of the stud book that the fee is excessive. It is not out of the way to presume \$0, at least, for the cheaper form of listing, practically a claiming of the name, which costs but 25 cents, had but 2,500 entries as compared with 3,852 dollar registrations. Of these 2,500 "listed" names it is safe to assume that the vast majority were local entries of various dogs, and a great number being without pedigree were not eligible for registration. As to what is to become of the surplus it is pretty well understood that if the present officials are continued in office a trust fund will be formed of the first \$5,000 surplus, the interest from which will be devoted to special prizes to be competed for at various shows. With this reserve fund to call upon in the remote case of emergency, it will not be requisite to make further accumulations, and it will ere long be possible for the American Kennel Club to annually donate from \$1,000 to \$1,500 in special prizes. The A. K. C. is a big thing now, and the treasurer handled receipts during last year to the amount of \$9,000, less 40 cents, and yet there are people who say this is a clique. Happy club to have a clique that can so protect its interests as to increase the balance on hand in this way every year, with no more vexatious lawsuits to create bills of cost. The accumulation is the natural result of support given to the stud book and *Kennel Gazette*.

The question of the dog world is whether

Psovoi or Barzoi is the proper name for what is otherwise known as the Russian wolf hound. The National Greyhound Club, which has taken this, the latest craze in dogdom, under its sheltering wing, has appointed a committee to decide and report as to the proper name. As this committee is made up of two Psovoites and two utterly opposed to that name, it will be interesting to know how a majority vote one way or the other is to be obtained.

JAS. WATSON.

EACH separate variety of setter has its own peculiarities, a fact well known and noted by sportsmen. The English setter is cool and level headed in the field; the Irish, like his countrymen, is rapid, energetic and hot-headed; like his master he is rather quarrelsome, with an ugly temper of his own. The Gordon setter, true Scotchman that he is, is slow and cautious.

As for the ladies' pet, the pug, with all proper respect and deference due to the ladies themselves, I consider him scarcely worthy of a passing word of contempt. He is knowing enough when it comes to providing a comfortable resting place for his lazy carcass or tidbit for his capacious maw; but beyond these faculties he has only moderate intelligence, and the typical specimen has no purpose in life whatever. He is utterly worthless. If the ladies must have some petted and pampered darlings, let them take to Blenheim and King Charles spaniels, which at any rate are picturesque in appearance and aristocratic as to behavior.

The justly popular St. Bernard may be fairly taken as the type of canine aristocracy and dignity. Noble brutes, indeed, are they, combining a stately type of beauty with a generous and gentle disposition. Only one of the notable prize winners of this breed is charged with any approach to ugliness of temper. They are ideal comrades for children, faithful unto death if needs be, and patient ever under the exasperating teasing and mauling which children never grow weary of inflicting. The mastiff is a sterner guardian, but not the equal of the St. Bernard as a companion. These breeds, with the Newfoundlands, Great Danes, greyhounds, deerhounds, etc., form the nobility of dogdom.

MR. ROWLAND P. KEASBEY, the secretary of the Spaniel Club, has purchased the field spaniel bitch Rosedale Ruby from Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto. She has been bred to Mr. Keasbey's spaniel Beverley Negus.

MR. EDWARD BOOTH has left Mr. A. H. Moore, to take charge of Colonel Ruppert, Jr.'s kennel of St. Bernards at Poughkeepsie.

MR. FRANK DOLE has purchased Mr. Sockett's kennel of bulldogs, which includes Champion Harper and Graven Image.

MR. GEORGE BELL, of Toronto, has bought the field spaniel Newton Abbott Farmer from Mr. Cook, of Detroit.

FOREST BEAGLE KENNELS have sold Champion Frank Forest to W. S. Gates for \$1,000, probably the largest price ever paid for a beagle.

THE executive of the Canadian Kennel Club has decided that every dog must be registered with the Canadian Kennel Club or the American Kennel Club before competing at bench shows in Canada.

LOFT.

THE bench shows of the winter come opportunely to keep alive, through the period when competitive flying is out of the question, the rivalry and emulation so essential to the maintenance of excellence.

Reading, Pa., led off with a magnificent show of 1,500 entries, of which pigeons formed the larger part, from the lofts of such strong breeders as Horoux Rommell, Newell, Orr & Hoskins. Then Canada, where the homing pigeon has caught most of the fanciers, followed suit, and the Ottawa show was the largest ever held there. In the home circuit Philadelphia redeemed her early errors by a show in which pigeons were a notable factor, and New York closed the record with a show which exhibited in many respects the strength and weakness of the fancy.

As a show of pigeons of all varieties it had very strong points indeed; for some of the classes were exceedingly well represented by birds which would have been remarkable in any show in the world. This was specially true of the Jacobins. But in other classes the entries by no means answered to the very liberal schedule offered by the society. In the whole there were over 300 classes, yet there were but 526 pigeons entered for all the honors which such a liberal classification and premium list entailed, and of these entries the largest number were among the birds with which the champions of the sporting homer and carrier are not in the main interested:

I am glad, of course, to see the pigeon in any class a subject of public interest, whether it be the lordly pouter, the strutting fantail, the graceful magpie, the little almond tumbler, the orientals, the swallow, the priest, the turbit or the spangled or plain ice; but my chief concern is with the birds which not only exhibit fine points of breeding but the more practical usefulness of "flying."

In this department I must own to feeling some disappointment, and cannot help thinking that our friends in this field of the pigeon world are to blame in letting the winter shows so severely alone and reserving all their interest for the flying season. It is extremely important that the dead season of the winter, and the opportunity which the show pen gives both for comparisons in point of breeding and for exciting public attention and sympathy, should be taken full advantage of.

It is, of course, perfectly true that the main points—capacity of endurance for covering long distances and perfection of training—can only be shown by actual competitive summer flying; but the great public cannot enter into these aerial contests, or become enthused by the results, half so well as they can by the winter display of these "lords of the silent highways." This leads to the practical lesson—the homer and carrier classes at the New York show held at Madison Square Garden February 3 to 9 last. Now, here, by the liberality of the committee, there were twelve classes for homers alone, yet there were but twenty-four birds entered; and although in this number there were good specimens enough, yet there was lacking the very spice of life—competition.

What is wanted is not only exhibition but competition. It should not be left to two breed-

ers, good as they may be, to uphold the honors of the homer, while hundreds of excellent birds of high repute and record might easily have added their attractions. So again with the carriers; in the ten classes only twenty-three birds were shown. That they won honors goes without saying, and in some cases they deserved them. But what I am arguing for is competition which shall help forward the love of the fancy and place the homer and carrier before the public in numbers so attractive that the ranks of those interested in the two breeds which can be made to minister to our pastimes so agreeably and profitably may be widened.

I append a table of classes and winners:

Carriers—Black cocks (4)—First, D. E. Newell; second, George Faust. Dun cocks (2)—First and second, Newell. Any other color cock (1)—First, Newell. Black hens (3)—First and second, Newell. Dun hens (4)—First, Faust; second, Newell. Any other color hen (1)—First, Newell. Black cock, bred in 1891 (2)—Equal first, Newell. Any other color cock bred in 1891 (1)—First, Newell. Black hen bred in 1891 (3)—Equal first, Newell and Faust; second, C. A. Kohler. Dun hen bred in 1891 (2)—Equal first, Newell and Faust.

Homers—Cock, record bird, any color (1)—First, T. Farrer Rackham. Hen, record bird, any color (1)—First, Rackham. Blue cock (4)—First, Rackham; second, T. D. M. Cardoza. Red or red checkered cock (2)—Second, Rackham. Blue checkered cock (2)—First, Rackham. Silver or red dun cock (2)—First, Cardoza; second, Rackham. Any other color cock (1)—First, Rackham. Blue hen (4)—First and second, Cardoza. Red or red checkered hen (2)—First, Rackham. Blue checkered hen (2)—First, Rackham. Silver or red dun hen (2)—First, Cardoza. Any other color hen (1)—Rackham.

THOS. C. TURNER.

THE greatest distance covered by a homing pigeon is 1,050 miles, between Montgomery, Ala., and Fall River. But although trial after trial has been made to exceed this distance, this year is the first since the record was made that Eastern birds have been sent such a great distance from home. Last year two birds owned in Philadelphia were liberated in Pensacola, which lies to the south of Pollard, and on their being reported from several stopping places it was possible to outline their course. At evening of the day of start they stopped at a farm house near the southern border of Tennessee.

In France, while a certain number of pigeons are part and parcel of the military equipment, the Government essays to control all others owned and kept within French lines. This control is in good part kept by the offer of prizes for flying, the authorities naming the course and keeping an oversight of the training. The results in these journeys rarely compare in speed and returns with those to Belgian lofts from like distances, but are really better work in the greater difficulties encountered.

Thus, from Valence beyond the Cevennes Mountains to Fontainebleau, 260 miles, the average speed was 750 yards per minute. The same day the Belgian birds, from an almost opposite direction over a valley course and with wind favoring, made over 1,300 yards.



The great growth of the riding-school system in our cities cannot but be apparent to those who are interested in such matters. In New York there are many large and handsome buildings devoted to the art of horsemanship, while the best native and European masters are employed as instructors. In Boston the new Arena Building has been devoted to the purpose, besides several other schools already in existence, and in Washington and Philadelphia, as well as in the Western cities, much interest is taken in the riding academies. The meaning of all this is that a great many people are taking indoor horseback exercise—many of whom, either from timidity or indolence, would not take it out of doors. However, ring riding, although very good for beginners and for bad weather, is not half so beneficial as riding in the air.

The Flushing Racing and Cross Country Association is a recently-organized club for the encouragement and development of equestrianism. Race meetings will be held twice a year and cross-country paper chases are regular weekly events.

That there is nothing to be gained by the high jumping at horse shows is almost universally conceded, while it is as generally admitted that there is everything to lose, as, for instance, the death of the high jumper Roseberry at Chicago. Let the jumps be from 4 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. in height, and make the awards on form and manners. There is not any more actual value in a horse that can take 7 ft. than there is in an animal who can clear 4 ft. 6 in. in a workmanlike manner.

The Elk Ridge Hounds, of Baltimore, which date from 1878, are quite an institution with the horsemen of that city. The club is one of the oldest in the country and much capital sport is enjoyed by its members. There are about 180 members, many of whom are ladies. Among the latter who are frequently in the field are: Mrs. Edward A. Jackson, Mrs. Thomas D. Whistler, Miss Charlotte Williams, Miss George and Mrs. Ross W. Whistler. Mr. T. Swann Latrobe is M. F. H.

The officers of the New York Driving Club for the coming year are as follows: President, J. C. De La Vergne; vice-president, Andrew Miller; secretary, Thomas Greenwood; treasurer, Frederick Dietz.

There were scenes in the Eastern part of the United States last summer where ladies and gentlemen, together with their fine steeds, made a show that, so far as picturesqueness is concerned, would compare favorably with many an old-time English or French gathering of courtiers and cavaliers.

The Rose Tree Hunt Club, of Delaware County, Pa., recently celebrated its hunt break-fast, and enjoyed a capital day's sport.

ALFRED STODDART.

ANSWERS TO OUTING CORRESPONDENTS.

F. M. W., Mansfield, Mass.—The riparian proprietors of any pond, the area of which is not more than 20 acres, and the proprietors of any pond or parts of a pond created by artificial flowing have exclusive control of the fishing therein. Pickerel spawn in April and May.

W. T. C., Petaluma, Cal.—The usual implements sold with jointed cleaning rods are sufficient to keep your gun in good condition inside if used often enough. In addition to them have a Petmecky, or a Ferris gun cleaner, for removing lead and for burnishing. These are made of soft brass and will not scratch the inside of the barrels. If the gun has been used freely, stand the barrels muzzle downward in a pail of water for a few moments to soften any caking which may exist near the muzzle. Then an application of brass cleaner, followed by a vigorous pumping with a damp, and lastly a dry, rag will finish the cleaning process. Rub outside perfectly dry and then finish off inside with oiled swab, and with oiled cloth outside. Vaseline answers very well, and any gunsmith can furnish a small bottle of special oil if preferred. A frequent application of the owner's eye to the breech is one of the best rust preventers, but your dealer can furnish compositions especially prepared to protect barrels. Winchester gun grease is a useful rust preventer.

Nemo, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Clearly the two ladies who tied for first prize outscores, and therefore defeated, the five even competitors who ranked closest to them. There being only two prizes, one for first and one for second, the claim to them lay entirely with the two leading players. The committee therefore decided correctly.

A. K. M., Highland Park, Ill.—"Can you tell me the price per acre and what would be the best part of Texas to start a ranch? Is your story of cowboy life taken from the present day?" *Answer.*—Land in Texas varies very much in price, and the only proper way for you to decide where to start a ranch would be to take a trip through that country. The series of cowboy stories which OUTING is running is from experiences during the past six years.

W. L., St. Louis, Mo.—"When a man becomes a senior oarsman in Germany can he row as junior in America—that is, in the N. V. A. R. A. or N. W. A.?" *Answer.*—It is not customary for one association to recognize the rules of another on a point of this character, for legislation in amateur sport has not reached a development necessary for such matters to be adjusted. No rule exists, but such questions as the one you have put give rise to a framing of one.

G. A., Knoxville, Tenn.—"Has Monsieur Regis Senac a fencing class outside of the New York Athletic Club, and if so what are his charges for a course of instruction? What firm sells the best fencing materials, and what other professors teach fencing in New York?" *Answer.*—Regis Senac has fencing rooms at 1441 Broadway, New York, where he also carries a complete assortment of fencing articles imported from Paris. He has various rates for tuition, and if you write to him for a circular you will get a detailed list. Capt. Hippolyte Nicolas, 19 West Twenty fourth street, New York, also teaches fencing.

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